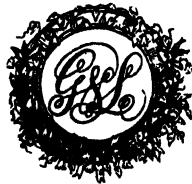


THE
CYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTES
OF
L I T E R A T U R E
AND THE
FINE ARTS.

BY
KAZLITT ARVINE, A.M.,
AUTHOR OF THE "CYCLOPÆDIA OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES."



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**PAPER USED IN THIS EDITION IS
A FINE ACID FREE PERMANENT/DURABLE PAPER
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TO

HON. ISAAC DAVIS, LL. D.

AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

FOR THE EMINENT TALENTS AND VIRTUES

WHICH SO DISTINGUISH HIM AS

THE GENTLEMAN, THE JURIST, THE PHILANTHROPIST, AND THE CHRISTIAN;

AND AS A TOKEN OF

GRATITUDE AND FRIENDSHIP,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED BY

The Author.

P R E F A C E.

LOVERS of Literature and the Fine Arts! Many long, weary months we have been digging gold and gathering gems for you; and here they are! We have brought you the precious metal from olden mines and newly-discovered placers; and all climes and countries have been explored to amass the treasure.

Some gems from their native rocks, but many more from the decaying caskets and coffers in which they were stored by others, we have here collected, newly polished and set in forms of order and beauty for your use.

On such articles as ARCHITECTURE, AUTHORS, the DRAMA, ENGRAVING, FICTION, HISTORY, MUSIC, PAINTING, POETRY, PRINTING, and SCULPTURE, these collections, we believe, will be found more choice and copious than those of any preceding volume; for the most noted anecdotal works, ancient and modern, have contributed to our Cyclopædia, and a large number of anecdotes, original and selected, have been added, which none of those works contain.

In previous books of anecdotes, the artists and literary men of America are hardly mentioned; as if the New World had no Historians, Novelists, Poets, Painters, or Sculptors who were worthy of a passing notice! So far as we could, we have endeavored to remedy this egregious deficiency; and such facts and incidents respecting American Authors and Artists are here presented as American readers may be pleased and proud to contemplate.

Bad taste, sceptical notions, and corrupt habits, glossed over by wit and novelty, are painfully frequent in the various collections of anecdotes which we have met with, some few volumes only excepted. The moral virus which such works diffuse where they circulate must be great. It has been our aim, in preparing our Cyclopædia, to expurgate these evils as much as possible from this department of literature. And, though we have freely introduced what may exhilarate and amuse, humorous incidents, sallies of wit and flashes of genius, along with matters calculated to awaken grave reflection or generous sensibility, we have studiously pruned away all vulgar and profane expressions, all sarcastic sneers and inuendoes against virtue and religion.

The inconsiderate youth may therefore read the work without injury, and the sensitive moralist without offence. As to the practical value of such anecdotes as this volume contains, we may speak somewhat at length. Their perusal may furnish at once agreeable entertainment and useful information, when the mind needs to be relaxed from the fatigues of study or the pressure of business and care. Whatever be one's mood of mind, or however limited the time for reading, in the endless variety and great brevity of the articles he can find something to suit his feelings, and something he can begin and end at once.

And while the perusal of such anecdotes may beguile the *solitary*, their repetition may enliven the *social* hour. How does facility in their use enable one to excel in conversation! If debate arises, they give him feathers and barbs for the shafts of argument, speeding them to the mark and fixing them where they strike.

And with the "Flowers of Biography and History" how may one perfume and adorn the genial sentiments exchanged in refined and elevated converse! And when all themes of weighty

import become unwelcome to jaded intellects, how do these facetious occurrences, these brilliant repartees, these curiosities and eccentricities, when aptly cited, pour new life into the social circle, and prompt a fresh relish for

“The feast of reason and the flow of soul”!

To instructors of youth and popular lecturers who would give information on the various topics of our volume, we trust it will be found no mean auxiliary: the importance of their having a variety of spicy anecdotal details with which to enforce and illustrate their communications, is almost too obvious to mention.

Writers, artists, students, and men of genius are sometimes found who seem prone to treat the materials of a work like this with indifference or contempt. But on the practical value of such anecdotes and facts, to these classes of persons let us quote D'ISRAELI — a gifted author, at once laborious in compiling and skilful in using them.

“A writer of penetration sees connections,” says he, “in literary anecdotes which are not immediately perceived by others; in his hands, anecdotes, even should they be familiar to us, are susceptible of deductions and inferences, which become novel and important truths. ‘We yield to fact, when we resist speculation.’

“For this reason, writers and artists should, among their recreations, be forming a constant acquaintance with the history of their departed kindred. How many secrets may the man of genius learn from literary anecdotes! important secrets, which his friends will not convey to him. He traces the effects of similar studies; warned sometimes by failures, and often animated by watching the incipient and shadowy attempts which closed in a great work. From one he learns in what manner he planned and corrected; from another he may overcome those obstacles which, perhaps, at that very moment make him rise in despair from his own unfinished labor. What perhaps he had in vain desired to know for half his life is revealed to him by a literary anecdote; and thus the amusements of indolent hours may impart the vigor of study; as we find sometimes in the fruit we have taken for pleasure the medicine which restores our health. How superficial is that cry of some impertinent, pretended geniuses of these times, who affect to exclaim, ‘Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works!’ I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works.”

Would our literary men and artists collect and classify these anecdotal details for themselves, it would be the better way, perhaps; but few have the time to do this, and fewer yet the patience.

We have thought, therefore, that by many of these men, at least, a large dictionary of well-selected anecdotes, old and new, on all the important subjects connected with Literature and Art, would be cordially welcomed. Such a dictionary it has been our aim to prepare; for hitherto no such work in the English language could be found.

The TOPICAL AND ALPHABETICAL ARRANGEMENT, and the FULL PARTICULAR INDEXES OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS, were intended to make the work useful to literary persons and artists, as a BOOK OF REFERENCE; yet these, perhaps, will render it no less interesting as a volume for GENERAL READING.

WORCESTER, MASS., JULY, 1851.

K. ARVINE.

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CYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTES.

§ 1.* AGE, OLD, AND LITERARY PURSUITS.



THERE is an argument for the cultivation of the intellect to be drawn from the perpetual progress of the mind towards perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it. The infant body springs into boyhood, hardens into manhood, dwindles down to the decay of age, and returns to the dust from which it was formed. The mind runs a similar career in its on-

ward progress, but not in its retrogression. Though the inroads of disease, or the feebleness of sensibility, may fetter its powers and obscure their brightness, yet the fact that intellect is frequently retained in its pristine vigor by the advanced in years, is an argument that the mind does not necessarily retrograde in old age.

The following incidents show this. They are calculated also to encourage the devotees of literature, though in advanced life, still to nurse the fire of genius, and toil at their high vocation.

And will not those who in early life have neglected mental improvement, find in many of these facts a stimulus to attend to it even in their maturity or old age?

1. SOCRATES, CATO, THEOPHRASTUS, RONSARD, AND BOCCACCIO.

Socrates learned to play on musical instruments in his old age. Cato, at eighty, thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch; almost as late in life, Latin.

Theophrastus began his admirable work on the Characters of Men at the extreme age of ninety. He only terminated his literary labors by his death.

Peter Ronsard, one of the fathers of French poetry, applied himself late to study. His acute genius and ardent application rivalled those poetic models

which he admired; and Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature.

2. ARNAULD, SPELMAN, COLBERT, AND TELLIER.

The great Arnauld retained the vigor of his genius, and the command of his pen, to his last day. He translated Josephus excellently when eighty years old, and at the age of eighty-two was still the great Arnauld.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but cultivated them at fifty years of age, and produced good fruit. His early years were chiefly passed in farming, which greatly diverted him from his studies; but a remarkable disappointment respecting a contested estate disgusted him with these rustic occupations. Resolved to attach himself to regular studies and literary society, he sold his farms, and became the most learned antiquary and lawyer.

Colbert, the famous French minister, almost at sixty returned to his Latin and law studies.

Tellier, the chancellor of France, learned logic merely for an amusement, to dispute with his grandchildren.

3. JOHNSON, CHAUCER, LUDOVICO, VOLTAIRE, AND CELLINI.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. In one morning of advanced life, he amused himself by committing to memory eight hundred lines of Virgil. At the age of seventy-three, when staggering under an immediate attack of paralysis, — sufficiently severe to render him speechless, — he composed a Latin prayer, in order to test the loss or retention of his mental faculties.

The Marquis de Saint Aulaire, at the age of seventy, began to court the Muses, and they crowned him with their freshest flowers. The verses of this French Anacreon are full of fire, delicacy, and

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales were the composition of his latest years. They were begun in his fifty-fourth year, and finished in his sixty-first.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of

* A figure joined with the § denotes the number of the topical division of the book; and a figure joined with the title of an anecdote denotes the number of the anecdote. In the index, a topical division is referred to by the topical figure with the §, and a particular anecdote by a titular figure only.

his times — a singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who himself is one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

The most delightful of autobiographers, for artists, is that of Benvenuto Cellini — a work of great originality, which was not begun till "the clock of his age had struck fifty-eight."

4. KOORNHERT, OGILBY, FRANKLIN, AND ACCORSO.

Koornhert began at forty to learn the Latin and Greek languages, of which he became a master. Several students, who afterwards distinguished themselves, have commenced as late in life their literary pursuits.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, knew little of Latin or Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin's philosophical pursuits began when he had nearly reached his fiftieth year.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of the law so late, answered, that indeed he began it late, but should therefore master it the sooner.

5. DRYDEN, ANGELO, AND WREN.

Dryden's complete works form the largest body of poetry from the pen of one writer in the English language; yet he gave no public testimony of poetical abilities till his twenty-seventh year. In his sixty-eighth year he proposed to translate the whole *Iliad*; and the most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

Michael Angelo preserved his creative genius even to extreme old age: there is a device said to be invented by him of an old man represented in a *go-cart*, with an hour-glass upon it; the inscription *Ancora imparo!* — YET I AM LEARNING!

Sir Christopher Wren retired from public life at eighty-six; and after that he spent five years in literary, astronomical, and religious engagements.

6. NECKER AND LE VEGE.

Necker offers a beautiful instance of the influence of late studies in life; for he tells us, that "the era of threescore and ten is an agreeable age for writing: your mind has not lost its vigor, and envy leaves you in peace."

The opening of one of La Mothe le Veger's *Treatises* is striking: "I should but ill return the favors God has granted me in the eightieth year of my age, should I allow myself to give way to that shameless want of occupation which I have condemned all my life;" and the old man proceeds with his "observations on the composition and reading of books."

7. WALTON, BODMER, REID, AND HOBBS.

Isaac Walton still glowed while writing some of the most interesting biographies in his eighty-fifth year, and in his ninetieth enriched the poetical world with the first publication of a romantic tale by Chalkhill, "the friend of Spenser."

Bodmer, beyond eighty, was occupied on Homer, and Wieland on Cicero's Letters.

The revolutions of modern chemistry kindled the curiosity of Dr. Reid to his latest days.

Hobbes exulted that he had outlived his enemies, and was still the same Hobbes; and to demonstrate

the reality of this existence, published, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, his version of the *Odyssey*, and the following year, his *Iliad*.

8. ADAM SMITH.



Professor Dugald Stewart tells us that Adam Smith observed to him that "of all the amusements of old age, the most grateful and soothing is a renewal of acquaintance with the favorite studies and favorite authors of youth — a remark which in his own case seemed to be more particularly exemplified while he was reperusing, with the enthusiasm of a student, the tragic poets of ancient Greece. I heard him repeat the observation more than once while Sophocles and Euripides lay open on his table."

9. DE TRESSAN AND FONTENELLE.

Of the happy results of literary habits in advanced life, the Count de Tressan, the elegant abridger of the old French romances, in his "literary advice to his children," has drawn a most pleasing picture. With a taste for study, which he found rather inconvenient in the movable existence of a man of the world, and a military wanderer, he had, however, contrived to reserve an hour or two every day for literary pursuits; the men of science, with whom he had chiefly associated, appear to have turned his passion to observation and knowledge, rather than towards imagination and feeling; the combination formed a wreath for his gray hairs. When Count de Tressan retired from a brilliant to an affectionate circle, amidst his family, he pursued his literary tastes with the vivacity of a young author inspired by the illusion of fame. At the age of seventy-five, with the imagination of a poet, he abridged, he translated, he recomposed his old Chivalric Romances, and his reanimated fancy struck fire in the veins of the old man. To the centenary Fontenelle the Count de Tressan was chiefly indebted for the happy life he derived from the cultivation of literature; and when this man of a hundred years died, Tressan, himself on the borders of the grave, would offer the last fruits of his mind in an *éloge* to his ancient master; it was the voice of the dying to the dead, a last moment of the love and sensibility of genius, which feeble life could not extinguish.

10. MASON AND CHATHAM.

One of the most beautiful sonnets in the English language was composed by Mason on the attainment of his seventy-second birthday.

The feeble frame of the Earl of Chatham, at seventy, sank under the effort to express the convictions of his mighty mind, after a speech so singularly eloquent, bold, ardent, and animated, as to rival, if not outvie, the most brilliant outpourings of his youth or early manhood.

11. FONTENELLE'S DOTAGE.

Fontenelle reached the very advanced age of ninety-nine years, and continued his literary pursuits to the last. Lord Orrery, in a letter written from Marston, near Glastonbury in Somersetshire, very beautifully said, "Fontenelle, like our neighboring thorn, blossoms in the winter of his days." He outlived, indeed, the knowledge of his writings, but the winter which destroyed his memory allowed his wit to flourish with the freshness of spring.

He could mark and estimate his growing infirmities, and make them the subject of lively sayings. "I am about," he remarked, "to decamp, and have sent the heavy baggage on before."

When Brydone's family read him his admirable

Travels in Sicily, he was quite unconscious that his own eyes had beheld the scenes, and his own lively pen described them; but he comprehended what he heard, thought it amusing, and wondered if it was true.

12. MENAGE AND SCALIGER.

Menage, in his Anti-Baillet, has a very curious apology for his writing verses in his old age, by showing how many poets amused themselves notwithstanding their gray hairs, and wrote sonnets or epigrams at ninety.

Julius Scaliger retained his faculties so well that, after he was seventy, he dictated to his son two hundred verses of a poem which he had composed the day before, and retained in his memory.

13. SWISSET, CORVINUS, AND TOURNAY.

It was said of a Mr. Swisset, that he often wept because he was not able to understand the books which he had written in his younger days. Corvinus, an excellent orator in the Augustine age, became so forgetful as not even to know his own name. Simon Tournay, in 1202, after he had outdone all at Oxford for learning, at last grew such an idiot as not to know one letter from another, or one thing he had ever done.

§ 2. ALMANACS.

14. FIRST ENGLISH ALMANAC.

The first almanac in England was printed in Oxford, in 1673. "There were," says Wood, "near thirty thousand of them printed, besides a sheet almanac for twopence, that was printed for that year; and because of the novelty of the said almanac, and its title, they were all vended. Its sale was so great, that the Society of Booksellers in London bought off the copy for the future, in order to engross the profits in their own hands."

15. CLOUGH'S ALMANAC.

The Cambridge Chronicle informs us, that Mr. I. Harlom has in his possession a copy of Clough's "New England Almanack," for 1702 — one hundred and forty-six years ago. It bears the following title:

"Clough, 1702. The New England ALMANACK for the year of our LORD MDCCII. From the CREATION, 5651. From the DISCOVERY of America, 210. Being second after Leap Year, and of the Reign of our Gracious Lord King WILLIAM the Third, (which began Feb. 13th) the 14 year. Made after a New Fashion. WHEREIN is contained (besides) the Changes of the Moon, Aspects, Courts, Spring Tides, Rising and Setting of the SUN; Sun and Moon's place, time of High Water; the Eclipses, &c. OBSERVATIONS on each month in verse and prose, both Pleasant and Profitable. Also, the length of the Day never extant in an *Almanack* in this country before, to which is added an Account of the High ways both East and West; with an account of the Courts in the Province of NEW HAMPSHIRE. Calculated for the Meridian of Boston in N. E. whose Lat. is found by late Observations to be nearest 42 gr. 24 min. but may indifferently serve any part of N. E. By Samuel Clough, Boston; Printed by B. Green and J. Allen, for Benj. Eliot at his Shop under the Town-house, 1702."

The almanac contains pages of memoranda, written in an antiquated manner. The following are specimens: —

"2d June 1725. Voted yt a New pump be prepared for ye use of ye kitchen, and yt a New well be dug and a pump put into it at ye Southeast corner of ye yard to accommodate ye students in Stoughton and Massachusetts Colleges."

"Voted yt ye Steward be desired to see ye Bell hung for ye Clock to Strike on, and give an Acct of ye charges thereof; and yt ye care of ye Clock be committed to him for ye year to keep it going, and yt he have £4 for his services in keeping it in order."

"13th Sepr. 1725. Voted yt Whereas there are great disorders arising by reason of ye Schollars living out of Com's; Voted yt every Student having a Study in ye College and actually Residents there shall be in Com's. Excepting such as are employed in occasional preaching, Servitors, and those whose bodily infirmities ye Presidnt and Majr. pt of ye tutors judge will not allow it."

Mr. Clough was extremely weather-wise, and could predict its future state with most surprising accuracy. He tells his readers that *perhaps*, from the 15th to the 23d of January, it will be *very Cold Weather if it* "frees by the fire-side or on the Sunny side of a Fence at noon." So in April — "Perhaps wet weather, *if it* Rains; now fair weather *if* the Sun-shines; and windy or calm." So in July — "*If* now the Weather do prove fair, People to Cambridge do repair."

16. LAURENCE D'HENRY'S ALMANAC.

In 1717, the following singular commitment to the Bastille was made out by order of the Duke of Orleans, Regent during the minority of Louis XV. of France. "Laurence d'Henry, for disrespect to

King George I. in not mentioning him in his *Almanac as King of Great Britain*." How long this unlucky almanac-maker remained in prison is unknown. The register of the Bastille, when examined at the revolution, afforded no information on the subject.

17. PARTRIDGE, THE WEATHER PROPHET.

An English paper tells a pleasant anecdote of Partridge, the celebrated almanac-maker, about one hundred years since. In travelling on horseback into the country, he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep.

"If you will take my advice sir," said the hostler, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the almanac-maker; "there is a sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you."

He proceeded on his journey, and sure enough he was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck by the man's prediction, and being always intent on the interest of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the hostler with a broad grin.

"Well, sir, you see I was right after all."

"Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here is a crown for you; but I give it to you on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain."

"To be sure, sir," replied the man; "why, the truth is, we have an almanac at our house called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and the fellow is such a notorious liar, that whenever he promises us a fine day, we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac in-doors as 'settled fine weather; no rain.' I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard."

18. ANDREWS'S NAUTICAL EPHEMERIS.

Henry Andrews, who died at Royston, England, January 26, 1820, aged seventy-six, was, for more than forty years, the able computer of the *Nautical Ephemeris*, and compiler of Moore's *Almanac*, published by the Stationers' Company. The sale of the latter work rose, under Mr. Andrews's care, to four hundred and thirty thousand copies annually. This prodigious circulation of Chaldean Mysteries was owing to the astrological predictions with which the worthy calculator was allowed to fill his work, though printed for a public company, and revised and sanctioned at Lambeth Palace, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

19. BARNSTABLE THUNDER.

An American farmer, not the most acute, looking over his almanac, observed the words "*Barnstable Thunder*" opposite a certain day of the month. Having great confidence in the almanac-maker's prognostications of the weather, and being withal somewhat reverential, he was solemnly impressed with the belief that on the day predicted there would be thunder of most extraordinary character, and so he resolved to keep the day sacred. He dressed himself in his best clothes, and waited in great suspense for the occurrence of the wonderful phenomenon. But hearing one of his neighbors threshing, he gave him a call at his barn. "Why, how do you dare to work on such a day?" "What should hinder my working, pray?" "Why, didn't you know that this was the time set for *Barnstable Thunder*?" "No, I have heard nothing about it." "Well, it's in the almanac, you may be certain." The thresher laid by his flail. But on carefully examining the calendar, it was found that the word *Barnstable* was in Roman letters, and was not to be read with the following word *thunder*, in Italics, but with the words "*Court sits*," in the same type below!

20. MURPHY'S PREDICTION.

The origin of Murphy's Weather Almanack is interesting. This singular man undertook to predict the state of the weather; and — will it be believed? — he actually foretold that the 9th of November, lord mayor's day, would be wet and foggy. Now, it had happened that this has always been the fact nine years out of ten, and it actually occurred the first year of Murphy's publication! Verily, his fortune was made — and became fully secured by his prognostic that the tenth of the following January would be "very cold;" and so it was. Who could doubt the wisdom of the almanac-maker? For two or three years his almanacs sold by tens of thousands. Murphy's purse was well lined. The public began to doubt about the truth of his predictions. Now, alas! poor Murphy and his almanac are both forgotten; save one copy, which we took care to deposit in the British Museum, as a monument of English folly.

21. THOMAS'S PREDICTION.

When Thomas was preparing one of his first almanacs, a man who was engaged upon the work with him, asked what he should say about the weather opposite a certain week in July. Thomas humorously or peevishly replied, "*Thunder, hail, and snow*." It was so put down and printed; and it so happened that it did thunder, hail, and snow at the very time. This fortunate prediction raised the almanac-maker in the estimation of many, and made his almanac the most popular in America.

§ 3. ALPHABETS.

22. THE AMERICAN CADMUS.

The invention of the Cherokee alphabet is one of the most remarkable events in the history of the aborigines. The best account we have seen of it is by Samuel L. Knapp, who became acquainted with See-quah-yah, its author, in 1828. The English name of this celebrated Indian was George Guess. He is said to have been a half-breed; but

whether he was so or not, he never associated with the whites, or spoke any language but that of the Cherokees. Prompted by his own curiosity, and urged by several literary friends, Mr. Knapp applied to See-quah-yah, through the medium of two interpreters, to relate to him, as minutely as possible, the mental operations, and all the facts, in his discovery.

The substance of his communications to Mr.

Knapp was as follows: That he, See-quah-yah, was now about sixty-five years old; that in early life he was gay and talkative; and although he never attempted to speak in council but once, yet was often, from the strength of his memory, his easy colloquial powers, and ready command of his vernacular, story-teller of the convivial party. His reputation for talents of every kind gave him some distinction when he was quite young, so long ago as St. Clair's defeat. In this campaign, or some one that soon followed it, a letter was found on the person of a prisoner, which was wrongly read by him to the Indians. In some of their deliberations on this subject, the question arose among them, whether this mysterious power of the *talking leaf* was the gift of the Great Spirit to the white man, or a discovery of the white man himself? Most of his companions were of the former opinion, while he as strenuously maintained the latter. This frequently became a subject of contemplation with him afterwards, as well as many other things which he knew, or had heard, that the white man could do; but he never sat down seriously to reflect on the subject, until a swelling on his knee confined him to his cabin, and which at length made him a cripple for life, by shortening the diseased leg. Deprived of the excitements of war and the pleasures of the chase, in the long nights of his confinement, his mind was again directed to the mystery of the power of *speaking by letters*—the very name of which, of course, was not to be found in his language. From the cries of wild beasts, from the talents of the mocking bird, from the voices of his children and his companions, he knew that feelings and passions were conveyed by different sounds from one intelligent being to another. The thought struck him to try to ascertain all the sounds in the Cherokee language. His own ear was not remarkably discriminating, and he called to his aid the more acute ears of his wife and children. He found great assistance from them.

When he thought that he had distinguished all the different sounds in their language, he attempted to use pictorial signs, images of birds and beasts, to convey these sounds to others, or to mark them in his own mind. He soon dropped this method, as difficult or impossible, and tried arbitrary signs, without any regard to appearances, except such as might assist him in recollecting them, and distinguishing them from each other. At first, these signs were very numerous: and when he got so far as to think his invention was nearly accomplished, he had about two hundred characters in his alphabet. By the aid of his daughter, who seemed to enter in the genius of his labors, he reduced them, at last, to eighty-six, the number he now used. He then undertook to make these characters more comely to the eye, and succeeded. As yet he had not the knowledge of the pen as an instrument, but made his letters on a piece of bark, with a knife or nail. At this time he sent to the Indian agent, or some trader in the nation, for paper and pen. His ink was easily made from some of the bark of the forest trees, whose coloring properties he had previously known; and after seeing the construction of the pen, he soon learned to make one; but at first he made it without a slit; this inconvenience was, however, quickly removed by his sagacity. His next difficulty was to make his invention known to his countrymen; for by this time he had become so abstracted from his tribe and their usual pursuits, that he was viewed with an eye of suspicion. His former companions passed his wigwam without

entering it, and mentioned his name as one who was practising improper spells for notoriety or mischievous purposes; and he seemed to think that he should have been hardly dealt with, if his docile and unambitious disposition had not been so generally acknowledged by his tribe.

At length he summoned some of the most distinguished of his nation, in order to make his communication to them; and after giving them the best explanation of his principle that he could, stripping it of all supernatural influence, he proceeded to demonstrate to them, in good earnest, that he had made a discovery. His daughter, who was now his only pupil, was ordered to go out of hearing, while he requested his friends to name a word or sentiment, which he put down, and then she was called in and read it to them; then the father retired, and the daughter wrote. The Indians were wonder-struck, but not entirely satisfied. See-quah-yah then proposed that the tribe should select several youths from among their cleverest young men, that he might communicate the mystery to them. This was at length agreed to, although there was some lurking suspicion of necromancy in the whole business. John Maw, with several others, was selected for this purpose. The tribes watched them for several months with anxiety; and when they offered themselves for examination, the feelings of all were wrought up to the highest pitch. The youths were separated from their master, and from each other, and watched with the greatest care. The uninitiated directed what the master and pupil should write to each other, and these tests were varied in such a manner, as not only to destroy their infidelity, but most firmly to fix their faith. The Indians, on this, ordered a great feast, and made See-quah-yah conspicuous at it. How nearly is man alike in every age! Pythagoras did the same on the discovery of an important principle in geometry. See-quah-yah became at once schoolmaster, professor, philosopher, and a chief. His countrymen were proud of his talents, and held him in reverence as one favored by the Great Spirit. The government of the United States had a font of types cast for his alphabet; and a newspaper, printed partly in the Cherokee language, and partly in the English, was soon established at New Echota, characterized by decency and good sense; and many of the Cherokees were able ere long to read both languages.

23. DIFFERENT ALPHABETS.

The Sandwich Island alphabet has twelve letters; the Burmese, nineteen; the Italian, twenty; the Bengalese, twenty-one; the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, and Latin, twenty-two each; the French, twenty-three; the Greek, twenty-four; the German and Dutch, twenty-six each; the Spanish and Slavonic, twenty-seven each; the Arabic, twenty-eight; the Persian and Coptic, thirty-two; the Georgian, thirty-five; the Armenian, thirty-eight; the Russian, forty-one; the Muscovite, forty-three; the Sanscrit and Japanese, fifty; the Ethiopic and Tartarian, two hundred and two.

24. DEFECT IN THE RUSSIAN ALPHABET.

The Church of St. Alexander Nevskoi, at St. Petersburg, is named after the canonized Grand Duke Alexander, whose remains were brought there in a *silver coffin*. It was in this same church, Kohl, the traveller, was told by a guide, pointing to a corner of the building, "*There lies a Cannibal*." The inscription announced it to be the Russian general,

Hannibal; but as the Russians have no H, they change the letter into K; and hence the extraordinary and not very flattering misnomer given to the deceased warrior.

25. A BRIGHT SCHOLAR.

One of the earlier French princes being too indolent or too stupid to acquire his alphabet by the ordinary process, twenty-four servants were placed in attendance upon him, each with a huge letter painted upon his stomach. As he knew not their names, he was obliged to call them by their letter

when he wanted their services, which in due time gave him the requisite degree of literature for the exercise of the royal functions.

26. CURIOUS WAY OF TEACHING.

Herodes, to overcome the extraordinary dullness of his son Atticus, educated, along with him, twenty-four little slaves of his own age, upon whom he bestowed the names of the Greek letters, so that young Atticus might be compelled to learn the alphabet as he played with his companions, now calling out for Omicron, now for Psi.

§ 4. AMANUENSES.

27. JULIUS CÆSAR.

It was said of Julius Cæsar, that, while writing a despatch, he could at the same time dictate four others to his secretaries, and if he did not write himself, could dictate seven letters at once. The same thing is asserted also of the Emperor Napoleon, who had a wonderful capability of directing his whole mental energy to whatever came before him.

28. MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

Milton was blind when he composed that immortal work, the *Paradise Lost*. His daughters were his amanuenses. Nor did they merely write what he dictated; but they read to him from day to day whatever classical or other authors he might wish to consult in the way of reference, or to relax or invigorate his mind. But reading to their father the Greek and Latin authors must have been very tedious to them, as it is said they were quite ignorant of both those ancient languages.

29. GOLDSMITH'S TRIAL.

A voluminous author was one day expatiating on the advantages of employing an amanuensis, and thus saving time and the trouble of writing. "How do you manage it?" said Goldsmith. "Why, I walk about the room, and dictate to a clever man, who puts down very correctly all that I tell him, so that I have nothing to do, more than just to look over the manuscript, and then send it to the press."

Goldsmith was delighted with the information, and desired his friend to send the amanuensis the next morning. The scribe accordingly waited upon the doctor, with the implements of pens, ink, and paper placed in order before him, ready to catch the oracle. Goldsmith paced the room with great solemnity, several times, for some time; but, after racking his brains to no purpose, he put his hand into his pocket, and, presenting the amanuensis with a guinea, said, "It won't do, my friend; I find that my head and hand must go together."

30. DWIGHT'S THEOLOGY.

Dr. Timothy Dwight, of New Haven, prepared his *System of Theology* for the press in his old age, when his defective sight no longer enabled him to use the pen. He dictated to an amanuensis that long and eloquent course of sermons on the various doctrines of religion, which will carry down his name through coming time, and spread his influence over the world.

31. LIFE OF M. DE MENNEVAL.

It may be known that, during the consulate of Napoleon, M. le Baron De Menneval was his private secretary, but very few perhaps know his history; and, as we are about to relate an anecdote told by his sister to M. Jauffret, with which he was connected, we will give a hasty sketch of his interesting life.

M. De Menneval was the son of a baker in the Rue Mazarine, at Paris, with an only sister depending on him for support. For a time he worked steadily in his bake-house; but after a while he felt within himself a mental craving which his plebeian calling did not tend to satisfy, and every hour which he could steal from his business he spent at the Mazarine library.

The want, as may easily be understood, was like jealousy, it grew by what it fed on; and at length he gave himself up so entirely to literary pursuits and study, that he attracted the notice of the celebrated Palissot, to whom he soon revealed his history.

Palissot, after having long observed the youth, bade him diligently pursue his studies, and promised to use his best exertions to procure him some public situation. Nor was he unmindful of his pledge, for he soon afterwards mentioned him to François de Neufchâteau, then minister of the interior, and a man of taste and letters.

The minister declared himself interested in the young student, but regretted that he had so many more candidates than places that it was at that moment impossible for him to meet the views of the applicant. Some months passed away, and the ambitious De Menneval felt all hope die within him; and in this mood he wrote a respectful but gloomy and despairing letter to Palissot, thanking him for the service which he had sought to render him, and declaring that as he found every avenue to honorable advancement closed against him, and as he felt himself utterly unable to follow the mechanical calling of his father, he had determined on throwing himself in the Seine, and terminating at once his existence and his sufferings.

There was an air of sincerity, a concentration of melancholy in the wording of the letter, which decided Palissot on making a final and an immediate effort to reconcile him to life, and he instantly hurried, with the open paper in his hand, to the minister, who, struck by the energy of the young man's disdainful despair, made out, without delay, his appointment to an inconsequent situation under the government, and, accompanying it with a promise to Palissot that he would not lose sight of his *pro-*

teged, he bade him hasten to save a life which might one day prove a valuable one to his country.

De Menneval was saved; and shortly afterwards Joseph Bonaparte requiring a private secretary, he was recommended and accepted. But fortune was not yet weary of befriending him; for no very considerable time elapsed, ere Napoleon applied to his brother to procure for him a well-educated and perfectly confidential person to act in the same capacity.

After the hesitation of a moment, Joseph replied that he possessed a treasure in his own secretary, but that he would not withhold him from the first consul in the hour of need.

Napoleon, too much overwhelmed with business to stand on etiquette, took him at his word, and the immediate transfer of De Menneval to the cabinet of the consulate was the consequence.

It proved to be indeed an hour of need; for the accumulation of papers was so great as to daunt even the energetic and ambitious private secretary, who found himself, moreover, extremely puzzled to follow the rapid dictation of the first consul, who brooked no repetitions; and in this strait, fearful of omitting any portion of his task, De Menneval, after having for a considerable time struggled against the difficulty, ventured one day to ask his impetuous master whether he might be permitted to associate with himself a person capable of assisting him in his labors.

The first consul paused in the centre of the floor, across which he had been rapidly striding to and fro, and as the words met his ear, he thundered out in a voice beneath which De Menneval quailed, — "Comment! vous voulez ici un troisieme, vous? nous sommes deja trop de deux!"

At a subsequent period, when the first consul had become emperor of the French, and when he had learned to appreciate the talent, fidelity, and exertion of his private secretary, it chanced, as was indeed by no means uncommon to the impetuous conqueror, that business was infinitely more rife than time, and that M. De Menneval had been at the desk during three days and nights, snatching a hasty meal, but quite unable to indulge the feeling of weariness which had grown to positive pain.

The emperor, to whom it had never occurred that nature could not hold out beyond a certain point, had not reflected on the sufferings of his zealous amanuensis, and was pacing the apartment, on the evening of the fourth day, with his arms folded behind him, dictating in an unimpassioned and monotonous voice, as was his custom, without once looking towards the baron, who had long learned never to expect the repetition of any sentence from the lips of his impatient master, when suddenly missing the sound of the rapid pen, which now failed for the first time, Napoleon paused and turned towards the desk.

There sat M. De Menneval, bending over his papers; the pen had dropped from his hand, and he was fairly asleep. Only a few moments, however, elapsed, when the baron, in his turn, amid his uneasy slumber, missed the measured tramp of the emperor, with that extraordinary power of perception peculiar to the fitful sleep of exhaustion, and opening his eyes with a sudden start, he discovered, seated beside him, Napoleon himself, writing most industriously on the very sheet of paper on which he had been engaged, the emperor having taken up the subject where the overpowered secretary had resigned it.

The confusion of the baron may be imagined.

"Pardon, sire!" he exclaimed, with clasped hands, as he started from his seat; "do not blame me for want of zeal — I was not master of myself." "Mon-sieur," retorted the emperor, "why do you go to sleep while I am dictating?" "Sire!" said De Menneval deprecatingly, "I beseech of your majesty to forgive my involuntary fault, and to remember that this is the fourth day that I have spent at the desk, without one hour of rest — I was exhausted, and my weariness overpowered me." "M. le Baron!" said Napoleon, earnestly, as he looked up for an instant from his occupation; "why did you not remind me of this? Allez vous coucher, monsieur; allez vous coucher." (Go to bed, sir; go to bed.)

De Menneval needed no second bidding; he at once withdrew, and the emperor worked during a great portion of the night; and when they resumed their united labors on the morrow, he made not the slightest allusion to the circumstance.

32. JUNOT.

Marshal Junot was originally a private soldier, and, being a good penman, he was frequently employed in the writing of despatches. On one occasion he was ordered to write a letter at the dictation of an officer. Junot was seated in an exposed situation, and, just as he had finished the letter, a shell burst, and almost buried this intrepid soldier with earth. "In very good time," exclaimed Junot; "we wanted some sand!" The officer was Napoleon, and this circumstance occasioned Junot's advancement.

33. THE SCRUPULOUS OFFICER.

At Marengo, whilst Napoleon reconnoitred the enemy's movements, and gave his orders in writing, a cannon-ball struck the officer to whom he was dictating, and threw him mutilated on the ground. Napoleon ordered another secretary — he came. At the moment when Napoleon resumed his despatch, the wounded man raised himself. "General!" said he, in a dying voice, — "general — we stopped there." And he repeated the last words that Napoleon had dictated.

34. PETERBOROUGH.

Lord Peterborough, it is said, could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together. He walked round the room, and told each in his turn what he was to write. One, perhaps, was a letter to the emperor; another to an old friend; a third to a mistress; a fourth to a statesman, and so on; yet he carried so many and so different connections in his head, all at the same time.

35. ADAM SMITH AND G. P. R. JAMES.

Adam Smith, in composing his great works, employed an amanuensis. He dictated to the laborer at the pen, while he paced back and forth across the study.

G. P. R. James, the novelist, composes his fictions, it is said, in the same manner; only he has two or three amanuenses employed at a time on as many different works! It is thus that Mr. James accomplishes so much. He is one of the most voluminous authors of the present age.

§ 5. AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

36. THE JESUITS, SPINOSA, SOCRATES, AND TYCHO BRAHE, ETC.

Among the Jesuits it was a standing rule of the order, that after an application to study for two hours the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling.

After protracted studies, Spinosa would mix with the family party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversation, or unbend his mind by setting spiders to fight each other. He observed their combats with so much interest that he was often seized with the most immoderate fits of laughter. This, however, was neither a humane or tasteful amusement.

Socrates did not blush to play with children.

Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees.

Barclay, the author of the *Argenis*, in his leisure hours was a florist.

Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits, the Abbe De Maroles with his prints, and Politian in singing airs to his lute.

37. PETAVIUS AND POLLIO.

When Petavius was employed in his *Dogmata Theologica*, a work of extensive erudition, the great recreation of the learned father was, at the end of every second hour, to twirl his chair for five minutes.

Assinius Pollio would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a certain hour. After that time he would not allow any letters to be opened after his hours of relaxation, lest they might be interrupted by unforeseen labors.

38. SAMUEL CLARKE AND DR. SWIFT.

Dr. Samuel Clarke used to amuse himself by jumping over the tables and chairs.

Dr. Swift exercised himself by running up and down the steps of the deanery; and even in his later days, when his constitution was almost broken down, he was, as Dr. Johnson observes, on his legs about ten hours in the day.

39. SHELLEY'S PAPER BOATS.

Shelley took great pleasure in making paper boats, and floating them on the water. The *New Monthly* has the following curious anecdote on this subject: So long as his paper lasted, he remained rivetted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement. All waste paper was rapidly consumed, then the covers of letters, next letters of little value; the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondents, although eyed wistfully many times, and often returned to his pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squadrons. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles, and he seldom went out without a book, the fly leaves were commonly wanting; he had applied them as our ancestor Noah applied gopher wood. But learning was so sacred in his eyes that he never trespassed further upon the integrity of the copy; the work itself was always respected. It has been said that he once found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine River, without the materials for indulging those inclinations which the sight of water invariably inspired, for he had exhausted his supplies on the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found, save only a bank note for fifty pounds. He hesitated long, but yielded at last. He twisted it into a boat with the extreme refinement of his skill, and committed it with the utmost dexterity to fortune, watching its progress, if possible, with a still more intense anxiety than usual. Fortune often favors those who fully and frankly trust her; the north-east wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where during the latter part of the voyage the venturesome owner had waited its arrival with patient solicitude.

§ 6. ANACHRONISMS.

40. SHAKSPEARE'S ANACHRONISMS.

Without noticing the blunders of some of his contemporaries, it may suffice to refer to a few of the glaring errors of the "world's great poet," which may surprise some. In the *Comedy of Errors*, speaking of the ancient city of Ephesus, we find allusion made to ducats, marks, and guilders, as well as to an abbess of a nunnery, and also to a striking clock.

In *King John* and *Macbeth*, we find reference made to cannon. We do not learn that any record has been made of this strange anachronism.

In *Coriolanus*, reference is made to Alexander, Cato, and Galen, all of whom lived long subsequent to his day.

Cassius, in *Julius Caesar*, speaks of a clock striking. He must have been endowed with a seer's prophetic vision.

Similar mistakes occur in *Cymbeline* and some other plays of Shakspeare; but in *King Lear* they are as thick as "leaves in Vallambrosa." E. g., among others, Kent talks like a good Protestant of eating no fish, and Gloucester of not being compelled to the use of spectacles! Surely it must have been Master Shakspeare that was short-sighted.

41. DRAMATIC ERRORS.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*, a play in which Antigonus and Demetrius Poliorcetes are the heroes, and where, of consequence, the scene must be laid many years before the Christian era, Demetrius is introduced discharging a pistol: an anachronism so very ridiculous and inconsistent with the genius and learning of the two dramatic bards, that one commentator, fired

with the true spirit of attachment to his authors, has ventured to assert, that the blunder was introduced on purpose to render the comedy still more burlesque! "*Absurd um per absurdum.*" There seems to be a palpable obscurity about Demetrius Poliorcetes; his chronology has misled a philosopher, two poets, and one critic.

42. DURER'S ANACHRONISM.

Grotesque anachronisms sometimes appear in the efforts of painters. In one of Albert Durer's paintings of St. Peter denying the Savior, a Roman legionary is represented as smoking a *pipe of tobacco*! In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up Isaac, the patriarch is shown in the act of holding a *blunderbuss* to his son's head.

43. TINTORET AND BRENGHELI.

Tintoret, in a picture which represents the Israelites gathering manna in the desert, has armed the Hebrews with guns!

Brengeli, a Dutch painter, in a picture of the Eastern Magi, according to the grotesque fashion

of his country, drew the Indian king in a large white surplice, with boots and spurs, and bearing in his hand, as a present to the Holy Child, the model of a Dutch seventy-four!

44. SEVERAL ANACHRONISMS.

A gentleman of this city, (says the Drawing-room Journal of Philadelphia,) distinguished for his brilliant wit, as well as fine legal attainments, told us that he once met with an old painting, by a French artist, of the Lord's Supper, and that both ends of the table were decorated with tumblers, holding cigar lighters. Such anachronisms are very common.

There is, we believe, a picture in this city, at present, of the Birth of Christ, where the virgin Mary is represented as sleeping on a French bedstead of the most fashionable mode, while Christ is lying in a modern washing-tub.

In the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve, of course, are represented as occupying a position in the foreground, while, in the background, conspicuous from his hunting costume, stands a German student, deliberately shooting ducks!

§ 7. ANAGRAMS.

45. INGENIOUS SEPULCHRAL ANAGRAM.

It is known to many that in the vicinity of the city of Rome are many miles of subterraneous passages, extending in various directions to an almost incredible distance. These underground retreats were used as the abodes of the early Christians, under the Roman emperors, and frequently afforded a secure asylum from the fury of pagan persecutors. There hundreds of them lived and died, and there they were buried.

In an interesting address at the dedication of Oak Hill Cemetery, at Nyack, the Rev. Dr. Adams gave a description of a recent visit to these subterraneous passages, several miles of which he had explored. Among other things, he stated that sepulchral monuments were frequently met with here, distinguished by the figure of a fish carved in stone. Being at a loss to understand the meaning of this figure, so oft recurring, he inquired of a friend skilled in Christian antiquities, who gave the following explanation:—

The figure of the fish was intended to point out the burial-place of a Christian, without revealing the fact to the pagan persecutors. The Greek word for *fish* is *ἰχθῦς*, which the Christians understood to mean *Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior*,—the letters forming the initials of the five following Greek words:—

Ἰησοῦς—Jesus
Χριστός—Christ,
Θεοῦ—of God
υἱός—the Son,
σωτήρ—the Savior.

46. QUEEN ELIZABETH.

An old work contains an anecdote of Queen Elizabeth, which we do not recollect ever before to have read. A Jesuit, named Gordon, attempted an anagram on her name, as follows: *Elizabeth.....Jezabel* The queen immediately ordered that, as he

had omitted, among others, the letter T, he should be presented a gallows in the form of one; and he was accordingly executed on such a gallows the next day.

47. ELEANOR DAVIES.

Perhaps the happiest of anagrams was that produced on a singular person and occasion. Lady Eleanor Davies, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, was a very extraordinary character. She was the Cassandra of her age; and several of her predictions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies, in the troubled times of Charles I., were usually against the government, she was at length brought by them into the Court of High Commission.

The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name:—

Eleanor Davies.
Reveal, O Daniel!

The anagram had too much by an L, and too little by an S; yet *Daniel* and *reveal* was in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poisoning text against text. One of the deans of the arches, says Heylin, shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver: he took a pen, and at last hit upon this excellent anagram:—

Dame Eleanor Davies.
Never so mad a ladie!

The happy fancy put the solemn court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirit. Foiled by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state—and we hear no more of this prophetess!

48. CRASHAWE AND CAR

Anagrams consist in a dissolution of a person's name into its letters, as its elements; and a new connection into words is formed by their transposition, if possible without addition, subtraction or change of the letters: the words must make a sentence applicable to the person named. The anagram is complimentary or satirical: it may contain some allusion to an event, or describe some personal characteristic. If antiquity can consecrate some follies, they are of very ancient date.

These anagrams were often devoted to the personal attachments of love or friendship. A friend delighted to twine his name with the name of his friend.

Crashawe, the poet, had a literary intimate of the name of Car, who was his posthumous editor; and, in prefixing some elegiac lines, discovered that his late friend Crashawe was Car; for so the anagram of Crashawe runs: He was Car. On this quaint discovery, he has indulged all the tenderness of his recollections:—

"Was Car then Crashawe, or was Crashawe Car?
Since both within one name combined are.
Yes, Car's Crashawe, he Car; 'tis love alone
Which melts two hearts, of both composing one,
So Crashawe's still the same," &c.

49. WILLIAM OLDYS.

The following anagram on the well-known bibliographer, William Oldys, may claim a place among the first productions of this class. It was written by Oldys himself, and found by his executors in one of his manuscripts:—

"W. O.

In word and WILL I AM a friend to you,
And one friend OLD IS worth a hundred new."

50. BURNEY'S ANAGRAM ON NELSON. "PENDU A RIOM."

None of the anagrams of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries exceed in felicity Dr. Burney's on Lord Nelson: "Horatio Nelson, Honor est a Nilo."

Of all the extravagances occasioned by the anagrammatic fever, when at its height, none probably equals what is recorded of an eccentric Frenchman in the seventeenth century, André Pujom. He read, in his own name, the anagram "Pendu à Riom," (the seat of criminal justice in the province of Auvergne,) felt impelled to fulfil his destiny, committed a capital offence in Auvergne, and was actually hung in the place to which the omen pointed.

51. ON NAPOLEON.

The following anagram on the original name of Napoleon I., the most renowned conqueror of the age in which he lived, may claim a place among the first productions of this class, and fully shows, in the transposition, the character of that extraordinary man, and points out that unfortunate occurrence of his life which ultimately proved his ruin. Thus: "Napoleon Bonaparte" contains—"Nò, appear not on Elba."

52. THE THREE INITIALS.

An apt use of initials, in the expression of an idea, appears in the following couplet, written on the alleged intended marriage of the old Duke of Wellington with Angelina Burdett Coutts, the rich heiress:—

The duke must in his second childhood be,
Since in his doting age he turns to A B C.

§ 8. ANTIQUARIANS.

53. LÆTUS AND BOSIUS.

It is finely said by Livy, that "in contemplating antiquity, the mind itself becomes antique." Amidst the monuments of great and departed nations, our imagination is touched by the grandeur of local impressions, and the vivid associations of the manners, the arts, and the individuals of a great people. Men of genius have roved amidst the awful ruins till the ideal presence has fondly built up the city anew, and have become Romans in the Rome of two thousand years past.

Pomponius Lætus, who devoted his life to this study, was constantly seen wandering amidst the vestiges of this "throne of the world;" there, in many a reverie, as his eye rested on the mutilated arch, and the broken column, he stopped to muse, and dropped tears in the ideal presence of Rome and of the Romans.

Another enthusiast of this class was Bosius, who sought beneath Rome for another Rome, in those catacombs built by the early Christians for their asylum and their sepulchres. His work of Roma Sotteranea is the production of a subterranean life, passed in fervent and perilous labors.

Taking with him a hermit's meal for the week, this new Pliny often descended into the bowels of the earth, by lamp light, clearing away the sand and ruins, till some tomb broke forth, or some inscription became legible: accompanied by some friend whom his enthusiasm had inspired with his own

sympathy, here he dictated, his notes, tracing the mouldering sculpture, and catching the fading picture. Thrown back into the primitive ages of Christianity, amidst the local impressions, the historian of the Christian catacombs collected the memorials of an age and of a race which were hidden beneath the earth.

54. CATHERINOT'S VOLUMES.

One Catherinot all his life was printing a countless number of *feuilles volantes* in history and on antiquities; each consisting of about three or four leaves in quarto. Lenglet du Fresnoy calls him *grand auteur des petits livres*. This gentleman liked to live among antiquaries and historians; but with a crooked headpiece, stuck with whims, and hard with knotty combinations, all overloaded with prodigious erudition, he could not ease it at a less rate than by an occasional dissertation of three or four quarto pages. He appears to have published about two hundred pieces of this sort, much sought after by the curious for their rarity. Brunet complains he could never discover a complete collection. But Catherinot may escape "the pains and penalties" of our voluminous writers, for De Bure thinks he generously printed them to distribute among his friends. Such endless writers, provided they print themselves into an almshouse, may be allowed to print themselves out; and we would accept the apology which Monsieur Catherinot has framed for

himself, preserved in *Beyeri Memoria Librorum Rariorum*. "I must be allowed my freedom in my studies, for I substitute my writings for a game at the tennis court, or a club at the tavern. I never counted among my honors these *opuscula* of mine, but merely as harmless amusements. It is my partridge, as with St. John the Evangelist; my cat, as with Pope St. Gregory; my little dog, as with St. Dominic; my lamb, as with St. Francis; my great black mastiff, as with Cornelius Agrippa; and my tame hare, as with Justus Lipsius." Catherinot could never get a printer, and was rather compelled to study economy in his two hundred quartos of four or eight pages; his paper was of inferior quality; and when he could not get his dissertations into his prescribed number of pages, he used to promise the end at another time, which did not always happen. But his greatest anxiety was to publish and spread his works. In despair, he adopted an odd expedient. Whenever Monsieur Catherinot came to Paris, he used to haunt the *quais* where books are sold, and while he appeared to be looking over them, he adroitly slid one of his own dissertations among these old books. He began this mode of publication early, and continued it to his last days. He died with a perfect conviction that he had secured his immortality; and in this manner had disposed of more than one edition of his unsalable works. Nicéron has given the titles of one hundred and eighteen of his things, which he had looked over.

55. POPE INNOCENT X.

A surprise and detection of the theft of a book is revealed in a piece of secret history by Amelot de la Houssaie, which terminated in very important political consequences. He assures us that the personal dislike which Pope Innocent X. bore to the French had originated in his youth, when cardinal, from having been detected, in the library of an eminent French collector, of having purloined a most rare volume. The delirium of a collector's rage overcame even French *politesse*; the Frenchman not only openly accused his illustrious culprit, but was resolved that he should not quit the library without replacing the precious volume. From accusation and denial, both resolved to try their strength; but in this literary wrestling-match the book dropped out of the cardinal's robes, and from that day he hated the French, at least their more curious collectors!

56. JOHN STOWE.

The famous antiquarian John Stowe was born in London, about the year 1525. His father, who was a tailor, brought him up to the same business, and pressed him to follow it. But his labors were in vain. He early discovered a strong fondness for antiquities, and it was impossible to turn him.

About the year 1560, he made known his plan of publishing an English history, the materials for which he had begun to collect before he left his trade. His researches were now renewed with great eagerness. No honest means were neglected of which he could avail himself in the completion of his work. It did not appear, however, till the year 1565. The title was, *A Summarie of the Englyshe Chronicles*. Dudley, Earl of Leicester, assisted and encouraged him in his publication, and it was continued by Edmund Howes, who printed several editions.

In 1568, an information was laid against him as a suspicious person, who possessed many dangerous books. The Bishop of London ordered an investi-

gation of his study, in which, as might have been expected of an antiquarian, they found several Popish books. The result is not known.

But he was reserved for trials of another kind, and less easy to be endured. In 1570, an unnatural brother, having defrauded him of his property, sought to take away his life by preferring against him no less than one hundred and forty articles. He was tried before the ecclesiastical commission. Of the nature of these charges history does not inform us, but he was honorably acquitted.

While preparing his *Summarie*, he was also collecting materials for a Survey of London. This he regarded, and justly, as his great work. He was engaged in collecting materials for it about forty years. It appeared in 1598, when he was more than seventy years of age. It went through eight editions between 1598 and 1754; but Stowe did not live to see but two of them, nor did they ever afford him any considerable remuneration.

Notwithstanding his antiquarian turn, he found time for other employments, though these did not greatly improve his financial condition. He contributed to the improvement of the second edition of Holinshed, in 1587, and gave corrections, which were valuable, to two editions of Chaucer.

His poverty and misfortunes will be mentioned under another head—that of History. They wore him out in his eightieth year.

57. DRS. BARTON AND NASH.

Dr. Barton was in company with Dr. Nash, just as he was going to publish his work on the antiquities of Worcestershire. "I fear," said Dr. Barton, "there will be a great many inaccuracies in your books, when they come out." "How are errors to be avoided?" said Dr. Nash. "Very easily," said Dr. Barton. "Are you not a justice of peace?" "I am," said Dr. Nash. "Why, then," replied the old warden, "you have nothing to do but to send your books to the house of correction."

58. TOWNLEY'S ENTHUSIASM.

The following anecdote is related in Nichols's *Illustrations of Literature*, upon the authority of Mr. Dallaway. Upon the receipt of a letter by Townley, from Mr. Jenkins, the then English banker at Rome, promising him the first choice of some discovered statues, Mr. Townley "instantly set off for Italy, without companion or baggage, and, taking the common post conveyance, arrived *incognito* at Rome on the precise day when a very rich *cava* was to be explored. He stood near, as an uninterested spectator, till he perceived the discovery of an exquisite statue, little injured, and which decided his choice. Observing that his agent was urgent in concealing it, he withdrew to wait the event. Upon his calling at Mr. Jenkins's house in the Corso, who was not a little surprised by his sudden appearance, the statue in question was studiously concealed, while the other pieces were shared between them with apparent liberality. Mr. Townley remonstrated, and was dismissed with an assurance that, after due restoration, it should follow him to England. In about a year after, Mr. Townley had the mortification to learn that the identical young Hercules had been sold to Lord Lansdowne at an extreme, yet scarcely an equivalent price." This transaction must have occurred some time before 1790. It was in that year that the Hercules was sold by Mr. Jenkins to Lord Lansdowne. A

different story is, however, told of this Hercules in the account of it in the first Dilettanti volume. Mr. Townley is there stated to have had the choice of the two statues at the time they were discovered; to have fixed from description, but afterwards to have repented of his choice.

59. STRAWBERRY HILL.



Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham; the Residence of Horace Walpole.

One of Walpole's most favorite pursuits was the building and decoration of his Gothic villa of Strawberry Hill. It is situated at the end of the village of Twickenham, towards Teddington, on a slope, which gives it a fine view of a reach of the Thames, and the opposite wooded hill of Richmond Park. He bought in, in 1747, of Mrs. Chenevix, the proprietress of a celebrated toy-shop. He thus describes it, in a letter of that year to Mr. Conway: "You perceive, by my date, that I have got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bawble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:—

'A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little fishes wave their wings of gold.'

"Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges, as solemn as barons of the Exchequer, move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospects; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensbury. Dowagers, as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around; and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by most poetical moonlight."

After his villa had been built, he commenced to collect antiquities and curiosities of all kinds, together with many valuable paintings and engravings, which he seems to have spared no expense in

buying and bringing together. Here, also, he had set up a small printing press, with which he printed many of his own works, and those of his friends. Gray's poems were printed here, with engravings by Mr. Richard Bentley, a friend of both authors. For defraying these expenses, he drew upon his income, which amounted to about two thousand pounds a year, chiefly arising from the various sinecures conferred upon him by his father, Sir Robert Walpole.

This fine collection, upon which he had employed so much pains, and expended such large sums of money, is now scattered to the winds—dispersed at a public sale. Surely, it is enough

"To rouse the dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek."

60. IRISH ANTIQUARIANS.

The Irish antiquaries mention *public libraries* that were before the flood; and Paul Christian Ilsker, with profounder erudition, has given an exact catalogue of *Adam's*. Messieurs O'Flaherty, O'Connor, and O'Halloran have most gravely recorded as authentic narrations the wildest legendary traditions; and more recently, to make confusion doubly confounded, others have built up what they call theoretical histories on these nursery tales, by which species of black art they contrive to prove that an Irishman is an Indian, and a Peruvian may be a Welshman, from certain emigrations which took place many centuries before Christ, and some about two centuries after the flood! Keating, in his *History of Ireland*, starts a favorite hero in the giant Partholanus, who was descended from Japhet, and landed on the coast of Munster, 14th May, in the year of the world 1778. This giant succeeded in his enterprise; but a domestic misfortune attended him among his Irish friends. His wife exposed him to their laughter by her loose behavior, and provoked him to such a degree that he killed two favorite greyhounds; and this the learned historian assures us was the *first* instance of female infidelity ever known in Ireland!

61. D'AUSSY.

When Le Grand D'Aussy, whose *Fabliaux* are so well known, adopted, in the warmth of antiquarian imagination, the plan suggested by Marquis de Paulmy, first sketched in the *Mélanges tires d'une grande Bibliothèque*, of a picture of the domestic life of the French people from their earliest periods, the subject broke upon him like a vision. It had novelty, amusement, and curiosity: "*Le sujet m'en parut neuf, riche, et piquant.*" He revelled amid the scenes of their architecture, the interior decorations of their houses, their changeable dress, their games and recreations; in a word, on all the parts most adapted to suit the fancy. But when he came to compose the more detailed work, the fairy scene faded in the length, the repetition, and the never-ending labor and weariness; and the three volumes which we now possess, instead of sports, dresses, and architecture, exhibit only a very curious, but not always a very amusing, account of the food of the French nation.

No one has more fully poured out his vexation of spirit. He may excite a smile in those who never experienced this toil of books and manuscripts, but he claims the sympathy of those who would discharge their public duties so faithfully to the public. I shall preserve a striking picture of these thousand task-works, colored by the literary

pangs of the voluminous author who is doomed never to finish his curious work:—

"Endowed with a courage at all proofs, with health which till then was unaltered, and which excess of labor has greatly changed, I devoted myself to write the lives of the learned of the sixteenth century. Renouncing all kinds of pleasure, working ten to twelve hours a day, extracting, ceaselessly copying; after this sad life, I now wished to draw breath, turn over what I had amassed, and arrange it. I found myself possessed of many thousands of *bulletins*, of which the longest did not exceed many lines. At the sight of this frightful chaos, from which I was to form a regular history, I must confess I shuddered; I felt myself for some time in a *stupor and depression of spirits*; and now actually that I have finished the work, *I cannot endure the recollection of that moment of alarm without a feeling of involuntary terror*. What a business is this, good God, of a compiler! In truth it is too much condemned; it merits some regard. At length I regained courage; I returned to my researches. I have completed my plan, though every day I was forced to *add, to correct, to change my facts as well as my ideas*. Six times has my hand recopied my work; and however fatiguing this may be, it certainly is not that portion of my task that has cost me most."

62. "TOM HILL."

A few days before the close of 1840, London lost one of its choicest spirits, and humanity one of her kindest-hearted sons, in the death of Thomas Hill, Esq.—"Tom Hill," as he was called by all who loved and knew him. His life exemplified one venerable proverb, and disproved another. He was born in May, 1760, and was, consequently, in his 81st year, and "as old as the hills," having led a long life and a merry one. He was originally a dry-salter: but about the year 1810, having sustained a severe loss by a speculation in indigo, he retired upon the remains of his property to chambers in the Adelphi, where he died, his physician remarking to him, "I can do no more for you—I have done all I can. I cannot cure age."

Hill, when in business at the unlettered Queen-hite, found leisure to accumulate a fine collection of books, chiefly old poetry, which afterwards, when misfortune overtook him, was valued at £6000. Hill was likewise a *Mecenas*: he patronized two friendless poets, Bloomfield and Kirke White. The Farmer's Boy of the former was read and admired by him in manuscript, and was recommended to a publisher. Hill also established the Monthly Mirror, to which Kirke White was a contributor. Hill was the Hull of Hook's Gilbert Gurney. He happened to know every thing that was going on in all circles, and was at all "private views" of exhibitions. So especially was he favored, that a wag recorded, when asked whether he had seen the new comet, he replied, "Pooh! pooh! I was present at the private view."

Hill left behind him an assemblage of literary rarities, which it occupied a clear week to sell by auction. Among them was Garrick's cup, formed from the mulberry-tree planted by Shakespeare in his garden at New Place, Stratford-upon-Avon; this produced forty guineas. A small vase and pedestal, carved from the same mulberry-tree, and presented to Garrick, was sold, with a colored drawing of it, for ten guineas. And a block of wood, cut from the celebrated willow planted by Pope, at his villa at Twickenham, brought one guinea.

63. THE TWO VIRTUOSOS.

Not many years ago there lived in the little town of R—, a suburb of one of our Atlantic cities, an individual known as Dr. Q—, who was noted for three remarkable "manifestations of the passion of love," as Mr. Tasistro would classify them. These were, the love of money, the love of science, and the love of Bologna sausages. The first he inherited with his estate from his father; the second he caught by inoculation from a near neighbor, Professor Z., formerly of some eastern college; and the third probably grew out of the first, as it is well known that Bologna, *American Bologna* sausages, when eaten sufficiently sparingly, are the most economical food that can be procured.

Dr. Q— had attached to his mansion at R— a large room, which he called his "museum," filled with pictures and all manner of curiosities and articles of *virtu*. The walls were ornamented with numerous paintings of every size and shape; some of them landscapes of a peculiarly dirty and smoky appearance, and which, in consequence, had been pronounced, by friendly connoisseurs, to be the genuine works of Teniers, Claude, and Ruysdael; others were portraits of ancient ladies and gentlemen, with glaring red and white cheeks, and stony blue eyes that at the first glance chilled through the gazer like an east wind. These were all veritable "Titians," "Vandykes," and "Raphaels," supposed so, probably, from the fact that they looked as little like the works of those immortal artists as it was possible for a bad painter, with bad materials, to make them.

In addition to these invaluable paintings, our doctor's museum was filled with stuffed birds, striped snakes, ring-tailed monkeys, and every kind of flying and creeping thing, as well as all manner of unknown and unknowable curiosities from the four quarters of the world, including, of course, that article indispensable to all museums, "the identical club with which the renowned Captain Cook was killed at Owyhee." All the doctor's friends, and every little boy and girl in the village, were laid under contribution to furnish additions to this rare collection, for which they generally received a "thank'ee," and sometimes, if the donation happened to be unusually dirty and unclassifiable, the "thank'ees" extended to two or three.

Now, the doctor had a nephew, the son of a widowed sister-in-law, a lad of some fifteen or sixteen years, who had been unusually active in securing rubbish for his uncle's collection; which, by the way, he must have done from sheer love of science, as he never received any remuneration for his pains, excepting the everlasting "thank'ee," and a free admittance to the museum, which he enjoyed in common with the other acquaintance of his uncle. Ned Wilson, (the nephew,) having, after much importunity, prevailed upon his mother to let him go to sea, had accordingly procured a voyage, and one morning presented himself in the breakfast-room of his uncle, to take leave of his rich relative previous to sailing. The doctor was at first surprised, and then delighted; surprised when his nephew announced his purpose, and delighted when he learned that his destination was the Mediterranean, and that it was his intention, if possible, to visit the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. "Of course, Ned," said he, "you will not forget your old habits when there. What vast fields for the industrious and patient explorer are those two buried cities!—every house a museum in itself, and every street strewn with the

curiosities of a former age. You've been a good boy, Ned, at home, and you musn't forget your uncle when at Pompeii. And," suddenly recollecting himself, "your uncle musn't forget *you* either." And then, turning to his wife, he inquired whether she couldn't think of some little present that would be acceptable to their clever relative.

Now, it happened, on the morning in question, the doctor had had his favorite dish of Bolognas on the table; but they didn't relish very well. He thought they were rather "hurt," as the term is; his wife thought so too; and the cook, who had been called in, pronounced them the "werry worst kind of tastin' things she ever see." They were accordingly rejected, and now stood on the sideboard.

"What can we do for Ned?" the doctor repeated, as he began to pace the room; for there was a struggle going on in his breast between his innate meanness and a desire to do a little something for a lad who had done so much for him, and from whom he expected a great deal more. He kept walking to and fro, occasionally repeating, "Give him — give him —" But he could not make up his mind what, until he accidentally cast his eye on the discarded Bolognas, when he finished the sentence, "Give him a — a — Bologna sausage, Hetty! Nothing can be more delicious on board a ship." And drawing a long breath, his mind seemed relieved of an immense load.

The sausage was accordingly wrapped in an old newspaper and given to Ned, with many almost paternal benedictions, and not a few injunctions to remember his uncle; and the nephew quitted the splendid mansion of his uncle with a swelling breast, and a not very exalted opinion of his liberality.

Three years passed away, and Ned Wilson returned to the village of R—, having, in the meantime, visited nearly every port in the Mediterranean. One morning, a few days after his return, he made his appearance at Dr. Q—'s mansion, having under his arm a small tin box. The first greetings over, his uncle, who had not for a moment lost sight

of the little tin box, led his nephew into the museum. "And now, Ned, what have you got in the box, eh? Something rare, I'll warrant."

"It is something rare," said the nephew; "but what, I can't tell. I picked it up in Pompeii; but nobody there knew what it was." And he handed the box to the doctor, who received it as eagerly as if it had been filled with mortgages.

"But stop!" said he, laying the box on the table; "we must call Professor Z. here;" and ringing the bell, he sent a message after his brother virtuoso.

In a few moments the professor made his appearance, and the men of science proceeded to examine the contents of the box, which, after undoing sundry wrappers, they found to consist of one article only. Throwing his spectacles over his forehead, which he always did when about to look sharply at anything, the doctor commenced the examination. He turned the curiosity over and over, and looked at it on every side, and in every position of light, until his eyes ached and began to grow dim; but he could make nothing of it; and then, his spectacles suddenly dropping in their place unnoticed, he handed the article to the professor, protesting that looking at it had made him nearly stone blind.

The professor examined it as closely as the doctor. "The *form* is familiar to me," said he; "it looks very much like a sausage."

"So it does, — it *does*!" chimed in the doctor. "Don't go, Ned," turning to his nephew, who had his hand on the latch of the door, — "don't go; we shall soon know what it is."

"It *looks* like a sausage," repeated the professor, solemnly; "and," putting it to his nose, "it *smells* like a sausage." And then, having tasted it, he threw it from him as if it had been a rattlesnake, exclaiming, "and, doctor, it is a sausage — a Bologna; and a bad one too."

The truth flashed on the uncle. He stood irresolute a moment, and then, seizing the club that had killed Captain Cook, he turned suddenly round. But his graceless nephew had just closed the street door behind him.

§ 9. ANTIQUITIES AND RELICS, LITERARY.

64. GASTRELL.

Gastrell was the name of the clergyman, who, having purchased Shakspeare's house, in 1756, soon afterwards pulled it down, because he thought the town assessment on it was too high. He had previously cut down the celebrated mulberry-tree, planted by Shakspeare's hand, because it subjected him to answer the frequent importunities of travellers!

Gastrell's name is immortalized by these acts of literary Vandalism. Let those who would escape such an immortality refrain from similar depredations.

65. ANCIENT MAP OF ROME.

The ichnography of Rome, in the fine collection of antiquities of Rome in the Palazzo Farnese,* was found in the temple of Romulus and Remus, which is now dedicated to St. Cosmo and Damiano, who are also two brothers. Though incomplete, it is one of the most useful remains of antiquity. The names of the particular buildings and places are

* It now belongs to the noble collection in the Capitol.

marked upon it, as well as the outlines of the buildings themselves; and it is so large, that the Horrea Lolliana (for instance) are a foot and a half long; which may serve as a scale to measure any other buildings or places in it. It is published in Grævius's Thesaurus.

66. RELICS OF MILTON.

Milton was born at the "Spread Eagle," Bread Street, Cheapside, December 9, 1608, and was buried November, 1674, in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, without even a stone, in the first instance, to mark his resting-place; but, in 1793, a bust and tablet were set up to his memory by public subscription.

Milton, before he resided in Jewin Gardens, Aldersgate, is believed to have removed to, and "kept school" in a large house on the west side of Aldersgate Street, wherein met the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, previously to the rebuilding of their premises in 1839.

Milton's London residences have all, with one exception, disappeared, and cannot be recognized; this

is in Petty France, at Westminster, where the poet lived from 1651 to 1659. The lower part of the house is a chandler's shop; the parlor, up stairs, looks into St. James's Park. Here part of *Paradise Lost* was written. The house belonged to Jeremy Bentham, who caused to be placed on its front a tablet, inscribed "SACRED TO MILTON, PRINCE OF POETS."

In the same glass case with Shakspeare's autograph, in the British Museum, is a printed copy of the *Elegies* on Mr. Edward King, the subject of Lycidas, with some corrections of the text in Milton's handwriting. Framed and glazed, in the library of Mr. Rogers, the poet, hangs the written agreement between Milton and his publisher, Simmons, for the copyright of his *Paradise Lost*.

67. WILLS OF SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, AND NAPOLEON.

The last wills and testaments of these three great men are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen at Doctors' Commons, London. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own handwriting: "I give unto my wife my brown best bed, with the furniture." It is proved by William Bayd, 22d of July, 1616. The will of the minstrel of *Paradise* is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of writing; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

68. ADDISON'S WALK, CAMOENS'S CAVE, PETRARCH'S HOUSE, ETC.

The enthusiasts of genius still wander on the hills of Pausilippe, and muse on Virgil to retrace his landscapes, or, as Sir William Jones ascended Forest Hill, with the *Allegro* in his hand, and step by step seemed, in his fancy, to have trodden in the footpath of Milton. There is a grove at Magdalen College which retains the name of Addison's Walk, where still the student will linger; and there is a cave at Macao, which is still visited by the Portuguese from a national feeling, where Camoens is said to have composed his *Lusiad*.

When Petrarch was passing by his native town, he was received with the honors of his fame; but when the heads of the town, unawares to Petrarch, conducted him to the house where the poet was born, and informed him that the proprietor had often wished to make alterations, but that the townspeople had risen to insist that the house which was consecrated by the birth of Petrarch should be preserved unchanged, this was a triumph more affecting to Petrarch than his coronation at Rome.

In the village of Certaldo is still shown the house of Boccaccio; and on a turret are seen the arms of the Medici, which they had sculptured there, with an inscription alluding to a small house and a name which filled the world.

"Foreigners," said Anthony Wood of Milton, "have, out of pure devotion, gone to Bread Street to see the house and chamber where he was born;" and at Paris, the house which Voltaire inhabited, and at Ferney, his study, are both preserved inviolate. Thus is the very apartment of a man of genius, the chair he studied in, the table he wrote on, contemplated with curiosity; the spot is full of local impressions.

Even the rage of the military spirit seems to respect the abode of genius; and Cæsar and Sylla, who never spared their own Roman blood, alike felt their spirit rebuked, and saved the literary city of Athens. The house of the man of genius has been spared amidst contending empires, from the days of Pindar to those of Buffon; and the letter of Prince Schwartzberg to the countess, for the preservation of the philosopher's chateau, is a memorial of this elevated feeling.

69. MALONE AND SHAKSPEARE'S BUST.



Malone, the commentator of Shakspeare, ruined his bust in Stratford Church, in 1793. Listen to Charles Lamb: "The wretched Malone could not do worse when he bribed the sexton of Stratford Church to let him whitewash the painted effigy of old Shakspeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very color of the cheek, the eye, the eyebrow, the hair, the very dress he used to wear; the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint! If I had been a justice of the peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapped both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling, sacrilegious varlets.

"I think I see them at their work, those sapient trouble-tombs."

In reference to the atrocious act, the following stanzas were written in the album at Stratford Church by one of the visitors to the tomb:—

"Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curses on Malone,
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
And daubs his tombstone, as he marred his plays."

70. SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

A very singular discovery of an inscription was made some time since at Coxwold, near Thirsk, in

Yorkshire. The country was formerly, as its name implies, a forest; but as cultivation has advanced, the trees have by degrees been cleared away. An ash was thus felled and split for firewood. Upon being riven asunder, the outer part of the tree was cleft in two like a case, leaving the inner portion of the trunk entire, and the following rude inscription was discovered, distinctly legible, both upon the inner part of the trunk, and, with the letters inverted, upon the outer casing. The inscription can, without difficulty, be thus read:—

THIS TRE
LOVING
TIME
WITNES
BEARE
OF TOW
LOVERS
THAT DID
WALK HEA
RE

"This tree long time witness bear
Of two lovers that did walk here."

There is no date to the inscription, but the period at which it was made may be ascertained, with much probability, from the following considerations: The tree is deposited in the Museum of the Hospital at Kirk Leatham, between Stockton-upon-Tees and Redcar. The porter of the hospital, now living, can vouch for its having been there upwards of seventy years; and the tradition respecting the tree is, that it was given by Lord Falkenburg, from his manor at Coxwold, to Mr. Cholmley Turner, who died on the 9th of May, 1757. It would, therefore, appear that the tree has been cut down nearly a hundred years. Also, by the number of rings in the wood, each indicating a year's growth, the tree appears to have been about fifty-five years old when the inscription was made, and to have subsequently grown for nearly two hundred years. The closeness of the rings under the circumference prevents this estimation of the date from being regarded as more than an approximation; but all the circumstances render it highly probable that the inscription was made about three centuries ago.

71. WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, TOM'S, AND BUTTON'S.

Three of the most celebrated resorts of the literati of the last century were the following: Will's Coffee-house, No. 23, on the north side of Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, at the end of Bow Street. This was the favorite resort of Dryden, who had here his own chair, in winter, by the fire-side, in summer in the balcony; the company met on the first floor, and there smoked; and the young beaux and wits were sometimes honored with a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. Will's was the resort of men of genius till 1710. It was subsequently occupied by a perfumer.

Tom's, No. 17 Great Russell Street, had nearly seven hundred subscribers, at a guinea a head, from 1764 to 1768, and had its card, conversation, and coffee-rooms, where assembled Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Murphy, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Foote, and other men of talent. The tables and books of the club are preserved in the house, the first floor of which is occupied by Mr. Webster, the medallist.

Button's, "over against" Tom's, was the receiv-

ing-house for contributions to the Guardian, in a lion-head box, the aperture for which remains (1849) in the wall to mark the place. Button had been servant to Lady Warwick, whom Addison married, and the house was frequented by Pope, Steele, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Addison. The lion's head for a letter-box, "the best head in England," was set up in imitation of the celebrated lion at Venice. It was removed from Button's to the Shakspeare's Head, under the arcade in Covent Garden, and in 1751, was placed in the Bedford, next door. This lion's head is now treasured as a relic by the Bedford family.

72. POPE'S OPINION UPON ARCHÆOLOGY.

"There is no one study," said Pope to Spence, "that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it. How true of even so dry a study as antiquities!" "Yes, I have experienced that myself. I once got deep into Grævius, and was taken greatly with it, so far as to write a treatise in Latin, collected from the writers in Grævius, on the old buildings in Rome. It is now in Lord Oxford's hands, and has been so these fifteen years."

73. VARIOUS RELICS.

In the grounds of Abbington Abbey, Northamptonshire, stands Garrick's mulberry-tree, with this inscription upon copper attached to one of its limbs: "This tree was planted by David Garrick, Esq., at the request of Ann Thursty, as a growing testimony of their friendship, 1778."

Henry Kirke White's favorite tree, whereon he had cut "H. K. W., 1805," stood on the sands at Whitton, in Northumberland, till it was cut down by the woodman's axe; but in veneration for the poet's memory, the portion bearing his initials was carefully preserved in an elegant gilt frame.

An English traveller, desirous of possessing a memorial of Madame De Sévigné, purchased, for the sum of eighteen thousand francs, the staircase of her chateau at Provence.

Sir Isaac Newton's solar dial, which was cut in stone, and attached to the manor-house at Woolstrop, Lincolnshire, is now placed in the Royal Society's collection.

Some years ago, a curious arm-chair, which had belonged to Gay, the poet, was sold at public auction at Barnstable, his native place. It contained a drawer underneath the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out.

Benjamin Franklin's "fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of a cap of liberty," is bequeathed in a codicil to his will, "to the friend of mankind, General Washington;" adding, that "if it were a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it."

Thrope's Catalogue of Autographs (1843) includes a letter from a Miss Smith, of Arundale, forwarding to the Earl of Buchan "a chip, taken from the coffin of the poet Burns, when his body was removed from his first grave to the mausoleum erected to his memory in St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries."

The tower of Monthbard, in Burgundy, was Buffon's study, and, together with the garden in which the great naturalist used to recreate himself, was religiously kept up by the inhabitants.



BIRTH PLACE OF DR. JOHNSON —

74. RELICS OF DR. JOHNSON AT LICHFIELD.

The house in which Dr. Johnson was born, at Lichfield, stands upon the west side of the market-place, and is now (1847) occupied as a draper's shop and residence. In the centre of the market-place is a colossal statue of Johnson, seated upon a square pedestal. It is by Lucas, and was executed at the expense of the Rev. Chancellor Law, in 1838. By the side of a footpath leading from Dam Street to Stow formerly stood a large willow, said to have been planted by Johnson. It was blown down in 1829; but one of its shoots was preserved, and planted upon the same spot. It is now a large tree, and is known as "Johnson's Willow."

Mr. Lomax, who has for many years kept a bookseller's shop, — the "Johnson's Head," in Bird Street, Lichfield, — possesses several articles that formerly belonged to Johnson, which have been handed down by a clear and indisputable ownership. Amongst them is his own Book of Common Prayer, in which are written, in pencil, the four Latin lines printed in Strahan's edition of the doctor's Prayers. There are, also, a sacrament-book, with Johnson's wife's name in it, in his own handwriting; an autograph letter of the doctor's to Miss Porter; two tea-spoons, an ivory tablet, and a breakfast table; a Visscher's Atlas, paged by the doctor, and a manuscript index; Davies's Life of Garrick, presented to Johnson by the publisher; a walking cane, and a Dictionary of Heathen Mythology, with the doctor's manuscript corrections. His wife's wedding ring, afterwards made into a mourning ring, and a massive chair, in which he customarily sat, are also in Mr. Lomax's possession.

There are few persons now living who ever saw Dr. Johnson. Among them is Mr. Dyott, of Lichfield. This was seventy-four years ago, or in 1774, when the doctor and Boswell, on their tour into Wales, stopped at Ashbourne, and there visited Mr. Dyott's father, who was then residing at Ashbourne Hall.

75. THE MITRE IN FLEET STREET.

The "Mitre," a tavern in Fleet Street, is remarkable for Johnson having used the house, and very

probably done the landlord. The Mitre, according to a recent magazine article, has a corner, known as Johnson's Corner, which is so sacred that no one is allowed to sit in it. This corner is supposed to be the site on which the gas-pipe has since been erected.

The late owner of the Mitre was not aware that the house was famous as the rendezvous of Johnson, until once asked by a customer where Johnson generally sat, when the host replied, that "so many people came there whom he did not know, that he could not say which was Mr. Johnson's usual place of sitting." On the matter being subsequently explained to him, he saw the necessity of reading the subject well up, and he never took a waiter without examining him in the first four chapters of Boswell. The bust of Johnson, by Nollekins, and the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, by somebody, over the fireplace in the lower room, added to the second-hand edition of the lexicographer's life on the chimney-piece up stairs, turned the Mitre into a perfect Johnsonian Museum.

76. ANECDOTE OF MRS. BURNS.

It is generally known that Mrs. Burns, after her husband's death, occupied exactly the same house in Dumfries which she inhabited before that event; and it was customary for strangers, who happened to pass through, or visit that town, to pay their respects to her, with or without letters of introduction, precisely as they do to the churchyard, the bridge, the harbor, or any other public object of curiosity about the place.

A gay young Englishman one day visited Mrs. Burns, and after he had seen all she had to show, — the bedroom in which the poet died, his original portrait by Nasmyth, his family Bible, with the names and birthdays of himself, his wife, and children, written on a blank leaf by his own hand, and some other little trifles of the same nature, — he proceeded to entreat that she would have the kindness to present him with some relic of the poet, which he might carry away with him, as a wonder, to show in his own country. "Indeed, sir," said

Mrs. Burns, "I have given away so many relics of Mr. Burns, that, to tell the truth, I have not one left." "O, you surely must have something," said the persevering Saxon; "any thing will do — any little scrap of his handwriting, the least thing you please. All I want is *just a relic of the poet*; and any thing, you know, will do for a relic." Some further altercation took place — the lady reasserting that she had no relic to give, and he as repeatedly renewing his request. At length, fairly tired out with the man's importunities, Mrs. Burns said to him, with a smile, "Deed, sir, unless you take *myself*, then, I dinna see how you are to get what you want; for, really, *I'm* the only *relict* o' him that I ken o'." The petitioner at once withdrew his request.

77. BOLINGBROKE AT BATTERSEA.



Bolingbroke's Monument in Battersea Church.

When Sir Richard Phillips took his "Morning's Walk from London to Kew," in 1816, he found that a portion of the family mansion in which Lord Bolingbroke was born had been converted into a mill and distillery, though a small oak parlor had been carefully preserved. In this room Pope is said to have written his *Essay on Man*; and, in Bolingbroke's time, the mansion was the resort, the hope, and the seat of enjoyment of Swift, Arbuthnot, Thomson, Mallet, and all the contemporary genius of England. The oak room was always called "Pope's Parlor," it being, in all probability, the apartment generally occupied by that great poet in his visits to his friend Bolingbroke.

On inquiring for an ancient inhabitant of Battersea, Sir Richard Phillips was introduced to a Mrs. Gilliard, a pleasant and intelligent woman, who told him she well remembered Lord Bolingbroke; that he used to ride out every day in his chariot, and had a black patch on his cheek, with a large wart over his eyebrow. She was then but a girl, but she was taught to look upon him with veneration as a great man. As, however, he spent little in the place, and gave little away, he was not much regarded by the people of Battersea. Sir Richard mentioned to her the names of several of Bolingbroke's contemporaries; but she recollected none except that of Mallet, who, she said, she had often seen walking about

in the village, while he was visiting at Bolingbroke House.

78. GIBBON'S HOUSE AT LAUSANNE.

The house of Gibbon, in which he completed his *Decline and Fall*, is in the lower part of the town of Lausanne, behind the church of St. Francis, and on the right of the road leading down to Ouchy. Both the house and the garden have been much changed. The wall of the Hotel Gibbon occupies the site of his summer-house, and the *berceau* walk has been destroyed to make room for the garden of the hotel; but the terrace looking over the lake, and a few acacias, remain.

Gibbon's record of the completion of his great labor is very impressive. "It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent."

At a little inn at Morges, about two miles distant from Lausanne, Lord Byron wrote the *Prisoner of Chillon*, in the short space of *two days*, during which he was detained here by bad weather, June, 1816; "thus adding one more deathless association to the already immortalized localities of the lake."

79. MAGNA CHARTA RECOVERED.

The transcript of Magna Charta, now in the British Museum, was discovered by Sir Robert Cotton in the possession of his tailor, who was just about to cut the precious document out into "measures" for his customers. Sir Robert redeemed the valuable curiosity at the price of old parchment, and thus recovered what had long been supposed to be irretrievably lost.

80. OTIS'S ORATION

Old Zechariah G. Whitman, in his history of the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," tells us that he discovered in a volume of pamphlets that a fourth of July oration, delivered in Boston by the Honorable Harrison Gray Otis, bound with others, had been consumed by mice, who injured nothing else. He adds, that he attributed to the mice a very high degree of taste; or that, being connoisseurs, they approved highly of the orator, and of the matter.

81. WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

It was said (1849) that Washington's Farewell Address, in the original manuscript, was in good preservation in Philadelphia.

In 1850, it was sold to James Lenox, Esq., of New York, for \$2300.

82. RELICS OF FRANKLIN.

An original portrait of Benjamin Franklin sold at auction, in Boston, in 1849 or '50, for three hundred dollars. Twenty-five pieces of china ware which formerly belonged to Franklin, were next offered. One large cake plate sold for thirteen dol-

lars, and a bowl, with a large piece broken out of the rim, for five dollars and a half. An attempt was made to sell the tea plates, but as only seventy-five cents was bid for a cracked one, the sale was stopped — a much larger price having been offered at private sale for the lot.

83. POPE'S GROVE.

The village of Binfield, Berkshire, situated about seven miles west of Windsor, and within the precincts of the forest, is remarkable from having been the residence of Alexander Pope during his early years. About half a mile from the house, an interesting memorial of the poet still remains, or at least did so a few years since, when the writer last visited the spot. There is here a fine grove of beeches, pleasantly situated on the gentle slope of a hill, which commands an agreeable, though not an extensive, view of the surrounding country. This grove was a favorite resort of Pope's, who is said to have composed many of his earlier pieces sitting under the shade of one of the trees, below which a seat was then placed. The recollection of this circumstance was preserved by Lady Gower, an admirer of the poet, who caused the words, "Here Pope sung," to be cut in large letters in the bark, at some height from the ground; and as this inscription, at the time we mention, was distinctly legible, it was no doubt, at one period, occasionally renewed.

About twelve years ago, when first seen by the writer, the tree was standing in a sound state, and apparently little injured by time, although the bark, to the height of seven or eight feet, was nearly covered by the names of visitors, many of which, with dates, were cut deeply into it.

This interesting relic of the poet (if still in existence) will not, however, endure much longer. When the writer last saw it, a year or two after his first visit, it presented a sad appearance of dilapidation, the upper part of the tree having been entirely broken off by a violent storm which had happened a short time previous, and lying prostrate on the ground, stripped of its branches.

It is somewhat remarkable that none of the neighboring trees were injured by the storm, which thus destroyed the object which, for nearly a century, had consecrated the spot.

84. THE OLD PARSONAGE.

Notwithstanding the ruling passion among us for making all things new, there yet remain in New England many habitations which have been standing for one or two centuries, and each of which has been occupied all that time by successive generations of one family. In the garrets of these old mansions, there may often be found accumulations of old pamphlets, newspapers, and manuscripts, embalmed in dust and cobwebs, and which will often be found to contain much matter of antiquarian and historical interest. The examination of some of these "lumber-mountains" and "slumber-lakes," as Carlyle calls them, has exhumed many treasures of this kind. All persons having access to any such deposits of forgotten valuables are earnestly exhorted to lose no time in exploring them, and bringing their treasures to light. We are moved, says a writer in the Christian Observatory, to make this exhortation by a statement from a friend who narrowly missed a notable opportunity of the kind.

In the place where he resided was an ancient habitation, originally built as a parsonage for the first minister of the town. That minister, in his youth, had been carried captive to Canada by the Indians; in his manhood, he served as chaplain at the taking of Louisburg, and also in the old French war; and he died, in the sixty-sixth year of his ministry, among his own flock. Our informant, through special favor with a descendant of the patriarch, obtained access to the attic of the old habitation. Here he spent one happy day in overhauling and arranging the long-neglected treasures, and roughly calculated that it would take about ten days more to complete the business. He found what appeared to be full files of the Boston News-Letter, which our antiquarians have greatly desired to see. There were journals relating to the Louisburg and other military expeditions, which would have been invaluable; there were files of letters full of interesting items of intelligence and traits of old times; there were bundles of long-lost proclamations and other public documents. In short, there were heaps of those spoils and relics of the past over whose discovery the heart of the antiquary leaps for joy. Before our friend could revisit the precious hoard, he was called out of town. On his return, the first sight which met his eyes was that old parsonage wrapped in flames! It burned to the ground before his sorrowing eyes, and all those priceless documents perished together in melancholy ruin. Now, therefore, take warning, all who have access to like spots; and take heed lest they too be destroyed before their wealth shall have been made available to the lover of our country, studious of its history, and proud of its early fame.

85. A UTILITARIAN.

"Some twenty years ago," said a buxom dame, showing the antiquities of Dartford Church, "we lived in that old building you see through the windows there. It was in ancient times part of the nunnery." "There are some strange old things in such places," remarked we, inquiringly. "You may say that, sir," replied she; "and when we left, I wouldn't leave them behind me. I pulled down the whole Trojan War, Hector and Andromache, sir, tapestry hangings, all worked by the nuns; beautiful, sir." "Yes—well! have you sold them? Have you them yet? Where are they?" "Bless your heart, sir, they are worn out long ago! I cut them up, and made carpets of 'em."

86. LITERARY LOCALITIES.

Leigh Hunt pleasantly says, "I can no more pass through Westminster, without thinking of Milton; or the Borough, without thinking of Chaucer and Shakespeare; or Gray's Inn, without calling Bacon to mind; or Bloomsbury Square, without Steele and Akenside, — than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture in the splendor of the recollection. I once had duties to perform which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighborhood in which Dryden lived, and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of the way, purely that I might pass through Gerard Street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought."

§ 10. ARCHITECTURE.

87. PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.—MODE OF ASCENT BY A LADY.



"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve."

This pyramid is five hundred feet in height, and seven hundred and twenty feet on each side of the base; thus covering 518,400 square feet. It is ascended by steps to the summit, which is a platform of nine large stones, each of which would weigh a ton. Some of the stones in other parts of the pyramid are still larger. They are of hewn granite and limestone on the outside, cemented together with fine mortar; in the interior the stones are so nicely smoothed and fitted together as not to need cement of any kind. Machinery of immense power, of which all knowledge is lost, must have been employed to raise these stones to such an amazing height. The pyramid is ascended by steps. The following description of the manner of ascending the pyramid is from Letters from the Old World, by a Lady of New York:—

"The north side of the largest pyramid is so steep as to be dangerous of approach. A short time since, a young Englishman was precipitated from the top to the bottom, and of course dashed to atoms. Near the bottom the layers of stone are about four feet thick, and the mode of my ascent was as follows: First, an Arab got down on his hands and knees, thus forming a sort of extra step, while two others mounted on the edge above, and giving me their hands, I was enabled, by making two good long *Tagliani-isms*, to reach the place where they stood; a fourth Arab remained always behind and below me, to be ready in case I made a false step. This went on very well for a short time, while each shelf or step was of sufficient width to permit the placing of my four-footed stool; but frequently the steps were not more than six inches wide, while yet they were four feet high, thus rendering the footing very insecure, and the position sufficiently alarming for weak nerves. In such cases another mode of proceeding became necessary. An Arab would kneel with one knee, and present the other as a step, the one below holding him against the rock, that he might not topple over. At about half way from the ground, the layers of stone are not over three feet

The famous pyramids of Egypt stand upon a plain which extends from Cairo about fifty miles along the Nile. Forty, or more, of different sizes, and of various materials, are irregularly scattered over this plain; the three largest, the pyramids of Cheops, of Cephrenes, and of Mycerines, are in the neighborhood of Djiza.

The great pyramid of Cheops is the largest structure in the world; or, in other words, it is the greatest mass of materials which men have ever placed together to form a single building; and one of our distinguished countrymen says, "The oldest pyramid is yet the most perfect work of art." It has stood through the moral and physical convulsions of more than thirty centuries, and may stand until—

thick, and from thence to the top they diminish gradually.

"Difficult as the ascent is, it is as nothing when compared with the descent. In the first operation, the face being turned to the wall, neither the giddy height is observed, nor the tapering point for which one is aiming, the whole attention being taken up with the matter on hand, and the climber being hurried on without time to turn around, so that a fearful height is reached before he is aware of it. Curiosity satisfied, and the constant excitement over, the descent becomes a regular matter of business. On looking down, the first few tiers of steps are quite perceptible, and their lines are distinctly marked; but all lines soon become confused, and nothing but a smooth surface is visible from fifty feet in advance down to the very ground. At first the stoutest hearts recoil at this optical delusion, but gradually gaining assurance as they descend, they get through it tolerably well."

The second pyramid, that of Cephrenes, is about four hundred feet high, and six hundred and sixty-five feet on each side at the base. The enterprising traveller Belzoni discovered the entrance to this pyramid in 1818. When he forced his way to the interior, he found inscriptions in Arabic, showing that the pyramids had been entered by a Saracen conqueror some centuries before. Nothing of great value has been discovered in them in modern times. We are told that under one of the caliphs an order went forth for the destruction of these edifices, and that the work was committed to one of the most skilful engineers of the age. He wrought at it for a long time, expending much labor and treasure, and finally gave it up. Of course he had no gunpowder. The engineer began at the top; but how he got there, up the smooth plane of five hundred feet, is beyond comprehension, unless by cutting a flight of steps from the bottom. "Nothing can be farther from the truth than the idea that there was a regular series of steps for ascent in the original plan of either of these pyramids."

All the pyramids are finished in the interior with much labor. They contain many long and intricate passages, the walls of which are sculptured and painted, the colors remaining as fresh as if recently executed. For what purpose these stupendous edifices were erected, remains an enigma which the most learned antiquaries have in vain attempted to solve. Were they for tombs or for temples for worship? Probably they united both purposes.

88. PYRAMIDS OF SOCCARA, BUILT BY THE ISRAELITES.

The pyramids of Soccara, at some distance from the great pyramids, are in a ruinous state. Some of them are rounded at the top; others are flat, and ascended by steps.

These are supposed to be of more recent origin than the larger pyramids. One, which has partly fallen down, was built of unburnt bricks, badly made with gravel, shells, and chopped straw.

It has been suggested that these were the works upon which the Israelites toiled, whose lives the taskmasters of Pharaoh made "bitter with hard bondage in mortar and in brick." When they murmured against their hard fate, the command of the tyrant was followed out to the letter, "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore; let them go and gather straw for themselves;" "and the tale of the bricks which they did make heretofore ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish aught thereof." In this dry climate, unburnt bricks are mostly used; and in order to give the clay more tenacity, a large proportion of chopped straw is worked into it in the pit; without which, or something for a substitute, as coarse, dry grass, or "stubble," the bricks would tumble to pieces in handling, after being dried in the sun.

89. TEMPLE OF KARNAC.

Of the remains of Egyptian architectural greatness, the temple or palace of Karnac, or Carnak, is one of the most elaborate and extensive. It contains such an immense number of sphinxes, colossal statues, obelisks, propylæa, and porticoes, that the mind is bewildered and lost amid the endless variety. All descriptions fail to convey a just idea of its size and magnificence. We can form no conception of a hall so large that the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris, could be placed in it entire; or, as a *Frenchman* remarked, "eight of our churches might dance a cotillon in it." This is the great hypostyle hall, supported by one hundred and thirty-four colossal columns, some of which are twenty-six feet in circumference, and others thirty-four. Six men, with their hands united, might clasp one of the shafts of these columns, but not the capitals; they are sixty-five feet in circumference, and ten feet high!

Champollion says, "The imagination, which in Europe rises far above our porticoes, sinks abashed at the foot of the one hundred and forty columns of the hypostyle hall of Carnak."

90. TEMPLES EXCAVATED AND CARVED FROM THE SOLID ROCK.

The most celebrated are at Elephanta, Salsette, and Ellora. The Island of Elephanta is near Bombay, and is so called from a colossal figure of an elephant

carved upon the rocks on the southern shore of the island. A temple, one hundred and twenty feet square, is here cut out of the solid foundations of the earth.

The large columns, of which there were four rows, stand upon high square pedestals; the bases have a peculiar ornament; the shafts are receded, very short, and much smaller at the top than near the base. Along the sides of the cavern are about fifty statues, from twelve to fifteen feet high, having their heads ornamented with crowns, helmets, and other decorations.

This subterranean temple is constantly exposed to the sea breeze, and is yielding to the ruthless spoiler, Time, —

"Whom stone and brass obey, —
Who gives to every flying hour
To work some new decay."

Canara, in the Island of Salsette, is represented by travellers as very magnificent. There are four stories or galleries hewn out of a high perpendicular rock, into which open more than three hundred apartments. Before the entrance into this grand temple stand two colossal statues, twenty-seven feet in height. Thirty-five octagonal columns are formed of tigers, elephants, and other animals finely carved, and represented crouching down, as if to support the superincumbent weight. There are said to be not less than six hundred figures of idols within the excavations of Salsette.

But wonderful as are the excavations at Salsette and Elephanta, they are far surpassed by those of Ellora. A traveller says, "No monuments of antiquity in the known world are comparable to the caves of Ellora, whether we consider their unknown origin, their stupendous size, the beauty of their architectural ornaments, or the vast numbers of statues and emblems, *all hewn out of the solid rock.*" It would require volumes to give a description of these amazing works.

It is supposed that these temples were hewn out by the architect's commencing at the top of the rock, and the roof of the building, *working downwards.* By whom they were excavated is wholly unknown.

91. THE TEMPLE OF DAGON.

Tyre was built about the year 1060 before Christ; and a curious specimen of their sacred architecture was the temple of Dagon, which the Bible represents to have been destroyed by Samson, who pulled it down, and destroyed himself and all the people who were assembled to worship the idol and to make sport with their captive. The temple is described to have had two main pillars or columns on which it stood, and that Samson, standing between the two, pulled them down, and hurled the temple into inevitable destruction.

The structure of such a building has puzzled many a commentator and critic; but Sir Christopher Wren, whose learning and reading were equal to his skill in architecture and mathematics, has given so clear an elucidation, as to render its mode of construction perfectly intelligible. In considering what this fabric must be, that could at one pull be demolished; he conceived it to have been an oval amphitheatre, the scene in the middle, where a vast roof of cedar beams, resting upon the walls, centred all upon one short architrave, that united two cedar pillars in the middle; one pillar would not be sufficient to unite the ends of at least one hundred beams that tended to the centre; therefore, he says, there must be a short architrave resting upon two

pillars, upon which all the beams tending to the centre of the amphitheatre might be supported. Now, if Samson, by his miraculous power pressing upon one of these pillars, moved it from its basis, the whole roof must of necessity fall.

92. THE CORINTHIAN CAPITAL.



The capital of the Corinthian order in architecture had its origin in a simple incident. On the death of a young maid of Corinth, her lover gathered the ornaments she had most valued when living, and placed them in a wicker basket, covered by a tile, upon her tomb. Close to her grave, an acanthus had taken root, and the flowers shooting forth in the spring, its leaves twined around the basket, and convolved beneath the tile in the form of volutes. Attracted by this display, Callima-

chus, the founder of the Corinthian order, made it the model for his capital; the tile being the abacus, the foliage of the acanthus the volutes, and the whole forming the capital which adorns his column, about 540 B. C.

93. TEMPLE OF MINERVA AT ATHENS.

The finest specimen of the Doric order is the temple of Minerva Parthenon, at Athens. Pericles resolved that Athens should be the admiration of the world, and that her architecture should keep pace with her military and intellectual renown. When the temple of Minerva Parthenon was to be built, many grand designs were offered to the Athenians for their choice. Ictinus was the successful architect, whose design met with their approbation. Callicrates was also employed upon it. A small temple, raised by Cimon, in honor of Theseus, was the model of the Parthenon.

The sculptures which decorated this temple were designed by Phidias, and executed by his scholars. Ictinus, the architect, wrote a work on the architecture of the Parthenon, which is quoted by Vitruvius. The Grecian temples are all oblong, and about twice as long as they are broad. The Parthenon was two hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and one hundred in breadth; the height of the entrance was thirty-six feet.

There were eight columns at each front, and seventeen on each side, counting those at the angle twice. Besides these, there was an inner row of columns at each end, which stood upon a platform two steps higher than the outer row. The diameter of the columns of the outer row is six feet two inches, and their height, including the capitals, thirty-four feet.

Part of the beautiful Parthenon was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine which the Turks had placed within its walls, when Athens, in 1687, was besieged by the Venetians. Enough of it remained when Stuart visited Athens, about 1765, to enable him to give a perfect description of it, as restored to its pristine glory. When the columns or other parts fell, the Turks sometimes used them for their buildings; but it is said that they rarely destroyed or defaced these beautiful ruins.

The Parthenon stood upon the grand platform or area of the Acropolis. On this elevation were accumulated those edifices whose surpassing beauty will long remain the world's wonder. In sight of these splendid structures, perhaps with his eyes fixed upon the sculptured Parthenon, St. Paul stood upon "Mars' Hill," the hill of Areopagus, and exclaimed, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious....God, that made the world and all things therein, seeing he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device."

The statue of the goddess Minerva, executed by Phidias, occupied one apartment of the Parthenon. This statue was thirty-nine feet high, of ivory covered with gold, and for the richness, exquisite workmanship, and beauty, was unsurpassed by any statue of antiquity. Another apartment was used for the public treasury.

94. DINOCRATES.

Dinocrates, an ingenious but neglected architect of Macedon, determined to attract the attention of Alexander. He clothed himself in a lion's skin, with a chaplet of poplar boughs on his head, and a club in his hand, like Hercules. His large stature, agreeable countenance, and dignified mien, suited well with this disguise; the king was attracted by the novelty of his appearance, and demanded who he was. "I am," replied Dinocrates, "a Macedonian architect, who come to thee with ideas and designs worthy of the greatness of thy fame. I have formed a design to cut Mount Athos into the statue of a man, in whose left hand shall be a large city, and in his right hand a basin, which shall receive all the rivers of the mountain, and discharge them into the sea." Alexander inquired if there would be sufficient country around the city in the giant's hand to supply it with food. When answered that there would not, and that it must be supplied by sea, Alexander declined the proposition, but retained the architect in his service. The fame of the emperor and the architect was more effectually perpetuated by the building of Alexandria, at the mouth of the Nile. Dinocrates planned this magnificent city; its walls fortified with towers, its aqueducts, fountains, canals, temples, palaces, and streets. Cairo furnished an immense quarry, from which the new city was adorned. Few architects ever had the direction of a work so important.

95. SOSTRATUS.

Sostratus, one of the most celebrated architects of antiquity, was so esteemed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, that he was surnamed "the favorite of kings." His greatest work was the light-house in

the Isle of Pharos, considered one of the wonders of the world. It was a tower four hundred and fifty feet high, built upon a rock, and could be seen at a hundred miles' distance. It consisted of several stories, decreasing in size; the ground story was a mile in circumference; at the top was an immense lantern, where fires were lighted at night to guide the mariner's course. On the light-house was the following inscription in Greek: "Sostratus of Cnidus, son of Dexiphanes, to the gods, the saviors; for the benefit of sailors." It has been said that Sostratus secretly covered this inscription with cement, and placed over it another in honor of Ptolemy, which in a few years mouldered away and showed the first.

96. THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

It was with the view of securing his empire against future attacks from various formidable tribes, that Che-wangte (B. C. 214) undertook the completion of this great wall, a stupendous work, surpassing the most wonderful efforts of human labor in other countries, and upon which twenty centuries have exerted but little effect. The biggest of the pyramids of Egypt contains but a small portion of the matter in this wall, the solid contents of which—not including the projecting mass of stone and brick, which contains as much masonry as all London—are supposed to exceed in bulk the materials of all the dwelling-houses in England and Scotland.

The vastness of the mass may be better appreciated by considering that it is more than sufficient to surround the circumference of the earth, on two of its circles, with two walls, each six feet high and two feet thick. Walls had been already erected by some of the petty princes in the north, to exclude the barbarians from their states.

The emperor directed his general, Mungteen, who had completed the campaign against the Hounghoos, to survey the walls built by these princes, to complete the union, and to continue this great barrier from Kea-yuh-kwan to the place where, at a subsequent period, Wung-hae-low was built, on the shore of the Eastern Sea, a space of about fifteen hundred miles, over deep valleys and mountains of great elevation. The foundations of this prodigious work were laid in the early part of this year. Enormous numbers of men, some say millions, being a third of the inhabitants of the certain age, were collected from all parts of the empire, and set to work on the structure. Its superintendence was intrusted to Mungteen, who had under him an army of three hundred thousand men. Vessels laden with iron were sunk at the sea-shore, where the wall began, to make a buttress for it. Large arches were built for the passage of rivers; along the wall, at certain distances, were forts for garrisons; gates were made at convenient places for traffic, passage of troops, &c.; and its width was so great that, in some parts, seven horsemen could walk abreast at the top of the wall. The work was completed in the short space of ten years, in the second year of the usurpation of Pwu-wang, (B. C. 205,) so that neither Che-wangte nor any of his race had the satisfaction of seeing the great undertaking accomplished.

97. PROGRESS OF ART IN ROME.

According to Pliny, nearly a century elapsed before the Romans used marble columns; and so

ignorant were they of the value of beautiful sculpture, that when Mummius sacked Corinth, and sent away all the sculptures to adorn Rome, he threatened the bearers, that if any were lost or damaged, they should supply their places with new. But as the Romans extended their dominion over Greece, they received from the polished inhabitants of those states more refined ideas. Assisted by Grecian architects, they filled Rome with buildings of the greatest magnitude and splendor. In the time of Augustus, such noble improvements were made in the city, that the emperor exclaimed, that he "found Rome of brick, but that he left it of marble." The successors of Augustus continued to embellish Rome, and other parts of Italy; and as they then had Grecian artists residing among them, the Etruscan style was rejected. From that time the Romans borrowed their ideas of architecture, and formed their style, from the works of conquered Greece: not servilely copying them, they ventured to vary from their original, and, prompted by an ambitious desire to surpass all other nations, with the mighty resources of their extended empire, they erected temples and buildings which have been the admiration of all succeeding ages.

98. THE FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATRE.

The Flavian amphitheatre, called the Coliseum, was erected by the Emperor Flavius Vespasian, after his return from the Jewish war, A. D. 72. Many thousand Jews, who were made captives in this war, were employed upon the Coliseum. Titus completely finished it, and dedicated it to his father, Vespasian. On the day of its dedication, five thousand animals of different species were cruelly made to destroy each other for the amusement of the populace! But not animals alone were slaughtered in this amphitheatre. Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the combats of the gladiators, and the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in these imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to witness the butchery; a virgin always gave signal for the slaughter, and, when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming arena to a luxurious supper. Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself; decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half gray and half green—erect on one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom.

The shape necessary to an amphitheatre has preserved it from destruction. Such was its stability that it resisted earthquakes and sieges. Barbarian hands commenced the work of dilapidation, and popes, in their turn, used it as a quarry for modern churches. This colossal structure was oval in its form, its length being five hundred and eighty feet, and its breadth four hundred and seventy. It was externally surrounded by three rows of arches, raised one above another to the height of one hundred and fifty-seven feet; each row was composed of eighty arches, with as many columns. The order of the lower part of the Coliseum is Doric; the next order is Ionic; the next, Corinthian; above this, a row of composite pilasters; and the whole is crowned with a heavy attic.

The first row of arches is marked with Roman

numbers; these arches were so many entrances, which, by means of twenty staircases, led to the upper piazzas and to the seats; so that even a child could find his way directly to his seat, and the numerous spectators could quit the amphitheatre in a very short time, without confusion.

The arena, where the games were celebrated, is two hundred and eighty-five feet long, and one hundred and eighty-two wide; it was surrounded by a wall of moderate height, to prevent the animals from escaping. The seats for spectators were arranged around the arena. Those destined for the emperor, his family, and the *magnates* of Rome, were the nearest to the arena: above these were the seats for the people, gradually ascending, so that every spectator could have an uninterrupted view of the whole amphitheatre. Thus eighty thousand spectators could be accommodated; and twenty thousand more could sit in the piazzas above.

There was no roof to this stupendous structure. The spectators were protected from the sun and rain by an awning, which was drawn over as occasion required.

99. COLUMNS OF TRAJAN AND MARCUS AURELIUS

The *historical columns* are true to no order of architecture.* Trajan's column has a Doric shaft, a Tuscan base and capital, and a pedestal with Corinthian mouldings. The shaft is eleven feet two inches in diameter at the base, and ten feet at the capital; the whole height of the column, including the statue, is one hundred and thirty-two feet. Upon the summit formerly stood the statue of Trajan, in bronze, but Sixtus V. displaced the emperor and elevated St. Peter, in bronze, notwithstanding the ashes of Trajan were buried beneath the pedestal, and the whole column is covered with sculptures in bas-relief, representing his victories. This splendid column is of marble, fastened together with bronze. A spiral cordon is represented as entwining it from the top to the bottom, in twenty-three windings, thus separating the figures that ornament it, and giving continuity to the subject or story. An interior winding staircase, chiselled out of the marble, conducts to the top, which commands a fine view of Rome. The pedestal is beautifully adorned with eagles, garlands, and trophies.

The column of Marcus Aurelius is similar to that of Trajan. It was erected by the Roman senate in honor of that emperor; but he afterwards dedicated it to his father-in-law, Antoninus Pius. The pedestals to these columns are mentioned as unique in ancient Roman architecture, though often employed in more modern days. Forsyth remarks, that "the insulated pedestal, which in architecture acts as a stilt to the shaft, is beautiful, because necessary only under insulated columns like these." The column of M. Aurelius having been injured by lightning, Sixtus V. repaired it, and placed upon the top a gilt bronze statue of St. Paul.

100. APOLLODORUS AND HADRIAN.

Apollodorus fell a sacrifice to his derision of Hadrian, who, being a smatterer in architecture, had designed and executed a temple dedicated to Rome and Venus. Upon his showing it to Apollodorus, the latter observed, that if the sitting stat-

ues of the gods and goddesses therein should ever be desirous of changing their posture and standing upright, they would run the risk of breaking their heads against the ceiling.

Hadrian felt the reproof, and made away with Apollodorus.

101. ANGELO'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE PANTHEON.

When Michael Angelo first saw the Pantheon at Rome, "I will erect such a building," said he, "but I will hang it up in the air." With what truth he spoke this, the cupola of St. Peter's will evince, but which, unhappily for him, was not executed while he was living, and to which his original design was to append a magnificent portico.

102. ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

St Peter's is situated on the ancient site of the circus and garden of Nero, where that tyrant massacred numbers of Christian martyrs. Tradition says, that the bodies of these martyrs were buried by their faithful friends in a grotto near the circus, and that among those who were thus buried here was the crucified apostle, St. Peter. In 306, Constantine founded a church over the reputed grave of the holy apostle. This edifice remained for eleven centuries, when Pope Nicholas V., in 1450, demolished it, and laid the foundation for the present St. Peter's. At the death of this pope, the structure had been elevated only four or five feet above the pavement. The work was suspended, or made but little progress, till the time of Julius II., who, in 1503, employed the celebrated Bramante to carry on this great undertaking. This architect formed the original plan of the cupola, and caused four stupendous pillars or piers, two hundred and nine feet in circumference, to be raised to support it. The patron and the architect both died and left it in this state.

Leo X. employed architects to carry on the work, among whom was the celebrated painter Raphael d'Urbino, who strengthened the basis of the pillars, which he deemed too weak to support the stupendous cupola. Various other architects were employed by the pontiffs who succeeded Leo, until at last Paul III. committed the edifice to the incomparable genius of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, who designed the dome and cupola as they now stand. He wished to make the front like the Pantheon, but death removed him from his labors, and the sublime idea was abandoned. Michael Angelo "left it an unfinished monument of his proud, towering, gigantic powers; and his awful genius" seemed to watch over his successors for a long time. Many other artists were employed upon this stupendous edifice, until it was finished, under Paul V., by Carlo Maderno. Three centuries and a half this church was being built; and in 1694, the cost was estimated to have been eleven million pounds sterling, or about forty-nine million eight hundred and forty thousand dollars!

This edifice contains the best specimens of design of the ablest architects who flourished during a period in which the revived classic style was carried to the highest perfection which it reached in Italy. The extreme length of St. Peter's is seven hundred and twenty feet; breadth, five hundred and ten feet; height, from pavement to the top of the cross upon the cupola, five hundred feet.

* Forsyth.

103. ST. PETER'S AND ANGELO.

To Pope Julius II. the world is indebted for that wonder of architecture, St. Peter's Church at Rome. The vanity of Julius had prompted him to order Michael Angelo to give him a design for his tomb; which that great artist made upon so grand a scale, that the choir of old St. Peter's Church could not contain it. "Well, then," replied the pope, "enlarge the choir." "Ay, holy father, but we must then build a new church, to keep up the due proportion between the different parts of the edifice." "That we will then do," replied the pope; and immediately gave orders for the sale of indulgences to carry on the erection of this noble fabric.

Some of the figures intended for the pope's mausoleum; the famous figure of Moses sitting, in St. Pietro da Vinculi at Rome; and two or three of the slaves at the Hotel de Richelieu in Paris, are preserved. The original design of the tomb is engraved in Vasari; it has much of stately Gothic grandeur in it, and was to have been decorated with thirty-two whole length figures of prophets and apostles.

104. ANGELO'S SEPARATION FROM THE POPE.

Pope Julius II. commissioned Michael Angelo to erect a mausoleum. Michael's design was magnificent. When he showed it to the pope, his holiness inquired the cost of such a splendid work. Michael answered that it would amount to a hundred thousand crowns; and the pope liberally gave him permission to expend twice that sum. The mausoleum was commenced. Pope Julius was so delighted with it, that he had a covered way from his palace erected, that he might visit the artist at his work *incognito*. This was too great a favor not to excite the envy of a court. Ill words and unkind slanders were spoken of Michael. They reached the pope's ear, as it was intended, and he visited Buonarroti no more. Michael came to the Vatican, which had been at all times open to him; but it was not so now. A groom of the chamber stopped his entrance.

"Do you know to whom you speak?" asked the indignant architect.

"Perfectly well," said the man; "and I only do my duty in obeying the orders my master has given."

"Then tell the pope," replied Michael, "if he wants me, he may come and seek me elsewhere himself."

The insulted artist returned immediately to his house, ordered his servants to sell his furniture, and follow him to Florence; and left Rome that very night. Great was the pope's consternation. Couriers were immediately sent after Michael. But it was too late; he had already passed the boundary of the pope's jurisdiction, and force was of no avail. The couriers reached Florence, and delivered the pope's letter. Michael's answer was this: "I have been expelled from the antechamber of your holiness without meriting disgrace; therefore I have left Rome to preserve my reputation. I will not return, as your holiness commands. If I have been deemed worthless one day, how can I be valued the next, except by a caprice alike discreditable to the one who shows it and the one to whom it is shown."

Julius next wrote to the government of Florence, using these conciliatory words: "We know the humor of men like Michael Angelo. If he will return, we promise that none shall offend him or

interfere with him, and he shall be reinstated in our apostolic grace." But Michael was inflexible. Again and again the pope wrote, and still this proud and high-spirited man refused to heed him. At last the chief magistrate of Florence became alarmed. He sent for the artist, and said, "You have treated the Pope as the King of France himself would not have dared. We cannot bring him to war against the state on your account; therefore you must obey his will." The magistrate promised also, if Michael feared for his personal safety, to send him as ambassador to Rome, in which case his person would be inviolable. At last Michael relented, and met the pope at Bologna. Julius glanced at him with displeasure, and did not for some time deign to speak. At last he said, "Instead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should wait upon you."

Michael answered with a slight apology for his conduct, which, however, was so haughtily expressed, that a prelate, who had introduced him, thought it necessary to observe, "One must needs make allowance for such men, who are ignorant of every thing except their art."

Wise, and generous too, was the pope's indignant reply to this speech. He turned to the prelate: "Foolish man, it is thou who hast vilified Michael Angelo; I have not. He is a man of genius, and thou an ignorant fellow. Depart from my sight this moment." And the contemner of art was forcibly driven from the room.

105. ANGELO'S DISINTERESTEDNESS.

Michael Angelo was extremely disinterested. For his noble design of the church of St. Peter at Rome, he received only twenty-five Roman crowns, and it was finished in a fortnight. Santo Gallo had been many years employed in his wretched models, and received four thousand crowns for them. This being reported to Angelo, far from being mortified or envious, he said, "I work for God, and require no other recompense."

106. ANGELO AND THE CARDINAL.

Under the papacy of Julius III., the faction of Michael Angelo's rival, San Gallo, gave him some trouble respecting the building of St. Peter's, and went so far as to prevail on the pope to appoint a committee to examine the fabric. Julius told him that a particular part of the church was dark. "Who told you that, holy father?" replied the artist. "I did," said Cardinal Marcello. "Your eminence should consider, then," said Michael Angelo, "that besides the window there is at present, I intend to have three more in the ceiling of the church." "You did not tell me so," replied the cardinal. "No indeed, I did not, sir," answered the artist: "I am not obliged to do it, and I would never consent to be obliged to tell your eminence, or any person whomsoever, any thing concerning it: your business is to see that money is plenty at Rome; that there are no thieves there; to let me alone; and to permit me to go on with my plan as I please."

107. ANGELO AND BERNINI.

Each of the four piers that support the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome takes up as much ground as a

little chapel and convent, in which one of the architects employed in that work lived; and yet they do not appear large to the eye, because every thing is in just proportion about them. They were designed by Michael Angelo, and he insisted earnestly that nothing should be added or altered in his design. Bernini afterwards undertook to make a staircase within each of these columns. Just as they had hollowed and prepared the inside of one of them, the whole building gave a crash; and the Italian tradition says it was loud as thunder. They had put up the stairs in that column, but would not attempt any more.

108. "COLUMBUS AND THE EGG" ANTICIPATED.

Brunelleschi was the discoverer of the mode of erecting cupolas, which had been lost since the time of the Romans. Vasari relates a similar anecdote of him to that recorded of Columbus; though this has unquestionably the merit of being the first, since it occurred before the birth of Columbus. Brunelleschi died in 1446; Columbus was born in 1442.

A council of the most learned men of the day, from various parts of the world, was summoned to consult and show plans for the erection of a cupola, like that of the Pantheon at Rome. Brunelleschi refused to show his model, it being upon the most simple principles, but proposed that the man who could make an egg stand upright on a marble base should be the architect. The foreigners and artists agreeing to this, but failing in their attempts, desired Brunelleschi to do it himself; upon which he took the egg, and with a gentle tap broke the end, and placed it on the slab. The learned men unanimously protested that any one else could do the same; to which the architect replied, with a smile, that had they seen his model, they could as easily have known how to build a cupola.

The work then devolved upon him; but, a want of confidence existing among the operatives and citizens, they pronounced the undertaking to be too great for one man, and arranged that Lorenzo Ghiberti, an artist of great repute at that time, should be co-architect with him. Brunelleschi's anger and mortification were so great on hearing this decision, that he destroyed, in the space of half an hour, models and designs that had cost him years of labor, and would have quitted Florence but for the persuasions of Donatello. It is almost unnecessary to add that the cupola was completed with perfect success by Brunelleschi; since then, St. Peter's, at Rome, and St. Paul's, in London, were formed upon the model of his dome at Florence.

By the way, some of the wise men of the day proposed that a centre column should support the dome; others, that a huge mound of earth, with quatrini scattered among it, should be raised in the form of a cupola, the brick or stone wall built upon it. When finished, an order was to be issued, allowing the people to possess themselves of what money they might find in the rubbish; the mound would thus be easily removed, and the cupola be left clear.

109. HENRY VII.

Henry VII. had few expensive propensities; but he seems to have taken some pleasure in architectural improvements, and occasionally to have spared neither pains nor expense in the indulgence of this

predilection. He built three houses for that sect of Franciscans called Conventuals, and three others for another sect of them called Observants, which his son destroyed. He also, upon an enlarged and more magnificent plan, rebuilt Baynard's Castle, and enlarged the palace at Greenwich, which he named Placentia. Upon his chapel at Westminster he is said to have expended twenty thousand pounds; a large sum for those days. This magnificent building was erected on the site of a chapel built by Henry III., and of a tavern which had been long distinguished by the sign of the White Rose, the cognizance of the house of York. The chapel of Windsor also owes its rise to Henry VII.

The tomb of Henry VII., perfected by his executors, is said to have cost a thousand pounds, which, as money went then, might be thought a sumptuous monument. Yet this was exclusive of the sculptures in brass, which are extremely beautiful, and were executed during the life of the monarch, by an Italian, who had been disciple to Donato, or Donatello, who formed the gates of a church in Florence, casts from which are in the Royal Academy. These, Michael Angelo said, were worthy to be the gates of paradise.

Lord Herbert, and all other historians, agree that Henry VII. left a sum amounting to 1,800,000*l.* in specie, in secret places of his palace at Richmond, of which he alone kept the keys. "This," says that noble lord "was doubtless a greater sum than any king of this realm before had in his coffers, and such as might be thought effectively quadruple to so much in the age of Charles II.," which computation of his lordship is extremely moderate, if we reflect upon the rate of living at that time, when the usual price of wheat (anno 1504) was but 5*s.* 8*d.* (i. e. 8*s.* 6*d.* of our money) per quarter, and ale not quite 3*d.* per gallon.

110. RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

Never were protection and great wealth more generously and more judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and artist, except envy. Though his own designs were more chaste and classic than Kent's, he entertained him in his house till his death, and was more studious to extend his friend's fame than his own. Nor was his munificence confined to himself and his own houses and gardens. He spent great sums in contributing to public works, and was known to choose that the expense should fall upon himself, rather than that his country should be deprived of some beautiful edifices. His enthusiasm for the works of Inigo Jones was so active, that he repaired the church of Convent Garden because it was the production of that great master, and purchased a gateway at Beaufort Garden in Chelsea, and transported the identical stones to Chiswick with religious attachment. With the same zeal for pure architecture, he assisted Kent in publishing the designs for Whitehall, and gave a beautiful edition of the antique baths from the drawings of Palladio, whose papers he procured with great cost. Besides his works on his own estate at Lonsborough, in Yorkshire, he new fronted his house in Piccadilly, built by his father,* and added the grand colonnade within

* That Lord Burlington being asked why he built his house so far out of town, replied, because he was determined to have no building beyond him. Little more than half a century has so enclosed Burlington House with new streets, that it is now in the heart of that part of London.

the court. As we have few examples of architecture more antique and imposing than that colonnade, Walpole mentions the effect it had on him. "I had not only never seen it, but had never heard of it, at least with any attention, when, soon after my return from Italy, I was invited to a ball at Burlington House. As I passed under the gate by night, it could not strike me. At daybreak, looking out of the window to see the sun rise, I was surprised with the vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seemed one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night's time."

111. INIGO JONES.

If a table of fame were to be formed for men of real and undisputable genius in every country, Inigo Jones would save England from the disgrace of not having her representative among those distinguished in the arts. This celebrated architect was bound apprentice to a joiner; but, even in this obscure situation, the brightness of his genius burst forth so strongly that he was patronized by the Earl of Arundel, who sent him to Italy to study landscape painting, to which his inclination then pointed. When at Rome, he found that nature had not formed him to decorate cabinets, but to design palaces. After remaining some time in Italy, Christian IV. invited him to Denmark, and appointed him his architect. He afterwards returned to England, and was employed in repairing St. Paul's, in 1663. He also designed the palace at Whitehall, and erected the banqueting-house, the church, and piazza at Convent Garden, and several other private buildings. Jones was surveyor general of the king's works to James I.; but he refused to accept any salary, until the heavy debts contracted under his predecessor had been liquidated. Upon the accession of Charles, he was continued in his office, when his salary as surveyor was eight shillings and fourpence per day, with an allowance of forty-six pounds a year for house rent.

112. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, though inferior in size and richness to St. Peter's, is a magnificent edifice. "The first stone," says the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, "was laid in 1675, and the works carried on with such care and industry, that by the year 1685, the walks of the choir and the side aisles were finished, with the north and south porticoes, and the great pillars of the dome brought to the same height; and it pleased God, in his mercy, to grant to the surveyor (architect) health and length of days, and to enable him to complete the whole structure in the year 1710, to the glory of his holy name, and the promotion of his divine worship, the principal ornament of the imperial seat of this realm."

"Thus was this mighty fabric, the second church for grandeur in Europe, in the space of thirty-five years, begun and finished by one architect, and under one Bishop of London, Dr. Henry Compton."

St. Paul's is five hundred feet in length, two hundred and fifty feet in breadth, and its height from the pavement to the top of the cross is three hundred and sixty-six feet.

113. SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND ST. PAUL'S.

This great architect was compelled by an order from the Duke of York, (afterwards James II.) who

was anxious for the restoration of the Popish religion, to add side oratories to his original design, which broke in very much upon the beauty and simplicity of the plan. Sir Christopher, aware of the injury it would do to the whole, could not refrain from shedding tears in speaking of it; but it was all in vain,—the duke absolutely insisted upon their being inserted, and he was obliged to comply.

114. WREN AND THE LONDON MONUMENT.

After the Monument of London was completed, a committee was formed to inspect and report upon it. On ascending and feeling very sensibly the rocking motion, they became alarmed, and sent immediately for Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, to whom, with dismayed looks, they communicated the intelligence; on hearing which Sir Christopher exclaimed, "Then, gentlemen, I am immortalized! for what you consider a cause of alarm is to me an evidence of its durability."

115. WREN'S GREAT GENIUS.

A variety of knowledge proclaims the universality, a multiplicity of works the abundance, and St. Paul's Cathedral the greatness, of Sir Christopher Wren's genius. The noblest temple, the largest palace, and the most sumptuous hospital in Great Britain, are all the work of the same hand. Besides St. Paul's, Hampton Court, and Greenwich Hospital, all of which were erected by him, he built above fifty parish churches, and designed the Monument, on which he intended to erect the statue of Charles II., instead of the pot of flames which we now see; but in this, as in many other instances, he was overruled by men of inferior judgment. When Sir Christopher had lived to see the completion of St. Paul's, the fabric and the event left such an impression of content on the mind of the good old man, that, being carried to see it once a year, it seemed to recall a memory that was almost deadened to every other use. He died at the great age of ninety-one, and was buried under the dome of St. Paul's.

116. THE GLASS PALACE FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

In 1849, the Royal Society of Arts promulgated a plan for a great national fair, to be held in London in 1851, to which the whole civilized world would be invited to contribute. The plan met with universal favor. Plans and specifications for buildings, suited for the purpose, were immediately advertised for; and two hundred and forty-five were submitted to the building committee. Every one was deemed objectionable; but the committee reluctantly decided at length on what seemed the best, viz., a building of brick, two thousand feet long, three hundred feet wide, walls nine feet thick, &c.

But this plan was eventually changed, as all know, for the renowned glass palace; and a sketch of this affair presents one of the finest anecdotes in the history of architecture. On new year's day, 1837, a traveller, proceeding in a native boat up the River Berbice, in Demarara, discovered, on the margin of a lake into which the river expanded, a Titanic water-plant, unlike any other he had before seen, though an accomplished botanist, and familiar with the flora of South America. "I felt as a botanist," said Sir Richard Schomburgk, "and felt myself rewarded. All calamities were forgotten. A gigantic leaf,

from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim of a light green above and a vivid crimson below, rested on the water. Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of an immense number of petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink," (and in some instances fifteen inches across.) "The smooth water was covered with blossoms; and as I rowed from one to the other, I always observed something new to admire."

Sir Robert dug up whole plants, and sent first them, and afterwards seeds, to England, where the magnificent lily was named *Victoria Regia*. After some unsuccessful attempts, the task of forcing it to blossom in an artificial climate was confided to Mr. Paxton, the celebrated horticulturist of the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated Chatsworth.

When the *Victoria Regia* was to be flowered, Mr. Paxton determined to imitate nature so closely as to make the innocent offspring of the great mother lily fancy itself back again in the broad waters and under the burning heats of British Guiana. He deceived the roots by imbedding them in a hillock of burnt loam and peat; he deluded the great lubberly leaves by letting them float in a tank, to which he communicated, by means of a little wheel, the gentle ripple of their own tranquil river; and he coaxed the flower into bloom by manufacturing a Barbican climate in a tiny South America, under a spacious and splendid glass house, invented by himself, and beautifully adapted for the purpose.

This at length suggested the giant palace in Hyde Park; and so it proved that the parent of the most extensive building in Europe was the largest known floral structure in the world.

The one proceeded from the other as oaks grow from acorns. But our readers must have the connections between the two, as developed in further details.

The *Victoria Regia* was planted in Mr. Paxton's greenhouse, August 10, 1849. So well had every thing been prepared, and so vigorously did it flourish, that on the 9th of November a flower was produced a yard in circumference.

Success, however, brought a fresh embarrassment; the great plant outgrew the dimensions of its home in little more than a month. A new house, of proper dimensions for the plant when it should arrive at maturity, must be constructed at once. Mr. Paxton went to work, and combining all his improvements in constructing greenhouses with his special inventions for maturing the *Victoria Regia*, he soon produced the desideratum in the shape of a novel and elegant conservatory, sixty feet long by forty broad. While Mr. Paxton was busy with this model garden-house, a hot war was raging in London against having the building for the World's Fair erected in Hyde Park, having that great popular resort invaded by armies of excavators, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and timber-fellers, and against having the fashionable roads broken up by the carting of more brick and mortar than were contained in the pyramids of Gizeh. The necessary spoliation of a large number of ornamental trees in the Park, and the impossibility of such a mass of brick and mortar properly drying before the time for opening the fair, were urged in the public journals against the locality and the plan of the building, as chosen by the committee.

These things meeting the eye of Mr. Paxton as he read the Times, the thought struck him that such objections might be mostly obviated, provided the building for the exhibition should be constructed

on the plan of his conservatory for the *Victoria Regia*. All that seemed to him to be wanting was a great number of his lily-houses, made on a larger scale, and joined compactly together.

The proposed edifice could thus be constructed in the great workshops of Birmingham, at Dudley, and at Thames Bank, brought home to Hyde Park ready made and put up like a bedstead, with none of the popular annoyances urged against the committee's plan. As to the trees, he would remove them, and bring them back again in due time, without injury, or he would clap the trees, all standing, under his great glass case.

Mr. Paxton drew up his plans and specifications. They were presented for inspection to Mr. Stephenson, the engineer, one of the royal commissioners appointed for the management of the fair. Mr. Stephenson was delighted with them, and laid them before the royal commission. Sir Robert Peel and Prince Albert strongly favored Mr. Paxton's scheme; but on its reference, to the building committee, it was promptly rejected like many others, the committee having devised a plan of its own.

Nothing daunted, Paxton appealed to the British public; and this he did by the aid of the wood cuts and pages of the London Illustrated News. Every body but the committee was at once convinced of the practicability, simplicity, and beauty of Paxton's scheme. The people and the prince were heartily with him. Thus encouraged, the indomitable architect and his friends determined to make another effort with the building committee.

It happened that the committee had invited candidates for raising their edifice, to suggest any improvements in it that might occur to them. This opened a crevice for the tender of Paxton's plan as an "improvement" on that of the committee. The result was, that the glazed palace was at length chosen unanimously, not only by the building committee, but the royal commission also. The first castings for the iron columns were delivered on the 14th of September; and by the 1st of January, 1851, the cheapest, most gigantic, and substantial structure the world ever saw was completed.

117. GRAVES OF INDIAN KINGS.

In Lambyaque, Peru, are to be seen the stupendous graves of the Indian kings, who must have died in the time of the incas. These stupendous mounds of earth are just upon the outside of the city, and are built of sun-dried brick, and are of gigantic dimensions. Some of them are over three thousand feet in circumference, and over one hundred and fifty in height, and have required much time and labor in their erection. One of them was opened in Truxillo, and silver and gold taken from it amounting to over two million dollars.

118. MAMMOTH MOUND.

The largest mound in the United States is on the Virginia side of the Ohio River, about twelve miles below Wheeling. A western paper relates that some persons living in the vicinity, who have been engaged in the excavation of one of the sides, have suddenly struck upon an aperture descending to a subterranean hall eleven feet wide, and nearly sixty feet high. There are passages at one extremity leading to two spacious vaults, in both of which human skeletons, covered with beads and ornaments of curious construction, have been found. Among the articles worn by one of these relics, "there

were," says the writer, "one thousand seven hundred ivory beads, five hundred sea-shells, one hundred and fifty pieces of isinglass, and five copper bands, bound around the wrist, weighing seventeen

ounces; also a small stone about two inches in length and one and a half in width, with marks resembling letters and figures, supposed to be the name of the wearer."

§ 11. ASSOCIATIONS, LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

119. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The date of their first play is 1607, when Beaumont was in his twenty-first year; and it was probably acted some time before. He brought, however, into the firm a genius uncommonly fertile and commanding. In all the editions of their plays, and in every notice of their joint productions, notwithstanding Fletcher's seniority, the name of Beaumont always stands first. Their connection, from similarity of taste and studies, was very intimate, and it would appear, at one time, very economical. Aubrey informs us, that "there was a wonderful consimilitude of fancy between Mr. Francis Beaumont and Mr. John Fletcher, which caused that dearness of friendship between them. I have heard Dr. John Earl, since Bishop of Sarum, say, who knew them, that his (Beaumont's) main business was to correct the super-overflowings of Mr. Fletcher's wit. They lived together on the Bankside, not far from the play-house, both bachelors; had one bench in the house between them, which they did so admire; the same clothes, cloak, &c., between them."

120. THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

It was from a private meeting that the "French Academy" derived its origin; and the true beginners of that celebrated institution assuredly had no foresight of the object to which their conferences tended. Several literary friends in Paris, finding the extent of the city occasioned much loss of time in their visits, agreed to meet on a fixed day every week, and chose Conrat's residence as central. They met for the purposes of general conversation, or to walk together, or, what was not least social, to partake in some refreshing *collation*. All being literary men, those who were authors submitted their new works to this friendly society, who, without jealousy or malice, freely communicated their strictures; the works were improved, the authors were delighted, and the critics were honest. Such was the happy life of the members of this private society during three or four years. Pellisson, the earliest historian of the French academy, has delightfully described it: "It was such that now, when they speak of these first days of the academy, they call it the golden age, during which, with all the innocence and freedom of that fortunate period, without pomp and noise, and without any other laws than those of friendship, they enjoyed together all which a society of minds and a rational life can yield of whatever softens and charms."

They were happy, and they resolved to be silent; nor was this bond and compact of friendship violated till one of them, Malleville, secretary of Marshal Bassompierre, being anxious that his friend Faret, who had just printed his *L'Honnête Homme*, which he had drawn from the famous Il Cortigiano of Castiglione, should profit by all their opinions, procured his admission to one of their conferences. Faret presented them with his book, heard a great deal concerning the nature of his work, was charmed

by their literary communications, and returned home ready to burst with the secret. Could the society hope that others would be more faithful than they had been to themselves? Faret happened to be one of those light-hearted men who are communicative in the degree in which they are grateful, and he whispered the secret to Des Marets and to Boisrobert. The first, as soon as he heard of such a literary senate, used every effort to appear before them and read the first volume of his *Ariane*. Boisrobert, a man of distinction, and a common friend to them all, could not be refused an admission; he admired the frankness of their mutual criticisms. The society, besides, was a new object; and his daily business was to furnish an amusing story to his patron Richelieu. The cardinal minister was very literary, and apt to be sohipped in his hours of retirement, that the physician declared, that "all his drugs were of no avail, unless his patient mixed with them a drachm of Boisrobert." In one of those fortunate moments when the cardinal was "in the vein," Boisrobert painted, with the warmest hues, this region of literary felicity, of a small, happy society formed of critics and authors. The minister, who was ever considering things in that particular aspect which might tend to his own glory, instantly asked Boisrobert whether this private meeting would not like to be constituted a public body, and establish itself by letters patent, offering them his protection. The flatterer of the minister was overjoyed, and executed the important mission; but not one of the members shared in the rapture, while some regretted an honor which would only disturb the sweetness and familiarity of their intercourse. Malleville, whose master was a prisoner in the Bastille, and Serisay, the *intendant* of the Duke of Rochefoucauld, who was in disgrace at court, loudly protested, in the style of an opposition party, against the protection of the minister; but Chapelain, who was known to have no party interests, argued so clearly, that he left them to infer that Richelieu's offer was a *command*; that the cardinal was a minister who willed not things by halves; and was one of those very great men who avenge any contempt shown to them, even on such little men as themselves. In a word, the dogs bowed their necks to the golden collar. However, the appearance, if not the reality, of freedom was left to them; and the minister allowed them to frame their own constitution, and elect their own magistrates and citizens in this infant and illustrious republic of literature. The history of the further establishment of the French Academy is elegantly narrated by Pellisson. The usual difficulty occurred of fixing on a title; and they appear to have changed it so often, that the academy was at first addressed by more than one title — *Académie des beaux Esprits*; *Académie de l'Eloquence*; *Académie Eminente*, in allusion to the quality of the cardinal, its protector. Desirous of avoiding the extravagant and mystifying titles of the Italian academies, they fixed on the most unaffected, "*L'Académie Française*"; but though the national genius may disguise itself for a moment, it cannot be

entirely got rid of, and they assumed a vaunting devise of a laurel wreath, including their epigraph "*a l'Immortalité*."

121. HOTEL DE RAMBOUILLET. — MOLIÈRE.

There was in the times of Louis XIV. of France a singular literary society in Paris, made up of platonizing literati of both sexes. It was called the Society of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. It had a language and conduct all its own; these were embodied in the endless novels of *Mademoiselle Scuderi*. Gallantry and love were the watchwords, and metaphysical disquisitions were the labors of the set. But these were not allowed to subsist in homely phrase or a natural manner. The euphuism of our Elizabethan coxcombs were tame and tropeless in comparison with the high flights of the heroes and heroines of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. All was done by rule—all adapted to a system. The lover had a regular map laid out, and he entered on his amorous journey, knowing exactly the stoppages he must make, and the course he must pass through on his way to the city of Tenderness, towards which he was bound. There was the village of *Billets-galans*; the hamlet of *Billets-doux*; the castle of *Petits Soins*, and the villa of *Jolis Vers*. After possessing himself of these, he still had to fear being forced to embark on the sea of Dislike, or the lake of Indifference; but if, on the contrary, he pushed off on the river of Inclination, he floated happily down to his bourn. Their language was a jargon, which, Sir Walter Scott observes, in his "*Essay on Molière*," resembles a Highlander's horse, hard to catch, and not worth catching. They gave enigmatic names to the commonest things, which, to call by their proper appellations, was, as Molière terms it, *du dernier bourgeois*. When an "innocent accomplice of a falsehood" was mentioned, a *Précieuse* (they themselves adopted and gloried in this name: Molière only added *ridicule*, to turn the blow a little aside from the centre of the target at which he aimed) could, without a blush, understand that a night-cap was the subject of conversation; water with them was too vulgar unless dignified as celestial humidity; a thief could be mentioned when designated as an inconvenient hero; and a lover won his mistress's applause when he complained of her disdainful smile as "a sauce of pride."

Purity of feeling, however, was the soul of the system. Authors and poets were admitted as admirers; but they never got beyond the villa of *Jolis Vers*. When Voiture, who had glorified Julie d'Angennes his life long, ventured to kiss her hand, he was thrown from the fortifications of the castle of *Petits Soins*, and soused into the lake of Indifference. Even her noble admirer, the Duke of Montauzier, was forced to paddle on the river of Inclination for fourteen years, before he was admitted to the city of Tenderness, and allowed to make her his wife.

Their style of life was as eccentric as their talk. The lady rose in the morning, dressed herself with elegance, and then went to bed. The French bed, placed in an alcove, had a passage round it, called the *ruelle*; to be at the top of the *ruelle* was the post of honor; and Voiture, under the title of *Alcoviast*, long held this envied post beside the pillow of his adored Julie, while he never was allowed to touch her little finger. The folly had its accompanying good. The respect which the women exacted, and

the virtue they preserved, exalted them, and, in spite of their high-flown sentiments and metaphysical conceits, wits did not disdain to "put a soul into the body of" nonsense. Rochefoucauld, Menage, Madame de Sevigné, Madame des Houillères, Balzac, Vaugelas, and others frequented the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and lent the aid of their talents to dignify their *galimatias*.

But it was too much for Molière, the honest comic poet, to bear. He perceived the whole of society infected—nobles and prelates, ladies and poets, marquises and lackeys, all wandered about the *Pays de Tendre*, lost in a very labyrinth of inextricable nonsense. They assumed fictitious names, they promulgated fictitious sentiments; they admired each other according as they best succeeded in being as unnatural as possible.

Molière, by a well-conceived comedy, the *Précieuses Ridicules*, stripped the scene and personages of their gilding in a moment. His fair *Précieuses* were the daughters of a bourgeois named Gorgibus, who quitted their homely names of Cathos and Madelon for Aminte and Polixene, dismissed their admirers for proposing to marry them, scolded their father for not possessing *le bel air des choses*, and are taken in by two valets, whom they believed to be nobles, who easily imitate the foppery and sentimentalism which these young ladies so much admire.

The success of the piece was complete. From that moment the Hôtel de Rambouillet talked sense. Menage says, "I was at the first representation of the *Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière, at the Petit Bourbon. *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet*, Madame De Grignan, M. Chapelain, and others, the select society of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, were there. The piece was acted with general applause; and, for my own part, I was so delighted that I saw at once the effect that it would produce. Leaving the theatre, I took M. Chapelain by the hand, and said, We have been used to approve all the follies so well and wittily satirized in this piece; but believe me, as St. Remy said to King Clovis, 'We must burn what we have adored, and adore what we have burnt.' It happened as I had predicted, and we gave up this bombastic nonsense from the time of the first representation."

A better victory could not have been gained by a comic poet. To it may be said to have been added another. While the *précieuses* yielded to the blow, unsophisticated minds enjoyed the wit. In the midst of the piece, an old man cried out suddenly from the pit, "Courage, Molière! this is true comedy!"

122. ORIGIN OF "THE SOCIETY OF ARTS," LONDON.

"To this society," says a well-informed contemporary, "some of the best artists have owed the most priceless of all services that can be rendered to men of genius at the onset of their career—appreciation on the part of an enlightened few, introduction under favorable auspices to the many."

The Society of Arts was established in 1754, chiefly by Mr. William Shipley, a drawing-master; but it was not until 1774 that the institution was fairly located in its own premises, built in handsome style by the Adamsons, in John Street, Adelphi, the object being denoted by the inscription upon the entablature of the pediment in the front of the mansion in these words: "Arts and Commerce promoted."

There are many interesting anecdotes of the early awards of this society. Thus, in 1758, Bacon, the sculptor, received for a small figure of Peace a reward of ten guineas; and the same artist gained the highest premium upon nine different occasions. In 1761, Nollekins received ten guineas for an alto-relievo of Jephtha's Vow; and, two years later, fifty guineas for a more important piece of sculpture. Flaxman, in 1768, gained for one of his earliest attempts a grant of ten guineas; and for another work, in 1771, he obtained the society's gold medal. Lawrence, at the early age of thirteen, received the reward of a silver-gilt palette, with five guineas, for his drawing in crayons of the Transfiguration; and the painter, in the height of his subsequent prosperity, was accustomed to speak of the impulse thus given to his love of art. In 1807, Sir William Ross, at the age of twelve, received the society's silver palette for a drawing of the death of Wat Tyler. Mr. Edwin Landseer gained a similar mark of approbation, in 1810, for an etching; and to Mr. Wyon was adjudged the gold medal, in 1818, for a medal die. But to artists there is a feature of still greater interest in the society's history. It was in its rooms that the first exhibition of paintings in England took place in 1760, which was continued with great success for some years.

Within about ninety years, the society has distributed more than £100,000 in premiums. The growth of forest-trees was one of its early objects of encouragement; and we find among the recipients of its gold medals the Dukes of Bedford and Beaufort, the Earls of Winterton, Upper Ossory, and Mansfield, and Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff. Then came agriculture, chemistry, manufactures, and mechanics. In the latter, the society taught us, or at least aided those who did so, the manufacture of Turkey carpet, tapestry, weaving, and weaving to imitate the Marseilles and India quilting; also how to improve our spinning and lace making, our paper and our catgut for musical instruments, our straw bonnets and artificial flowers.

The colonies shared in the society's early encouragement. Potash and pearlsh were produced by its agent in North America; and it was busily engaged, just before the breaking out of the war of independence, in introducing the culture of the vine, the growth of silk-worms, and the manufacture of indigo and vegetable oils. But the rewards given to poor Bethnal Green and Spitalfields weavers, for useful inventions in their calling, illustrate, perhaps even better than any of the foregoing instances, the object of the society which so honorably distinguishes it from other associations, viz., its readiness to receive, examine, and reward every kind of useful invention that may be brought forward by those who have neither friends nor money to aid them in making their inventions known.

Nor must we forget Barry's grand series of paintings upon the society's large room, of which Dr. Johnson said, "There is a grasp of mind there which you will find nowhere else." Upon the walls, too, hang some fine portraits of the early presidents of the society, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

123. BLUE STOCKING CLUB.

The celebrated Mrs. Montague was in habits of friendship with the first wits and scholars of the age, and was the reputed founder of the society known by the name of the "Blue Stocking Club." This association was formed on the liberal and meritorious principle of substituting the rational

delights of conversation for the absurd and vapid frivolities of the card table. No particular attention was paid to her, but the conversation was general, cheerful, and unrestrained; far different from what is insinuated respecting the company by a satirist who accuses them of going

"To barter praise for soup with Montague."

The name of this club is said to be derived from the following circumstances: One of the most distinguished characters in the early days of the society was Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings. His conversation was distinguished for brilliancy and vivacity, inasmuch that when, in his absence, the stock of general amusement appeared deficient, it was the common exclamation, "We can do nothing without the blue stockings." And thus was the appellation acquired, which is now become frequently in use for all learned and witty ladies.

124. BARLOW, HOPKINS, HUMPHRIES, AND TRUMBULL.

Literary associations, for joint authorship, have been common in America. The first one of which we read was established by "the Connecticut wits" at Hartford, and Joel Barlow, Dr. Hopkins, Colonel Humphries, and Trumbull, the author of *McFingal*, were members of it. They produced numerous essays on literary, moral, and political subjects, none of which attracted more applause than a series of papers in imitation of the *Holliad*, (a popular English work, ascribed to Fox, Sheridan, and their associates,) entitled *American Antiquities, and Extracts from the Anarchiad*, originally printed in the *New Haven Gazette* for 1786 and 1787. These papers have never been collected, but they were republished from one end of the country to the other in the periodicals of the time, and were supposed to have had considerable influence on public taste and opinions, and, by the boldness of their satire, to have kept in abeyance the leaders of political disorganization and infidel philosophy.

125. ROBERT C. SANDS AND HIS FRIENDS.

One of the most interesting literary associations in the United States was formed by Robert C. Sands and three of his friends, under the name of the "Literary Confederacy." The number was limited to four; and they bound themselves to preserve a friendly communication in all the vicissitudes of life, and to endeavor, by all proper means, to advance their mutual and individual interest, to advise each other on every subject, and to receive with good temper the rebuke or admonition which might thus be given. They proposed to unite, from time to time, in literary publications, covenanting solemnly that no matter hostile to the great principles of religion or morals should be published by any member. This compact was most faithfully kept to the time of Sands's death, though the primary objects of it were gradually given up, as other duties engrossed the attention of its members. In the first year of its existence, the Confederacy contributed largely to several literary and critical gazettes, besides publishing in one of the daily papers of the city a series of essays under the title of the *Amphilogist*, and a second under that of the *Neologist*, which attracted much attention, and were very widely circulated, and republished in the newspapers of the day. Sands wrote a large portion of these, both in prose and verse.

AUTHORS.

§ 12. ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY.*

126. THIERS.



LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, one of the most eminent persons of the nineteenth century, and one of the most powerful orators of France, was born in Marseilles in 1797. His father was a blacksmith. In 1815, he repaired to Aix, to attend the lectures of the faculty of law in that town. There he devoted himself with fervor to the study of literature, philosophy, history, and politics. His ardent and ambitious spirit feeling a presentiment of a brilliant career, he began to play

the rôle of a party leader among his fellow-students. He clamored, harangued against the government of the restoration, evoked the recollections of the republic and the empire, made himself disliked by the professors, execrated by the commissary of police, adored by his comrades, and carried off the prize of eloquence in spite of every obstacle.

There is an anecdote connected with this last fact sufficiently amusing to be related.

A prize had been offered for the best eulogium on Vauban, by the Academy of Aix, a good and peaceful academy, which, to make use of Voltaire's witticism, has always succeeded, like an honest woman, in keeping itself from being talked about. Thiers took it into his head to win this prize, and sent his manuscript. The production was deemed preëminently excellent; but unluckily, the name of the author was either divined or betrayed, and as there was no other candidate who deserved the palm, the worthy members of the areopagus, rather than award it to the little Jacobin, put off their decision to the following year.

At the appointed time, the manuscript of Thiers made its reappearance; but in the interim, a production had come from Paris which eclipsed all its competitors, and the judges hastened to crown it, according, however, to the paper presented by Thiers the humble favor of an *accessit*, or second best premium. The name of the Parisian victor was then unsealed; and great was the consternation of the academicians when it was found to be that of Thiers himself, who had indulged in the mali-

cious pleasure of mystifying the learned gentlemen, by treating the subject in a new point of view, causing the composition to be copied in a strange hand, sending it on a journey from Aix to Paris, and from Paris to Aix, and thus obtaining the prize and the *accessit*.

127. SIR WILLIAM JONES.

The events of a man's life have frequently taken their first tinge from accident. On sitting one day near a pear-tree in the yard of the boarding-house at Harrow, where he was at school, some of the fruit fell off, and there was a general scramble of the boys that were near the tree for it. Poor young Jones had his thigh broke in the press, and was directly conveyed to bed, where he lay for a long time, and contracted a love of reading from the books that were brought to amuse him.

128. COBBETT.

Perhaps, in Cobbett's voluminous writings, there is nothing so complete as the following picture of his boyish scenes and recollections. It has been well compared to the most simple and touching passages in Richardson's *Pamela*.

"After living within a hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the bridge, and looking from my own window into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appeared mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England, in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it for sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers. The Thames was but 'a creek.' But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Every thing was become so pitifully small! I had to cross in my post chaise the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned, before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighborhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooks-

* Anecdotes of Dramatists, Historians, Novelists, Poets, Translators, &c., will be found under such heads as *Drama*, *Jury*, *Fiction*, *Poetry*, and the like.

bury Hill, meant with us the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The postboy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind, all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle, and tender-hearted, and affectionate mother. I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's, in

company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world; no teachers of any sort; nobody to shelter me from the consequences of bad, and nobody to counsel me to good, behavior. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England) I resolved never to bend before them."

Cobbett was, for a short time, a laborer in the kitchen grounds of the Royal Gardens at Kew. King George the Third often visited the gardens to inquire after the fruit and esculents; and one day, he saw here Cobbett, then a lad, who, with a few half pence in his pocket, and Swift's Tale of a Tub in his hand, had been so captivated by the wonders of the Royal Gardens, that he applied there for employment. The king, on perceiving the clownish boy, with his stockings tied about his legs by scarlet garters, inquired about him, and specially desired that he might be continued in his service.

§ 13. ENERGY, ENTHUSIASM, AND INDUSTRY.

129. GALLUS.

In Cicero, on Old Age, we find Cato admiring that Caius Sulpitius Gallus, who, when he sat down to write in the morning, was surprised by the evening, and when he took up his pen in the evening, was surprised by the appearance of the morning.

130. VOLUMINOUS AUTHORS.

Wickliffe was such a voluminous writer, that Lubinio Lepus, Bishop of Prague, burnt two hundred of his works, and after that a great many were left.

John Scotus, in addition to his public engagements, was a very hard student.

Clitomachus, of Carthage, wrote about four hundred books.

Antony Arnauld composed more than a hundred.

Lope de Vega said of himself, that he wrote five sheets a day on an average; which, reckoning the length of his life, amounted to one hundred and thirty-three thousand sheets!

131. LUTHER'S RULE.

It was a matter of astonishment to Europe that Luther, amid all his travels and active labors, could present so very perfect a translation of the whole Bible. But a single word explains it all. He had a rigid system of doing something every day. "*Nulla dies*," says he, in answer to the question how he did it, — "*nulla dies sine versu*." (Not a day without a verse.) And this soon brought him to the close of his Bible.

132. NEWMAN.

In 1643, Newman's Concordance, usually called the *Cambridge Concordance*, was published. He re-

vised this book after he settled at Rehoboth, in America, using pine-knots to light him in the night, instead of candles.

133. MERCATOR AND MARINI.

Mercator, the celebrated geographer, found such delight in the ceaseless progression of his studies, that he never willingly quitted his maps to take the necessary refreshments of life.

"Invention," says D'Israeli, "depends on patience. Contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the luxuries of genius! the true hour for production and composition; hours so delightful that I have spent twelve and fourteen hours successively at my writing-desk, and still been in a state of pleasure."

It is probable that the anecdote related of Marini, the Italian poet, is true: that he was once so absorbed in revising his *Adonis*, that he suffered his leg to be burnt for some time, without any sensibility.

134. BARTHIUS.

The pleasure authors experience is of a nature which, whenever certain unlucky circumstances combine, positively debarring them from publication, will not abate their ardor one jot; and their pen will still luxuriate in the forbidden page which even booksellers refuse to publish. Many instances might be recorded, but a very striking one is the case of Gaspar Barthius, whose *Adversaria*, in two volumes folio, are in the collections of the curious.

Barthius was born to literature, for Baillet has placed him among his "*enfants celebre*." At nine years of age he recited by heart all the comedies of Terence, without missing a line. The learned admired the puerile prodigy, while the prodigy was writing books before he had a beard. He became unquestionably a student of very extensive litera-

ture, modern as well as ancient. Such was his devotion to a literary life, that he retreated from the busy world. It appears that his early productions were composed more carefully and judiciously than his later ones, when the passion for voluminous writing broke out, which showed itself by the usual prognostic of this dangerous disease — extreme facility of composition, and a pride and exultation in this unhappy faculty. He studied without using collections or references, trusting to his memory, which was probably an extraordinary one, though it necessarily led him into many errors in that delicate task of animadverting on other authors. Writing a very neat hand, his first copy required no transcript; and he boasts that he rarely made a correction. Every thing was sent to the press in its first state. He laughed at Statius, who congratulated himself that he employed only two days in composing the epithalamium upon Stella, containing two hundred and seventy-eight hexameters. "This," says Barthius, "did not quite lay him open to Horace's censure of the man who made two hundred verses in an hour, '*stans pede in uno.*' Not," adds Barthius, "but that I think the censure of Horace too hyperbolical; for I am not ignorant what it is to make a great number of verses in a short time, and in three days I translated into Latin the three first books of the *Iliad*, which amount to above two thousand verses." Thus rapidity and volume were the great enjoyments of this learned man's pen; and now we must look to the fruits.

Barthius, on the system he had adopted, seems to have written a whole library; a circumstance which we discover by the continual references he makes in his printed works to his manuscript productions. In the *Index Auctorum* to his Statius, he inserts his own name, to which is appended a long list of unprinted works, which Bayle thinks, by their titles and extracts, conveys a very advantageous notion of them. All these, and many such as these, he generously offered the world, would any bookseller be intrepid or courteous enough to usher them from his press; but their cowardice or incivility were intractable. The truth is now to be revealed, and seems not to have been known to Bayle. The booksellers had been formerly so cajoled and complimented by our learned author, and had heard so much of the celebrated Barthius, that they had caught at the bait, and the two folio volumes of the much-referred-to *Adversaria* of Barthius had thus been published; but, from that day, no bookseller ever offered himself to publish again!

The *Adversaria* is a collection of critical notes and quotations from ancient authors, with illustrations of their manners, customs, laws, and ceremonies. All these were to be classed into one hundred and eighty books, sixty of which we possess in two volumes folio, with eleven indexes. The plan was vast as the rapidity with which it was pursued. Bayle finely characterizes it by a single stroke: "Its immensity tires even the imagination." But the truth is, this mighty labor turned out to be a complete failure. There was neither order nor judgment in these masses of learning, — crude, obscure, and contradictory, — such as we might expect from a man who trusted to his memory, and would not throw away his time on any correction. His contradictions are flagrant. But one of his friends would apologize for these, by telling us that "he wrote every thing which offered itself to his imagination, to-day one thing, to-morrow another, in order that when he should revise it again, this contrariety of opinion might induce him to examine

the subject more accurately." The notions of the friends of authors are as extravagant as those of their enemies. Barthius evidently wrote so much, that he often forgot what he had written, as happened to another great book-man, one Didymus, of whom Quintilian records, that on hearing a certain history, he treated it as utterly unworthy of credit; on which the teller called for one of Didymus's own books, and showed where he might read it at full length!

That the work failed, we have the evidence of Clement in his "*Bibliothèque curieuse de Livres difficiles à trouver*," under the article *Barthius*, where we discover the winding up of the history of this book. Clement mentions more than one edition of the *Adversaria*; but on a more careful inspection he detected that the old title-pages had been removed for others of a fresher date. The booksellers, not being able to sell the book, practised this deception. It availed little; they remained with their unsold edition of the two first volumes of the *Adversaria*, and the author with three thousand folio sheets in manuscript, while both parties complained together, and their heirs could acquire nothing from the works of an author of whom Bayle says, that "his writings rise to such a prodigious bulk, that one can scarce conceive a single man could be capable of executing so great a variety; perhaps no copying clerk, who lived to grow old amidst the dust of an office, ever transcribed as much as this author has written."

135. ABBÉ DE MAROLLES.

The Abbé de Marolles had great ardor as a man of letters, and was in the enjoyment of the leisure and opulence so necessary to carry on his pursuits, yet, from an entire absence of judgment, closed his life with the bitter regrets of a voluminous author. Yet it cannot be denied that he has contributed one precious volume to the public stock of literature; a compliment which cannot be paid to some who have enjoyed a higher reputation than our author. He has left us his very curious *Memoirs*. A poor writer, indeed; but the frankness and intrepidity of his character enable him, while he is painting himself, to paint man. His volumes were richly bound, and freely distributed; for they found no readers! After having plundered the classical geniuses of antiquity by his barbarous style, when he had nothing more left to do, he committed sacrilege in translating the Bible; but, in the midst of printing, he was suddenly stopped by authority for having inserted in his notes the reveries of the pre-Adamite Isaac Peyrere. He had already revelled on the New Testament, to his version of which he had prefixed so sensible an introduction, that it was afterwards translated into Latin.

Translation was the mania of the Abbé de Marolles. It is doubtful whether he ever fairly awoke out of the heavy dream of the felicity of his translations; for late in life we find him observing, "I have employed much time in study, and I have translated many books, considering this rather as an innocent amusement which I have chosen for my private life, than as things very necessary, although they are not entirely useless. Some have valued them, and others have cared little about them; but however it may be, I see nothing which *obliges me to believe that they contain not at least as much good as bad*, both for their own matter and the form which I have given to them." The notion he enter-

tained of his translations was their closeness. He was not aware of his own spiritless style; and he imagined that poetry only consisted in the thoughts, not in the grace and harmony of verse. He insisted that, by giving the public his numerous translations, he was not vainly multiplying books, because he neither diminished nor increased their ideas in his faithful versions. He had a curious notion that some were more scrupulous than they ought to be respecting translations of authors who, living so many ages past, are rarely read from the difficulty of understanding them; and why should they imagine that a translation is injurious to them, or would occasion the utter neglect of the originals? "We do not think so highly of our own works," says the indefatigable and modest abbé; "but neither do I despair that they may be useful even to these scrupulous persons. I will not suppress the truth, while I am noticing these ungrateful labors; if they have given me much pain by my assiduity, they have repaid me by the fine things they have taught me, and by the opinion, which I have conceived, that posterity, more just than the present time, will award a more favorable judgment." Thus a miserable translator terminates his long labors by drawing his bill of fame on posterity, which his contemporaries will not pay; but, in these cases, as the bill is certainly lost before it reaches acceptance, why should we deprive the drawers of pleasing themselves with the ideal capital?

It is extremely amusing to detect the swarming fecundity of his pen. From year to year, with author after author, was this translator wearying others, but remained himself unwearied. Sometimes two or three classical victims in a season were dragged into his slaughter-house. Of about seventy works, fifty were versions of the classical writers of antiquity, accompanied with notes. But some odd circumstances happened to our extraordinary translator in the course of his life. De L'Etang, a critic of that day, in his *Règles de bien traduire*, drew all his examples of bad translation from our abbé, who was more angry than usual, and, among his circle, the cries of our Marsyas resounded. De L'Etang, who had done this not out of malice, but, from urgent necessity, to illustrate his principles, seemed very sorry, and was desirous of appeasing the angered translator. One day in Easter, finding the abbé in church at prayers, the critic fell on his knees by the side of the translator. It was an extraordinary moment, and a singular situation to terminate a literary quarrel. "You are angry with me," said L'Etang, "and I think you have reason; but this is a season of mercy, and I now ask your pardon."

"In the manner," replied the abbé, "which you have chosen, I can no longer defend myself. Go, sir! I pardon you."

Some days after, the abbé, again meeting L'Etang, reproached him with duping him out of a pardon, which he had no desire to have bestowed on him. The last reply of the critic was caustic: "Do not be so difficult; when one stands in need of a general pardon, one ought surely to grant a particular one."

136. MILTON.

The course of engagements adopted by Milton, after he was blind, is thus described by Dr. Johnson: "When he first rose, (which was at four in summer and five in winter,) he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then studied till twelve; then took some

exercise for an hour; then dined; then played on the organ and sung, or heard another sing; then studied to six; then entertained his visitors till eight; then supped, and, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, went to bed."

137. PRYNNE'S HISTRIOMASTIX.

Prynne's *Histriomastix*, the Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragidie, is a ponderous quarto, ascending to about eleven hundred pages; a Puritan's invective against plays and players, accusing them of every kind of crime, including libels against church and state; but it is more remarkable for the incalculable quotations and references foaming over the margins. Prynne scarcely ventures on the most trivial opinion, without calling to his aid whatever had been said in all nations and in all ages; and Cicero and Master Snubbs, Petrarck and Minutius Felix, Isaiah and Froissart's Chronicles, oddly associate in the ravings of erudition. Who, indeed, but the author, "who seldom dined," could have quoted perhaps a thousand writers in one volume? A wit of the times remarked of this *helluo librorum*, "Nature makes ever the dullest beasts most laborious, and the greatest feeders;" and Prynne has been reproached with a weak digestion, for "returning things unaltered, which is a symptom of a feeble stomach."

When we examine this volume, often alluded to, the birth of the monster seems prodigious and mysterious; it combines two opposite qualities; it is so elaborate in its researches among the thousand authors quoted, that these required years to accumulate. Yet the matter is often temporary, and levelled at fugitive events and particular persons; and thus the very formation of this mighty volume seems paradoxical. The secret history of this book is as extraordinary as the book itself, and is a remarkable evidence how, in a work of immense erudition, the arts of a wily sage involved himself, and whoever was concerned in his book, in total ruin. The author was pilloried, fined, and imprisoned; his publisher condemned in the penalty of five hundred pounds, and barred forever from printing and selling books, and the licenser removed and punished. Such was the fatality attending the book of a man whose literary voracity produced one of the most tremendous indigestions, in a malady of writing.

Prynne was seven years in writing this work, and, what is almost incredible, it was nearly four years in passing through the press. During that interval, the eternal scribbler was daily gorging himself with voluminous food, and daily fattening his cooped-up capon.

138. FREDERIC THE GREAT.

The life of Frederic the Great of Prussia was one of the utmost regularity and activity. A more complete notion will be obtained of the management by which he contrived to make so much use of his time from the following interesting account of his daily occupations, which Dr. Towers, who has written a history of his reign, has collected from a variety of authorities:—

"It was his general custom to rise at five o'clock in the morning, and sometimes earlier. He commonly dressed his hair himself, and seldom employed more than two minutes for that purpose. After he was dressed, the adjutant of the first battalion of

his guards brought him a list of all the persons that were arrived at Potsdam, or departed from thence, and an account of whatever had occurred in the garrison. When he had delivered his orders to this officer, he retired into an inner cabinet, where he employed himself in private till seven o'clock. He then went into another apartment, where he drank coffee or chocolate; and here he found upon the table all the letters, addressed to him from Potsdam, Berlin, or any other parts of his dominions. Foreign letters were placed upon a separate table. After reading all these letters he wrote hints or notes in the margin of those which his secretaries were to answer; and then, returning into the inner cabinet, carried with him such as he meant to write or dictate an answer to himself. Here he employed himself till nine o'clock with one of his private secretaries. He then returned back again into his former apartment, where he was attended by three secretaries, each of whom gave him an account of what he had done; after which the king delivered his orders to them, with the letters they were to answer. None of these answers, however, were sent off till they had been read, and many of them signed by the king. At ten o'clock the generals who were about his person, whom he was accustomed to send for in their turn, attended him to his closet, where he conversed with them on the news of the day, politics, tactics, and other subjects; and at this time he also gave audience to such persons as had received previous notice to attend. At eleven o'clock he mounted his horse and rode to the parade, where he reviewed and exercised his regiment of guards. He afterwards walked for some time in the garden, with his generals and the rest of the company whom he had invited to dine with him. At one o'clock he sat down to dinner, and his company generally consisted of the princes his brothers, some of his general officers, some of the officers of his regiment of guards, and one or two of his chamberlains. He had no carver, but did the honors of the table himself, like a private gentleman. After dinner he generally conversed with some of his guests for about a quarter of an hour, walking about the room. He then retired into his private apartment, making low bows to his company. He remained in private till five o'clock, when his reader waited on him. His reading lasted about two hours; and this was succeeded by a concert, in which he himself was a performer on the flute, and which lasted till nine. When the concert was over, he was attended by such wits or favorites as he had invited. With these he supped at half an hour after nine, and his company seldom consisted of more than eight persons, the king himself included. At twelve the king went to bed." The literary works of Frederic will be at least allowed to show great industry, when it is stated that they extend, in the most complete edition, to no fewer than twenty-five octavo volumes — quite a wonderful amount of authorship, certainly, for one who led so busy a life, and strikingly illustrative of what may be done by the economical employment even of the merest odds and ends of time; for, compared to the leisure which many a student enjoys, such must be considered the very few hours every day which were the utmost that Frederic could, by possibility, have given to study.

139. BURNET ON EDUCATION.

Many works have been published by authors in their early days which were badly written; and yet

the same persons, at a later period, have produced some admirable compositions. Bishop Burnet wrote a work on education, very clumsily, when he was eighteen years of age; and yet his *Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester* is so excellent in its style, that Dr. Johnson recommends the critic to read it for its elegance. Swift, Dryden, Gibbon, and Johnson were something like the sun at his rising on a misty morning, rather obscure and unattractive in the commencement of their career.

Godeau, Bishop of Venice, used to say, that "to compose is an author's heaven; to correct, an author's purgatory; but to revise the press, an author's hell."

140. BAILLET.

The history of Baillet's *Jugements des Savans sur les Principaux Ouvrages des Auteurs*, or Decisions of the Learned on the Learned, is a remarkable instance how little the calculations of writers of research serve to ascertain the period of their projected labor. Baillet passed his life in the midst of the great library of the literary family of the Lamoignons, and, as an act of gratitude, arranged a classified catalogue in thirty-two folio volumes. It indicated not only what any author had professedly composed on any subject, but also marked those passages relative to the subject which other writers had touched on. By means of this catalogue, the philosophical patron of Baillet, at a single glance, discovered the great results of human knowledge on any subject of his inquiries. This catalogue, of equal novelty and curiosity, the learned came to study, and often transcribed its precious notices. Amid this world of books, the skill and labor of Baillet prompted him to collect the critical opinions of the learned, and, from the experience he had acquired in the progress of his colossal catalogue as a preliminary work, he sketched one of the most magnificent plans of literary history. This instructive project has been preserved by Monnoye in his edition. It consists of six large divisions, with innumerable subdivisions. It is a map of the human mind, and presents a view of the magnitude and variety of literature, which few can conceive. The project was too vast for an individual. It now occupies seven quartoes; yet it advanced no farther than the critics, translators, and poets, forming little more than the first, and a commencement of the second great division. To more important classes the laborious projector never reached.

141. KENNETT'S REGISTER.

Bishop Kennett's stupendous Register and Chronicle, vol. i., is one of those astonishing labors which could only have been produced by the pleasure of study, urged by the strong love of posterity. It is a diary in which the bishop, one of our most studious and active authors, has recorded every matter of fact "delivered in the words of the most authentic books, papers, and records." The design was to preserve our literary history from the Restoration. This silent labor he had been pursuing all his life, and published the first volume in his sixty-eighth year, the very year he died. But he was so sensible of the coyness of the public taste for what he calls, in a letter to a literary friend, "a tedious, heavy book," that he gave it away to the publisher. "The volume, too large, brings me no profit. In good truth, the scheme was laid for conscience"

§ 14. AUTHORS. — HABITS IN COMPOSING AND CORRECTING.

sake, to restore a good old principle, that history should be purely matter of fact, that every reader, by examining and comparing, may make out a history by his own judgment. I have collections transcribed for another volume, if the bookseller will run the hazard of printing."

This volume has never appeared, and the bookseller probably lost a considerable sum by the one published, which valuable volume is now procured with difficulty.

142. BUFFON'S LUXURY.

The pleasures of composition, in an ardent genius, were never so finely described as by Buffon. Speaking of the hours of composition, he said, "These are the most luxurious and delightful moments of life — moments which have often enticed me to pass fourteen hours at my desk in a state of transport. This *gratification*, more than *glory*, is my reward."

143. ROBERT HERON.

Robert Heron was a man of cultivated powers and unwearied industry, but loose in his morals, and corrupt in his principles. He commenced his career at Edinburgh as a writer for the booksellers, whom he soon disgusted by commonplace writing, without regard to truth or principle. About 1800, he went to London, and found a new set of employers, whom he soon overstocked with productions free from glaring faults, but unmarked by originality or profound views. Yet such was his industry, that, at one time, he conducted the British Press (morning) and the Globe (evening) newspapers, besides editing the Anti-Jacobin Review, the Agricultural Magazine, and a Sunday newspaper. Of course, intellect, spread over so much surface, was not very intense; and, though he exhausted his constitution, yet these employments were soon taken from him. His habits being extravagant, he in-

volved himself in debts, which, when incurred, he had no prospect of paying. At length, having worn out his friends, as well as his constitution, which he supported by alternate doses of ether and opium, he applied to his contryman, Dr. Garthshore, who, unable to do any thing better for him, introduced him as an in-door patient of the Fever Institution in Gray's Inn Lane, where, after a few months, he died.

Among other proofs of his utter want of principle, he, on one occasion, wrote and published a critique on a performance at Drury Lane Theatre, containing some strictures, in the grossest language, on several of the players; but it turned out that, from some cause, the play for the evening was changed; and then, as his apology, he stated, that, if it had been performed, his strictures would have been true! Some of the players brought an action for so gross an abuse of criticism; but, finding that the writer was an insolvent, afterwards doned it.

144. SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LAST EFFORT.

At an advanced period of life, Sir Walter Scott, struck with misfortune, entered into an engagement to liquidate, by his literary exertions, a debt of one hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds. Scott staked his character and reputation upon the fulfilment of his last engagement. He entered with characteristic ardor upon his task, and, amid the pressure of increasing age and infirmity, never lost sight of his anticipated reward.

In seven years, Scott had paid all but one sixth of his enormous load of debt. The prize was within view; independence seemed almost in his grasp; but he had overtasked his strength, and disease, soon to be followed by death, came, like an armed man, and closed the superhuman struggle. When will the annals of literature record such an instance of heroic determination, under such adverse circumstances, united to the highest creative genius, and crowned with such marvellous results?

§ 14. HABITS IN COMPOSING AND CORRECTING.

145. ISOCRATES, VIRGIL, AND CASSIUS.

The ancients were pertinacious in their corrections. Isocrates, it is said, was employed for ten years on one of his works; and, to appear natural, studied with the most refined art.

After a labor of eleven years, Virgil pronounced his *Æneid* imperfect.

Dio Cassius devoted twelve years to the composition of his history, and Diodorus Siculus, thirty.

There is a middle between velocity and torpidity. The Italians say, it is not necessary to be a stag, but we ought not to be a tortoise.

146. NOT SO BAD A FAULT.

An old French writer, more remarkable for originality of thought than for grace of style, was once

reproached by a friend with the frequent repetitions to be found in his works. "Name them to me," said the author. The critic, with obliging precision, mentioned all the ideas which had most frequently recurred in the book. "I am satisfied," replied the honest author; "you remember my ideas. I repeated them so often on purpose to prevent you from forgetting them. Without my repetitions, I should never have succeeded."

147. SALMASIUS AND HOBBS.

Salmasius used to read and write in the company of his wife, and amidst the noise of his children, without inconvenience.

Hobbes was accustomed to shut himself up in profound quietness.

148. HOBBS'S LEVIATHAN.



Thomas Hobbes.

Aubrey has minutely preserved for us the manner in which Hobbes composed his *Leviathan*. It is very curious for literary students. "He walked much and contemplated; and he had in the head of his cane a pen and inkhorn, and carried always a note-book in his pocket; and as soon as a thought darted, he presently entered it into his book, or otherwise he might have lost it. He had drawn the design of the book into chapters, &c., and he knew whereabouts it would come in. Thus that book was made."

149. ECCENTRICITIES.

Among literary men, some have been eccentric in their method of composing and studying.

Des Cartes used to lie in bed, very frequently, for twelve or fourteen hours in the day, with the curtains drawn.

Thomson sometimes spent the whole day in bed.

Rousseau and Pope procured some of their best thoughts in bed.

Mezerai, the historian, always composed by candle light.

Much of this is folly. Nature has constituted human beings so similarly, that what is consistent with common sense, and suitable for one man, would be found adapted for all, if they would but accustom themselves to it. Eccentricities are not only productive of no advantages, but they are frequently the occasion of awkwardness and unpleasantness.

150. PASCAL, MILTON, SHEFFIELD, THUANUS, AND NEWTON.

Pascal subjected his letters to the inspection of the members of his college, and every advantageous alteration that was suggested was introduced. This method occasions much correctness, but it destroys the originality of the author's thoughts and style.

Sometimes Milton would dictate a certain num-

ber of lines, and then reduce them to one half the quantity.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, wrote an essay on satire, which was altered and amended so much, that at last, like the stocking of Aristotle, it became a new thing.

The commencement of the *History of Thuanus* is said to have cost the author an immense deal of labor.

Sir Isaac Newton informed Bishop Pearce that he had written his *Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms* sixteen times.

151. PASCAL.

When Pascal became warm in his celebrated controversy, he applied himself with incredible labor to the composition of his *Provincial Letters*. He was frequently occupied twenty days on a single letter. He recommenced some above seven or eight times, and by this means obtained that perfection which has made his work, as Voltaire says, one of the best books ever published in France.

The Quintus Curtius of Vaugelas occupied him thirty years; generally every period was translated in the margin five or six several ways. Chapelain and Conrart, who took the pains to review this work critically, were many times perplexed in the choice of passages; they generally liked best that which had been first composed.

152. BOSSUET.

Whenever Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, had to compose a funeral sermon, he read Homer in the original Greek, to raise his style of composition to the due elevation of his subject. "and I light my lamp," said he, "with the rays of the sun."

153. BALZAC.

Balzac, the first writer in French prose who gave majesty and harmony to a period, it is said, did not grudge to bestow a week on a page, and was never satisfied with his first thoughts.

154. MALEBRANCHE, HOBBS, THOMAS, AND BUFFON.

Some profound thinkers could not pursue the operations of their mind in the distraction of light and noise. Malebranche, Hobbes, Thomas, and others closed their curtains to concentrate their thoughts, as Milton says of the mind, "in the spacious circuits of her musing." A secluded and naked apartment, with nothing but a desk, a chair, and a single sheet of paper, was for fifty years the study of Buffon; the single ornament was a print of Newton placed before his eyes: nothing broke into the unity of his reveries.

155. EVELYN.

Evelyn, who has written treatises on several subjects, was occupied for years on them. His manner of arranging his materials and his mode of composition appear excellent. Having chosen a subject, he analyzed it into its various parts, under certain heads, or titles, to be filled up at leisure. Under

these heads he set down his own thoughts as they occurred, occasionally inserting whatever was useful from his reading. When his collections were thus formed, he digested his own thoughts regularly, and strengthened them by authorities from ancient and modern authors, or alleged his reasons for dissenting from them. His collections in time became voluminous; but he then exercised that judgment which the formers of such collections usually are deficient in. With Hesiod he knew that "half is better than the whole," and it was his aim to express the quintessence of his reading, but not to give it in a crude state to the world; and when his *treatises* were sent to the press, they were not half the size of his collections.

156. FENELON AND GIBBON.

Voltaire tells us of Fenelon's Telemachus, that the amiable author composed it in his retirement in the short period of three months. Fenelon had, before this, formed his style, and his mind overflowed with all the spirit of the ancients. He opened a copious fountain, and there were not ten erasures in the original manuscript. The same facility accompanied Gibbon after the experience of his first volume.

157. INTELLIGIBILITY.

It would be well, both for the public and the writers themselves, if some authors would but adopt Lord Falkland's method, before publishing his works, who, when he doubted whether a word was perfectly intelligible or not, used to consult one of his lady's chambermaids, (not the waiting woman, because it was possible she might not be conversant in romances,) and by her judgment was guided whether to receive or reject it. Swift pursued, it is said, a like method of reading his works to the *unlearned*.

158. ROUSSEAU AND POPE.

Rousseau, who was full of enthusiasm, devoted to the subject of his thoughts the long, sleepless intervals of his nights, and meditating in bed, with his eyes closed, he turned over his periods, in a tumult of ideas; but when he rose and had dressed, all was vanished, and when he sat down to his papers, he had nothing to write. Thus genius has its vespers and its vigils, as well as its matins, which we have been so often told are the true hours of its inspiration; but every hour may be full of inspiration for him who knows to meditate. No man was more practised in this art of the mind than Pope, and even the night was not an unregarded portion of his poetical existence.

159. JOHNSON'S RAMBLER.

Is it not surprising, says Alexander Chalmers, that Boswell, the friend and companion of Johnson, who had obliged the public with the most perfect delineations ever exhibited of any human being, and who declared so often that he was determined

"To lose no drop of that immortal man," —

that one so inquisitive after the most trifling circumstance connected with Dr. Johnson's character and history, should have never heard or discovered that Dr. Johnson almost rewrote the Rambler after

the first folio edition? Yet the fact was, that he employed the *limæ laborem*, not only on the second, but on the third edition, to an extent, I presume, never known in the annals of literature, and may be said to have carried Horace's rule far beyond either its letter or spirit: —

"Vos O
— carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atque,
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem."

"Never the verse approve and hold as good,
Till many a day and many a blot has wrought
The polished work, and chastened every thought,
By tenfold labor to perfection brought."

The alterations made by Dr. Johnson in the second and third editions of the Rambler far exceed *six thousand*; a number which may perhaps justify the use of the word *rewrote*, although it must not be taken in its literal acceptation.

He foresaw that upon this foundation his future fame would rest, and he determined that the superstructure thrown up in haste should be strengthened and perfected at leisure.

160. JOHNSON'S MANNER OF COMPOSING.

"Johnson's manner of composing," says Bishop Percy, "has not been rightly understood. He was so extremely short-sighted from the defect in his eyes, that writing was inconvenient to him; for whenever he wrote, he was obliged to hold the paper close to his face. He therefore never composed what we call a foul draft on paper of any thing he published, but used to revolve the subject in his mind, and turn and form every period, till he had brought the whole to the highest correctness and the most perfect arrangement. Then his uncommonly retentive memory enabled him to deliver a whole essay, properly finished, whenever it was called for. I have often heard him humming and forming periods in low whispers to himself, when shallow observers thought he was muttering prayers, &c. But Johnson is well known to have represented his own practice in the following passage in his *Life of Pope*: 'Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them.'"

161. JOHNSON'S LIMÆ LABOR.

"The general opinion entertained by Dr. Johnson's friends," says Alexander Chalmers, "was, that he wrote as correctly and elegantly in haste, and under various obstructions of person and situation, as other men can who have health, ease, and leisure for the *limæ labor*. Mr. Boswell says, with great truth, that 'posterity will be astonished when they are told, upon the authority of Johnson himself, that many of these discourses, which we should suppose had been labored with all the slow attention of literary leisure, were written in haste, as the moment pressed, without even being read over by him before they were printed.' And Sir John Hawkins informs us, that these essays hardly ever underwent a revision before they went to the press; and adds, 'The original manuscripts of the Rambler have passed

through my hands, and by the perusal of them I am warranted to say, as was said of Shakspeare, by the players of his time, that he *never blotted a line*."

162. JOHNSON'S LIFE OF SAVAGE.

Johnson asserted, and valued himself upon it, that he wrote the *Life of Savage* in six and thirty hours. In one night he also composed, after finishing an evening at Holborn, his *Hermit of Tenerife*. He sat up a whole night to compose the preface to the *Preceptor*.

163. MACAULAY AND GOLDSMITH ON DR. JOHNSON.

Macaulay, in his *Review of Boswell's Johnson*, says he wrote in a style in which no one ever made love, quarrelled, drove bargains, or even thinks. When he wrote for publication, "he did his sentences into Johnsonese."

Goldsmith remarked to him, "If you were to write a fable about little fishes, doctor, you would make the little fishes to talk like whales."

164. HUME, ROBERTSON, BURKE, JOHNSON, AND GIBBON.

The craft of authorship is by no means so easy of practice as is generally imagined by the thousands who aspire to its practice. Almost all our works, whether of knowledge or of fancy, have been the product of much intellectual exertion and study; or, as it is better expressed by the poet, —

"The well-ripened fruits of wise decay."

Hume wrote his *History of England* on a sofa, but he went quietly on correcting every edition till his death. Every edition varies from the preceding. Robertson used to write out his sentences on small slips of paper; and, after rounding them and polishing them to his satisfaction, he entered them in a book, which in its turn, underwent considerable revision. Burke had all his principal works printed two or three times at a private press before submitting them to his publisher. Johnson and Gibbon were the least laborious in arranging their *copy* for the press. Gibbon sent the first and only manuscript of his stupendous work (the *Decline and Fall*) to his printer; and Johnson's high-sounding sentences were written almost without an effort. Both, however, lived and moved, as it were, in the world of letters, thinking or caring of little else — one in the heart of busy London, which he dearly loved, and the other in his silent retreat at Lausanne.

165. ST. PIERRE AND ROUSSEAU.

St. Pierre copied his *Paul and Virginia* nine times, that he might render it the more perfect. Rousseau was a very coxcomb in these matters: the amatory epistles, in his *New Heloise*, he wrote on fine gilded card-paper, and having folded, addressed, and sealed them, he opened and read them in the solitary woods of Clairens, with the mingled enthusiasm of an author and lover. Sheridan watched long and anxiously for bright thoughts, as the manuscript of his *School for Scandal*, in its various stages, proves.

166. WALPOLE.

"I wrote the *Castle of Otranto*," says Horace Walpole, "in eight days, or rather eight nights; for my general hours of composition are from ten o'clock at night till two in the morning, when I am sure not to be disturbed by visitants. While I am writing I take several cups of coffee."

167. PREPARING TO COMPOSE.

Some men have been accustomed to prepare themselves for thinking and writing by a bodily or a mental stimulus. Dr. Johnson used to take ardent spirits; but he prudently abandoned this practice.

Sheridan accustomed himself to strong tea and brandy, before he delivered a speech.

Newton, Hobbes, and many others smoked.

Cicero prepared himself for composing by reading some of the Greek poets.

Milton did the same.

Gay was accustomed to read some of the most poetical passages of Scripture.

168. THOMAS.

Thomas, an intense thinker, would sit for hours against a hedge, composing with a low voice, taking the same pinch of snuff for half an hour together, without being aware that it had long disappeared. When he quitted his apartment, after prolonging his studies there, a visible alteration was observed in his person, and the agitation of his recent thoughts was still traced in his air and manner.

169. THOMAS PAINE.

The popularity of Paine's writings resulted rather from accident than from any merit which they possessed; but his political essays made him famous for a day, and every one connected with the press became anxious to engage his services. Aitken, the publisher of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, contracted with him to write a certain number of pages for each number of that periodical; but Paine's indolence was such that he could rarely procure his articles in season, and on one occasion he went to his lodgings and complained with severity of his not finishing articles in the proper time. Paine heard him patiently, and coolly answered, "You shall have them in time." Aitken expressed some doubts on the subject, and insisted on Paine's accompanying him and proceeding immediately to business, as the workmen were waiting for copy. He accordingly went home with Aitken, and was soon seated at the table with the necessary apparatus, which always included a glass and a decanter of brandy. Aitken observed, "he would never write without *that*." The first glass put him in a train of thinking; Aitken feared the second would disqualify him, or render him untractable; but it only illuminated his intellectual system; and when he had swallowed the third glass, he wrote with rapidity, intelligence, and precision; and his ideas appeared to flow faster than he could commit them to paper. What he penned from the inspiration of the brandy was perfectly fit for the press without any alteration or correction.

170. WAKEFIELD.

Gilbert Wakefield tells us that he wrote his own *Memoirs* (a large octavo) in six or eight days. It cost him nothing, and, what is very natural, is worth nothing. One might yawn scores of such books into existence; but who could be the wiser or the better?

171. LAIDLAW.

Mr. William Laidlaw, a man of genius, feeling, and taste, was greatly affected by composing. Such was the influence upon his own nerves, that he frequently paused and placed his hands on his temples,

from excess of sympathy; so that we might say of his racked faculties much more truly than was said of Prior, after his converse with the literary and titled great,—

"—— Strained to the height
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down and sought repair."

172. COLEMAN.

"It has been my habit," says Coleman, "to write chiefly at night; and when I have grown heated with my subject, it has so chilled my limbs, that I have gone to bed as if I had been sitting up to my knees ———"

§ 15. COMPLIMENTS, HONORS, AND POPULARITY.

173. DEMOSTHENES, RAYNAL, AND SPINOSA.

Demosthenes confessed he was pleased when even a fish-woman of Athens pointed him out.

At the presence of Raynal in the House of Commons, the speaker was requested to suspend the debate till that illustrious foreigner, who had written on the English Parliament, was there placed and distinguished to his honor.

Spinosa, when he gained a humble livelihood by grinding optical glasses, at an obscure village in Holland, was visited by the first general in Europe, who, for the sake of this philosophical conference, suspended his march.

174. MORE'S RISE AND DECLINE.

The enthusiasm which at first was caught by the readers of the works of the platonic Dr. Henry More is remarkable; but Henry More was himself an enthusiast; so necessary is it that there should be some reality in every great illusion, if we hope to create the sympathy of those around us. Time, however, has long cast into the shade the visionary pages of Henry More, and he seems himself to have survived that fame which he had once promised to himself. A gentleman, who had died beyond sea, left a legacy of three hundred pounds for the translation of Dr. Henry More's works. The task was cheerfully undertaken by the doctor himself; but when he had finished it, he was compelled to give the bookseller the three hundred pounds to print them.

175. MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

The intellectual acquirements of this lady are well known to every admirer of French literature; and her letters to her daughter, the Countess de Grignan, are regarded as the best models of epistolary composition. "One day," says Menage, "I had hold of one of Madame de Sevigné's hands betwixt mine. Upon drawing it away, M. Pelletier, who was present, said, 'Menage, with all your talents, that is the finest work that ever came from your hands.'"

176. PRIOR AND MILTON NOT APPRECIATED.

Contemporaries, says Walpole, are tolerable judges of temporary merit, but often most erroneous in their estimate of lasting fame. Burnet speaks of

"our Prior;" and Whitlock of "one Milton, a blind man." Burnet and Whitlock were men of reputation themselves. But what say you of Heath, the obscure chronicler of the civil wars? He says, "*One Milton*, since stricken with blindness," wrote against Salmasius; and composed "an impudent and blasphemous book, called *Iconoclastes*."

177. RESPECT FOR FENELON.

When, after the taking of Bouchain in 1721, the estates of the sec of Cambay were exposed to the plunder of the troops, such was the respect that the Duke of Marlborough bore to the good Archbishop Fenelon, that he ordered a detachment to guard the magazines of corn at Châtean Cambresis, and gave a safe conduct for their conveyance to Cambay; and when even this protection, in consequence of the scarcity of bread, was not likely to be respected by the soldiery, he sent a corps of dragoons with wagons, to transport the grain, and escort it to the precincts of the town. Thus did the most illustrious of generals pay homage to the Christian philosopher, who honored letters by his genius, religion by his piety, France by his renown, and human nature by his amiable virtues; and thus did he, in his conduct towards the author of *Telemachus*, imitate Alexander at the capture of Thebes, when, in the language of Milton,—

"The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Findarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground."

178. FONTENELLE, HOBBS, CAMDEN, AND POCOCK.

Fontenelle was never more gratified than when a Swede, arriving at the gates of Paris, inquired of the custom-house officers where Fontenelle resided, and expressed his indignation that not one of them had ever heard of his name.

Hobbes expresses his proud delight that his portrait was sought after by foreigners, and that the Grand Duke of Tuscany made the philosopher the object of his first inquiries.

Camden was not insensible to the visits of German noblemen, who were desirous of seeing the British Pliny; and Pocock, while he received no aid from patronage at home for his Oriental studies, never relaxed in those unrequited labors, from the warm personal testimonies of learned foreigners,

who hastened to see and converse with this prodigy of Eastern learning.

179. THE MOST ENTERTAINING OF AUTHORS.

Ten gentlemen of acknowledged taste, when on a visit to a gentleman of rank, were each desired to write out a list of the ten most interesting works they ever read. One work only found its way into every list: this was *Gil Blas*.

Had Dr. Johnson been present, and been previously heard on the subject, the preference would probably have been given to *Don Quixote*. The doctor used to say, that there were few books of which one could ever possibly arrive at the last page; and that there was never any thing written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. After *Homer's Iliad*, he said, the work of *Cervantes* was the greatest in the world as a book of entertainment; and when we consider that every other author's admirers are confined to his countrymen, and perhaps to the literary classes among them; while *Don Quixote* is a sort of common property, a universal classic, equally enjoyed by the court and the cottage; equally applauded in France and England as in Spain; quoted by every servant, the amusement of every age, from infancy to decrepitude; the first book you see in every shop, where books are sold, through all the states of Italy,—who can refuse his consent to an avowal of the superiority of *Cervantes* to all modern writers?

Shakspeare himself has, until within the last half century, been worshipped only at home; while translators and engravers live by the hero of *La Mancha* in every nation; and the walls of the miserable inns and the cottages, all over England, France, and Germany, are adorned with the exploits of *Don Quixote*.

180. THE RAMBLER.

When *Dr. Johnson's Rambler* was first published, the sale was very inconsiderable, and seldom exceeded five hundred. It is a remarkable and curious trait of the age, that the only paper which had a prosperous sale, and may be said to have been popular, was one which *Dr. Johnson* did not write. This was No. 97, which was said to have been written by *Richardson*.

181. DR. JOHNSON'S INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.

The king being informed that *Dr. Johnson* occasionally visited the Royal Library, gave orders that he should be informed when the doctor came thither again, that he might have the pleasure of conversation. This was done; and no sooner was the doctor seated, than the librarian went to communicate the intelligence to his majesty, who condescended immediately to repair to the spot. *Johnson*, on being told that the king was in the room, started up and stood still. The king, after the usual compliments, asked some questions about the libraries of Oxford, where the doctor had lately been, and inquired if he was then engaged in any literary undertaking. *Johnson* replied in the negative; adding that he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowl-

edge. The king said, "I do not think that you borrow much from any body." *Johnson* said he thought he had done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too," replied his majesty, "if you had not written so well." The king having observed that he must have read a great deal, *Johnson* answered that he thought more than he read; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much, compared with others; for instance, he said he had not read much compared with *Dr. Warburton*. On this, the king said he had heard that *Dr. Warburton* was a man of such general knowledge that you could scarcely talk with him upon any subject on which he was not qualified to speak; and that his learning resembled *Garrick's* acting, in its universality.

His majesty then talked of the controversy between *Warburton* and *Lowth*, and asked *Johnson* what he thought of it. *Johnson* answered, "*Warburton* has more general, more scholastic learning; *Lowth* is the most correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best." The king was pleased to say he was of the same opinion; adding, "You do not think, then, *Dr. Johnson*, that there was much argument in the case?" *Johnson* said he did not think there was. "Why, truly," said the king, "when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

His majesty then asked him what he thought of *Lord Lyttleton's History*. It was then just published. *Johnson* said he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed *Henry* too much. "Why," said the king, "they seldom do these things by halves." "No, sir," answered *Johnson*, "not to kings;" but fearing to be misunderstood, he subjoined, "that for those who spoke worse of kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse; but that he could most easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention; for, as kings had much in their power to give those who were favored by them, authors would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises; and, as this proceeded from a good motive, it could be excused."

The king then asked him what he thought of *Dr. Hill*. *Johnson* answered, that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree, by using three or four microscopes at a time, than by using one. "Now," added *Johnson*, "every one acquainted with microscopes knows that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear." "Why," replied the king, "this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope will be able to detect him." But that he might not leave an unfavorable impression against an absent man, the doctor added, that *Dr. Hill* was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation. The king then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the *Journal des Savans*, and asked *Dr. Johnson* if it was well done. *Johnson* said it was formerly well done; and gave some account of the persons who began and carried it on for some years, enlarging at the same time on the nature and utility of such works. The king asked him if it was well done now.

Johnson answered, he had no reason to think it was. The king next inquired if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom, except the *Monthly and Critical Reviews*; and, on being answered there was no other, his majesty asked which was the best. Johnson said that the *Monthly Review* was done with most care, the *Critical* upon the best principles; adding that the authors of the former were hostile to the church. This the king said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the Philosophical Transactions; when Johnson observed, that the Royal Society had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Ay," said the king, "they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that;" for his majesty remembered a circumstance which Johnson himself had forgotten. His majesty next expressed a desire to have the literary biography of the country ably executed, and proposed to the doctor to undertake it; and with this wish, so graciously expressed, Johnson readily complied.

During this interview, the doctor talked with profound respect; but still in his firm manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is common at the levees and drawing-room. Afterwards he observed to Mr. Barnard, the librarian, "Sir, they may talk of the king as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he also observed at another time to Mr. Layton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Louis XIV. or Charles II. to have been."

182. MRS. THRALE'S VERSES.

Mrs. Thrale's poetical description of Dr. Johnson's character is well worth preserving, though somewhat hyperbolic and exaggerated. The circumstances which gave rise to them are thus described by herself: When Mr. Thrale built the new library at Streatham, and hung up over the books the portraits of his favorite friends, that of Dr. Johnson was last finished, and closed the number. It was almost impossible *not* to make verses on such an accidental combination of circumstances; so I made the following ones:—

"Gigantic in knowledge, in virtue, in strength,
Our company closes with Johnson at length;
So the *Greeks* from the cavern of *Polypheme* passed,
When, wisest and greatest, *Ulysses* came last.
To his comrades contemptuous, we see him look down
On their wit and their worth with a general frown;
Since from Science' proud tree the rich fruit he receives,
Who could shake the whole trunk while they turned a
few leaves.
His piety pure, his morality nice —
Protector of virtue, and terror of vice;
In these features religion's firm champion displayed,
Shall make infidels fear for a modern crusade.
While the inflammable temper, the positive tongue,
Too conscious of right for endurance of wrong,
We suffer from Johnson, contented to find
That some notice we gain from so noble a mind,
And pardon our hurts, since so often we've found
The balm of instruction poured into the wound.
'Tis thus for its virtues the chemists extol
Pure rectified spirit, sublime alcohol;
Some noxious putrescence, preservative pure,
A cordial in health, and in sickness a cure;
But exposed to the sun, taking fire at his rays,
Burns bright to the bottom, and ends in a blaze."

183. SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

Barry, the eminent painter, on the exhibition of a production of genius, was denied the gratification

he sought as his only reward, by a general doubt whether he could be the producer of the picture he claimed, as he had never been known as an artist. He burst into tears, and left the room. Burke sought him out, and it was at this interview (says the editor of the *Sun*) that Barry quoted the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, then just published anonymously. Burke sneered at it as a slight and unsubstantial performance, and the fiery artist was almost ready to eat his new friend for speaking thus of it. He commended it in the warmest language he could command, and Burke, smiling, then acknowledged himself the author. "Are you?" cried the artist: "I could not afford to buy the work, and transcribed it every line with my own hand," at the same time pulling the manuscript from his pocket.

184. DR. BEATTIE AND GEORGE III.

Tuesday, 24th August, 1773, I set out, says Dr. Beattie, for Dr. Majendie's at Kew Green. The doctor told me that he had not seen the king yesterday, but had left a note in writing, to intimate that I was to be at his house to-day; and that one of the king's pages had come to him this morning, to say that his majesty would see me a little after twelve. At twelve the doctor and I went to the king's house at Kew. We had been only a few minutes in the hall, when the king and queen came in from an airing; and as they passed through the hall, the king called me by my name, and asked how long it was since I came from town. I answered him, "About an hour." "I shall see you," said he, "in a little while." The doctor and I waited a considerable time, (for the king was busy,) and then we were called into a large room, furnished as a library, where the king was walking about, and the queen sitting in a chair. We were received in the most gracious manner possible by both their majesties. I had the honor of a conversation with them (nobody else being present but Dr. Majendie) for upwards of an hour, on a great variety of topics; in which both the king and the queen joined, with a degree of cheerfulness, affability, and ease, that was to me surprising, and soon dissipated the embarrassment which I felt at the beginning of the conference. They both complimented me in the highest terms on my *Essay*, which they said was a book they always kept by them; and the king said he had one copy of it at Kew, and another in town, and immediately went and took it down from the shelf. I found it was the second edition. "I never stole a book but once," said his majesty, "and that was yours," speaking to me. "I stole it from the queen, to give it to Lord Hertford to read." He had heard that the sale of Hume's *Essays* had failed since my book was published; and I told him what Mr. Strahan had told me in regard to that matter. He had even heard of my being at Edinburgh last summer, and how Mr. Hume was offended on the score of my book. He asked many questions about the second part of the *Essay*, and when it would be ready for the press. I gave him, in a short speech, an account of the plan of it, and said my health was so precarious, I could not tell when it might be ready, as I had many books to consult before I could finish it; but that, if my health was good, I thought I might bring it to a conclusion in two or three years. He asked me how long I had been in composing my *Essay*, praised the caution with which it was written, and said that he did not wonder that it had employed me five or six years. He asked about my poems. I

said there was only one poem of my own on which I set any value, (meaning the Minstrel ;) and that it was published about the same time with the Essay. My other poems, I said, were incorrect, being but juvenile pieces, and of little consequence, even in my own opinion. We had much conversation on moral subjects ; from which both their majesties let it appear, that they were warm friends to Christianity.

185. THOMAS PAINE'S POLITICAL WRITINGS.

In 1791, Thomas Paine, a Norfolk stay-maker, a Sussex exciseman, an American patriot, and subsequently a political and personal friend of Mr. Burke, entered the lists as an opponent of the new principles of that gentleman, published in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, in a pamphlet which he called *The Rights of Man*. A work by the author of the famous pamphlet called *Common Sense*, excited general expectation ; and, in a few months, the *Rights of Man* passed through many large editions. It was then printed in a cheap form ; and, within a year, at least two hundred thousand copies were sold by the autumn of 1792. Mr. Paine was now encouraged to write a second part of his *Rights of Man*, which became even more popular than the first ; and, previously to their suppression by proclamation and prosecution, it is known that above a million of copies of both parts were sold. The bookseller with whom Mr. Paine engaged was Mr. Joseph Johnson, in St. Paul's Church-yard, who confided the sale to an agent, and this agent, after the prosecution commenced, refused to account for the proceeds, defying legal proceedings. At this period, another political writer one day chal-

lenged Mr. Paine on the unparalleled popularity of his works. "I write political pamphlets also," says he, "but they fall dead from the press, though their principles are the same ; while whatever you write enjoys instant celebrity." "The reason is plain," said Paine : "if I were to cut my shoe lengthwise, and present one half to an American savage, he would be unable to tell what it was ; but, if I had shown him a whole shoe, he would comprehend its uses in a moment. Just so it is with your writings and mine : you give the world half the truth, and I give them the whole : they don't understand you, but what I write comes home to their souls and feelings."

186. PETER PARLEY.

Daniel Webster, says the *Newburyport Herald*, after his return from Europe, asked a friend to guess whose were the American names better and more universally known and admired in England than all the other American names put together. His friend answered, Washington and Chief Justice Marshall. No, said Mr. Webster, I mean living persons ; and they are Judge Story and Peter Parley ; for while the former is known to every lawyer in England, and generally among the educated classes, the latter has entire possession of the young hearts of Old England — that whenever he went into an English family, and the children were brought in and presented to him as Mr. Webster, an American gentleman, they would be sure, with scarcely a single exception, to approach him, and looking him in the face, with the utmost anxiety expressed in theirs, would say, "Do you know Peter Parley ?"

§ 16. PATRONAGE AND REMUNERATION.

187. RICHELIEU AND THE POLYGLOTIST.

We have heard of travellers getting authors to write their books of travels, and getting engravers to draw imaginary scenes for their embellishment : we have also heard of ladies, who could not sew, getting seamstresses to work beautiful needlework for them, which they exhibited as their own. But all this impudence is nothing to that of the famous Cardinal Richelieu. A man of great learning, called Le Jay, compiled a French Polyglot Bible in ten volumes folio, and having spent his fortune in its composition, he applied to the cardinal, then prime minister of France, for assistance to bring out his work. To this application the cardinal replied, that if his name were put on the title-page as author, he would then furnish means ; but the noble Le Jay rejected the insolent offer, and submitted to poverty rather than lose the justly acquired honors of so great an undertaking.

188. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Among other persons of literary eminence who were pensioned by George III. in the early part of his reign, was the celebrated Rousseau ; but his majesty, on making the grant, insisted that the matter should not be made public ; which was intended as a peculiar mark of respect for that wayward and extraordinary character. The philosopher of Ge-

neva, however, after having gratefully accepted the favor, and returned his thanks for the manner in which it was bestowed, returned it on quarrelling with his friend, David Hume. He did this, however, in a manner which plainly indicated a desire to keep the grant, provided he was courted to it ; but having once declined the royal bounty, it was not thought proper to make the monarch a suppliant to an adventurer.

Madame de Staël, in her extravagant panegyric on Rousseau, has most absurdly praised him for refusing a pension from the King of England, without, however, stating the particulars of the story, or noticing the excessive meanness of her hero, who actually endeavored to get the pension renewed when it was too late. Rousseau, however, bore testimony to the virtues of his majesty. "It is not," said he, "the great monarch whom I reverence, but the good husband, the good father, the virtuous, the benevolent man."

189. PATRONAGE OF AUTHORS.

In the reigns of William III., of Anne, and of George I., even such men as Congreve and Addison could scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, more than made up by

the artificial encouragement — by a vast system of bounties and premiums. There was, perhaps, never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid; at which men who could write well found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honors of the state. The chiefs of both the great parties into which the kingdom was divided patronized literature with emulous munificence.

Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. Rowe was not only poet laureate, but land surveyor of the customs in the port of London, clerk of the council to the Prince of Wales, and secretary of the presentations to the lord chancellor. Hughes was secretary to the commissioners of the peace. Ambrose Phillips was judge of the prerogative court in Ireland. Locke was commissioner of appeals and of the board of trade. Newton was master of the mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. Gay, who commenced life as apprentice to a silk mercer, became a secretary of legation at five and twenty. It was to a poem on the death of Charles II., and to the City and Country Mouse, that Montague owed his introduction into public life, his earldom, his garter, and his auditorship of the Exchequer. Swift, but for the unconquerable prejudice of the queen, would have been a bishop. Oxford, with his white staff in his hand, passed through the crowd of his suitors to welcome Parnell, when that ingenious writer deserted the whigs. Steele was a commissioner of stamps, and a member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a commissioner of the customs, and auditor of the imprest. Tickell was secretary to the lords justices of Ireland. Addison was secretary of state.

But soon after the succession of the throne of Hanover, a change took place. The supreme power passed to a man who cared little for poetry or eloquence. Walpole paid little attention to books, and felt little respect for authors. One of the coarse jokes of his friend, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, was far more pleasing to him than Thomson's Seasons or Richardson's Pamela.

190. SHUCKFORD AND PRIDEAUX'S WORKS.

The Historical Connection of the Old and New Testament, by Shuckford, is reported to have been seldom inquired after for about a twelvemonth's time. However, it made a shift, though not without some difficulty, to creep up to a second edition, and afterwards even to a third.

And, which is another remarkable instance, the manuscript of Dr. Prideaux's Connection is well known to have been bandied about, from hand to hand, among several, at least five or six, of the most eminent booksellers, during the space of at least two years, to no purpose, none of them undertaking to print that excellent work. It lay in obscurity till Archdeacon Echard, the author's friend, strongly recommended it to Tonson. It was purchased, and the publication was very successful.

191. LINNÆUS AND MABLY.

Linnaeus sold his works for a single ducat. The Abbé Mably, the author of many political and

moral works, preserved the dignity of the literary character; for, while he lived on little, he would accept only a few presentation copies from the booksellers.

192. SMITH RELIEVED BY BENSON.

About the year 1735, a pamphlet was published entitled the Cure of Deism. The author, Mr. Elisha Smith, had the misfortune to be confined in the Fleet Prison for a debt of two hundred pounds. Fortunately for him, Mr. Benson, then auditor of the imprest, was much pleased with the work. He inquired who was the author; and, on learning his circumstances, not only sent him a very flattering letter, but discharged the whole debt, fees, &c., and set him at liberty. This was the same Mr. Benson who erected a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Milton, and who gave one thousand pounds to Mr. Dobson, of New College, for translating Paradise Lost into Latin. He always preferred Johnson's Latin Psalms to Buchanan's. It was in allusion to these facts that Pope dragged Mr. Benson into the Dunciad.

"On two unequal crutches propped he came,
Milton on this, on that one Johnson's name."

193. JOHNSON ON SCOTCH WRITERS.

It was an annual custom for Dr. Johnson's bookseller to invite his authors to dine with him; and it was on such an occasion that Dr. Johnson and Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, met, when a dispute began on the preëminence of English and Scotch writers. In the course of conversation, Warburton's name was mentioned; when Dr. Rose observed, "What a proud, imperious man he was!" Dr. Johnson answered, —

"Sir, so he was; but he possessed more learning than has been imported from Scotland since the days of Buchanan."

Dr. Rose, after enumerating several Scotch authors, said, "What think you of David Hume, sir?"

"He was a deistical, scribbling fellow," was the answer.

"Well, be it so; but what think you of Lord Bute?"

Johnson. — I did not know that he ever wrote any thing.

Rose. — No! I think he has written one line that has outdone any thing that Shakspeare, or Milton, or any one else ever wrote.

Johnson. — Pray, what was that, sir?

Rose. — It was when he wrote an order for your pension, sir.

Johnson, who was quite confounded, exclaimed, "Why, that was a very fine line, to be sure, sir."

194. EVELINA, BIOGRAPHY OF THE POETS, AND VYSE'S SPELLING BOOK.

Evelina produced five guineas from the nig trader. Dr. Johnson fixed the price of his Biography of the Poets at two hundred guineas, and Mr. Malone observes, "The booksellers, in the course of twenty-five years, have probably got five thousand." It is, perhaps, useful to record, that, while the compositions of genius are but slightly remuner-

ated, though sometimes as productive as "the household stuff" of literature, the latter is rewarded with princely magnificence. At the sale of the Robinsons, the copyright of Vyse's Spelling Book was sold at the enormous price of twenty-two thousand pounds, with an annuity of fifty guineas to the author.

195. DR. JOHNSON.

In the second year of his reign, his majesty granted a pension to Dr. Johnson of three hundred pounds a year, it having been represented to his majesty that he was a very learned and good man, without any certain provision. The Earl of Bute, then prime minister, announced this instance of his sovereign's bounty to the doctor, who, it is said, felt some hesitation in accepting it, after the definitions he had given in his Dictionary of *pension* and *pensioner*. Lord Bute, at the time of presenting him with it, expressly said to him, "It is not given you for any thing you are to do; but for what you have done."

196. BLAIR'S SERMONS.

Dr. Blair transmitted the manuscript of his first volume of sermons to Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, who, after keeping it for some time, wrote a letter to him, discouraging the publication. Such, at first, was the unpropitious state of one of the most successful theological books that has ever appeared. Mr. Strahan, however, had sent one of the sermons to Dr. Johnson for his opinion; and after his unfavorable letter to Dr. Blair had been sent off, he received from Johnson, on Christmas Eve, 1776, a note in which was the following paragraph: "I have read over Dr. Blair's first sermon with more than approbation; to say it is good, is to say too little." Mr. Strahan had, very soon after this time, a conversation with Dr. Johnson concerning them; and then he very candidly wrote again to Dr. Blair, enclosing Johnson's note, and agreeing to purchase the volume, for which he and Mr. Cadell gave one hundred pounds. The sale was so rapid and extensive, and the approbation of the public so high, that the proprietors made Dr. Blair a present, first of one sum, and afterwards of another, of fifty pounds; thus voluntarily doubling the stipulated price. And when he prepared another volume, they gave him at once three hundred pounds; and for the others he had six hundred pounds each. A fifth volume was prepared by him for the press, and published after his death, (1801,) to which is added a Short Account of his Life, by James Finlayson, D. D. The sermons contained in this last volume were composed at very different periods of his life; but were all written out anew in his own hand, and in many parts recomposed, during the course of the summer of 1800, after he had completed his eighty-second year.

197. DR. PALEY.

When Dr. Paley had finished his Moral Philosophy, the manuscript was offered to Mr. Faulder, of Bond Street, for one hundred guineas; but he declined the risk of publishing it on his own account. When it was published, and the success of the work had been in some degree ascertained, the author

again offered it to the same bookseller for three hundred pounds; but he refused to give more than two hundred and fifty. While this negotiation was pending, a bookseller from Carlisle, happening to call on an eminent publisher in Paternoster Row, was commissioned by him to offer Dr. Paley one thousand pounds for the copyright of his work. The bookseller, on his return to Carlisle, duly executed his commission, which was communicated without delay to the Bishop of Clonfert, who, being at that time in London, had undertaken the management of the affair. "Never did I suffer so much anxious fear," said Dr. Paley, in relating this circumstance, "as on this occasion, lest my friend should have concluded the bargain with Mr. Faulder before my letter could reach him." Luckily, he had not; but, on receiving the letter, went immediately to Bond Street, and made his new demand. Mr. Faulder, though in no small degree surprised and astonished at the advance, agreed for the sum required before the bishop left the house.

198. HANNAH MORE.

"I know not," said Mrs. H. More, "whether my writings have promoted the spiritual welfare of my readers, but they have enabled me to do good by private charity and public beneficence. I am almost ashamed to say that they have brought me thirty thousand pounds."

199. WORKS OF DR. CHALMERS.

The copyright of Dr. Chalmers's works, including his life and letters, to be published by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, together with some additional volumes of sermons, and a commentary on the Bible, was sold for between fifty and sixty thousand dollars.

There are but few authors in America that ever realized any thing like such a sum as this for their productions. English publishers pay a much higher price for copyrights than is paid in America.

200. WEBSTER'S COPYRIGHTS.

Noah Webster probably got more for his Spelling Book than was ever paid for any other book in the United States. We are unable to state the entire sum that was paid him for the copyright of that little book, but think it must have been more than fifty thousand dollars. His large Dictionary, a work on which he spent the greatest part of his life, never yielded him a tenth part of the profits of his Spelling Book.

201. PATRONAGE OF LITERATURE.

When Victor Hugo was an aspirant for the honors of the French Academy, and called on M. Royer Collard to ask his vote, the sturdy veteran professed entire ignorance of his name. "I am the author of *Notre Dame de Paris*, *Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*, *Bug-Jargal*, *Marian Delorme*, &c." "I never heard of any of them," said Collard. "Will you do me the honor of accepting a copy of my works?" said Victor Hugo. "I never read new books," was the cutting reply.

§ 17. INFLUENCE.

202. EPICURUS, MACHIAVEL, AND OTHERS.

When Epicurus published his doctrines, men immediately began to express themselves with freedom on the established religion; the dark and fearful superstitions of paganism fell into neglect, and mouldered away—the inevitable fate of established falsehood. When Machiavel, living amidst the principalities of Italy, where stratagem and assassination were the politics of those wretched rivals, by lifting the veil from these cabinets of banditti, that calumniated man of genius alarmed the world by exposing a system subversive of all human virtue and happiness, and led the way to political freedom.

When Locke and Montesquieu appeared, the old systems of government were reviewed; the principles of legislation were developed; and many changes have succeeded, and are still to succeed.

Paley would not close his eyes on what was passing before him; and he has observed, that during the convulsive troubles at Geneva, the political theory of Rousseau was prevalent in their contests; while in the political disputes of our country, those ideas of civil authority displayed in the works of Locke recurred in every form.

203. WICKLIFFE.

Turner has thus observed on the character of Wickliffe: "To complete our idea of the importance of Wickliffe, it is only necessary to add, that as his writings made John Huss the reformer of Bohemia, so the writings of John Huss led Martin Luther to be the reformer of Germany; so extensive and so incalculable are the consequences which sometimes follow from human actions."

Our historian has accompanied this by giving the very feelings of Luther, in early life, on his first perusal of the works of John Huss; we see the spark of creation caught at the moment—a striking influence of the generation of character. Thus a father spirit has many sons; and several of the great revolutions in the history of man have been opened by such, and carried on by that secret creation of minds visibly operating on human affairs.

204. ROGER ASCHAM.

Before the reign of Henry VIII., great authors composed occasionally a book in Latin, which none but other great authors cared for, and which the people could not read. In the reign of Elizabeth, Roger Ascham appeared—one of those men of genius born to create a new era in the history of their nation. The first English author who may be regarded as the founder of our *prose style* was Roger Ascham, the venerable parent of our *native literature*.

At a time when our scholars affected to condemn the vernacular idiom, and in their Latin works were losing their better fame, that of being understood by all their countrymen, Ascham boldly avowed the design of setting an example, in his own words, *to speak as the common people, to think as wise men*. His pristine English is still forcible without pedantry, and still beautiful without ornament. The illustrious Bacon condescended to follow

this new example, in the most popular of his works. This change in our literature was like a revelation; these men taught us our language in books.

205. EVELYN'S SYLVA.



House of Evelyn at Deptford.

"While Britain," says D'Israeli, "retains her awful situation among the nations of Europe, the Sylva of Evelyn will endure with her triumphant oaks. In the third edition of that work, the heart of the patriot exults at its result. He tells Charles I. 'how many millions of timber-trees, besides infinite others, have been propagated and planted at the instigation, and by the sole direction, of this work.'"

"It was an author in his studious retreat, who, casting a prophetic eye on the age we live in, secured the late victories of our naval sovereignty. Inquire at the Admiralty how the fleets of Nelson were constructed, and they can tell you that it was with the oaks which the genius of Evelyn planted."

206. INFLUENCE OF RAY, ROUSSEAU, AND OTHERS.

The naturalist Ray, though no man was more modest in his claims, delighted to tell a friend that "since the publication of his catalogue of Cambridge Plants, many were prompted to botanical studies, and to herbalize in their walks in the fields."

A work in France, under the title of *L'Ami des*

Hommes, first spread there a general passion for agricultural pursuits; and although the national ardor carried all to excess, yet marshes were drained and waste lands enclosed.

The *Emilius* of Rousseau, whatever errors and extravagances a system which would bring us back to nature may contain, operated a complete revolution in modern Europe, by changing the education of men; and the boldness and novelty of some of its principles communicated a new spring to the human intellect.

The commercial world owes to two retired philosophers, in the solitude of their study, Locke and Smith, those principles which dignify trade into a liberal pursuit, and connect it with the happiness of a people.

Beccaria, who dared to raise his voice in favor of humanity against the prejudices of many centuries, by his work on Crimes and Punishments, at length abolished torture; and Locke and Voltaire, on Toleration, have long made us tolerant.

§ 107. ROUSSEAU AND NAPOLEON.

In Girardin's *Memoirs* it is said that when Bonaparte was first consul, he visited the tomb of Rousseau. "It had been better," said he, "for the repose

of France if this man had never lived." He was asked the reason. He replied, "He it was who prepared the French revolution." Girardin remarked, "It surely is not for you, Citizen Consul, to complain of the revolution." "*Eh bien*," replied he, "the future will learn that it would have been better for the repose of the world, if neither Rousseau nor I had ever existed."

§ 108. RESPONSIBILITY OF AUTHORS IN RUSSIA.

What the Russians think of authors may be collected from a plate, in which part of hell is represented. In the foreground are suspended two kettles; in one of them is a robber, in the other a bad writer. Under the kettle of the latter the devil is busily engaged in making a rousing fire, whereas under the bandit there is nothing but a heap of dry wood, and he seems to be enjoying a comfortable warmth. The author, who has lifted up the lid of his kettle a little, casting an envious glance at the robber, complains to the devil that he torments him more than so vile a criminal; but the devil fetches him a thump on the head, and says, "Thou wert worse than he, for his sins and misdeeds died with him, but thine continue to live for ages."

§ 18. WIT AND HUMOR.

§ 109. SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

His pipe often furnished Raleigh with an opening for displaying his ready wit to the queen. One day he was conversing on the singular properties of the new herb.

"I can assure your majesty," said he, "that I have so well experienced the nature of it, that I can exactly tell even the weight of the smoke in any quantity I consume."

"I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, thinking only of the impracticability of weighing smoke in a balance, "and will wager you twenty angels that you do not solve my doubt."

A quantity was agreed upon to be thoroughly smoked. Carefully preserving the ashes, Raleigh weighed these with great exactness, and what was deficient of the original weight, he gave as the result.

"Your majesty," said he "cannot deny that the difference hath been evaporated in smoke."

"Truly I cannot," answered the queen. Then turning to those around her, who had been amused by Raleigh's calculations, she continued, in allusion to the alchemists, then very numerous, "Many laborers in the fire have I heard of who turned their gold into smoke, but Raleigh is the first who has turned smoke into gold."

§ 110. VOLTAIRE AND ST. ANGE.

M. de St. Ange, translator of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, was noted for a certain languishing and mawkish air in his conversation and deportment. Having been, like every other member of the literary world, to pay his respects to Voltaire, and being ambitious of concluding his visit with some stroke of genius, said, twirling his hat prettily between his thumbs, "I am only come to-day, sir, to

see Homer; another day I shall come to see Euripides and Sophocles; afterwards Tacitus, and then Lucian." "*Sir*," answered Voltaire, "*I am very old; could you not make all the visits at once?*"

§ 111. BROWN AND HIS LADY.

The celebrated Dr. Brown (Sir William Brown, of London) paid his addresses to a lady for many years, but unsuccessfully, during which time he had always accustomed himself to propose her health, whenever he was called upon for a lady. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman reminded him that he had forgotten to toast his favorite lady. "Why, indeed," said the doctor, "I find it all in vain; I have toasted her so many years, and cannot make her *Brown*, that I am determined to toast her no longer."

§ 112. JOHNSON AND THE LADY.

said she, "if I could write like you, I should be always writing, merely for the pleasure of it." "Pray, madam," retorted he, "do you think that Leander swam across the Hellespont merely because he was fond of swimming?"

§ 113. JOHNSON AND THE WAITER.

Dr. Johnson happening to sit in a coffee-room where a dog was very troublesome, he bade the waiter kick him out; but, in the hurry of business, he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, he told the waiter again to kick the dog out, or he would kick him out. "Sir," said a young coxcomb,

"I perceive you are not fond of *dogs*." "No," said the doctor, "nor of *puppies*, either."

214. SHERIDAN AND THE HEIR.

A numerous party was assembled at the mansion of a northern squire. Among them were Sheridan and a young, wealthy heir, belonging to a neighboring county. This youth prided himself on the accident of his birth, and on his consequent acquisition of riches. During the early part of the day, the stripling sneered at poverty, and spoke alightingly of authors, actors, and other classes of the community who afford occupation and amusement to thousands who would otherwise be devoured by ennui, or seek excitement in vicious pleasures. Sheridan was justly displeased at the want of tact, taste, and feeling in the rich young man, and waited for an opportunity of making him feel the edge of his keen rebuke. At dinner were twenty guests. Sheridan sat on the left hand, at the bottom of the table; the youth on the right, at the top; so that they were at opposite angles; and the whole party were so placed as to witness and hear what passed from either of them. The youth talked much of all that concerned him. He gave accounts of the wonderful leaping of his favorite hunter, of the distance his new double-barrelled gun killed a wild duck, of the extraordinary stanchness of a cross-bred setter, of his dexterity in catching a salmon with a single hair, of his prowess in London, &c., &c., to the number of eighteen different circumstances. After the removal of the second course, silence ensued. Sheridan availed himself of the moment, and thus addressed the youth, his voice insuring a continuation of the prevailing silence: "Sir, from the distance at which I sit from you, I did not hear with accuracy the whole of your interesting anecdotes. Permit me to ask you whose hunter performed those extraordinary leaps." The youth replied, "Mine, sir." Sheridan continued, "But whose gun killed so far?" Again the youth answered, "Mine, sir." "Whose setter was so stanch?" "Mine, sir," repeated the victim. "Who caught the salmon, sir?" "I did," was faintly answered. Sheridan was inexorable, and continued, with the utmost politeness of manner, until he had exhausted the whole eighteen items, and then dryly said, "So you were the chief actor in every anecdote, and the author of them all. Is it not impolitic to despise your own professions?" The youth left the mansion on the following day, and was cured of his illiberality and egotism.

215. TOOKE AND SHERIDAN.

"Shortly after," says Mr. Tooke, "I had published my two pairs of portraits of two fathers and

two sons, (those of Pitt and Fox,) I met Sheridan, who said, with a saucy, satirical air, 'So, sir, you are the reverend gentleman, I am told, who sometimes amuses himself in drawing portraits.' 'Yes, sir, I am that gentleman; and if you will do me the favor of sitting to me for yours, I will take it so faithfully that even you yourself shall shudder at it.'"

216. TOOKE BEFORE THE COMMISSIONERS.

When Horne Tooke was called before the commissioners, to give an account of the particulars of his income, having answered a question which was asked, one of the *wise men* said, peevishly, that he did not understand his answer. "Then," said Tooke, "as you have not *half* the understanding of another man, you ought, at least, to have *double* the patience."

217. TOOKE AND THE FOREIGNER.

Horne Tooke, on being asked, by a foreigner of distinction, how much treason an Englishman might venture to write, without being hanged, replied that "he could not inform him just yet, but that he was trying."

218. SIDNEY SMITH AND LANDSEER.

The Rev. Sidney Smith was notoriously one of the greatest wits in England. A friend once sent him a note, requesting him to sit for his portrait to Landseer, the great animal painter. Sidney wrote back, "Is thy servant a *dog*, that he should do this thing?"

219. SIDNEY SMITH AND BROUGHAM'S CARRIAGE.

On this witty clergyman's observing Lord Brougham's one-horse carriage, he remarked to a friend, alluding to the B surrounded by a coronet on the panel, "There goes a carriage with a B outside and a *wasp* within."

220. HOOK AND HIS FRIEND.

Theodore Hook met a friend, just after leaving the King's Bench Prison, who said to him that he was getting fat. "Yes," replied Hook, "I was enlarged to-day."

§ 19. PECULIARITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES.

221. BURNET'S ABSENCE OF MIND.

Bishop Burnet was famous for that absence of thought which constitutes the character of what the French call *tétouardi*. It happened that at Paris, about the year 1680, several ladies of quality were imprisoned on suspicion of poisoning, and among

the rest the Countess of Soissons, niece of Cardinal Mazarin, and mother of the famous Prince Eugene of Savoy. In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, when the prince came over to England, Bishop Burnet, whose curiosity was as eager as that of any woman in the kingdom, begged of the Duke of Marlborough that he might have the satisfaction of

being in company with a person whose fame resounded throughout Europe. The duke complied with his request, on condition that he would be upon his guard against saying any thing that might give disgust. Accordingly, he was invited to dine with the prince, and other company, at Marlborough House. The bishop, mindful of the caution he had received, resolved to sit silent during the entertainment, and might have kept his resolution, had not Prince Eugene, seeing him a dignified clergyman, taken it in his head to ask who he was. He no sooner understood that it was Dr. Burnet, of whom he had often heard, than he addressed himself to the bishop, and, among other questions, asked when he was last at Paris. Burnet, fluttered by this unexpected address, and still more perplexed by an eager desire to give satisfaction, answered with precipitation, that he could not recollect the year, but it was at the time when the Countess of Soissons was imprisoned. He had scarcely pronounced the words, when, his eyes meeting those of the duke, he instantly perceived his blunder, and was deprived of all the discretion he had left. He redoubled his error by asking pardon of his highness. He stared wildly around, and seeing the whole company embarrassed, and out of countenance, retired in the utmost confusion.

The same bishop dining one day with Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the conversation turned upon the ingratitude of the government to the great man, her husband, who was then deprived of his places. Burnet, aptly enough, compared the duke to Belisarius; when her grace asked what was the principal occasion of his misfortune and downfall. "O madam," said Burnet, "poor Belisarius had a sad brimstone of a wife!"

222. ROUSSEAU AND HIS FRIEND'S WINE.

If Jean Jacques Rousseau was not qualified at times for a lodging in Bedlam, it would be difficult to account for many parts of his conduct and his writings. An anecdote related in Helen Williams's Letters from France, will perhaps decide the matter.

At a friend's house, Rousseau praised the wine; his friend sent him fifty bottles. Rousseau felt himself offended; but as the present was offered by an old friend, he condescended to accept ten bottles, and returned the rest. A short time after, he invited his friend, with his family, to supper. When they arrived, they found Rousseau very busy turning the spit. "How extraordinary it is," exclaimed his friend, "to see the first genius in Europe employed in turning a spit!" "Why," answered Rousseau, with great simplicity, "if I were not to turn the spit, you would certainly lose your supper. My wife is gone to buy a salad, and the spit must be turned." At supper, Rousseau produced, for the first time, the wine which his friend had sent him; but no sooner had he tasted it, than he suddenly put the glass from his lips, exclaiming, with the most violent emotion, that it was not the same sort of wine he had drank at his friend's house, who, he perceived, had a design to poison him. In vain did the gentleman protest his innocence; Rousseau's imagination, once possessed by this idea, —

"Displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder."

His friend was immediately obliged to retire, and they never met again.

223. STEELE'S SERVANTS.

Sir Richard Steele having one day invited to his house a great number of persons of the first quality, they were surprised at the number of liveries which surrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of them inquired of Sir Richard how such an extensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune. Sir Richard very frankly confessed that they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid; and being then asked why he did not discharge them, he declared that "they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution, and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they staid." His friends were diverted by the expedient, and, by paying the debt, discharged their attendance; having obliged Sir Richard to promise that they should never again find him graced with a retinue of the same kind.

224. REV. ALEXANDER NAUGHLEY.

The village of Threlkeld, in Cumberland, a curacy, was once in the possession of a clergyman remarkable for the oddity of his character. This gentleman, by name Alexander Naughley, was a native of Scotland. The curé in his time was very poor — only eight pounds sixteen shillings yearly; but, as he lived the life of a Diogenes, it was enough. His dress was mean, and even beggarly; he lived alone, without a servant to do the meanest drudgery for him; his victuals he cooked himself, not very elegantly we may suppose; his bed was straw, with only two blankets. But with all these outward marks of a sloven, few men possessed greater genius; his wit was ready, his satire keen and undaunted, and his learning extensive; add to this, that he was a factious and agreeable companion; and, though generally fond of the deepest retirement, would unbend among company, and become the chief promoter of mirth. He had an excellent library, and, at his death, left behind him several manuscripts, on various subjects, and of very great merit. These consisted of a Treatise on Algebra, Conic Sections, Spherical Trigonometry, and other mathematical pieces. He had written some poetry, but most of this he destroyed before his death. His other productions would have shared the same fate, had they not been kept from him by a person to whom he had intrusted them. The state they were found in is scarcely less extraordinary than his other oddities; being written upon sixty loose sheets, tied together with a shoemaker's waxed thread.

225. JOHNSON'S DRESS.

"Dr. Johnson's best dress was," says Miss Reynolds, "in his early times, so very mean, that one afternoon, as he was following some ladies up stairs, on a visit to a lady of fashion, (Miss Cotterel,) the servant, not knowing him, suddenly seized him by the shoulder, and exclaimed, 'Where are you going?' striving at the same time to drag him back; but a gentleman, who was a few steps behind, prevented her from doing or saying more, and Mr. Johnson growled all the way up stairs, as well he might. He seemed much chagrined and discomposed. Unluckily, whilst in this humor, a lady of high rank happening to



Dr. Samuel Johnson.

call upon Miss Cotterel, he was most violently offended with her for not introducing him to her ladyship, and still more so for her seeming to show more attention to her than to him. After sitting some time silent, meditating how to *down* Miss Cotterel, he addressed himself to Mr. Reynolds, who sat next him, and, after a few introductory words, with a loud voice said, 'I wonder which of us two could get most money at his trade in one week, were he to work hard at it from morning till night.' I don't remember the answer; but I know that the lady, rising soon after, went away without knowing what trade they were of. She might probably suspect Mr. Johnson to be a poor author by his dress, and because the trade of neither a blacksmith, a porter, or a chairman, which she probably would have taken him for in the street, was quite so suitable to the place she saw him in. This incident he used to mention with great glee — how he had *downed* Miss Cotterel, though at the same time he professed a great friendship and esteem for that lady."

226. JOHNSON'S ROUGHNESS.

That Dr. Johnson was of a rough, unaccommodating disposition, the following anecdote evinces: One evening, in company, he was displaying the misery of human life, and maintaining that no one, in whatever situation, could be happy in this world; when an old maiden lady, remarkable for her cheerfulness and resignation, observed, "I must be allowed, sir, to differ from you, for, thank Heaven, I am extremely happy." "Madam, 'tis impossible," cried Johnson, sternly, "for you are old, and ugly, and sickly, and poor."

227. JOHNSON AND STEELE.

Johnson used to bite his nails to the quick — an intimation of his dogmatism and crustiness.

Steele constantly preached economy to others, but forgot to practise it himself. He was always in debt, and once pulled the nose of an acquaintance who hesitated to lend him a large sum of money.

228. JOHNSON AT THE TEA TABLE.

"At the tea table," says Mr. Cumberland, "Johnson had considerable demands upon his favorite beverage, and I remember when Sir Joshua Reynolds, at my house, reminded him that he had drank eleven cups, he replied, 'Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine; why should you number up my cups of tea?' And then laughing, in perfect good humor, he added, 'Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble, if it had not been for your remark; but you have reminded me that I want one of a dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my number.' When he saw the readiness and complacency with which my wife obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look upon her, and said, 'Madam. I must tell you, for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did a while ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have done on yours; but the lady asked me for no other purpose than to make a zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of; so, madam. I had my revenge of her; for I swallowed five and twenty cups of the tea, and did not treat her with as many words.'"

229. BURMANN AND COUNT MARSIGLI.

The Dutch literati are not famous for politeness. Count Marsigli, an Austrian general, famous for his writings, once went to pay a visit to Peter Burmann, professor at Leyden, who was much addicted to the pleasures of the table. The count unluckily chose just the moment when the professor was at dinner. "*Ego sum Comes Marsiglius*," (I am Count Marsigli,) said he; to which the learned Dutchman replied, "*Et ego sum Petrus Burmannus qui cum prandeo neminem videt*." (And I am Peter Burmann, who, while eating his dinner, sees nobody.)

230. HARVEST DISAPPOINTED OF MARRIAGE.

Rev. Dr. George Harvest was once on the eve of being married to the bishop's daughter, when, having gone a gudgeon fishing, he forgot the circumstance, and overstayed the canonical hour, which so offended the lady that she indignantly broke off the match. If a beggar happened to take off his hat to him in the streets, in hopes of receiving alms, he would make him a bow, tell him he was his most humble servant, and walk on. He was known sometimes on Sundays to forget the days on which he was to officiate, and would walk into church with his gun under his arm, to ascertain what the people wanted there. Once, when he was playing at backgammon, he poured out a glass of wine, and, it being his turn to throw, having the box in one hand and the glass in the other, and, being extremely dry, he swallowed down both the dice, and discharged the wine upon the dice-board.

231. REV. GEORGE HARVEST

The Rev. George Harvest, author of an elaborate Treatise on Subscription to Articles of Faith, and a

volume of excellent sermons, was a most extraordinary character. A friend and he walking together in the Temple Gardens one evening, previous to the meeting of the club called the Beefsteak Club, in Ivy Lane, to which they were going, and to which Smollet, Johnson, and others belonged, Mr. Harvest picked up a small pebble, of so odd a make that he said he would present it to Lord Bute, who was an eminent virtuoso. After they had walked some time, his friend asked him what o'clock it was; to which, pulling out his watch, he answered, that they had seven minutes good. Accordingly they took a turn or two more, when, to his friend's astonishment, he threw his watch into the Thames, and, with great sedateness, put the pebble into his fob.

Mr. Harvest, being once in company with Mr. Onslow in a boat, began to read a favorite Greek author with such strange theatrical gestures, that his wig fell into the water; and so impatient was he to get it, that he jumped into the river to fetch it out, and was with difficulty fished out himself.

232. MASON'S FORGETFULNESS.

William Mason, Esq., author of the *Spiritual Treasury*, while engaged in that work, was called upon by a gentleman on business. Instead of taking his name and address, as desired, and as he thought he had done, he wrote the chapter and verse on which he had been meditating; and when he came afterwards to look at the paper, in order to wait upon the gentleman, he found nothing upon it but "Acts the second, verse the eighth," so much was his mind absorbed in divine things.

233. ADAM SMITH'S ABSENCE OF MIND.

This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind. As an anecdote of this peculiarity, it is related of him, that having, one Sunday morning, walked into his garden at Kirkcaldy, dressed in little more than his night-gown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dunfermline, a town at least twelve miles off. He had in reality trudged along the king's highway all that distance in the pursuit of a certain train of ideas, and he was only eventually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance in a crowded church, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader.

234. CHURCHILL ON WARBURTON.

The various and opposite studies of Warburton appeared in his rocket writings, whether they streamed in the Divine Legation, or sparkled in the *Origin of Romances*, or played about in giving double senses to Virgil, Pope, and Shakspeare. Churchill, with a good deal of ill nature and some truth, describes them thus:—

"A curate first, he read and read,
And laid in—while he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock—
Of reading such a mighty stock,
That he o'ercharged the weary brain
With more than she could well contain;
More than she was with spirit fraught
To turn and methodize to thought;

*And which, like ill-digested food,
To humors turned, and not to blood."*

The opinion of Bentley, when he saw the Divine Legation, was a sensible one. "This man," said he, "has a monstrous appetite, with a very bad digestion."

235. EDGEWORTH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Richard Edgeworth, the literary father of the celebrated Maria Edgeworth, was eccentric, and he had a sort of autobiographical history, which he seldom failed to give to every new acquaintance at the first introduction. It ran thus: "Now, sir, you know the great Mr. Edgeworth, and you may possibly wish to know something of his birth, parentage, and education. I shall first give you my reasons for being an Englishman, and then for being an Irishman, and I shall leave you your choice to call me which you please. I was born in England; I married two English wives; I have several children who were born in England; and I have a small property in England. Now my reasons for being an Irishman. I married three Irish wives; I have a large estate in Ireland; I have a number of Irish children; my progenitors were Irish; and I have lived most of my life in Ireland. Sir, I am a man who despises vulgar prejudice; for two of my wives are alive, and two, who are dead, were sisters."

236. GOETHE.

The first literary efforts of Goethe, though displaying an original and creative genius, were disfigured by some peculiarities; and he not only affected singularity in his style of writing and tone of conversation, but also in his external appearance. He sought in his writings to exhibit involved periods, and to retrench vowels at the end of almost every phrase, recurring to signs significative of exclamation or repose, and calculated to excite either meditation or enthusiasm. A crowd of imitators seized on the weaknesses of a man of genius, and copied them servilely. It became the fashion at Weimar to express one's sentiments in an emphatic manner, and to deform every period with hyphens or marks of exclamation. The very physicians changed the usual methods of making out their prescriptions, to suit them to the new fashion.

When Goethe saw how his weaknesses were imitated, he shook off those singularities into which his ardent imaginations had betrayed him, and rose to that rank in literature which left him few imitators.

237. CHARACTER OF HAZLITT.

A gentleman who had become personally acquainted with Hazlitt gives the following account of him in a letter to Mr. Wedgwood: "William Hazlitt is a thinking, observant, original man; of great power as a painter of character portraits, and far more in the manner of the old painters than any living artist. But the objects must be before him; he has no imaginative memory. So much for his intellects. His manners are ninety-nine in one hundred singularly repulsive, brow-hanging, shoe-contemplating, strange. Sharp seemed to like him; but Sharp saw him only for half an hour, and that walking. He is, I verily believe, kindly-natured; is very fond of, attentive to, and patient with, children; but he is jealous, gloomy, and of an irritable

pride. With all this, there is much good in him. He is disinterested; an enthusiastic lover of the great men who have been before us. He says things of his own in a way of his own; and though, from habitual shyness, and, at least, the outside bearskin of misanthropy, he is strangely confused and dark in his conversation, and delivers himself of almost all his conceptions with a *forceps*, yet he *says* more than any man I ever knew (you yourself only excepted) of that which is his own; and oftentimes, when he has wearied his mind, and the juice is come out and spread over his spirits, he will gallop for half an hour together with real eloquence. He sends well-feathered thoughts straight forward to the mark with a twang of the bowstring. If you could recommend him as a portrait painter, I should be glad. To be your companion, he is, in my opinion, utterly unfit. His own health is fitful."

338. EVERY-DAY LIFE OF JAMES SMITH.



James Smith.

One of the authors of the Rejected Addresses thus writes to a friend: *—

"Let me enlighten you as to the general disposal of my time. I breakfast at nine, with a mind undisturbed by matters of business; I then write to you or to some editor, and then read till three o'clock. I then walk to the Union Club, read the journals, hear Lord John Russell deified or *diablerized*, (that word is not a bad coinage,) do the same with Sir Robert Peel or the Duke of Wellington, and then join a knot of conversationists by the fire till six o'clock, consisting of lawyers, merchants, members of Parliament, and gentlemen at large. We then and there discuss the three per cent. consols, (some of us preferring Dutch two and a half per cent.,) and speculate upon the probable rise, shape, and cost of the New Exchange. If Lady Harrington happens to drive past our window in her landau, we compare her equipage to the Algerine ambassadors, and, when politics happen to be dis-

cussed, rally whigs, radicals, and conservatives alternately, but never seriously—such subjects having a tendency to create acrimony. At six, the room begins to be deserted; wherefore I adjourn to the dining-room, and, gravely looking over the bill of fare, exclaim to the waiter, 'Haunch of mutton and apple tart.' These viands despatched, with the accompanying liquids and water, I mount upward to the library, take a book and my seat in the arm-chair, and read till nine; then call for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, resuming my books till eleven; afterwards return home to bed. If I have any book here which particularly excites my attention, I place my lamp on a table by my bedside, and read in bed until twelve. No danger of ignition, my lamp being quite safe, and my curtains moreen. 'Thus ends this strange, eventful history.'"

339. SOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CHARACTERISTICS.

A writer of a Transatlantic Tour, published in the Christian Observer, gives a very interesting account of his visit to Abbotsford, the celebrated residence of the "wizard of the north," in the course of which, describing the library, he says, —

"But by far the most interesting object is the bust of Scott himself, by Chantrey. 'There he stands,' said my conductress, 'just as if he were going to speak to you.' It is considered an admirable likeness—the only faithful one, indeed—of Scott, such as he was in animated conversation. The finest portraiture of him, at such times, that words could give, has been supplied by Mr. Adolphus, a keen observer of Scott's person and manner, as well as a most accomplished critic of his writings. 'His eyes were wonderfully calculated for showing great varieties of emotion. Their mournful aspect was extremely earnest and affecting; and when he told some dismal and mysterious story, they had a doubtful, melancholy, exploring look, which appealed irresistibly to the hearer's imagination. Occasionally, when he spoke of something very audacious and eccentric, they would dilate and light up with a tragic-comic, hairbrained expression, quite peculiar to himself; one might see in it a whole chapter of *Cœur de Lion* and the clerk of Copmanhurst. Never, perhaps, did a man go through all the gradations of laughter with such complete enjoyment, and a countenance so radiant. The first dawn of a humorous thought would show itself sometimes, as he sat silent, by an involuntary lengthening of the upper lip, followed by a shy, sidelong glance at his neighbors, indescribably whimsical, and seeming to ask, from their looks, whether the spark of drollery should be suppressed or allowed to blaze out. In the full tide of mirth, he did, indeed, 'laugh the heart's laugh;' but it was not boisterous and overpowering, nor did it check the course of his words: he could go on, telling or discanting, while his lungs did 'crow like chanticleer, his syllables in the struggles growing more emphatic, his accent more strongly Scotch, and his voice plaintive with excessive merriment.'"

340. M. GUIZOT.

The Court Journal of 184— states that M. Guizot's facility for going to sleep after extreme excitement and mental exertion is prodigious; and it is fortunate for him he is so constituted, otherwise his

* In his Comic Miscellanies..

health would materially suffer. A minister in France ought not to be a nervous man; it is fatal to him if he is. After the most boisterous and tumultuous sitting at the Chamber, after being baited by the opposition in the most savage manner, he arrives home, throws himself upon a couch, and sinks immediately into a profound sleep, from which he is undisturbed till midnight, when proofs of the *Moniteur* are brought to him for inspection. Ma-

dame Guizot, who lives with her son, is upwards of eighty years of age. Never was there a more vigilant, tender, nervous mother. Her husband lost his life upon the scaffold of the revolution, and nothing can divest her of the idea that her son will undergo the same fate. This keeps her in perpetual alarm; and whenever she hears there is to be a violent discussion, she watches for the return of her son with the greatest anxiety and misgiving.

§ 20. EGOTISM, VANITY, ENVY, AND IRRITABILITY.

241. RUFUS, PLINY, TACITUS, AND OTHERS.

Virginius Rufus directed the following lines to be inscribed upon his tomb:

"Here Rufus lies, who Vindex' arms withstood
Not for himself, but for his country's good."

Pliny defends this ostentation, and says the action could never be sufficiently applauded. Let us compare this with the sentiment of Frontinus. "The expense of a monument," says he, "is superfluous; remembrance of me will remain, if my actions deserve it." "Is there less vanity," asks Pliny, "in declaring to all the world that his works will remain, than placing two lines upon a stone commemorative of the actions the other had performed?"

A person sitting next to Tacitus, at a public feast, was surprised at his various points of erudition, and asked if he was an Italian or a provincial. "Your acquaintance with literature must have informed you who I am," was the answer.

Pliny, in a letter to Venator, thus ingeniously "tones down" his egotism: "The longer your letter was, so much the more agreeable I thought it, especially as it turned entirely upon my works. I am not surprised you should find a pleasure in them, since I know you have the same affection for every composition of mine that you have for the author."

Modesty is the *custos virtutum omnium*, as Tully emphatically calls her—the guardian and protectress of the whole train of human virtues. Is she not shamed, therefore, at the whole tenor of antiquity in the article of self-commendation? Homer's Ulysses calls himself the wisest of the Grecians, as does Achilles call himself the most valiant and just. Plato quotes the oracle which pronounces him to be the wisest of men. Cæsar frequently commends himself; so does Cicero. Xenophon represents Cyrus, upon his death bed, as descanting upon the great beauty of his character.

242. ROUSSEAU IN ENGLAND.

The effects of a morbid mind, in regard to vanity, though sources of regret to the benevolent, cannot fail sometimes of being amusing, when they happen to a professed philosopher and contemner of the world. This was the case with Rousseau, who, having pertinaciously quarrelled with his best friends, indeed with all the world in France, had sought a refuge in England, under the personal guidance of his friend David Hume. Even here, the object of some admiration, and of royal generosity in a pension, the philosopher of Geneva could not be happy; but having quarrelled, as usual, with Hume, and all his English friends, he became bent on making his

escape, as he termed it, into France; and stopping on his way at a village between London and Canterbury, he from thence wrote a long official letter to General Conway, then secretary of state, informing him that, although he had got so far in safety, yet he had reason to believe that the remainder of his route was so beset with his inexorable enemies, that, without government protection, he would not be able to escape. He therefore formally claimed the protection of the king, and further desired that a party of cavalry should be ordered to protect him to Dover! It is needless to add, that General Conway wrote to him to say that his postilion was a safeguard to him throughout the British dominions.

243. VOLTAIRE AND DR. YOUNG.

Voltaire consulted Dr. Young about his *Essay in English*, and begged him to correct any gross faults he might find in it. The doctor set very honestly to work, marked the passages most liable to censure, and when he went to explain himself about them, Voltaire could not avoid bursting out a laughing in his face. It was on the occasion of Voltaire's episode on Death and Sin, that Dr. Young spoke that couplet to him,—

"Thou'rt so ingenious, profligate, and thin,
That thou thyself art Milton's Death and Sin."

244. THE HIGH-MINDED AUTHOR.

A poor but high-spirited author once presented a book to King James II., in the great chamber at Whitehall, as he passed from the chapel, but omitted the usual ceremony of kneeling to the king.

The Duke of Richmond, who was in attendance, said, "Sir, where did you learn manners, not to kneel?" The author replied, "If it please your grace, I do *give* now; but when I come to *beg* any thing, then will I kneel."

245. PORSON.

Professor Porson was so far from lending an ear to flattery, that he was averse to that praise which was justly his due. An author, to whom, in the most obliging manner, he had given some literary assistance, said to him, "I wish to make you a public acknowledgment in the next edition of my work." "I decline your offer," said Porson; "for you may say something in compliment to me that we may both be ashamed of ten years hence."

246. GETTING UP A SENSATION.

Hook's "mononag excursions," as he called them, were occasionally prolonged to some weeks. He once made a tour through Wales in this way, accompanied by an intimate friend in the treasury, who had provided a gig, drawn by a white horse, for the journey. Every thing passed off pleasantly enough; fine weather—magnificent scenery—a stream to be whipped one day, a mountain to be climbed the next—a mine to be explored at one spot, a Druid temple to be traced at another—castles, cataracts, and coal mines, all inviting inspection.

"Ah!" said Hook, as they lounged along one bright morning, "this is very well in its way—very delightful, of course—plenty to look at—but then, somehow, nobody looks at us! The thing is getting quite dull: don't you think so?"

His companion assented. "Well, we can't go on in this manner," continued the other. "I must hit upon something, and get up a *digito monstrari*, somehow or another."

And at the next town from which they started, his friend had a taste of his quality in that line; for,

having procured a box of large black wafers, he had completely spotted the snowy coat of the animal they were driving, after the pattern of those wooden *quadruegs* which, before the diffusion of useful knowledge, used to form the study of childhood. The device fully answered its purpose, and the happy pair drove off, attracting, throughout the remainder of the day, the gaze, wonder, and unequalled admiration of Cadwallader and all his goats.

247. BROUGHAM—THE PHRENOLOGIST.

It is said that a lady once asked Lord Brougham, the great English orator and author, who was the best debater in the House of Lords. His lordship modestly replied, "Lord Stanley is the *second*, madam."

The modesty of his lordship is equal to that of a distinguished lecturer on phrenology. He told his audience there were three remarkable heads in the United States: one was that of Daniel Webster, another John C. Calhoun: "the *third*, ladies and gentlemen," said the lecturer, "modesty forbids me to mention."

§ 21. CONTROVERSIES AND COLLISIONS.

248. THEOPHILUS RAYNAUD.

Among the worthies of the *scribleri*, we may rank the Jesuit Theophilus Raynaud, once a celebrated name, eulogized by Bayle and Patin. His collected works fill twenty folios—an edition, indeed, which finally sent the booksellers to the poorhouse.

This enterprising biblioplist had heard much of the prodigious erudition of the writer, but he had not the sagacity to discover that other literary qualities were also required to make twenty folios at all salable.

Of these "opera omnia," perhaps not a single copy can be found in England; but they may be a pennyworth on the continent. Raynaud's works are theological; but a system of grace, maintained by one work and pulled down by another, has ceased to interest mankind. The literature of the divine is of a less perishable nature. Reading and writing through a life of eighty years, and giving only a quarter of an hour to his dinner, with a vigorous memory, and a whimsical taste for some singular subjects, he could not fail to accumulate a mass of knowledge which may still be useful for the curious; and, besides, Raynaud had the Ristonian characteristic.

He was one of those who, exemplary in their own conduct, with a bitter zeal condemn whatever does not agree with their notions; and, however gentle in their nature, yet will set no limits to the ferocity of their pen. Raynaud was often in trouble with the censors of his books, and much more with his adversaries; so that he frequently had recourse to publish under a fictitious name. A remarkable evidence of this is the entire twentieth volume of his works. It consists of the numerous writings published anonymously, or to which were prefixed "*noms de guerre*." This volume is described by the whimsical title of *Apopompeus*, explained to us as the name given by the Jews to the scapegoat, which, when loaded with all their maledictions on its head, was driven away into the desert. These

contain all Raynaud's numerous diatribes; for whenever he was refuted, he was always refuting; he did not spare his best friends. The title of a work against Arnould will show how he treated his adversaries: "*Arnouldus redivivus natus Brixia seculo XII. renatus in Galliæ etate nostra*." He dexterously applied the name of Arnould, by comparing him with one of the same name in the twelfth century, a scholar of Abelard's, and a turbulent enthusiast, say the Romish writers, who was burnt alive for having written against the luxuries and power of the priesthood, and for having raised a rebellion against the pope. When the learned De Launoi had successfully attacked the legends of saints, and was called the "*denicheur de saints*," "the unniccher of saints," every parish priest trembled for his favorite. Raynaud entitled a libel on this new iconoclast, "*Hercules Commodianus Joannes Launoius repulsus*." &c. He compared Launoi to the Emperor Commodus, who, though the most cowardly of men, conceived himself formidable when he dressed himself as Hercules. Another of these maledictions is a tract against Calvinism, describing a "*religio bestiarum*," (a religion of beasts,) because the Calvinists deny free will; but as he always fired with a double-barrelled gun, under the cloak of attacking Calvinism, he aimed a deadly shot at the Thomists, and particularly at a Dominican friar, whom he considered as bad as Calvin. Raynaud exults that he had driven one of his adversaries to take flight into Scotland, "*ad pulas Scoticas transgressus*," (to a Scotch pottage)—an expression which St. Jerome used in speaking of Pelagius. He always rendered an adversary odious by coupling him with some odious name. On one of these controversial books, where Casalas refuted Raynaud, Monnoye wrote, "*Raynaudus et Casalas inepti: Raynaudo tamen Casalas ineptior*."

Some of his most remarkable treatises may be mentioned as so many curiosities of literature.

The seventh volume bears the general title of *Mariolia*. All the treatises have for their theme the

perfections and the worship of the Virgin. Many extraordinary things are here. One is a dictionary of names given to the Virgin, with observations on these names. Another, on the devotion of the scapulary, and its wonderful effects, written against De Launo, and for which the order of the Carmes, when he died, bestowed a solemn service and obsequies on him. Another of these *Mariolia* is mentioned by Gallois, in the *Journal des Sçavans*. 1667, as a proof of his fertility. Having to preach on the seven solemn anthems which the church sings before Christmas, and which begin with an "O!" he made this letter only the subject of his sermons; and, barren as the letter appears, he has struck out "a multitude of beautiful particulars." This literary folly invites our curiosity.

In the eighth volume is a table of saints, classed by their station, condition, employment, and trades; a list of titles and prerogatives which the councils and the fathers have attributed to the sovereign pontiff.

The thirteenth volume has a subject which seems much in the taste of the sermons on the letter O. It is entitled *Laus Brevitatis*, in praise of brevity. The maxims are brief, but the commentary long. One of the natural subjects treated on is that of Noses; he reviews a great number of noses, and, as usual, does not forget the holy Virgin's. According to Raynaud, the nose of the Virgin Mary was long and aquiline, the mark of goodness and dignity; and as Jesus perfectly resembled his mother, he infers that he must have had such a nose. A treatise directed against the new custom of hiring chairs in churches, and being seated during the sacrifice of the mass. Another on the Cæsarean operation, which he stigmatizes as an act against nature. Another on eunuchs. Another, entitled *Hipparchus de Religioso Negotiatore*, is an attack on those of his own company—the monk turned merchant; the Jesuits were then accused of commercial traffic with the revenues of their establishment. The rector of a college at Avignon, who thought he was portrayed in this honest work, confined Raynaud in prison for five months.

After all, Raynaud was a man of vast acquirement, with a great flow of ideas, but tasteless, and void of all judgment. An anecdote may be recorded of him, which puts in a clear light the state of these literary men. Raynaud was one day pressing hard a reluctant bookseller to publish one of his works, who replied, "Write a book like Father Barri's, and I shall be glad to print it." It happened that the work of Barri was pillaged from Raynaud, and was much liked, while the original lay on the shelf. However, this only served to provoke a fresh attack from our redoubtable hero, who vindicated his rights, and emptied his quiver on him who had been ploughing with his heifer.

249. MILTON AND SALMASIUS.

The celebrated controversy of Salmasius, continued by Morus with Milton,—the first the pleader of King Charles, the latter the advocate of the people,—was of that magnitude, that all Europe took a part in the paper war of these two great men. The answer of Milton, who perfectly massacred Salmasius, is now read but by a few. Salmasius was a man of vast erudition, but no taste. His writings are learned, but sometimes ridiculous. He called his work *Defensio Regia*, Defence of Kings.

The opening of this work provokes a laugh. "Englishmen! who toss the heads of kings as so many tennis-balls, who play with crowns as if they were bowls, who look upon sceptres as so many crooks." Salmasius sometimes reproaches Milton as being but a puny piece of man; a *humunculus*, a dwarf deprived of the human figure, a bloodless being, composed of nothing but skin and bone; a contemptible pedagogue, fit only to flog his boys; and sometimes elevating the ardor of his mind into a poetic frenzy, he applies to him the words of Virgil, "*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*." Our great poet thought this senseless declamation merited a serious refutation; perhaps he did not wish to appear despicable in the eyes of the ladies; and he would not be silent on the subject, he says, lest any one should consider him as the credulous Spaniards are made to believe by their priests, that a heretic is a kind of rhinoceros, or a dog-headed monster. Milton says that he does not think any one ever considered him as unbeautiful; that his size rather approaches mediocrity than the diminutive; that he still felt the same courage and the same strength which he possessed when young, when, with his sword, he felt no difficulty to combat with men more robust than himself; that his face, far from being pale, emaciated, and wrinkled, was sufficiently creditable to him; for though he had passed his fortieth year, he was, in all other respects, ten years younger. And very pathetically he adds, "that even his eyes, blind as they are, are unblemished in their appearance; in this instance alone, and much against my inclination, I am a deceiver." When Salmasius found that his strictures on the person of Milton were false, and that, on the contrary, it was uncommonly beautiful, he then turned his battery against those graces with which nature had so liberally adorned his adversary. And it is now that he seems to have laid no restrictions on his pen; but, raging with the irritation of Milton's success, he throws out the blackest calumnies, and the most infamous aspersions.

It must be observed, when Milton first proposed to answer Salmasius, he had lost the use of one of his eyes; and his physicians declared that if he applied himself to the controversy, the other would likewise close forever. His patriotism was not to be baffled but with life itself. Unhappily, the predictions of his physicians took place! Thus a learned man in the occupations of study falls blind—a circumstance even now not read without sympathy. Salmasius considers it as one from which he may draw caustic ridicule and satiric severity.

Salmasius glories that Milton lost his health and his eyes in answering his apology for King Charles. He does not now reproach him with natural deformities; but he malignantly sympathizes with him, that he now no more is in possession of that beauty which rendered him so amiable during his residence in Italy. He speaks more plainly in a following page, and, in a word, would blacken the austere virtues of Milton with a crime too infamous to name.

Impartiality of criticism obliges us to confess that Milton was not destitute of rancor. When he was told that his adversary boasted he had occasioned the loss of his eyes, he answered, with the ferocity of the irritated Puritan, "*And I shall cost him his life!*"—a prediction which was soon after verified; for Christina, Queen of Sweden, withdrew her patronage from Salmasius, and sided with Milton. The universal neglect the proud scholar felt hastened his death in the course of a twelvemonth.

350. DES FONTAINES AND PIRON.

Des Fontaines, the journalist, who had wit and malice, inserted the fragment of a letter which the poet Rousseau wrote to the younger Racine, whilst he was at the Hague. These were the words: "I enjoy the conversation, within these few days, of my associates in Parnassus. Mr. Piron is an excellent antidote against melancholy; *but*," &c. Des Fontaines maliciously stopped at this *but*. In the letter of Rousseau it was, "but unfortunately he departs soon." Piron was very sensibly affected at this equivocal *but*, and resolved to revenge himself by composing one hundred epigrams against the malignant critic. He had written sixty before Des Fontaines died; but of those only two attracted any notice.

351. WARBURTON AND EDWARDS.



Bishop Warburton.

Warburton, who committed so many personal injuries, has, in his turn, most eminently suffered from the same motive. The personal animosity of a most ingenious man was the real cause of the utter destruction of Warburton's critical reputation. Edwards, the author of *Canons of Criticism*, when young and in the army, was a visitor at Allen's, of Prior Park, the patron of Warburton; and in those literary conversations which usually occupied their evenings, Warburton affected to show his superiority in his acquaintance with the Greek writers, never suspecting a red coat covered more Greek than his own, which happened unluckily to be the case. Once Edwards, in the library, taking down a Greek author, explained a passage in a manner which did not suit, probably, with some new theory of the great inventor of so many. A contest arose, in which Edwards discovered how Warburton came by his illegitimate knowledge of Greek authors. Edwards attempted to convince

him that he did not really understand Greek, and that his knowledge, such as it was, was derived from French translations—a provoking act of literary kindness, which took place in the presence of Ralph Allen and his niece, who, though they could not stand as umpires, did as witnesses. An incurable breach took place between the parties, and from this trifling altercation, Edwards produced the bitter *Canons of Criticism*, and Warburton those foaming notes in the *Dunciad*.

352. WARBURTON AND DR. TAYLOR.

Dr. Taylor, the chancellor of Lincoln, once threw out, in company, an opinion derogatory to the scholarship of Warburton, who seems always to have had some choice spirits of his legion as spies in the camp of an enemy, and who sought their tyrant's grace by their violation of the social compact. The tyrant himself had an openness quite in contrast with the dark under-works of his satellites. He boldly interrogated our critic, and Taylor replied undauntedly, and more poignantly than Warburton might have suspected, that "he did not recollect ever saying that Dr. Warburton was no scholar, but that, indeed, he had always *thought* so." To this intrepid spirit, the world owes one of the remarkable prefaces to the *Divine Legation*, in which the chancellor of Lincoln, intrepid as he was, stands like a man of straw, to be buffeted and tossed about with all those arts of distortion which the wit and virulence of Warburton almost every day was practising at his "established places of execution," as his prefaces and notes have been wittily termed.

353. WALPOLE AND GRAY.

Walpole could not endure equality in literary men. His pride and hauteur were excessive, which betrayed themselves in the treatment of Gray, who had himself too much pride and spirit to *forgive* it, though matters were made up between them, and Walpole invited Gray to Strawberry Hill. When Gray came, he, without any ceremony, told Walpole that, though he waited on him, as civility required, yet by no means would he ever be there on the terms of their former friendship, which he had totally cancelled.

354. SHERIDAN AND CUMBERLAND.

When the *School for Scandal* was performing at Drury Lane Theatre with uncommon applause, the first season, Cumberland sat in the stage box, and was observed never to smile at any of the good things which the author had put into the mouths of the scenic personages. When the comedy was concluded, he improperly remarked, "I am much surprised that the audience should laugh so immoderately at what could not make me smile." As there are social traitors in all circles, this sarcasm was conveyed to Sheridan, who very coolly observed that Cumberland was truly ungrateful for not smiling at his *comedy*, as he had seen a *tragedy* of Cumberland's at Covent Garden Theatre, but a fortnight before, and had laughed from the beginning to the end!"

§ 22. PERSONAL AND LITERARY CHARACTER.

355. SENECA, SALLUST, LUCIAN, AND OTHERS.

We find Seneca, the disinterested usurer of seven millions, writing on moderate desires, on a table of gold.

Sallust, who so eloquently declaims against the licentiousness of the age, was repeatedly accused in the senate of public and habitual debaucheries; and when this inveigher against the spoilers of provinces attained to a remote government, Sallust pilaged like Verres.

Lucian, when young, declaimed against the friendship of the great, as another name for servitude; but when his talents procured him a situation under the emperor, he facetiously compared himself to those quacks who, themselves plagued with a perpetual cough, offer to sell an infallible remedy for one.

Sir Thomas More, in his *Utopia*, declares that no man ought to be punished for his religion; yet he became a fierce persecutor, racking and burning men, when his own true faith in England was at the ebb.

At the moment the poet Rousseau was giving versions of the Psalms, full of unction, as our neighbors say, he was profaning the same pen with the most infamous of epigrams.

356. ROBERT BURTON.



That singular writer, Robert Burton, is said, by Anthony Wood, to have composed his *Anatomy* in order to divert his own "melancholy." So great was the demand for this book, when first published, that the bookseller is said to have acquired an estate by it. In the intervals of his vapors, he was the most facetious companion in the university. When he felt a depression coming upon him, he used to relieve his melancholy by going to the foot of the bridge, and listening to the coarse ribaldry of the bargemen, which seldom failed to throw him into a fit of laughter. He bequeathed a great part of his

books to the Bodleian Library, and one hundred pounds to purchase five pounds' worth of books yearly, to the library of Christ Church, Oxford.

357. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Sir Philip Sidney was one of the brightest ornaments of Queen Elizabeth's court. In early youth, he discovered the strongest marks of genius and understanding. Sir Frederick Greville—Lord Brooke—who was his intimate friend, says of him, "Though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man with such steadiness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk was ever of knowledge, and his very play tended to enrich the mind."

358. MOLIÈRE AND PASCAL.

Molière, whose humor was so perfectly comic, and even ludicrous, was a very thoughtful and serious man, and perhaps even of a melancholy temper. His strongly-featured physiognomy exhibits the face of a great tragic, rather than of a great comic, poet. Could one have imagined that the brilliant wit, the luxuriant raiillery, and the fine and deep sense of Pascal, could have combined with the most opposite qualities—the hypochondriacism and bigotry of an ascetic?

359. RACINE NO LOVER.

When Valincour attributed the excessive tenderness, in the tragedies of Racine, to the poet's own impassioned character, the younger Racine amply showed that his father was by no means this slave of love; that his intercourse with a certain actress was occasioned by his pains to form her who, with a fine voice, and memory, and beauty, was incapable of comprehending the verses she recited, or accompanying them with any natural gesture. The tender Racine never wrote a single love poem, nor had a mistress; and his wife had never read his tragedies, for poetry was not her delight. Racine's motive for making love the constant source of action in his tragedies was on the principle which has influenced so many poets, who usually conform to the prevalent taste of the times. In the court of a young monarch, it was necessary that heroes should be lovers; and since Corneille had so nobly run in one career, Racine could not have existed as a great poet had he not rivalled him in an opposite one. The tender Racine was no lover; but he was a subtle and epigrammatic observer, before whom his convivial friends never cared to open their minds.

360. LE VAYER, BAYLE, AND OTHERS.

Many licentious writers have led chaste lives. La Mothe le Vayer wrote two works of a free nature; yet his was the unblemished life of a retired sage.

Bayle is the too faithful compiler of impurities; but he resisted the corruption of the senses as much as Newton.

La Fontaine wrote tales fertile in intrigues, yet

the "*bon homme*" has not left on record a single illicit amour.

Smollet's character is immaculate; yet he has described two scenes which offend even in the freedom of imagination.

Cowley, who boasts with such gayety of the versatility of his passion among so many mistresses, wanted even the confidence to address one. Thus licentious writers may be very chaste men; for the imagination may be a volcano, while the heart is an Alp of ice.

261. HERON, BERESFORD, AND BURTON.

The *Comforts of Human Life*, by R. Heron, were written in a prison, under the most distressing circumstances. The *Miseries of Human Life*, by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing-room, where the author was surrounded by all the good things of this world. A striking contrast will often be found to exist between authors and their works, melancholy writers being usually the most jocular and lively in society, and humorists in theory the most lugubrious of animals in practice.

Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, was extremely facetious in conversation; and the most dolorous poet of our own day, Lord Byron, was one of the most brilliant and humorous of associates when he mingled with the world.

262. ROCHEFOUCAULD AND DE RETZ.

"*Rochefoucauld*," says the eloquent Dugald Stewart, "in private life was a conspicuous example of

all those moral qualities of which he seemed to deny the existence, and exhibited, in this respect, a striking contrast to the Cardinal de Retz, who has presumed to censure him for his want of faith in the reality of virtue; and to which we must add that De Retz was one of those pretended patriots, without a single of those virtues for which he was the clamorous advocate of faction."

263. COLTON'S LACON.

This remarkable book was written upon covers of letters and scraps of paper of such description as was nearest at hand; the greater part at a house in Princes Street, Soho. Colton's lodging was a penuriously furnished second floor, and upon a rough deal table, with a stumpy pen, our author wrote.

Though a beneficed clergyman, holding the vicarage of Kew, with Petersham, in Surrey, Colton was a well-known frequenter of the gaming table; and suddenly disappearing from his usual haunts in London about the time of the murder of Weare, in 1823, it was strongly suspected he had been assassinated. It was, however, afterwards ascertained that he had absconded to avoid his creditors; and in 1828 a successor was appointed to his living. He then went to reside in America, but subsequently lived in Paris, a professed gamester; and it is said that he thus gained, in two years only, the sum of 25,000*l.* He blew out his brains while on a visit to a friend at Fontainebleau, in 1832, bankrupt in health, spirits, and fortune. What a contrast between the sentiments of Lacon and the life and death of the author!

§ 23. DOMESTIC LIFE.

264. QUINTILIAN'S BEREAVEMENTS.

No event in literary history is more impressive than the fate of Quintilian; it was in the midst of his elaborate work, composed to form the literary character of a son, his great hope, that he experienced the most terrible affliction in the domestic life of genius—the death of his wife, and one child after the other. It was a moral earthquake with a single survivor amidst the ruins. An awful burst of parental and literary affliction breaks forth in Quintilian's lamentation: "My wealth, and my writings, the fruits of a long and painful life, must now be reserved only for strangers; all I possess is for aliens, and no longer mine." The husband, the father, and the man of genius, utter one cry of agony.

265. COOPER, WHITELOCKE, AND SAVILLE.

If the literary man unites himself to a woman whose taste and whose temper are adverse to his pursuits, he must courageously prepare for a martyrdom. The wife of Bishop Cooper, while her husband was employed on his *Lexicon*, one day consigned the volume of many years to the flames, and obliged that scholar to begin a second siege of Troy in a second *Lexicon*.

The wife of Whitelocke often destroyed his manuscripts, and the marks of her nails have come down to posterity in the numerous lacerations still gaping in his *Memorials*.

The learned Sir Henry Saville, who devoted more than half of his life, and near ten thousand pounds, to his magnificent edition of St. Chrysostom, led a very uneasy life between that saint and Lady Saville; what with her tenderness for him and her own want of amusement, St. Chrysostom incurred more than one danger.

One of those learned scholars who translated the Scriptures kept a diary of his studies and his domestic calamities, for they both went on together; busied only among his books, his wife, from many causes, plunged him into debt; he was compelled to make the last sacrifice of a literary man, by disposing of his library. But now, he without books, and she worse and worse in temper, discontents were of fast growth between them. Our man of study found his wife, like the remora, a little fish, sticking at the bottom of his ship, impeding its progress. He desperately resolved to fly from the country and his wife. There is a cool entry in the diary, on a warm proceeding, one morning, wherein he expresses some curiosity to know the cause of his wife being out of temper. Simplicity of a patient scholar! The present matrimonial case, however, terminated in unexpected happiness; the wife, after having forced her husband to be deprived of his library, to be daily chronicling her caprices, and, finally, to take the serious resolution of abandoning his country, yet, living in good old times, religion and conscience united them again; and, as the connubial diarist ingeniously describes this second marriage of himself

and his wife, "made it be with them, as surgeons say it is with a fractured bone, if once well set, the stronger for a fracture." A new consolation for domestic ruptures.

266. MELANTHON AND HIS FAMILY.

Melanthon is reported to have frequently studied the gravest points of theology with his book in one hand, and in the other the edge of a cradle which he incessantly rocked; and M. Esprit, a celebrated author and scholar, "has been caught by me," says M. Marville, "reading Plato with great attention, considering the interruptions which he met with from the necessity of sounding his little child's whistle."

267. MILTON, MOLIERE, STEELE, AND ROUSSEAU.

Observe the errors and infirmities of the greatest men of genius in their matrimonial connections. Milton carried nothing of the greatness of his mind in the choice of his wives; his first wife was the object of sudden fancy. He left the metropolis, and unexpectedly returned a married man; united to a woman of such uncongenial dispositions, that the romp was frightened at the literary habits of the great poet, found his house solitary, beat his nephews, and ran away after a single month's residence. To this circumstance, we owe his famous treatise on divorce, and a party, by no means extinct, who, having made as ill choices in their wives, were for divorcing as fast as they had been for marrying, calling themselves *Miltonists*.

When we find that Moliere, so skilful in human life, married a girl from his own troop, who made him experience all those bitter disgusts and ridiculous embarrassments which he himself played off at the theatre; that Addison's fine taste in morals and in life could suffer the ambition of a courtier to prevail with himself to seek a countess, whom he describes under the stormy character of Oceana, who drove him contemptuously into solitude, and shortened his days; and that Steele, warm and thoughtless, was united to a cold, precise "Miss Prue," as he calls her, and from whom he never parted without bickerings; in all these cases we censure the great men, not their wives. Rousseau has honestly confessed his error; he had united himself to a low, illiterate woman, and when he retreated into solitude, he felt the weight which he carried with him.

268. HOLLIS, THE LITERARY BACHELOR.

If ever a man of letters lived in a state of energy and excitement which might raise him above the atmosphere of social love, it was assuredly the enthusiast, Thomas Hollis, who, solely devoted to literature and to republicanism, was occupied in furnishing Europe and America with editions of his favorite authors. He would not marry, lest marriage should interrupt the labors of his Platonic politics. But his extraordinary memoirs, while they show an intrepid mind in a robust frame, bear witness to the self-tormentor who had trodden down the natural bonds of domestic life. Hence the "deep dejection of his spirits;" those incessant cries, that he has "no one to advise, assist, or cherish these magnanimous pursuits in him." At length he retreated into the country in utter hopelessness.

"I go not into the country for attention to agriculture as such, nor attentions of interest of any kind, which I have ever despised as such; but as a *used man*, to pass the remainder of a life in tolerable sanity and quiet, after having given up the flower of it, voluntarily, day, week, month, year after year successive to each other, to public service, and being no longer able to sustain, in body or mind, the labors that I have chosen to go through, without falling speedily into the greatest disorder, and, it might be, imbecility itself. This is not coloring, but the exact plain truth."

269. EVELYN AND HIS FAMILY.

Evelyn, in his beautiful retreat at Sayes Court, had inspired his family with that variety of tastes which he himself was spreading throughout the nation. His son translated Rapin's *Gardens*, which poem the father proudly preserved in his Sylva; his lady, ever busied in his study, excelled in the arts her husband loved, and designed the frontispiece to his *Lucretius*; she was the cultivator of their celebrated garden, which served as an example of his great work on "forest trees."

270. DR. JOHNSON'S MARRIAGE.

The artless manners and rustic prettiness of Lucy Porter had won Johnson's youthful heart when she was on a visit at the Rev. John Hunter's, master of the free school, Lichfield, in Johnson's youthful days. The peculiar appearance, however, of Johnson could not tempt the lady to a return of his passion; and at length she returned to her parents at Birmingham. Business requiring Johnson's presence in that neighborhood on the death of his father, and calling upon his former mistress there, he found her parent dying. With that affectionate friendship which particular situations always experienced from him, he passed all his leisure hours at Mr. Porter's, attending his sick bed, and a few months after his death, asked Mrs. Johnson's consent to his marriage with the widow.

Mrs. Porter has been represented as very fat, with a red face, and indifferent features, and in her speech and manners affected, and bordering on girlish levity; while Johnson, on his first introduction to her, exhibited an appearance yet more singular. He was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, while the scars occasioned by the scrofula were deeply visible. His hair, which was straight and stiff, he wore separated behind; and he often had, seemingly, convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule. Mrs. Porter, however, was so much engaged by his conversation, that she overlooked all these external disadvantages, and expressed to her daughter, "This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life."

Johnson's mother, as might naturally be expected, expressed her surprise at a request so imprudent and extraordinary, both on account of their disparity of years and her want of fortune.

"No, Sam," said she, "my willing consent you will never have to so preposterous a match. You are twenty-five, and she is turned of fifty. If she had any prudence, this request would never have been made to me. Where are your means of subsistence? Porter has died poor, in consequence of his wife's expensive habits. You have great talents, but as yet have turned them into no profitable channel."

"Mother," replied Johnson, "I have not deceived Mrs. Porter; I have told her the worst of me, that I am of mean extraction; that I have no money; and that I have had an uncle hanged. She replied that she valued no one more or less for his descent; that she had no more money than myself; and that though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging."

After some little lapse of time, however, matters were brought to a conclusion, and Derby was fixed on as the place where the ceremony should be performed, on the 9th of July, 1736, for which place the bride and bridegroom set out on horseback. The singular account of their journey to church, on the nuptial morning, is given by Boswell, in the doctor's own words to him. "Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover

like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and that she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of her sight; the road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me; when she did, I observed her to be in tears."

This, it must be allowed, was a singular beginning of connubial felicity, yet he proved a most affectionate and indulgent husband to the last moment of her life. He once told Topham Beauclerk, with much gravity, "Sir, it was a love match on both sides;" and in his Prayers and Meditations, we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondness for her never ceased, even after her death.

§ 24. TRIALS AND MISERIES.

271. THOMAS NASH.

It appears by a confession of Thomas Nash, that an author would in his days, pressed by the *res angusta domi*, when "the bottom of his purse was turned upward," submit to compose pieces for gentlemen who aspired to authorship. He tells us on some occasion that he was then in the country composing poetry for some country squire, and says, "I am fain to let my plow stand still in the midst of a farrow, to follow these senior fantastics, to whose amorous *villanelles* I prostitute my pen," and this, too, "twice or thrice in a month;" and he complains that it is "poverty which alone maketh me so inconstant to my determined studies, trudging from place to place, to and fro, and prosecuting the means to keep me from idleness." An author was then much like a vagrant.

272. PRIDEAUX'S POVERTY.

John Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester, was originally very poor. Before he applied himself to learning, he stood candidate for the office of parish clerk at Wyborow, in Devonshire, and, to his great mortification, another was chosen into that place. Such was his poverty on his first coming to Oxford, that he was employed in servile offices in the kitchen of Exeter College for his support. He has been after heard to say, that if he had been elected clerk of Wyborow, he should never have been a bishop. He was so far from being ashamed of his former poverty, that he kept the leather breeches which he wore at Oxford as a memorial of it.

273. PRYNNE'S IMPRISONMENT.

Prynne, says D'Israeli, seldom dined : every three or four hours he munched a manchet, and refreshed his exhausted spirits with ale brought to him by his servant; and when "he was put into this road of writing," as crabb'd Anthony telleth, he fixed on "a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend them from too much light;" and then, hunger nor thirst did he ex-

perience, save that of his voluminous pages. Prynne has written a library, amounting, I think, to nearly two hundred books. Our unlucky author, whose life was involved in authorship, and his happiness, no doubt, in the habitual exuberance of his pen, seems to have considered the being debarred from pen, ink, and books, during his imprisonment, as an act more barbarous than the loss of his ears. The extraordinary perseverance of Prynne in this fever of the pen appears in the following title of one of his extraordinary volumes: "Comfortable Cordials against discomfortable Fears of Imprisonment; containing some Latin Verses, Sentences, and Texts of Scripture, written by Mr. Wm. Prynne on his Chamber Walls, in the Tower of London, during his Imprisonment there; translated by him into English Verse, 1641."

274. JOSHUA BARNES.

Joshua Barnes was the editor of Homer, Euripides, and Anacreon, and the writer of a vast number of miscellaneous compositions in history and poetry. Besides the works he published, he left behind him nearly fifty unfinished ones; many were epic poems, all intended to be in twelve books, and some had reached their eighth. His folio volume of the History of Edward III. is a labor of valuable research. He wrote with equal facility in Greek, Latin, and his own language, and he wrote all his days; and, in a word, having little or nothing but his Greek professorship, not exceeding forty pounds a year, Barnes, who had a great memory, a little imagination, and no judgment, saw the close of a life, devoted to the studies of humanity, settle around him in gloom and despair. The great idol of his mind was the edition of his Homer, which seems to have completed his ruin: he was haunted all his days with a notion that he was persecuted by envy, and much undervalued by the world; the sad consolation of the secondary and third-rate authors, who often die persuaded of the existence of ideal enemies. To enable him to publish his Homer at an enormous charge, he wrote a poem, the design of which is to prove that Solomon was the author of the Iliad, and it has been said that this was done to interest his wife, who had some property, to lend her aid towards the

publication of so divine a work. This happy pun was applied for his epitaph : —

JOSHUA BARNES,
Fœlicis memoris, judicium expectans.
Here lieth
Joshua Barnes,
Of happy memory, awaiting judgment !

275. DEFOE'S INSOLVENCY.

Daniel Defoe died insolvent, author of two hundred and ten books and pamphlets.

276. SIR RICHARD STEELE AND SAVAGE.

Sir Richard desired Mr. Savage to come very early to his house one morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, or whether they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire, but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty ale-house, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that was ordered had been put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and, after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon. Mr. Savage then imagined his task over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning and return home ; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for ; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer the new production to sale for two guineas, which, with some difficulty, he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet to discharge his reckoning.

277. INTERRUPTIONS OF AUTHORS.

Those unhappy beings who wander from house to house, privileged by the charter of society to obstruct the knowledge they cannot impart, to tire because they are tired, or to seek amusement at the cost of others, belong to that class of society which have affixed no other value to time than that of getting rid of it : these are judges not the best qualified to comprehend the nature and evil of their depredations in the silent apartment of the studious. "We are afraid," said some of those visitors to Baxter, "that we break in upon your time." "To be sure you do," replied the disturbed and blunt scholar.

Ursinus, to hint as gently as he could to his friends that he was avaricious of time, contrived to place an inscription over the door of his study, which could not fail to fix their eye, intimating that whoever remained there must join in his labors.

The amiable Melancthon, incapable of a harsh expression, when he received these idle visits, only noted down the time he had expended, that he might

reanimate his industry, and not lose a day. The literary character has been driven to the most inventive shifts to escape the irruption of a formidable party at a single rush, who enter without "besieging or beseeching," as Milton has it.

The late elegant, poetical Mr. Ellis, on one of these occasions, at his country-house, showed a literary friend, that, when driven to the last, he usually made his escape by a leap out of the window.

Brand Hollis endeavored to hold out the idea of singularity as a shield ; and the great Robert Boyle was compelled to advertise in a newspaper that he must decline visits on certain days, that he might have leisure to finish some of his works.

278. LOSS OF ERASMUS.

The celebrated Erasmus lost his whole substance (*quæ tum erat exigua, sed mihi maxima quam nihil superasset*) from a seizure by the custom-house officers at Dover, under one of those laws. Previous to his leaving England, he had consulted his friend, Sir T. More, who informed him he might carry any money out of the kingdom, which was not English coin. Erasmus protests that what he had with him was neither coined in England, nor paid him by any one here on English account. The money was, however, taken from him, and, on his landing in France, he made a hasty collection of proverbs, which he printed for subsistence.

279. MONTESQUIEU'S EXPERIENCE.

A confession by Montesquieu states, with open candor, a fact in his life, which shows the jealousy of the great towards the literary character.

"On my entering into life, I was spoken of as a man of talents, and people of condition gave me a favorable reception ; but when the success of my Persian Letters proved perhaps that I was not unworthy of my reputation, and the public began to esteem me, my reception with the great was discouraging, and I experienced innumerable mortifications." Montesquieu subjoins a reflection sufficiently humiliating for the mere nobleman : "The great, inwardly wounded with the glory of a celebrated name, seek to humble it. In general, he only can patiently endure the fame of others who deserves fame himself."

280. COLE'S CHRONICLES.

William Cole, the college friend of Walpole, Mason, and Gray, had a gossip's ear, and a tattler's pen, and, among better things, wrote down every grain of literary scandal his insatiable and minute curiosity could lick up. These scandalous chronicles, which only show the violence of his prejudices, without the force of genius, or the acuteness of penetration, were ordered not to be opened till twenty years after his decease ; he wished to do as little mischief as he could, but he loved to do some. I well remember, says D'Israeli, the cruel anxiety which prevailed in the nineteenth year of these enclosures ; it spoiled the digestions of several of our literati who had had the misfortune of Cole's intimate friendship or enmity.

When the lid was removed from this Pandora's box, it happened that some of his intimate friends were alive to perceive in what strange figures they were exhibited by their quondam admirer !

Cole had passed a long life in the pertinacious labor of forming an *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, and other literary collections, designed as a companion to the work of Anthony Wood. These mighty labors exist in more than fifty folio volumes in his own writing. He began these collections about the year 1745. In a fly leaf of 1777, I found the following melancholy state of his feelings and a literary confession, as forcibly expressed as it is painful to read, when we consider that they are the wailings of a most zealous votary.

"In good truth, whoever undertakes this drudgery of an *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, must be contented with no prospect of credit and reputation to himself, and with the mortifying reflection that, after all his pains and study through life, he must be looked upon in a humble light. However, as I have begun, and made so large a progress in this undertaking, it is death to think of leaving it off, though, from the former considerations, so little credit is to be expected from it."

281. MYLES DAVIES.

To paint the distresses of an author in the early part of the eighteenth century soliciting alms for a book which he presents, is a case so uncommon in English literary history, that the invention of the novelist seems necessary to fill up the picture. But Myles Davies is an artist, in his own simple narrative.

Our author has given the names of several of his unwilling customers.

"Those squeeze-farthing and hoard-penny ignoramus doctors, with several great personages who formed excuses for not accepting my books; or they would receive them, but give nothing for them; or else deny they had them, or remembered any thing of them; and so gave me nothing for my last present of books, though they kept them *gratis et ingratiss*."

"But his grace of the Dutch extraction in Holland (said to be akin to Mynheer Vander B—nk) had a peculiar grace in receiving my present of books and odes, which, being bundled up together with a letter and an ode upon his graceship, and carried in by his porter, I was bid to call for an answer five years hence. I asked the porter what he meant by that. I suppose, said he, four or five days hence; but it proved five or six months after, before I could get any answer, though I had writ five or six letters in French with fresh odes upon his graceship, and an account where I lived, and what nobleness had accepted of my present. I attended about the door three or four times a week, and all that time constantly from twelve to four or five o'clock in the evening; and walking under the fore windows of the parlors, once that time his and her grace came after dinner to stare at me, with open windows and shut mouths, but filled with fair water, which they spouted with so much dexterity that they twisted the water through their teeth and mouth-screw, to fash near my face, and yet just to miss me, though my nose could not well miss the natural flavor of the orange-water showering so near me. Her grace began the water-work, but not very gracefully, especially for an English lady of her description, airs, and qualities, to make a stranger her spitting-post, who had been guilty of no other offence than to offer her husband some writings. His grace followed, yet first stood looking so wistfully towards me, that I verily thought he had a

mind to throw me a guinea or two for all these indignities, and two or three months' then sleeveless waiting upon him; and accordingly I advanced to address his grace to remember the poor author, but, instead of an answer, he immediately undamns his mouth, out fly whole showers of lymphatic rockets, which had like to have put out my mortal eyes."

Still he was not disheartened, and still applied for his bundle of books, which were returned to him at length unopened, with "half a guinea upon top of the cargo," and "with desire to receive no more." "I plucked up courage, murmuring within myself,—

'Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior esto.'"

282. JOHNSON BEHIND THE SCREEN.

Soon after the publication of the *Life of Savage*, which was anonymous, Mr. Walter Harte, dining with Mr. Cave, the projector of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, at St. John's Gate, took occasion to speak very handsomely of the work. The next time Cave met Harte, he told him that he had made a man very happy the other day at his house by the encomiums he bestowed on the author of *Savage's Life*. "How could that be?" says Harte; "none were present but you and I." Cave replied, "You might observe I sent a plate of virtuels behind the screen. There skulked the biographer, one Johnson, whose dress was so shabby that he durst not make his appearance. He overheard our conversation, and your applauding his performance delighted him exceedingly."

283. BOYCE AND DR. JOHNSON.

Samuel Boyce was a well-known literary character of the last century. Dr. Johnson, among other acts of friendly sympathy, frequently solicited alms or subscriptions for Boyce; and having once received a guinea, he bought some roast beef and a bottle of port wine. But when Boyce sat down to enjoy "this manna in the wilderness," he commenced a serious quarrel with the doctor because he had not added also some mushrooms or catsup.

284. GOLDSMITH'S EXPERIENCE.

At the sale of a very curious collection of rare autograph letters in London, there was one of Oliver Goldsmith, in which he says, "I know of no misery but a jail to which my own imprudence and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable this three or four weeks, and from Heaven request it as a favor — as a favor that may prevent something more fatal. I have been years struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it, with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable." This interesting document sold for £6 8s. 6d.

285. GOLDSMITH AT GREEN ARBOR COURT

The lover of literature will walk up the Break-neck Stairs, between Seacoal Lane and the Old Bailey, with great pleasure, when he reflects that it will lead to Green Arbor Court, where Goldsmith wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield* and his *Traveller*.

A friend of the doctor, paying him a visit in this place in March, 1759, found him in a lodging

so poor and miserable that, he says, he should not have thought it proper to have mentioned the circumstance, did he not consider it as the highest proof of the splendor of Goldsmith's genius and talents, that, by the bare exertion of their powers, under every disadvantage of person and fortune, he could gradually emerge from such obscurity to the enjoyment of all the comforts and even the luxuries of life, and admission into the best societies of London.

The doctor was writing his Inquiry into the present State of polite Learning in a wretched, dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when he, from civility, offered it to his visitant, he was obliged to seat himself in the window. Such was the humble abode of one of the first of English writers; and such was the place where two of the finest productions of English literature were written.

286. SHERIDAN AND HIS WIFE IN POVERTY.

When Sheridan was in distress, in early life, one of his resources was that of writing for the fugitive publications of the day, in which he was materially assisted by his wife; and many years after his entrance into the spheres of politics, he was heard to say that, "if he had stuck to the law, he believed he should have done as much as his friend Tom Erskine; but," continued he, "I had no time for such studies. Mrs. Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton; otherwise we should have had no dinner." One of his friends, to whom he confessed this, wittily replied, "Then I perceive it was a *joint*

287. ST. PIERRE.

In a garret, the author of the *Studies of Nature* exultingly tells us that he arranged his work. "It was in a little garret, in the new street of St. Etienne du Mont, where I resided four years in the midst of physical and domestic afflictions. But there I enjoyed the most exquisite pleasure of my life, amid profound solitude and an enchanting horizon; there I put the finishing hand to my *Studies of Nature*, and there I published them."

288. MRS. INCHBALD AND MADAME DE STAEL.

"I will not mention the calamity of a neighbor," says Mrs. Inchbald, "by many degrees the first female writer in the world, as she is called by the Edinburgh reviewers. Madame de Staël asked a lady of my acquaintance to introduce her to me. The lady was our mutual acquaintance, of course, and so far my friend as to conceal my place of abode; yet she menaced me with a visit from the Baroness of Holstein, if I would not consent to meet her at a third house. After much persuasion I did so. I admired Madame de Staël much. She talked to me the whole time; so did Miss Edgeworth, whenever I met her in company. These authoresses supposed me dead, and seemed to pay a tribute to my memory; but with Madame de Staël it seemed no passing compliment. She was inquisitive as well as attentive, and entreated me to explain to her the motive why I shunned society. 'Because,' I replied, 'I dread the loneliness that will follow.' 'What! will you feel your solitude more

when you return from this company, than you did before you came hither?' 'Yes.' 'I should think it would elevate your spirits. Why do you feel your loneliness more?' 'Because I have no one to tell that I have seen you; no one to describe your person to; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on me.' 'Simple story; no one to enjoy any of your praises but yourself. Ah, ah! you have no children;' and she turned to an elegant daughter with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a woman's joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situation in life than could have arisen from the consequence of riches or poverty.

"I called by appointment at her house two days after. I was told she was ill. The next morning my paper explained her illness. You have seen the death of her son in the papers. He was one of Bernadotte's aid-de-camps; the most beautiful young man that ever was seen — only nineteen — a duel with sabres, and the first stroke literally cut off his head! Necker's grandson!"

289. JOHN MITFORD'S ECCENTRICITIES AND SUFFERINGS.

John Mitford was, perhaps, the most eccentric character of his day. He was originally in the navy, and fought under Hood and Nelson. He was born at Mitford Castle, Northumberland; and the authoress of *Rienzi* and *Our Village*, and the author of the *History of Greece*, were his cousins. He was also related to Lord Redesdale. His name will long be remembered in connection with Lady Percival in the Blackheath affair, for his share of which he was tried and acquitted. For several years he lived by chance, and slept three nights in the week in the open air, when his finances did not admit of his paying threepence for a den in St. Giles's. Though formerly a nautical fop, for the last fourteen years he was ragged and loathsome. He never thought of necessities but for the present moment. Having had a handsome pair of Wellington boots given him, he sold them for one shilling. The fellow who bought them went and pawned them for fifteen shillings, and came back in triumph with the money. "Ah," said Jack, "but you went out in the cold for it!"

He was the author of *Johnny Newcome* in the Navy. The publisher gave him a shilling a day until he finished it. Incredible as it may appear, he lived the whole of this time in Bayswater Fields, making a bed at night of grass and nettles. Two-penny worth of bread and cheese, with an onion, was his daily food; the rest of the shilling he expended for gin. He thus passed forty-three days, washing his shirt and stockings himself in a pond when he required clean linen. He formerly edited the *Scourge* and *Bon Ton Magazine*. He was latterly employed by publishers of a certain description. A hundred efforts were made to reclaim him, but without avail. Mr. Elliott, a printer and publisher, took him into his house, and endeavored to render him decent. For a few days he was sober; and a relative having sent him some clothes, he made a respectable appearance. But he soon degenerated into his former habits; and, whilst editing the *Bon Ton Gazette*, Mr. Elliott was obliged to keep him in a place, half kitchen, half cellar, with a loose grate tolerably well filled, a candle, a bottle of gin, where he passed his days, and, with the covering of an old carpet, his nights, never issu-

ing from his lair but when the bottle was empty. Sometimes he got furious with drink, and his shoes were taken from him to prevent his migrating; he would then run out without them, and has taken his coat off in winter and sold it for half a pint of gin. At the time of his death, he was editing a penny publication called the *Quizical Gazette*. He wrote the popular song, the King is a true British Sailor, and sold it to seven different publishers. Notwithstanding his habits, he was employed by several religious publishers.

This miserable man was buried by Mr. Green, of Will's Coffee-house, Lincoln's Inn Fields, who had formerly been his shipmate. He left a wife and family; but they were provided for by Lord Redcudale. John Mitford was a respectable classic, and of varied attainments; yet for fourteen years "he had not where to lay his head;" and he was heard to say, "if his soul was placed on one table, and a bottle of gin on another, he would sell the former to taste the latter." He died December 25, 1831.

290. EFFECT OF THE MIND ON THE STOMACH.

Literary men, according to Celsus, have universally weak stomachs — "*imbeciles stomachos omnes pene cupidi litterarum sunt.*"

Aristotle had this organ so feeble that he was obliged to strengthen it by the application of an aromatic oil to the region of the stomach, which never failed to impart its cordial effect. A respectable physician asserted that he could estimate the capacity of mind by the delicacy of the stomach; for, in fact, you scarce ever find a man of genius who does not labor under complaints of the stomach.

291. JOHN MACDIARMID.

John Macdiarmid was one of those Scotch students whom the golden fame of Hume and Robertson attracted to the metropolis. He mounted the first steps of literary adventure with credit, and passed through the probation of editor and reviewer, till he strove for more heroic adventures. He published some volumes, whose subjects display the aspirings of his genius — an Inquiry into the Nature of Civil and Military Subordination; another into the System of Military Defence. "It was during these labors," says D'Israeli, "I beheld this inquirer, of a tender frame, emaciated, and study-worn, with hollow eyes, where the mind dimly shone like a lamp in a tomb. With keen ardor he opened a new plan of biographical politics. When, by one who wished the author was in better condition, the dangers of excess in study were brought to his recollection, he smiled, and, with something of a mysterious air, talked of unalterable confidence in the powers of his mind; of the indefinite improvement in our faculties; and, with this enfeebled frame, considered himself capable of continuous labor. His whole life, indeed, was one melancholy trial. Often the day cheerfully passed without its meal, but never without its page. The new system of political biography was advancing, when our young author felt a paralytic stroke. He afterwards resumed his pen, and a second one proved fatal. He lived just to pass through the press his *Lives of British Statesmen*, a splendid quarto, whose publication he owed to the generous temper of a friend, who, when the author could not readily procure a publisher, would not see the dying author's last hope

disappointed. Some research and reflection are combined in this literary and civil history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but it was written with the blood of the author, for Macdiarmid died of over study and exhaustion.

292. HAZLITT'S DEATH BED.

William Hazlitt was hailed at the commencement of his term of authorship as a star. Vast things were predicted of him; and he, looking at the flattering picture, presaged a happy voyage through life. But how soon was the scene changed! His determined bent of thought having been ascertained to be on the popular side, he was soon marked down as a fit object for legal calumny — the fitter because the more conspicuous. We use the term legal calumny with the intention of distinguishing that sort of wrong from illegal calumny, or libel. To say he was an infidel, that his associates were the same, to assail the integrity of his opinions and the motives from which he supported them, were the lightest missiles hurled at him by his enemies.

The harassing nature of his occupation, the periodical supply of a certain quantum of copy, at length produced its effect. Those alone who are doomed to the same drudgery can appreciate our simile when we liken the press to "the horseleech, which cries, Give! give!" and this eternal cry, together with the application of stimuli to enable him to supply the demand, brought on that depravation of the stomach which is the usual effect of such a course of life.

Reluctantly, nay, tremblingly, do we lift the veil which hangs over the death bed of poor Hazlitt. Imagine this highly-gifted man stretched on a couch in the back room of a second floor, his only child, and Martin, his faithful companion and friend, watching over him. Others were not deficient in their attentions, and in providing the means of existence for him; for know, reader, that the death bed of this author was not distinguished by the circumstance of his possessing wherewith to support life when exertion was not in his power. It seems that some sudden turn of memory caused a pang in the dying man's bosom; and, calling to one whom we shall conceal under the name of Basilus,* he gently said, "Basilus, stoop down, and let me talk to you."

Basilus, (crouching by the bed side.) — What can I do for you, my dear Hazlitt?

Hazlitt. — Rid me of a pang.

Basilus. — Willingly, dear friend.

Hazlitt. — Lend me forty pounds.

Basilus. — Forty pounds? Dear Hazlitt, what can you want with forty pounds?

Hazlitt. — Lend me forty pounds.

Basilus. — Do not talk so, my dear Hazlitt. You cannot want forty pounds.

Hazlitt. — I know — I know, Basilus, what I ask. Lend it me — lend it me — I want it. 'Twill ease my mind — I want it. Lend it me; and think, Basilus, think what the world will say when it is known that you lent a dying man forty pounds without a hope of being repaid.

The argument of Hazlitt did not prevail. Very shortly after, he said to Martin, (whose attendance was constant,) "Martin, come here."

Martin approached.

Hazlitt. — Martin, I want you to write a letter for me, (starting up with energy.) Swear you'll do it.

* To the gentleman thus designated poor Hazlitt was already under deep obligations.

Martin went through the ceremony of an oath.

Hazlitt. — Now write, "Dear sir."

Martin. — "Dear sir."

Hazlitt. — "I am at the last gasp."

Martin. — "I am at the last gasp."

Hazlitt. — "Pray send me a hundred pounds."

Martin. — "Pray send me a hundred pounds."

Hazlitt. — "Yours truly —"

Martin. — "Yours truly —"

Hazlitt. — "William Hazlitt."

Martin. — "William Hazlitt."

Hazlitt. — Now fold the letter.

Martin folded it.

Hazlitt. — Write, To Francis Jeffrey, Esq., Edinburgh.

Martin superscribed the letter.

Hazlitt. — Now I am satisfied.

Martin. — Shall I not put in a word, Hazlitt, explaining who wrote it?

Hazlitt. (starting up.) Swear, Martin, you won't do so; swear you'll send it as it is.

Martin sent the letter: Hazlitt died soon after; and on the day subsequent to his death, a letter from Jeffrey arrived with an enclosure of fifty pounds.

Hone called on the previous day; he met a physician who had attended Hazlitt at the door, about to depart. "How is your patient, sir?" inquired Hone. "'Tis all over," replied the medical man. "Clinically speaking, he ought to have died two days ago. He seemed to live, during the last eight and forty hours, purely in obedience to his own will." A third person, who had just come up, here observed, "He was waiting, perhaps, until return of post, for Jeffrey's reply. What he could have wanted with that forty pounds, is a perfect mystery."

A few months before, Hone had met Hazlitt in the street, and kindly inquired as to his health and circumstances. Both were bad. "You are aware," said Hazlitt, "of some of my difficulties — those dreadful bills — those back accounts; but no human being knows ALL. I have carried a volcano in my bosom, up and down Paternoster Row, for a good two hours and a half. Even now I struggle — struggle mortally to quench — to quell it; but I can't. Its pent-up throes and agonies, I fear, will break out. *Can you lend me A SHILLING? I have been WITHOUT FOOD THESE TWO DAYS!*"

To state what Hone felt and did, on hearing this, would be needless.

393. CIBBER'S DAUGHTER.

It is well known that Colley Cibber had a daughter named Charlotte, who, like him, took to the stage. Her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, affliction, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer of this anecdote accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read. She was at this time a widow, having been married to one Clarke, a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington, in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, not very distant from the New River Head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleanings of the streets, and the priests of Cloacina to deposit the offerings from the temples of that all-worshipped power. The night preceding, a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the Muses almost

inaccessible, so that, in our approach, we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half boots. We knocked at the door, (not attempting to pull the latch string,) which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender; a perfect model for the copper captain's tattered land lady — that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex in the comedy of *Rule a Wife*. She, with a torpid voice and hungry smile, desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right I perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion, sitting on a maimed chair under the mantelpiece, by a fire merely sufficient to put us in mind of freezing. On one hob sat a monkey, which, by way of welcome, chattered at our going in; on the other, a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect; and at the author's feet, on the founce of her dingy petticoat, reclined a dog, almost a skeleton. He raised his shaggy head, and, eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. "Have done, Fidele! these are friends." The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate — a mingled effort of authority and pleasure. Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description — no wonder the creature barked. A magpie perched on the top ring of the chair, not an uncomely ornament; and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows; the pipe was gone — an advantage in their present office. They served as a *succedaneum* for a writing desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasures — the manuscript of her novel. Her inkstand was a broken teacup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one. A rough deal board, with three hobbling supporters, was brought for our convenience, on which, without further ceremony, we contrived to sit down, and enter upon business. The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed on, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid hand-maiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation. The bookseller offered five. Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous. However, some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism and the state of authorcraft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety, and run one half the risk; which was agreed upon. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties, the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously agreed to. Such is the story of the once admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet laureate and patentee of Drury Lane, who was born in affluence, and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train. Yet, unmindful of her advantages, and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill. The account given of this unfortunate woman is literally correct in every particular, of which the writer was an eye witness.

294. HEADLEY'S DISASTER.

A sad disaster befell Mr. Headley, while he was engaged in the composition of his *Washington and his Generals*. The chambermaid, who was "fixing" his room, took it into her head one morning to

clean his windows during his absence, and, seeing a pile of papers in his desk, "all scribbled over," she took them for wipers, and destroyed nearly the first volume of *Washington and his Generals*, so that the author had all his work to do over again.

§ 25. PERSECUTIONS.

295. SIR THOMAS MORE.

The singularity of Sir Thomas More was not only conspicuous in his writings, but in his conversation, his professional exertions, and even in his devotion. He was in a very peculiar manner the object of the caprice of a monarch, who was, perhaps, the strangest compound of luxury, libidinousness, hypocrisy, cruelty, credulity, and superstition, that ever was stamped with the image of man, or blazoned with the title of sovereign. In the year 1520, Sir Thomas settled with his family at Chelsea, having purchased an estate there. He had resided in Chancery Lane, in a house standing in 1822. At Chelsea, it is said, Henry VIII. would sometimes, *uninvited*, dine with the man, whom he afterwards, upon the most frivolous pretence, consigned to the block. The account which Erasmus gives of the manner of Sir Thomas More's living at Chelsea exhibits a picture of domestic happiness. "His house," he says, "was situated near the water side, neither so mean as to be entitled to contempt, nor so magnificent as to become the subject of envy. There he converseth with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their three husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so affectionate to his children as he; and he loveth his old wife as well as if she was a young maid."

296. SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who was frequently distinguished by the title of the noble and valorous knight, and whose works have placed him in an important rank in the history of English literature, was doomed to pass the best period of his life in captivity. The reign of James I. may be praised for its pacific character; but as long as the name of Raleigh shall be remembered will that reign be stained with one of the foulest crimes a monarch could commit.

Almost immediately after the accession of King James in 1603, Raleigh was imprisoned on a charge of treason, tried at Winchester in November of the same year, and condemned to die. He was, however, reprieved, and confined a close prisoner in the Tower, where he remained for upwards of fourteen years. During his confinement, he devoted great part of his time to his studies; and the productions of his pen at this time were so numerous, that he rather resembled a collegian than a captive, a student in a library than a prisoner in the Tower. His principal work, the *History of the World*, was written and published during his confinement. He was at length released from the Tower in March, 1615; had the king's commission for a voyage to Guiana, which he made in 1671; but being unsuccessful, the old sentence was revived against him on his return home, and he was sent to the scaffold, to the eternal disgrace of the pusillanimous monarch, whose con-

duct in this affair gained him the indignation of his contemporaries and of posterity.

297. LAUD AND LEIGHTON.

The first victim of Laud's severity was Dr. Leighton, who had been professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and was father of the archbishop of that name. He was brought before the Star Chamber for having written a book in which the ecclesiastical administration was censured; and for this offence he was sentenced to be twice publicly whipped, to be set twice in the pillory, to have his nose slit, and his ears cut each time, to be branded in both cheeks, to be imprisoned for life, and to pay 10,000*l.* to the king. All this was faithfully executed, the fine probably excepted, and he was liberated, after eleven years confinement, by the Long Parliament, in 1640, being then 72 years of age.

298. HARRINGTON AND SYDNEY.

Cromwell was alarmed when he saw the Oceana of Harrington, and dreaded the effects of that volume more than the plots of the royalists; while Charles II. trembled at an author only in his manuscript state; and in the height of terror, and the honor of genius, it was decreed that "*scribere est agere*."

Algernon Sydney was condemned to death for certain manuscripts found in his library; and the reason alleged was, that *scribere est agere*—that to write is to act. The papers which served to condemn Sydney, it appears, were only answers to Filmer's obsolete Defence of Monarchical Tyranny.

299. FENELON'S BANISHMENT.

"The true reason of Fenelon's being banished from the court was the honesty he showed in not advising Louis XIV. to own his marriage with Madame de Maintenon. The king had asked Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, his opinion in that affair, who spoke much praise of the lady, and advised what he saw would best please the king; but added, that if his majesty had the opinion of the Archbishop of Cambray on his side, it would be of much more weight and use than any one's else. On this, the king consulted the archbishop, who (as his enemy had foreseen,) was not courtier enough to say any thing to encourage such a declaration; and, on the contrary, gave some hints of the prejudice it might be to his majesty's affairs, in their situation at the time. This soured the king very much against him, as he expected it would; and after, Madame de Maintenon and her creatures insinuated it into the king that Fenelon had had the insolence of designing to represent his majesty under the character of

Idomeneus, in his Telemachus, and both him and the lady (in part) under those of Pygmalion and Astarte. This finished his disgrace."

300. DR. DRAKE.

The English political author, Dr. James Drake, was a man of genius, and an excellent writer. He resigned an honorable profession, that of medicine, to adopt a very contrary one, that of becoming an author by profession for a party. As a tory writer, he dared every extremity of the law, while he evaded it by every subtlety of artifice. He sent a masked lady with his manuscript to the printer, who was never discovered, and was once saved by a flaw in the indictment, from the simple change of an *r* for a *t*, or *not* for *not* — one of those shameful evasions by which the law, to its perpetual disgrace, so often protects the criminal from punishment. Dr. Drake had the honor of hearing himself censured from the throne, of being imprisoned, of seeing his Memorials of the Church of England burned at London, and his *Historia Anglo-Scotia* at Edinburgh. Having enlisted himself in the pay of the booksellers, among other works, I suspect, he condescended to practise some literary impositions; for he has reprinted Father Parson's famous libel against the Earl of Leicester, in Elizabeth's time, under the title of Secret Memoirs of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, 1706, 8vo., with a preface, pretending it was printed from an old manuscript.

Drake was a lover of literature; he left behind him a version of Herodotus, and a System of Anatomy, once the most popular and curious of its kind. After all this turmoil of his literary life, neither his masked lady nor the flaws in his indictments availed him. Government brought a writ of error, and severely prosecuted him; and abandoned, as usual, by those for whom he had annihilated a genius which deserved a better fate, his perturbed spirit broke out into a fever, and he died raving against cruel persecutors, and patrons not much more humane.

301. KING WILLIAM AND THE DANISH AMBASSADOR.

Lord Molesworth, who had resided at Copenhagen as ambassador from England, published an Account of Denmark, a valuable work, and held in
In it he made some severe remarks

upon the despotic form of the Danish government. The King of Denmark, offended at what he termed the insolence of the author, ordered his minister at the court of England to make a complaint to King William III. "What would you have me do?" said King William, in answer to the remonstrance of the Dane. "Sir," replied the minister, "if your majesty had complained to the king my master of a similar offence, ere now he would have sent to you the author's head." "This," replied William, "I have neither the power nor the inclination to do; but, if you choose it, Lord Molesworth shall insert what you have just now suggested to me in the second edition of his work."

302. INCREDIBLE PUNISHMENT.

"A great book is a great evil," says an ancient writer, an axiom which an unfortunate Russian author felt to his cost.

"Whilst I was at Moscow," says a traveller, "a quarto volume was published in favor of the liberties of the people, a singular subject, when we consider the place where the book was printed. In this work, the iniquitous venality of the public functionaries, and even the conduct of the sovereign, was scrutinized and censured with great freedom. Such a book, and in such a country, naturally attracted general notice, and the offender was taken into custody. After being tried in a summary way, his production was determined to be a libel, and he was condemned to eat his own words. The singularity of such a sentence induced me to see it put into execution. A scaffold was erected in one of the most public streets in the city; the imperial provost, the magistrates, the physicians and surgeons of the czar, attended; the book was separated from the binding, the margin cut off, and every leaf rolled up like a lottery ticket when taken out of the wheel. The author was then served with them leaf by leaf, by the provost, who put them into his mouth, to the no small diversion of the spectators; and he was obliged to swallow this unpalatable food, on pain of the knout, in Russia more feared than death. As soon as the medical gentlemen were of opinion that he had received into his stomach as much at a time as was consistent with his safety, the transgressor was sent back to prison, and the business was resumed the two following days. After three very hearty, but unpleasant meals, I am convinced, by ocular proof, that every leaf of the book was actually swallowed."

§ 26. OCCASION AND ORIGIN OF NOTED WORKS.

303. ASCHAM'S SCHOOLMASTER.

An accident occasioned Roger Ascham to write his Schoolmaster, one of the most curious and useful treatises of our elder writers.

At a dinner given by Sir William Cecil, during the plague in 1563, at his apartments at Windsor, where the queen had taken refuge, a number of ingenious men were invited. Secretary Cecil communicated the news of the morning, that several scholars at Eton had run away on account of their master's severity, which he condemned as a great error in the education of youth. Sir William Petre maintained the contrary; severe in his own temper, he

pleaded warmly in defence of hard flogging. Dr. Wotton, in softer tones, sided with the secretary. Sir John Mason, adopting no side, bantered both. Mr. Haddon seconded the hard-hearted Sir William Petre, and adduced, as an evidence that the best schoolmaster then in England was the hardest flogger. Then was it that Roger Ascham indignantly exclaimed, that if such a master had an able scholar, it was owing to the boy's genius, and not the preceptor's rod. Secretary Cecil and others were pleased with Ascham's notions. Sir Richard Sackville was silent; but when Ascham, after dinner, went to the queen to read one of the orations of Demosthenes, he took him aside, and frankly told

him that, though he had taken no part in the debate, he would not have been absent from that conversation for a great deal; that he knew to his cost the truth Ascham had supported; for it was the perpetual flogging of such a schoolmaster that had given him an unconquerable aversion to study, and, as he wished to remedy this defect in his own children, he earnestly exhorted Ascham to write his observations on so interesting a topic. Such was the circumstance which produced the admirable treatise of Roger Ascham.

304. POLIGNAC'S ANTI-LUCRETII.

Cardinal Polignac formed the design of refuting the arguments of the sceptics which Bayle had been renewing in his dictionary; but his public occupations hindered him. Two exiles at length fortunately gave him the leisure, and the Anti-Lucretius is the fruit of the court disgraces of its author.

305. GEOFFREY CRAYON'S SKETCHES

Geoffrey Crayon (Irving) and Wilkie, the painter, were fellow-travellers on the continent some years since. In their rambles about some of the old cities of Spain, they were more than once struck with scenes and incidents which reminded them of passages in the Arabian Nights. The painter urged Mr. Irving to write something that should illustrate those peculiarities—"something in the Haroun al Raschid style,"—which should have a deal of that Arabian spice which pervades every thing in Spain. The author set to work *con amore*, and produced two goodly volumes of *arabesque* sketches and tales, founded on popular traditions. His study was the



Washington Irving.

Alhambra, and the governor of the palace gave Irving and Wilkie permission to occupy his vacant apartments there. Wilkie was soon called away by the duties of his station, but Washington Irving remained for several months, spell-bound in the old enchanted pile. "How many legends," says he, "and traditions, true and fabulous—how many songs and romances, Spanish and Arabian, of love, and war, and chivalry, are associated with this romantic pile!"

§ 27. AMUSING AND LAUGHABLE INCIDENTS.

306. MORE AND ERASMUS.

It has been said to have been delightful to witness the wit-combats between Ben Jonson and Shakspeare. A similar delight must much earlier have been felt by those who were present at the encounters between More and Erasmus, on his visit to England. Their meeting without introduction at the lord mayor's table illustrated the vein of humor in them both. They had been long known to each other by epistolary correspondence. One of Erasmus's objects, in one of his journeys to England, was to become personally acquainted with his friend. But it was contrived by their host that they should not be introduced, but find each other out. They engaged in an argument at dinner. Erasmus felt himself pressed by his opponent's playful sarcasm, and exclaimed, "You are More, for you can be no one else." And More retorted, "If you are not Erasmus, you must be the devil."

307. ARRANGING AUTHORS AT TABLE.

"I knew a person," says Menage, "who occasionally gave entertainments to authors. His fancy was to place them at table, each according to the size and thickness of the volumes they had published, commencing with the folio authors, and proceeding

through the quarto and octavo, down to the duodecimo, each according to his rank."

308. A HOAX.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal contains a sketch of the life of Antoine Galland, a celebrated French author, who died in 1715. We are indebted to this sketch for the following anecdote:—

"Though the author of many learned and important works, that which has made him popular is the *Thousand and One Nights*. On the appearance of the first volumes of this work, a singular hoax was played off on the author. One very cold night, in the middle of winter, Antoine Galland was suddenly awakened by several knocks at the street door. He got up, threw his dressing-gown hastily around him, ran to the window, opened it, and, in spite of the darkness, perceived several persons assembled at his door. 'Who is there?' said he.

"Several voices instantly answered, 'Is this Monsieur Galland's?'

"'Yes,' replied he.

"'Are you sure?' inquired they, again.

"'Quite sure,' said Galland.

"'Take notice,' said one of the persons below, 'that what we have got to say can only be said to himself.'

"Then you may speak freely, for I am Antoine Galland; but speak quickly, for the wind is blowing in my face in no very agreeable manner."

"Do you speak," said one of the interlocutors to his neighbor.

"Speak yourself," rejoined he.

"No, I must speak," said a third.

"Ah, gentlemen, you must let me have a word," exclaimed a fourth.

"For the love of Heaven, gentlemen," cried Galland, who was perishing with cold, "make haste: I am freezing."

"The same colloquy recommenced, and Galland, who had been listening with wondrous patience, again exclaimed, still shivering, 'For the love of Heaven, gentlemen, make haste, for the cold is

"At last all the young people who had disturbed the sleep of the orientalist joined in one chorus, 'Ah, Monsieur Galland, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories which you tell so well.'

"This was in allusion to the two first volumes of the *Thousand and One Nights*, in which every chapter begins thus: 'My dear sister, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories which you tell so well.'

"Antoine Galland had too much sense to be angry at this sally; he began to laugh, and replying, 'Gentlemen, *au revoir!*' he closed the window, and returned to his bed, where he was not long before he regained some of the caloric which he had lost at the window. He, however, profited by the lesson, and published all his other volumes without this exordium."

309. VOLTAIRE AND THE MOB.

Voltaire, when in England, after his release from the Bastille, whither he had been sent for libel, lodged in Maiden Lane, at the White Peruke, a wigmaker's shop. When walking out, he was often annoyed by the mob, who beheld, in his spare person, polite manners, and satirical countenance, the personification of their notion of a Frenchman. One day he was beset by so great a crowd that he was forced to shelter himself against a door-way, where, mounting the steps, he made a flaming speech in English in praise of the magnanimity of the English nation, and their love of freedom. With this the people were so delighted, that their jeers were turned into applause, and he was carried in triumph to Maiden Lane on the shoulders of the mob; from which temporary elevation the arch-scoffer doubtless looked upon his dupes with glee, suppressed, but immeasurable.

310. PIRON AND VOLTAIRE.

Piron one morning, going into the house of the Marquis de Mimenre, found Voltaire buried to the shoulders in a large chair, his legs spread, and his heels resting one on each arm of the chair.

He received Piron with a slight inclination of the head, in return for five or six profound bows. Piron took a chair, and seated himself as near the fire as possible. A dry conversation soon dropped. The one pulled out his watch; the other his snuff-box: the one laid hold of the tongue; the other took snuff. Voltaire sneezed; Piron blew his nose: the former yawned profoundly; Piron was about to follow in the same way, when Voltaire drew from his pocket

a crust of bread, and began to crunch it between his teeth, with so extraordinary a noise, as to astonish his companion. Piron, without loss of a moment, pulled out a flask of wine, and emptied it at a draught. Voltaire lost his temper. "Sir," he said, addressing Piron, "I can take raillery as well as another, but your pleasantry, if it is such, is very much mistimed." "No raillery," answered Piron; "all the merest chance." Voltaire interrupted him, saying he had just escaped from an attack of illness, which had left him with a continual desire to eat. "Eat, sir, by all means eat," replied the author of *Metromanie*, "you do right; and I, sir, have just escaped from Burgundy with a continual desire to drink, and I do drink."

311. VOLTAIRE AND THE PAGE.

Voltaire, being once on a visit to Frederick the Great, was attended at dinner by a page, to whom he called for something which the page either could not, or probably would not, immediately execute; for his illiberality and ambiguous character made him disliked by every one in court. Offended at the tardiness of the page, Voltaire immediately flew into a violent passion, as usual, to which he gave vent by loading him with a volley of opprobrious names, particularly with that of Pomeranian clown.

The page, who dared not, in the presence of the king, express his resentment at the unmannerly insult of the Frenchman, in the mean time was determined to watch an opportunity of making him feel his just vengeance. The following day the king undertook a journey, on which he was accompanied by Voltaire and another gentleman of the bed-chamber. The page, having received orders to attend, rode with some others of the household, in order to prepare accommodations on the road. In the first carriage sat the king with one of his officers of state, and, in the second, Voltaire on the right hand, and the other gentleman of the bed-chamber on the left. Previously to their arrival at a village, where they intended to take a breakfast, and where the carriages had to stop before the house, the page had informed a number of peasants assembled there that in the first carriage was the king; but that in the second was the king's favorite monkey, dressed like a gentleman, seated aside of his attendant; that the monkey had the vicious habit of teasing persons whenever he was suffered to leave the coach, when he would often fly at their faces and belabor them most unmercifully. In order to avoid this, he desired that some of them might attend at the coach door, and, on the gentleman to the left getting out, immediately shut it again, and that, should he cut capers, and endeavor to get out, they need only give him a few raps on his meagre knuckles. This the peasants promised to execute with attention. The coaches arriving soon after, the king alighted, and was followed by the gentleman in the second, and the door immediately closed again. Voltaire endeavored to express the resentment he felt at this insult offered to so illustrious a personage, by shaking his head, and using every gesture in his power; but all was in vain. The peasants, who had, by this time, collected in considerable numbers, and who all believed him to be a monkey, began to laugh heartily at the trick, and threatened him with their sticks. He began to rail at them in French, which none of them understanding, they only deemed it a monkey trick, and continued to

laugh still more at him. The noise and collection of so many people at last attracted the attention of the king, so that he went to the window, and, surprised at the concourse of people around the coach door, inquired what was the matter. Being informed that it was Voltaire, still sitting in the carriage surrounded by the country people, he immediately sent some of his attendants for an explanation why he remained in the carriage, and if he did not intend to take his breakfast.

With some difficulty and force they succeeded in extricating him from the hands of the peasants, who, finding that they no longer could prevent the escape of this vicious or enraged animal, and dreading lest he should make them feel his resentment the more furiously, immediately separated and fled in all directions with the utmost speed, and as far as possible, each being apprehensive that the detested creature might fasten on his neck or body, and ply him with his teeth and claws.

At last Voltaire joined the company up stairs, and complained to his majesty of the brutality of these savage boors. Exasperated on hearing the details of the treatment, the king immediately gave orders for an inquiry into the motives which had induced the peasants to commit such an outrage.

Some of the fugitives being speedily overtaken, the examination commenced, when the sad mistake of the innocent peasants was explained; they added, that a gentleman belonging to his majesty's suite had occasioned this excess; and by pointing him out at last, they proved their harmless intention. The king immediately demanded to know why he had undertaken such a trick, and was frankly informed by the latter that it was intended as a retaliation for the insult offered to his countrymen by the supercilious Frenchman, and to prove to the scoffer that the Germans were not altogether so stupid as Voltaire imagined. This honest confession at once disarmed the king's anger; but, to appease the fury of Voltaire, he ordered the page to be put under arrest for a few hours, and often indulged in a smile on recollecting this ludicrous adventure.

312. VOLTAIRE AND HIS EAGLE.

Voltaire took great delight in a young eagle which he kept chained in the court of his chateau at Ferney. One day the eagle fell to fighting with two cocks, and was severely wounded. Voltaire, disconsolate, sent an express to Geneva, with directions to bring a man who passed there as a pretty expert *animal doctor*. In his impatience, he did nothing but move between the cage of the eagle, and the window of his apartment, from which he had a view of the great road. At length his courier appeared, and, along with him, the *Æsculapius* so much wished for. Voltaire raised a cry of joy, flew to meet him, gave him a most distinguished reception, and lavished on him prayers and promises to interest him for his sick favorite. The man, astonished at a reception to which he was little accustomed, examined the wounds of the eagle. Voltaire, full of anxiety, sought to read in his eyes his hopes and fears. The doctor declared, with the air of a professor, that he would not venture to pronounce on the case until after the first dressing was removed, but promised to repeat his visit on the morrow, and departed, handsomely paid. On the morrow, Voltaire was on thorns, and at last the decision was that the physician could not answer

for the life of the eagle—a new source of disquietude. Voltaire's first question every morning to one of his servants, named Madeline, whose business it was to wake him, was, "How is my eagle?" "Very poorly, sir; very poorly." One day, at length, Madeline answered, laughing, "Ah, sir, your eagle is no longer sick." "It is cured, then? What happiness!" "No; it is dead!" "Dead! my eagle dead! and this you tell me laughing!" "Why, sir, it was so lean, it is all the better dead." "How, lean!" exclaimed Voltaire in a rage; "an excellent reason, truly! I suppose you must kill me, also, because I am lean. You baggage! to laugh at the death of my poor eagle because it was lean! Because you are in good condition yourself, you think it is only people of your stamp that should have a right to live. Out of my sight! Begone!" Madame Dennis, hearing the noise, ran to her uncle, and asked what had discomposed him. Voltaire told her the particulars, continuing to repeat, "Lean! lean! So, then, I must be killed, too——" At length, he insisted that Madeline should be dismissed. His niece feigned compliance, and ordered the poor girl to keep herself out of sight in the chateau; and it was only after two months that Voltaire asked about her. "She is very unfortunate," said Madame Dennis, "she has not succeeded in getting a place at Geneva, which happens from its being known that she was turned off from the chateau." "It is all her own fault. Why laugh at the death of my eagle because it was lean? However, she must not be allowed to starve; let her come back; but let her beware of presenting herself before me: do you hear?" Madame Dennis promised she should not, and upon this Madeline came forth from her concealment, but carefully kept out of the way of her master. One day, however, Voltaire, rising from table, found her standing opposite to him; Madeline colored, and, with downcast eyes, wished to stammer out some excuses: "Not a word more of it," said he; "but mind you, at least, that it is not necessary to kill every thing which happens to be lean."

313. CROWE'S RETORT ON JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson was not a little disconcerted by an unexpected retort made upon him before a large party at Oxford, by Dr. Crowe. The principles of our lexicographer ran with too much violence in one way not to foam a little when they met with a current running equally strong in another. The dispute happened to turn upon the origin of whiggism; for Johnson had triumphantly challenged Dr. Crowe to tell him who was the first whig. The latter finding himself a little puzzled, Dr. Johnson tauntingly rejoined, "I see, sir, that you are even ignorant of the head of your own party; but I will tell you, sir: the devil was the first whig; he was the first reformer; he wanted to set up a reform even in heaven!" Dr. Crowe calmly replied, "I am much obliged to you for your information, and I certainly did not foresee that you would go so far back for your authority; yet I rather fear that your argument makes against yourself: for if the devil was a whig, you have admitted that, while he was a whig, he was in heaven; but you have forgotten that, the moment he got into hell, he set up for a tory." The wit of Dr. Johnson, though coarse and rough, was usually so pointed and far-sighted as to admit of no cutting and annihilating rejoinder, as in the present case. But he had met his match.

314. BOSWELL EAVESDROPPING.



James Boswell.

"The moment Johnson's voice burst forth, the attention which it excited on Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness, he leaned his ear almost on the shoulder of the doctor, and his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable that might be uttered; nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing, as if hoping from it latently, or mystically, some information.

"On one occasion, the doctor detected Boswell, or Bozzy, as he called him, eavesdropping behind his chair, as he was conversing with Miss Burney at Mr. Thrale's table. 'What are you doing there, sir?' cried he, turning round angrily, and clapping his hand upon his knee. 'Go to the table, sir!'

"Boswell obeyed with an air of affright and submission, which raised a smile on every face. Scarcely had he taken his seat, however, at a distance, than, impatient to get again at the side of Johnson, he rose, and was running off in quest of something to show him, when the doctor roared after him authoritatively, 'What are you thinking of, sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed? Come back to your place, sir;' and the obsequious spaniel did as he was commanded. 'Running about in the middle of meals!' muttered the doctor, pursing his mouth at the same time to restrain his rising risibility.

"Boswell got another rebuff from Johnson, which would have demolished any other man. He had been teasing him with many direct questions, such as, 'What did you do, sir?' 'What did you say, sir?' until the great philologist became perfectly enraged. 'I will not be put to the question!' roared he. 'Don't you consider, sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with what and why. What is this? What is that? Why is a cow's tail long? Why is a fox's tail bushy?' 'Why, sir,' replied Pilgartic, 'you are so good that I venture to trouble you.' 'Sir,' replied Johnson, 'my being so good is no reason why you should be so ill.' 'You have but two topics, sir,' exclaimed he, on another occasion, 'yourself and me, and I am sick of both.'

315. BOSWELL'S SYSTEM.

A gentleman of the name of Lowe, having got Dr. Johnson to write a letter for him, was on the point of taking his leave, when Boswell, who had come in while the doctor was writing the letter, followed Mr. Lowe out. "Nothing," says Mr. Lowe, "could surprise me more. Till that moment, he had so entirely overlooked me, that I did not imagine he knew there was such a creature in existence, and he now accosted me with the most overstrained and insinuating compliments possible. 'How do you do, Mr. Lowe? I hope you are very well, Mr. Lowe. Pardon my freedom, Mr. Lowe; but I think I saw my dear friend, Dr. Johnson, writing a letter for you.' 'Yes, sir.' 'I hope you will not think me rude; but if it will not be too great a favor, you would infinitely oblige me, if you would just let me have a sight of it; every thing from that hand, you know, is inestimable.' 'Sir, it is my own private affairs, but——' 'I would not pry into a person's affairs, my dear Mr. Lowe, by any means; I am sure you would not accuse me of such a thing; only if it were no particular secret——' 'Sir, you are welcome to read the letter.' 'I thank you, my dear Mr. Lowe, you are very obliging, I take it exceedingly kind.' Having read,—'It is nothing, I believe, Mr. Lowe, that you would be ashamed of.' 'Certainly not.' 'Why, then, my dear sir, if you would do me another favor, you render the obligation eternal. If you would but step to Poele's Coffee-house with me, and just suffer me to take a copy of it, I would do any thing in my power to oblige you.' I was overcome, said Lowe, by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the coffee-house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon as he had put the document in his pocket, Mr. Boswell walked away, as erect and as proud as he was half an hour before, and I ever afterwards was unnoticed; nay, I am not certain, added he, sarcastically, whether the Scotsman did not leave me, poor as he knew I was, to pay for my own dish of coffee."

316. JOHNSON SLIGHTED

Sir Joshua Reynolds used to relate a characteristic anecdote of Johnson. About the time of their first acquaintance, when they were one evening together at the Miss Cotterells, the then Duchess of Argyle and another lady of high rank came in. Johnson thinking that the Miss Cotterells were too much engrossed by them, and that he and his friend were neglected as low company, of whom they were somewhat ashamed, grew angry, and resolved to shock their supposed pride, by making their great visitors imagine they were low indeed. He addressed himself in a loud tone to Mr. Reynolds, saying, "How much do you think you and I could get a week, if we were to work as hard as we could?" as if they had been common mechanics.

317. DR. JOHNSON TOASTING UGLY WOMEN.

Dr. Johnson sitting one evening at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance, the former, by way of heightening the good humor of the company, agreed to toast ugly women, and to have them matched with ugly men. In this round, one of the ladies

gave Mrs. Williams, (the well-known inmate of Dr. Johnson, who was very plain in her person, and nearly blind,) when another instantly paired her with Dr. Goldsmith. This whimsical union set the company laughing, and in particular so pleased the lady who gave the first toast, that though she had some pique with the lady who gave Dr. Goldsmith, she ran round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her every thing for the *apropos* of the toast. Johnson, who did not half like to have two of his most intimate friends turned into ridicule, growled out, "Ay, this puts me in mind of an observation of Swift's, who truly remarks, that the quarrels of women are always made up like the quarrels of ancient kings: there is always an animal sacrificed on the occasion."

318. OTHER IRONS IN THE FIRE.

Mrs. B—— desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a new work she had just written; adding, that, if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other *irons in the fire*, and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. "Then," said the doctor, after having turned over a few of the leaves, "I advise you, madam, to put it where your *other irons are*."

319. MELCOMBE AND SHEBBEARE.

When Lord Melcombe, then Bubb Doddington, was in the train of the Princess Dowager of Wales, he observed one day a pamphlet lying in one of the antechambers, which, upon perusal, he found reflected very sharply on many of the characters and intrigues of the court. The princess saw him reading it, and asked him what he thought of it? He replied, that "it was a very artful, libellous performance, and might occasion some prejudices against her royal highness's servants if not immediately answered; and if your royal highness," said he, "will permit me to take it home, I believe I could answer it myself." The princess thanked him for his kindness, and he took the book with him.

However, not having time, or perhaps inclination, to fulfil his promise, he sent for Dr. Shebbeare, with whom he had some intimacy, and whom he knew to be an author *by profession*, and told him if he had leisure to sit down and answer that pamphlet, he would be obliged to him, and he should be well paid into the bargain. Shebbeare, running his eye rather carelessly over the book, said it should be done. "Ay, but," said Doddington, "I wish to have it done well, as I have undertaken it immediately under the sanction of the princess; and to tell you the truth, though I have a very good opinion of your general knowledge, I am afraid you do not readily see the gist of this fellow's reasoning." Shebbeare, a little nettled at this, threw down the book in a kind of passion, and exclaimed, "Why this is harsh censure, not to allow an author to understand his own work." "What do you mean?" said Doddington, quite astonished. "Why, I mean to say, I wrote this pamphlet, and therefore I think I know how best to answer it."

320. ALEXANDER CRUDEN.

Alexander Cruden, the laborious compiler of an excellent Concordance to the Holy Scriptures, was

subject to a strange mental malady. He subsisted by correcting the press, and had a very accurate judgment on literary subjects, as well as a great sense of religion; and yet he was guilty at times of such extravagances, that his friends caused him to be confined in a madhouse.

After he was liberated, he brought an action in the King's Bench against his sister, Dr. Monro, and others, for false imprisonment. The cause was tried at Westminster Hall, July 17th, 1738, and ended with the evidence of the celebrated Mr. Bradbury, of Pinner's Hall, who, to prove Cruden's insanity, related the following anecdote:—

Mr. Bradbury had one evening prepared an excellent supper for several friends; but the moment it was served on the table, Mr. Cruden made his appearance in the room, heated with walking. It happened that Bradbury's favorite dish, a turkey, was smoking at one end of the table, and before the company could be seated, Cruden advanced, put back his wig, and, with both hands plunged in the gravy, began to wash his head and face over the bird, to the no small mortification of the whole company. When Mr. Bradbury had finished his story, Cruden abruptly addressed the chief justice, and said, "My lord, don't believe a word that man says; he is very well in the pulpit at Pinner's Hall, but he is not a proper evidence in this court."

321. RECIPE FOR AUTHORIAL VANITY.

A poor vicar, in a remote diocese, had, on some popular occasion, preached a sermon so acceptable to his parishioners, that they entreated him to print it, and he undertook a journey to London for the purpose. On his arrival in town, he was recommended to the late Mr. Rivington, to whom he triumphantly related the object of his journey. The printer agreed to his proposals, and required to know how many copies he would choose to have struck off. "Why, sir," returned the clergyman, "I have calculated that there are in the kingdom ten thousand parishes, and that each parish will at least take one, and others more; so that I think we may venture to print about thirty-five or thirty-six thousand copies."

The bookseller remonstrated, the author insisted, and the matter was settled, and the reverend author departed in high spirits to his home. With much difficulty and great self-denial, a period of about two months was suffered to pass, when his golden visions so tormented his imagination, that he could endure it no longer, and accordingly wrote to Mr. Rivington, desiring him to send the debtor and creditor account, most liberally permitting the remittances to be forwarded at Mr. R.'s convenience. Judge of the astonishment, tribulation, and anguish, excited by the receipt of the following account:—

The Rev. ——— to C. Rivington, Dr.	£.	s.	d.
To printing and paper, 35,000 copies			
of sermon	785	5	6
Cr.			
By the sale of seventeen copies of said			
sermon	1	5	6
Balance due to C. Rivington	£784	0	0

The bookseller, however, in a day or two, sent a letter to the following purport:—

"Rev. sir,—I beg pardon for innocently amusing myself at your expense, but you need not give yourself uneasiness. I know better than you could do

the extent of the sale of single sermons, and accordingly printed but one hundred copies, to the expense of which you are heartily welcome."

322. DAY'S ATTEMPTS AT HOUSE-BUILDING.

In Edgeworth's *Memoirs*, it is related that Mr. Day bought a house and a small estate, called Stapleford Abbot, near Abridge, in Essex, (England.) The house was indifferent, and the land worse; the one he proposed to enlarge, the other to improve according to the best and latest systems of agriculture. The house was of brick, with but one good room, and it was but ill adapted, in other respects, to the residence of a family. He built, at a considerable expense, convenient offices; also a small addition to the house.

When Day determined to dip his unsullied hands in mortar, he bought at a stall Ware's Architecture; and this he read, with persevering assiduity, for three or four weeks before he began his operations. He had not, however, followed this new occupation a week before he became tired of it, as it completely deranged his habits of discussion with Mrs. Day, in their daily walks in the fields, or prevented their close application to books when in the house. Masons calling for supplies, of various sorts, which had not been suggested in the great body of architecture that he had procured with so much care, annoyed the young builder exceedingly. Sills, lintels, door and window cases were wanting before they had been thought of; and the carpenter, to whose presence he had looked forward but at a distant period, was now summoned, and hastily set to work to keep the masons a-going.

Mr. Day was deep in a treatise, written by some French agriculturist, to prove that any soil may be rendered fertile by sufficient ploughing, when the masons desired to know where he would have the window of the new room on the first floor. "I was present at the question," says Edgeworth, "and offered to assist my friend." No; he sat immovable in his chair, and gravely demanded of the mason whether the wall might not be built first, and a place for the window cut out afterwards. The mason stared at Mr. Day with an expression of the most unfeigned surprise. "Why, sir, to be sure, it is very possible; but I believe, sir, it is more common to put in the window cases while the house is building, and not afterwards."

Mr. Day, however, with great coolness, ordered the wall to be built without any opening for windows, which was done accordingly; and the addition which was made to the house was actually finished, leaving the room, which was intended for a dressing-room

for Mrs. Day, without any window whatever. When it was sufficiently dry, the room was papered, and for some time candles were lighted in it whenever it was used. So it remained for two or three years; afterwards Mrs. Day used it as a lumber-room, and at last the house was sold without any window having been opened in this apartment.

This strange neglect arose from two causes; from Mr. Day's bodily indolence and his mental activity. He did not like to get up from his chair to give orders upon a subject on which he was but little interested, and he felt strongly intent upon the speculation which then occupied his mind.

323. THE DOCTOR AND HIS HORSE.

Studious persons are sometimes surprisingly ignorant how to act on ordinary occasions. A Scottish paper says that Dr. Chalmers came home one evening on horseback, and, as neither the man who had the charge of his horse nor the key of the stable could be found, he was for some time not a little puzzled where to find a temporary residence for the animal. At last he fixed on the garden as the fittest place he could think of for the purpose; and, having led the horse thither, he placed it on the garden walk. When his sister, who had also been from home, returned, and was told that the key of the stable could not be found, she inquired what had been done with the horse.

"I took it to the garden," said the doctor.

"To the garden!" she exclaimed; "then all our flower and vegetable beds will be destroyed."

"Don't be afraid of that," said the doctor, "for I took particular care to place the horse on the garden walk."

"And did you really imagine," rejoined the sister, "that he would remain there?"

"I have no doubt of it," said the doctor; "for so sagacious an animal as the horse could not fail to be aware of the propriety of refraining from injuring the products of the garden."

"I am afraid," said Miss Chalmers, "that you will think less favorably of the discretion of the horse when you have seen the garden."

To decide the controversy by an appeal to facts, they went to the garden, and found, from the ruthless devastation which the trampling and rolling of the animal had spread over every part of it, that the natural philosophy of the horse was a subject with which the lady was far more accurately acquainted than her learned brother.

"I never could have imagined," said the doctor, "that horses were such senseless animals."

§ 28. MISCELLANEOUS.

324. FIRST NATIONAL AUTHORS.

The following are some of the earliest authors of different nations:—

The Pentateuch, or the five books of Moses, in Hebrew, is the oldest book extant, written about 1500 before Christ, or over 3300 years ago. The oldest Greek books and author are the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, written about 900 B. C. The earliest Latin works extant are the comedies of M. Accius *P^l-utus*, written 200 B. C. The earliest

British author is Gildas, who wrote a *Conquest of Britain*, A. D. 500. The first French writer was Venan Fortunatus, who wrote a book of Latin poetry, A. D. 500. The earliest Arabian, Persian, or Turkish work of any note is the *Koran* of Mohammed, written A. D. 600. The earliest German work is the book of poems and theology of Walafred Strabo, A. D. 841. The first Russian work was the compilation of a code of laws by Yaroslaf, in the year A. D. 1000. The first Spanish writer was Arian, on law, before 580 A. D. The earliest Por-

tuguese author is Mouez, who wrote songs, &c., A. D. 1100. The earliest Italian author is Accursius, a writer on jurisprudence, A. D. 1182-1260. The first Swedish author is Eric Olai, who wrote, in 1400, a History of the Goths and Swedes. The first Polish writer is Vinc Kadlubek, who wrote, in 1226, a History of Poland. We Americans had a pioneer in letters, in the person of "ye renowned poet of New England, Benjamin Thompson, learned schoolmaster and physician," of Dorchester, Plymouth colony. He flourished about one hundred years ago, and is considered the first native writer of much reputation.

325. GOUJET AND THE BENEDICTINES.

The Abbé Goujet, who had designed a classified history of his national literature, in the eighteen volumes we possess, could only conclude that of the translators and commence that of the poets; two other volumes in manuscript have perished. That great enterprise of the Benedictines, the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, now consists of twelve large quartos, and the industry of its successive writers have only been able to carry it to the twelfth century.

326. CLEMENT, TIRABOSCHI, AND WARTON.

David Clement designed the most extensive bibliography which had ever appeared; but the diligent life of the writer could only proceed as far as H. The alphabetical order, which so many writers of this class have adopted, has proved a mortifying memento of human life.

Tiraboschi was so fortunate as to complete his great national history of Italian literature.

But, unhappily, Thomas Warton, after feeling his way through the darker ages of English poetry, in planning the map of the beautiful land, of which he had only a Pisgah-sight, expired amidst his volumes. The most precious portion of Warton's history is but the fragment of a fragment.

327. FATHER CASTEL AND NATHANIEL LEE.

The conversation turning one day, in the presence of Fontenelle, on the marks of originality in the works of Father Castel, well known to the scientific world for his *Vrai Système de Physique générale de Newton*, some person observed, "But he is mad." "I know it," returned Fontenelle, "and I am very sorry for it; for it is a great pity. But I like him better for being original and a little mad, than I should if he were in his senses without being original."

When Nathaniel Lee, commonly called the Mad Poet, was confined during four years of his short life in Bedlam, a sane idiot of a scribbler mocked his calamity, and observed that it was easy to write like a madman. Lee answered, "No, sir, it is not so easy to write like a madman, but very easy to write like a fool."

328. HOW TO SELL A DULL BOOK.

Defoe's bookseller called on him one day, with a long face, after having published a large edition of a very dull and heavy book, called Drelincourt on Death, "with several directions how to prepare ourselves to die well," which the public, not appear-

ing to relish unauthorized directions of that nature, had stubbornly refused to buy. What was to be done with the ponderous stock under which his shelves were groaning? Defoe quieted his fears. Nothing but a ghost from the grave, it was true, could recommend such a book with effect; but a ghost from the grave the worthy bookseller should have. As speedily done as said. Defoe sent him, in a few days, the True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next Day after her Death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705. If such a thing was ever to be believed, here it was made credible. The business-like, homely, earnest, commonplace air of truth was irresistible. And what said the ghost to Mrs. Bargrave? The ghost, in the course of a long gossip, filled with the *says I* and *thinks I*, the *says he* and *thinks she* of the ten-table of a country town, said — with all the confident dogmatism of her recent mortuary experience — that Drelincourt's book on death was the best book ever written on that subject. Dr. Sherlock was not bad; two Dutch books had merit; several others were worth mention; but Drelincourt, she protested, had by far the clearest notions of death and the future state of any one who had handled the matter. The narrative was appended to the book, and a new edition advertised. It flew like wildfire. The copies, to use an illustration of Sir Walter Scott, (with whom the narrative was a great favorite,) which had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of lead bullets, now traversed the town in every direction, like the same bullets discharged from a field-piece. Nay, the book has been popular ever since. More than fifty editions have not exhausted its popularity. Mrs. Veal's ghost is still believed by thousands. And the hundreds of thousands who have bought the silly piece of Drelincourt (for hawking booksellers have made their fortunes by traversing the country with it in sixpenny numbers) have borne unconscious testimony to the genius of Defoe.

After all, however, Defoe's conduct in the case was but an imposition on the popular credulity, and though shrewd and successful, is not to be imitated or approved.

329. WHO WROTE JUNIUS'S LETTERS?

This question has not yet been satisfactorily answered. In 1812, Dr. Mason Good, in an essay he wrote on the question, passed in review all the persons who had been suspected of writing these celebrated letters. They are, Charles Lloyd and John Roberts, originally treasury clerks; Samuel Dyer, a learned man, and a friend of Burke and Johnson; William Gerard Hamilton, familiarly known as "Single-Speech Hamilton;" Mr. Burke; Dr. Butler, Bishop of Hereford; the Rev. Philip Rosenhagen; Major General Lee, who came over to the Americans, and took an active part in our contest with the mother country; John Wilkes; Hugh Macanlay Boyd; John Dunning; Lord Ashburton; Henry Flood; and Lord George Sackville.

Since this date, in 1813, John Roche published an Inquiry, in which he persuaded himself that Burke was the author. In the same year there appeared three other publications respecting Junius. These were, the Attempt of the Rev. J. B. Blakeway to trace them to John Horne Tooke; next, were the Facts of Thomas Girdlestone, M. D., to prove that General Lee was the author; and, thirdly, a work put forth by Mrs. Olivia Wilmot Serres, in the following con-

ident terms: *Life of the Author of Junius's Letters*—the Rev. J. Wilmot, D. D., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; and, like most bold attempts, this work attracted some notice and discussion.

In 1815, the Letters were attributed to Richard Glover, the poet of Leonidas; and this improbable idea was followed by another, assigning the authorship of the Letters to the Duke of Portland, in 1816. In the same year appeared *Arguments and Facts* to show that John Louis de Lolme, author of the famous *Essay on the Constitution of England*, was the writer of these anonymous epistles. In 1816, too, appeared Mr. John Taylor's *Junius Identified*, advocating the claims of Sir Philip Francis so successfully that the question was generally considered to be settled. Mr. Taylor's opinion is supported by Edward Dubois, Esq., formerly the confidential friend and private secretary of Sir Philip, who, in common with Lady Francis, still entertains the conviction that his deceased patron was identical with Junius.

In 1817, George Chalmers, F. S. A., advocated the pretensions of Hugh Macaulay Boyd to the authorship of Junius.

In 1825, Mr. George Coventry maintained, with great ability, that Lord George Sackville was Junius; and two writers in America adopted this theory.

Thus was the whole question reopened; and, in 1828, Mr. E. H. Barker, of Thetford, refuted the claims of Lord George Sackville and Sir Philip Francis, and advocated those of Charles Lloyd, private secretary to the Hon. George Grenville.*

In 1841, Mr. N. W. Simons, of the British Museum, refuted the supposition that Sir Philip Francis was directly or indirectly concerned in the writing; and, in the same year, appeared M. Jaques's review of the controversy, in which he arrived at the conclusion that Lord George Sackville composed the Letters, and that Sir Philip Francis was his amanuensis, thus combining the theory of Mr. Taylor with that of Mr. Coventry.

We have condensed these data from a volume published by Mr. Britton, F. S. A., in June, 1848, entitled the *Authorship of the Letters of Junius Elucidated*, in which is advocated, with great care, the opinion that the Letters were, to a certain extent, the joint productions of Lieutenant Colonel Isaac Barré, M. P., Lord Shelburne, (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne,) and Dunning, Lord Ashburton. Of these three persons, the late Sir Francis Baring commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1784-5, to paint portraits in one picture, which is regarded as evidence of joint authorship.

Only a week before his death, 1804, the Marquis of Lansdowne was personally appealed to on the subject of Junius by Sir Richard Phillips. In conversation, the marquis said, "No, no; I am not equal to Junius; I could not be the author; but the grounds of secrecy are now so far removed by death (Dunning and Barré were at that time dead) and change of circumstances, that it is unnecessary the author of Junius should much longer be unknown. The world is curious about him, and I could make a very interesting publication on the subject. I knew Junius, and I know all about the writing and production of these Letters." The marquis added, "If

I live over the summer, which, however, I don't expect, I promise you a very interesting pamphlet about Junius. I will put my name to it; I will set the question at rest forever." The death of the marquis, however, occurred in a week. In a letter to the *Monthly Magazine*, July, 1813, the then present Marquis of Lansdowne says, "It is not impossible my father may have been acquainted with the fact; but, perhaps, he was under some obligation to secrecy, as he never made any communication to me on the subject."

The question of the identity of Junius is still far from exhausted. There are now (June, 1848) two volumes on the subject in the press; and it is said that Lady Francis will produce some fresh arguments to strengthen the case of her husband, the late Sir Philip Francis. In America, one or two works are in preparation on the same subject; and a gentleman in Sussex (England) has long been occupied in an essay, to show that the "polite" Earl of Chesterfield was Junius.

330. O'CONNELL ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF JUNIUS.

In the *Personal Recollections*, by W. J. O'N. Daunt, Esq., occurs the following passage:—

"It is my decided opinion," said O'Connell, "that Edmund Burke was the author of the Letters of Junius. There are many considerations which compel me to form that opinion. Burke was the only man who made that figure in the world which the author of Junius *must* have made, if engaged in public life; and the entire of Junius's Letters evinced that close acquaintance with the springs of political machinery which no man could possess unless actively engaged in politics. Again, Burke was fond of chemical similes; now chemical similes are frequent in Junius. Again, Burke was an Irishman; now Junius, speaking of the government of Ireland, twice calls it 'the Castle,' a familiar phrase amongst Irish politicians, but one which an Englishman, in those days, would never have used. Again, Burke had this peculiarity in writing, that he often wrote many words without taking the pen from the paper. The very same peculiarity existed in the manuscripts of Junius, although they were written in a feigned hand. Again, it may be said that the style is not Burke's. In reply, I would say that Burke was master of many styles. His work on natural society, in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, is as different, in point of style, from his work on the French revolution, as *both* are from the Letters of Junius. Again, Junius speaks of the king's insanity as a divine visitation; Burke said the very same thing in the House of Commons. Again, had any one of the other men to whom the Letters are, with any show of probability, ascribed, been really the author, such author would have had no reason for disowning the book or remaining incognito. Any one of them but Burke would have claimed the authorship and fame—and proud fame. But Burke had a very cogent reason for remaining incognito. In claiming Junius, he would have claimed his own condemnation and dishonor, for Burke died a pensioner. Burke was, moreover, the only pensioner who had the commanding talent displayed in the writings of Junius. Now, when I lay all these considerations together, and especially when I reflect that a cogent reason exists for Burke's silence as to his own authorship, I confess I think I have got a

* Supported by the following note, written by Dr. Parr, in his copy of the Letters of Junius: "The writer of Junius was Mr. Lloyd, secretary to George Grenville, and brother to Philip Lloyd, Dean of Norwich. This will one day or other be generally acknowledged.—S. P."

presumptive proof, of the very strongest nature, that Burke was the writer."

331. LATEST OF DR. JOHNSON'S CONTEMPORARIES.

In the autumn of 1831, died the Rev. Dr. Shaw, at Chesley, Somersetshire, (England,) at the age of eighty-three. He is said to have been the last surviving friend of Dr. Johnson.

On the 16th of January, in the above year, died Mr. Richard Clark, chamberlain of the city of London, in the ninety-second year of his age. At the age of fifteen, he was introduced by Sir John Hawkins to Johnson, whose friendship he enjoyed to the last year of the doctor's life. He attended Johnson's evening parties at the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street, where, among other literary characters, he met Dr. Percy, Dr. Goldsmith, and Dr. Hawke-worth. A substantial supper was served at eight o'clock. The party seldom separated till a late hour; and Mr. Clark recollected that, early one morning, he, with another of the party, accompanied the doctor to his house, where Mrs. Williams, then blind, made tea for them. When Mr. Clark was sheriff, he took Johnson to a "Judges' Dinner," at the Old Bailey, the judges being Blackstone and Eyre. Mr. Clark often visited the doctor, and met him at dinner parties; and the last time he enjoyed his company was at the Essex Head Club, of which, by the doctor's invitation, Clark became a member.

332. JOHNSON NOT A GREAT READER.

Johnson preferred conversation to books; but when driven to the refuge of reading by being left alone, he then attached himself to that amusement. By his innumerable quotations, one would suppose that he must have read more books than any man in England; but he declared that supposition was a mistake in his favor. He owned he had hardly read a book through. Churchill used to say, having heard, perhaps, of his confession, as a boast, that "if Johnson had only read a few books, he could not be the author of his own works." His opinion, however, was that he who reads most has the chance of knowing most; but he declared that the perpetual task of reading was as bad as the slavery in the mine, or the labor at the oar.

333. EXCESSIVE MODESTY.

D'Israeli tells us of a man of letters, of England, who had passed his life in constant study; and it was observed that he had written several folio volumes, which his modest fears would not permit him to expose to the eye even of his critical friends. He promised to leave his labors to posterity; and he seemed sometimes, with a glow on his countenance, to exult that they would not be unworthy of their acceptance. At his death, his sensibility took the alarm; he had the folios brought to his bed; no one could open them, for they were closely locked. At the sight of his favorite and mysterious labors, he paused; he seemed disturbed in his mind, while he felt at every moment his strength decaying. Suddenly he raised his feeble hands by an effort of firm resolve, burnt his papers, and smiled as the greedy Vulcan licked up every page. The task ex-

hausted his remaining strength, and he soon afterwards expired.

334. SIDNEY SMITH.

A gentleman residing in Bristol, in 1838, who signs himself R—, was invited by Southey to accompany him and his son on a visit to Sidney Smith at Combe Fleury. He says,—

"We arrived at the village about noon, and, having alighted at the little inn, we all four proceeded towards the vicarage where Mr. Smith resided, a country lad officiating as our guide through the somewhat intricate lanes. We had proceeded about three quarters of a mile, when the clodhopper, mounting a gate, pointed with his huge hand to a portly gentleman, in a black dress and top boots, who was leisurely riding along on a rough-looking cob,* and opening his eyes and capacious mouth to the fullest extent of which each was capable, exclaimed, 'There be Passon Smith yander.' And, surely enough, the 'passon' it was, and towards him we made our way.

"He did not recognize Southey, but, looking hard at him and us, was about to pass on, when the laureate went towards him and accosted him by name. Almost instant recognition took place, and the personal friends, although violent political enemies, cordially greeted each other. Smith alighted from his horse, and, directing our guide to take it to the stable, turned with us towards the house, asking a hundred questions, and ever and anon expressing his delight at the unexpected visit.

"The vicarage was any thing but pleasantly situated, and, in itself, more resembled a farm-house than a village pastor's 'modest mansion.' Every thing about it was in sad disorder, and plainly enough evidenced that no woman's hand presided over the arrangement of the establishment. We got to the front door through a littered-up court yard, and, after passing through a stone-paved hall, were conducted into the library, a large room, full of old-fashioned furniture, where books, parliamentary reports, pamphlets, and letters, lay all about, in most admired confusion.

" 'This is my workshop,' he observed to Southey; 'as black as any smithy's in Christendom.'

"And the neat and precise laureate seemed to think so, for he looked cautiously about for a clean chair, folded up his coat-tails, and was preparing to sit down, when Smith, with a sly gravity, wiped with his handkerchief (none of the cleanest) the dust from an old folio edition of the works of one of the fathers of the church, and requested his friend to sit on it.

"Southey shrunk from the profanation, and, respectfully removing the work, preferred the dusty chair. I do not think he much relished the joke, although he said nothing. I could not help thinking that he was mentally comparing, or rather contrasting, the appearance of Smith's library with that of his own exquisitely neat one at Keswick. Alas! ere long he would wander into that learned retreat, there gaze for hours, with an idiotic smile, on a favorite black-letter volume, and then submit himself, like a child, to the guiding hand of an attendant, and be led out; for, in the days of his insanity, it was a strange fact that, although fond of finding his way into his beloved library, he never could discover the way out of it.

"The conversation was pretty general, and chiefly

* A strong, hardy kind of pony.

related to the old friends of either party. Mr. Smith spoke of Coleridge in the highest terms, but severely deprecated his indolence. Referring to Charles Lamb's intemperate habits, he remarked, 'He draws so much beer that no wonder he buffoons people — he must have a *butt* to put it in.'

"At this time, the question of the authorship of that strange, but clever and learned book, the Doctor, was a doubtful one, and much mooted in literary circles. Many suspected, and indeed named, Southey as the writer; but he never either admitted or denied the fact of his being so. The conversation turned on the subject, and Smith, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, told Southey that he knew who was the author. Southey calmly inquired the name, and the reverend gentleman remarked, 'I remember, some years since, enjoying a conversation with one Robert Southey, in which he used the exact words which I find here,' and he read from a page of the Doctor a passage, and then said, 'Now, Mr. Laureate, it needs no conjuror to convince any one of common sense that the writer of the passage I have read, and the utterer of those very words to me seven years since, are one and the same person.' Southey bit his lip, but said nothing. After his death, Mrs. Southey divulged the secret, which her husband kept till his death. I question whether she would have made known the fact of the authorship, had not some shabby fellows, by judicious nods and well-timed faint denials, gained the credit of being connected with the work.

"We sat down to a plain country dinner, after which

'The glasses sparkled on the board.'

"Like Friar Tuck, the canon of St. Paul's enjoyed creature comforts, and many were the flashes of wit which set us in a roar. Southey was very abstemious, and refused wine, alleging his recent seizure as an excuse. Smith rattled away like a great boy, and, with the sole exception of Theodore Hook, I never heard any one so brilliant in conversation. No subject came amiss to him, and he seemed at home in every one. Of humbugs, both political and personal, he had the most utter detestation, and freely expressed his opinions. I shall not soon forget the ridicule which he that day heaped on the head of Robert Montgomery, who had then just published his poem, Satan.

"As to personal appearance, Sidney Smith was about the average height, or a trifle above it, inclined to corpulency, and of a fresh red and white complexion. The expression of his features was pleasing, and his snowy hair gave him an air of venerability. Good humor was the prevailing characteristic; but when he talked with severity, his aspect became changed, and few could have beheld unmoved his withering glance."

335. SKETCH OF THOMAS HOOD.

Mr. Hood was born under Gresham's Grasshopper, in the city of London, in the year 1790, the son of Hood, of the firm of Vernor & Hood, in the Poultry, the publishers of Bloomfield and Kirke White, and the booksellers to whom we are indebted for the Beauties of England and Wales. One of his biographers has told us that he completed his education at a *finishing* school at Camberwell, upon which Tom has some twenty good jokes in his *Literary Reminiscences*. From Camberwell he went to Dundee, and soon after he was apprenticed to

his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, to learn the art and mystery of engraving. Here he soon found out the drift of his own genius; he left the burin for the pen, composed a few light pieces of poetry, got into notice, and, after Scott's death in 1821, became a sort of sub-editor of the *London Magazine*. It was at this time that he acquired the friendship of Lamb, Hazlitt, Cary, Allan Cunningham, Clare, and others, so delightfully pictured by Mr. Hood himself, in his two short *Literary Reminiscences*. A volume of Odes and Addresses to great People gave him a rank and a reputation in literature for something done in a better kind of Colman vein. It was some time, however, before the real author was known; and Coleridge, after two perusals, wrote and taxed Lamb with the authorship of the work. There was high praise, and, as the young lady said of Dr. Johnson, from one who could not lie, and could not be mistaken.

A Plea for the Midsummer Fairies was followed by a volume of Whims and Oddities, inscribed to Sir Walter Scott; then came the *Comic Annual*, with its six or seven years of clever and lively existence; then Tydney Hall, a story in three volumes, with one super-excellent character in it, called Unlucky Joe; then Up the Rhine, the result of a residence on the banks of that *hurrying* river; then Hood's Own, a volume of cullings from his comic lucubrations, with what he calls a new infusion of blood for general circulation. Here he gave us his two short *Literary Reminiscences* already alluded to. On Hook's death, Hood became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and upon some disagreement with Mr. Colburn, editor of a magazine of his own, bearing his own name.

Hood was a little below the middle size, with a face, as he calls it, better fitted for a number of the *Evangelical Magazine* than a volume of the *Comic Annual*. He was mistaken more than once in Germany, he tells us, for a regimental chaplain. His mouth, he informs us, was a little *wry*, as if it had always laughed on the wrong side. But Hood's was no *willow-pattern* face. He was silent in mixed company; a kind of Puritan in look, till an opportunity for a joke appeared, which he rose at like a trout—not, however, to be caught, but to catch others; his countenance brightened up with the rising wit; you saw a play around his mouth; his eyes sparkled, and all the genius of the man stood full in the face before you.

336. PORSON ON GIBBON.

A great admirer of Gibbon was commending his style to Porson in very high terms. The professor listened to him with a sneer of disapprobation, but for some time said nothing. On being pressed for his opinion, "Gibbon," said he, "is too uniform; he writes in the same flowery and pompous style upon every subject. He is like Christie, the auctioneer, who says as much in praise of a ribbon as of a Raphael."

337. MADAME TEREIN'S ADVICE.

"Secure yourself," said she to Marmontel, "a livelihood independent of literary successes; and put into this lottery only the overplus of your time; for woe to him who depends only on his pen! — nothing is more casual. The man who makes shoes is sure of his wages; but the man who writes a book is never sure of any thing."

§ 29. AUTOGRAPHS.

338. TALLEYRAND.

There is a set of men continually boring people with autographs; but few persons have the talent of resisting them with politeness. Talleyrand, being once asked a similar favor by an English nobleman, promised to send him one in a few days, and kept his word in the following manner: He sent him an invitation to dinner, couched in these terms:—"Dear sir, will you oblige me with your company at dinner, on Wednesday next, at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever persons, and do not like to be the only fool among them!"

339. AN IRISH BULL.

The great agitator being pestered by a stranger with his autograph, returned the following answer:—"Sir: Yours, requesting my autograph, is received. I have been so bothered with similar importunities, that I'll be blest if I send it.

"Your ob'd't servant, DANIEL O'CONNELL."

340. THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AND MR. O'CONNELL.

A lady of rank being sent to O'Connell for his autograph, to go into the collection of handwritings of "celebrated persons" to the Emperor of Russia, O'Connell begged pardon for seeming want of courtesy in refusing a lady, but added, as his excuse,—

"The fact is, that the hideous cruelties of the present Emperor of Russia, perpetrated in Poland, upon women and children, have marked his character with a deeper shade of infamy than that which stains the Roman Nero; while his Satanic resurrection of Catholic Christianity has reduced him beneath the level of the ancient Diocletian. Mr. O'Connell, therefore, cannot consent, by any act of his, however slight, to appear to pay a compliment to so atrocious a monster."

After this gentle expression of opinion, it is to be presumed that Mr. O'Connell did not contemplate sitting St. Petersburg.

341. DR. RAFFLES, OF LIVERPOOL.

Since the time of Horace Walpole, of Strawberry Hill, probably a greater *virtuoso* is not to be found in England than the celebrated divine, Dr.

Raffles, of Liverpool. We have frequently heard of his extensive collection of *autographs*, as shown with no little pride to those American brethren who have had the good fortune to make his acquaintance. And also of his taste for rare works on all subjects. A writer in the Newark Advertiser states that the home of the good clergyman is full of vanities. He writes his sermons on the table on which Byron wrote the *Childe Harold*—and a curious table it is—that can be folded up into the shape, and about the size, of an old-fashioned huge Dutch Bible. He has also *Melancthon's Bible* with the margins covered with notes, in a neat hand. He has the original of some of Scott's novels, of Montgomery's *Pelican Island*, of some of Burns's songs, with a thousand other treasures. The most characteristic letter in his collection is the original of a *challenge* from Lord Byron to Lord Brougham. It was written at Missolonghi, in Greece, and indorsed "to be forwarded immediately on my return to England." The letter is spiteful and venomous; it was evidently written under intense excitement, as the handwriting is scarcely decipherable, and it is often interlined. He charges Brougham with being the author of many of the floating slanders against him, and says that he had long sought revenge. Dr. Raffles lives on Edge Hill in Upper Liverpool, and receives a salary of \$4000.

342. REV. DR. SPRAGUE.

The recreations of a man forcibly illustrate his character. The following will suggest much for curious thought and inquiry. We copy it from the Boston Transcript.

The Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, the pastor of a Presbyterian church in that city, is not less known as a collector of antiquities and autographs than as an eloquent preacher and author. His collection of 15,000 rare pamphlets was given some time since to the theological library at Princeton, and his autographs would fill a very respectable private library. He has several thousands of them, among which are Calvin's, Bunyan's, a large number of European kings, and all of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Some time since he requested the autograph of Franklin from an eminent professor of natural philosophy, of which he had possessed himself before. "O, you have one already," said the professor. "No matter," replied the determined collector, "I want it for exchange—one Benny Franklin in Europe is worth two kings!" one of the daintiest compliments ever paid to a Boston printer's boy.

§ 30. BIOGRAPHY AND BIOGRAPHERS.

343. MAZZUCHELLI.

Count Mazzuchelli, early in life, formed a noble, but too mighty a project, in which, however, he considerably advanced. This was an historical and critical account of memoirs and the writings of Italian authors. He even commenced the publication, in alphabetical order, but the six invaluable folios

we possess only contain the authors, the initial letters of whose names are A and B. This great literary historian had finished for the press other volumes, which the torpor of his descendants has suffered to lie in a dormant state. Rich in acquisition, and judicious in his decisions, the days of the patriotic Mazzuchelli were freely given to the most curious and elegant researches in his national literature.

ture. His correspondence is said to consist of forty volumes, with eight of literary memoirs, besides the lives of his literary contemporaries. But Europe has been defrauded of the hidden treasures.

344. ECKERMANN.

The following sketch of Eckermann, the German biographer, presents one of the many instances where talent and merit have raised their possessor from humble life :—

"Our worthy reporter's father was a merchant on a small scale, who carried his shop upon his back for many years, from village to village, over the sandy beach between Luneburg and Hamburg. He dealt in ribbons, cotton twist, silk thread, coarse linen cloth, and goose quills. His mother kept a cow, weeded an acre of ground around her humble cabin, attended to her domestic duties, and in her leisure hours made a little money by spinning cotton, and netting dress-caps for the fair daughters of the Luneburg burghesses. John Peter, as the last born son of a second marriage, was left as the only companion of his industrious parents, during their declining years ; but this seclusion was, to his quiet, contemplative character, a source of as great enjoyment as to a young Napoleon or Byron it might have been of pain and uneasiness. In the spring season, the future friend and confidant of Goethe was employed during his boyish years in collecting the reeds, leaves, and dry grass that the Elbe had left from its floods, to serve as litter for his mother's cow. As the summer advanced, the dignity of his situation advanced with it, and John Peter became what in Homeric days would have been styled a divine cow-herd. Like the ant, too, he was busy during the summer months in gathering together dry branches and leaves from the neighboring wood, for the supply of the winter's fire. In harvest he became sheaf gatherer and gleaner to the reapers, and, as a sort of accessory trade, collected acorns and sold them to the neighboring farmers for feeding their geese. When he became a little older, he was admitted into partnership with his father, and learned to bear his burden betimes. Such was the simple boyhood of the man to whom the world is indebted for a work which must go down to posterity along with the name and works of Goethe,

and will to many bear a value not inferior to some of those immortal works themselves."

345. BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

The fate of the *Biographia Britannica*, in its first edition, must be noticed. The spirit and acuteness of Campbell, the curious industry of Oldys, and the united labors of very able writers, could not secure public favor. This treasure of our literary history was on the point of being suspended, when a poem by Gilbert West drew the public attention to that elaborate work, which, however, still languished, and was hastily concluded.

346. JOHNSON'S FIDELITY.

When a friend told Johnson that he was much blamed for having unveiled the weakness of Pope, "Sir," said he, "if one man undertake to write the life of another, he undertakes to exhibit his true and real character ; but this can be done only by a faithful and accurate delineation of the particulars which discriminate that character."

347. HASTINGS'S OPINION OF BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

Sir John Malcolm once asked Warren Hastings, who was a contemporary and companion of Dr. Johnson and Boswell, what was his real estimation of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. "Sir," replied Hastings, "it is the *dirtiest* book in my library." Then proceeding, he added, "I knew Boswell intimately ; and I well remember, when his book first made its appearance, Boswell was so full of it that he could neither think nor talk of any thing else ; so much so, that meeting Lord Thurlow hurrying through Parliament Street, to get to the House of Lords, where an important debate was expected, for which he was already too late, Boswell had the temerity to stop and accost him with "Have you read my book ?" "Yes," replied Lord Thurlow, with one of his strongest curses, "every word of it ; I could not help it."

§ 31. BLINDNESS AND LITERARY PURSUITS.

348. COUNT DE PAGAN.

Count de Pagan, having entered the army at the early age of twelve, lost one of his eyes before he was seventeen, at the siege of Montauban. He still, however, pursued his profession with unabated ardor, and distinguished himself by many acts of brilliant courage. At last, when about to be sent into Portugal, with the rank of field marshal, he was seized with an illness which deprived him of his remaining eye. He was yet only in his thirty-eighth year, and he determined that the misfortunes he had already sustained in the service of his country should not prevent him from recommencing his public career in a new character. He had always been attached to mathematics, and he now devoted himself

assiduously to the prosecution of his favorite study, with a view principally to the improvement of the science of fortification, for which his great experience in the field particularly fitted him. During the twenty years after this, which he passed in a state of total blindness, he gave a variety of publications to the world, among which may be mentioned, besides his well-known and largest work on Fortifications, his *Geographical Theorems*, and his *Astronomical Tables*. He is also the author of a rare book called an *Historical and Geographical Account of the River of the Amazons*, which is remarkable as containing a chart asserted to have been made by himself, after he was blind. It is said not to be very correct, although a wonderful production for such an artist.

349. SCAPINELLI.

The Italian poet Scapinelli, who was born at Modena in 1585, was blind from his birth. He held a professor's chair successively at Bologna, Modena, and Pisa; and having then been recalled to occupy the place of chief professor of eloquence, on which he had long set his heart, in the first of these universities, died there in the forty-ninth year of his age. Scapinelli, besides several prose compositions, wrote verses both in Italian and Latin; and all his works are distinguished, not only by their learning, but by a purity and elegance of diction rare at the time when he flourished. He was accounted, indeed, one of the most finished scholars of his day.

350. SCHOENBERGER AND ROLLI.

Ulderich Schoenberger, born at Weida, in 1601, became blind in his third year. He became a master of arts and a teacher of languages at Holstein. He understood French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syrian, and Arabic. His knowledge of mathematics and natural and moral philosophy was extensive. He played on the organ, and other instruments. He held disputations about colors and the rainbow, at Königsberg. He played at nine-pins, and shot right at a mark, whose place was pointed out to him by knocking.

Rolli, born at Rome in 1685, blind in his fifth year, acquired a great knowledge in medicine and mathematics, was a poet, and wrote a tragedy, *Porcenna*, which is in print.

351. MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

Miss Anna Williams came to London in 1730, when only twenty-four years of age, with her father, a Welsh surgeon, who had given up his profession in consequence of imagining that he had discovered a method of finding the longitude at sea, which would make his fortune. After many efforts, however, to obtain the patronage of government for his scheme, and having exhausted his resources, he was obliged to take refuge in the Charter House. His daughter, who had been liberally educated, and had at first mixed in all the gayeties of the metropolis, was now obliged to support both him and herself by working at her needle. But, after struggling in this way for some years, she lost her sight by a cat-

aract. Her situation, it might be imagined, was now both helpless and hopeless in the extreme; but a strong mind enabled her to rise above her calamity. She not only continued the exercise of her needle, we are told, with as much activity and skill as ever, but, never suffering her spirits to droop, distinguished herself, just as she had been used to do, by the neatness of her dress, and preserved all her old attachments to literature. In 1746, after she had been six years blind, she published a translation from the French of *La Bleterie's* Life of the Emperor Julian. Her father, having some time after this met with Dr. Johnson, told him his story, and, in mentioning his daughter, gave so interesting an account of her, that the doctor expressed himself desirous of making her acquaintance, and eventually invited her to reside in his house as a companion to his wife. Mrs. Johnson died soon after; but Miss Williams continued to reside with the doctor till her death, in 1783, at the age of 77. In 1752, an attempt was made to restore her sight by the operation of couching, but without success. Miss Williams also appeared again as an authoress in 1766, when she published a volume entitled *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, written partly by herself and partly by several of her friends.

352. WIMPRECHT, THE BOOKSELLER.

Perhaps one of the greatest curiosities in the city of Augsburg, in 1836, was a bookseller of the name of Wimprecht, who had the misfortune to be born blind, but whose enterprising spirit enabled him to struggle successfully against the melancholy privations he was doomed to sustain, and to procure, by his industry and intelligence, a respectable and comfortable support for a large family dependent upon him. His library consisted of more than eight thousand volumes, which were of course frequently subject to change and renewal. But as soon as he acquired a new stock, the particulars of each book were read to him by his wife, and his discrimination permitted him to fix its value. His touch, to recognize it at any period, however distant, and his memory, never failed him in regard to its arrangement in his shop. His readiness to oblige, his honesty, and information of books in general, procured him a large custom; and under such extraordinary natural disadvantages he became a useful, and happily rendered himself a wealthy, member of the society to which he belonged.

§ 32. BLUNDERS, LITERARY.

353. CAMPBELL'S HERMITTUS REDIVIVUS.

A most singular blunder was produced by the ingenious *Hermippus Redivivus* of Dr. Campbell, a curious banter on the hermetic philosophy and the universal medicine; but the grave irony is so closely kept up throughout this admirable treatise, that it deceived for a length of time the most learned of that day. His notion of the art of prolonging life, by inhaling the breath of young women, was eagerly credited. A physician who himself had composed a treatise on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings at a female boarding school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the breath of young ladies. Mr. Thich-

nesse seriously adopted the project. Dr. Kippis acknowledges that after he read the work in his youth, the reasonings and the facts left him several days in a kind of fairy land. "I have a copy," says D'Israeli, "with manuscript notes by a learned physician, who seems to have had no doubts of its veracity." After all, the intention of the work was long doubtful, till Dr. Campbell informed a friend it was a mere *jeu d'esprit*; that Bayle was considered as standing without a rival in the art of treating at large a difficult subject, without discovering to which side his own sentiments leaned; and Dr. Campbell had likewise read more uncommon books than most men; he wished to rival Bayle, and at the same time to give to the world much unknown matter. He

has admirably succeeded, and with this key the whole mystery is unlocked.

"Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment and walk by the way."

354. MORE'S UTOPIA.

When the Utopia of Sir Thomas More was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect but visionary republic in an island supposed to have been newly discovered in America. "As this was the age of discovery," says Granger, "the learned Budæus and others took it for a genuine history; and considered it as highly expedient that missionaries should be sent thither, in order to convert so wise a nation to Christianity."

358. MODERN BOOKMAKING.

In Goldsmith's History of England, during the term of Charles II., no mention is made of either the great plague or the fire of London.

These omissions remind us of a similar oversight in a geography issued by one of the publishing societies — the name of *Switzerland* is not once mentioned! yet of this work many thousand copies were sold before the detection was made.

359. GODWIN'S BLUNDER.

When Godwin was employed in writing the Life of Chatham, he applied to many of his acquaintances for suitable anecdotes and suggestions. Mr. Fawcett supplied him with a striking passage from a speech which he had heard Chatham deliver, on general warrants: "Every man's house is called his castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No. It may be a straw-built hut; the wind may whistle around it — the rain may enter it — but the king cannot." The point was plain enough; but when he came to read the printed volume, he found it thus arranged: "Every man's house is called his castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat or defended by a wall? No — it may be a straw-built hut; the rain may enter it — all the winds of heaven may whistle round it, but the king cannot."

355. WARBURTON'S BLUNDER.

Pope, in a note on Measure for Measure, informs us that its story was taken from Cynthio's Novels, Dec. 8, Nov. 5, that is, Decade 8, Novel 5. The critical Warburton, in his edition of Shakspeare, puts the words in full length, thus, December 8, November 5.

In a catalogue, compiled some years ago by a French writer, of works on natural history, he has inserted Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls.

356. JOHNSON'S BULL.

To a gentleman who expressed himself in disrespectful terms of Blackmore, one of whose poetic bulls he happened to recollect, Dr. Johnson answered, "I hope, sir, a blunder, after you shall have heard what I shall relate, will not be reckoned as decisive against a poet's reputation."

"When I was a young man, I translated Addison's Latin poem on the Battle of the Pygmies and the Cranes, and must plead guilty to the following couplet:—

'Down from the guardian boughs the nests they flung,
And killed the yet unanimated young.'

"And yet I trust I am no blockhead. I afterwards changed the word *killed* into *crushed*."

357. SINGULAR MISQUOTATION.

There is a curious error in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, which has not hitherto been noticed. It occurs in definition 13 of the verb "to sit," and pervades every edition, even Mr. Todd's. "Asses are ye that sit in judgment." (Judges v. 10.) The verse is,

360. MOREAU'S MISTAKE.

When General Moreau, who forsook the colors of Napoleon, and was afterwards killed fighting against his former commander, in Germany, was in the city of Boston, he was much courted and sought after as a lion of the first quality. On one occasion he was invited to Cambridge to attend the commencement exercises. In the course of the day a musical society of undergraduates sang a then very popular ode, the chorus of which was, "To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow." Moreau, who was imperfectly acquainted with our language, fancied that they were complimenting him, and at every recurrence of the burden, which he interpreted, "To Moreau, to Moreau, to Moreau," he rose and bowed gracefully to the singers' gallery, pressing his laced chapeau to his heart. We can easily imagine the amusement of the spectators who were in the secret, and the mortification of the Frenchman, when he discovered his mistake.

§ 33. BOMBAST.

361. BOMBASTIC CONSOLATIONS.

Some letters were shown to Cardinal Pole that had been written to console a great man on the death of some of his friends. These letters were composed in the most pompous manner, and were adorned with all the flowers of a gaudy and affected style.

"I never read any letters," said the cardinal,

"more calculated to answer the purpose of assuaging grief, for I defy any man to read them without laughing heartily."

362. JOHNSON'S REBUKE OF ROUBILLIAC.

Roubillac was introduced to Johnson when the latter lived in Gough Square, Fleet Street. His

object was, to prevail on Johnson to write an epitaph for a monument, on which this famous sculptor was then engaged, for Westminster Abbey. Johnson received the stranger with much civility, especially as he was introduced to him by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He took him up into a garret, which the prodigy of learning used to consider as his library, in which, besides his books all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and an old elbow chair, with only three legs. In this chair Johnson seated himself, after having first placed it securely against the wall on that side where the leg was deficient. He then took his pen, and demanded what his visitor wanted him to write. On this, Roubiliac began a bombastic and ridiculous harangue on what he thought should be the kind of epitaph most proper for the purpose; all which the doctor very patiently wrote down in his usually fine and strictly correct language. The conceited Frenchman continuing to dictate, which Johnson, conscious of the superiority of his powers, never could bear, he quickly silenced him in an angry and peremptory tone of voice, saying, "Come, come, sir, let us have no more of this bombastic, ridiculous rhodomontade, but let me know, in simple language, the name, character, and quality of the person whose epitaph you wish me to write."

363. THE POET-QUOTING LAWYER.

Ardent young men, fresh from the schools, in their early attempts at the bar are very apt to adopt a flowery, bombastic style of language and sentiment. There is, indeed, in multitudes of instances at the bar, a strong temptation to magnify and embellish things essentially trivial, beyond all reasonable bounds; and the sanguine young lawyer, especially anxious to make the most powerful effect on the minds of the jury, and succeed in his first efforts, becomes florid and bombastic before he is aware.

But seldom is such a pleader more sharply dealt with by senior brothers than in the case following:—

There was in the town of B., in West Tennessee, a young lawyer, who had studied the poets more than the legal writers of the age, and who availed himself of every opportunity of displaying his poetical acquirements, by quoting from Byron, Milton, Young, and other verse-makers. He was once employed on a criminal case, and, as usual, launched forth in a flowery speech, quoting all the poets, both known and unknown, until he had worked the jury up into such a state of excitement, that they were ready to render their verdict in his favor *instantly*. The state's attorney, who was a very plain, straightforward man, listened quietly to the whole speech, and seemed much pleased with the happy effort of his young opponent. Slowly rising from his seat after the speech was ended, he said,—

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury—I have, for more than twenty years, practised in this court, and knew not, until my young brother's appearance at the bar, that every lawyer had to contribute his share of rhyme, and I beg your kind indulgence of my ignorance of this new style of pleading. I know but one piece of rhyme, and would never have recollected that, had not a friend of mine been wicked enough to perpetrate a parody on it. It was written for a fisherman, and I give it for the benefit of the court, who will please

excuse its inappropriateness, as I have nothing better to contribute:—

'His pole was made of the sturdy oak,
And his line a cable that never broke;
He baited his hook with tigers' tails,
And sat on a rock and bobbed for whales.'

"My friend, whose couch was infested with a species of insect which is noted for its biting and skipping propensities, altered it to the following:—

'His pole was made of the peacock's feather,
And his line composed of the finest tether;
He baited his hook with mites of cheese,
And sat on his bed to bob for fleas.'

This burlesque was received with roars of laughter, and the discomfited young lawyer retired, having the mortification of hearing a verdict rendered against his client.

364. THE ORIGINAL BOMBASTES.

The word *bombast* is said by Webster to have been derived from the name of a stuff of loose texture used to swell garments. Hence high-sounding words are termed *bombastic*. But the real origin of the term we believe to have been from the family name of that strange and paradoxical genius, Paracelsus. *Bombastus*, or *Bombastes*, was the paternal appellation, for which, according to the custom of the age, he substituted the scholastic name of Paracelsus. This man, who was an ignorant and empirical physician, acquired a wonderful reputation for the cures he effected by the bold use of mercury and opium, and was raised to the professorship of medicine at Basle.

His turgid and inflated style of writing and lecturing led to the bestowal of his name, as descriptive of that manner of speaking and composition. The word was probably coined by some witty hearer of his bombastic discourses; and verily the sound of it is adapted to the sense. At length, we suppose, some manufacturer, seeking a title for a new "stuff of loose texture used to swell garments," fixed upon the word "bombast" as most descriptive: thus adding to its literary and primary sense a secondary and secular one.

365. THE POET'S SONNET.

There is much bombast in poetry as well as in prose. The following is a good specimen:—

A "young poet," in his autobiography, tells us that, for a long time after he commenced writing verse, he nursed his genius in secret, not daring to let his productions meet the public eye.

At length he composed a florid and high-sounding sonnet to the moon, and was so delighted with it that he determined to send it to a popular journal. For several weary weeks he searched the columns of the paper for the sonnet; but it did not appear. He was reduced almost to despair.

At last, as he glanced his eyes over "Notice to Correspondents," he was electrified with the following:—

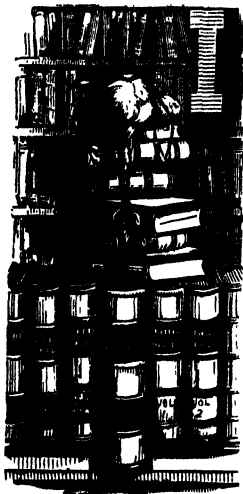
"We have received from some one an effort at poetry, entitled SONNET TO THE MOON. The first two lines run thus:—

'Thou bright and silver medal, which the night
Wears on her vesture, buttoned with the stars!'

From the figure of this couplet and the sequel, it is evident that our author is a *tailor*, whose goose will never waft him to the summit of Parnassus."

BOOKS.

§ 34. THEIR ANCIENT VALUE.

366. PLATO, ALFRED, AND THE COUNTESS OF ANJOU.

It is recorded of Plato, that notwithstanding he had a very small paternal inheritance, he bought three books at a price equal to twelve hundred dollars our money.

Before the invention of printing, manuscripts in general bore such excessive prices, that few beside the opulent could acquire a library.

Benedict Bishop, founder of an English monastery, made no fewer than five journeys to Rome to purchase books; for one of these, a volume of Cosmography, King Alfred gave him an estate of as much land as eight ploughs could labor.

Muratori relates that an abbot earnestly besought the pope, in a letter in 825, to lend him a copy of Cicero on Oratory and Quintilian's Institutes; "for," says he, "a complete copy is not to be found in France."

The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of Homilies two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet.

367. GEORGE OF AMBASAI TO THE CANONS OF BRUGES.

The following instance will show what incredible pains were taken in 1507 to collect books at immense expense, and to avoid the thunders of the church that were directed against any persons who should purloin or disperse the volumes belonging to the various monastic institutions. The fact is afforded by an epistle addressed by the cardinal legate, George of Ambasai, to the canons of Bruges, from whom he borrowed Hilary on the Psalms.

"George of Ambasai, presbyter of St. Sixtus, cardinal of Rouen, legate of the apostolic see, to his dear friends the venerable fathers, the canons of the chapter of the sacred Chapel of Bruges, wisheth peace.

"Having been informed that in the library of your sacred chapel there was an ancient copy of Hilary of Poitiers on the Psalms; and taking great delight in literary pursuits, especially those which regard our holy religion, so far as our weak abilities will permit; we requested from your paternal kindness the loan of that book for a few days, to which you

courteously acceded, notwithstanding the pontifical bull which forbade any books being taken from the library under pain of excommunication.

"Whereupon, having read the book with considerable pleasure, we have resolved to have it copied; for which purpose it will be requisite to have it in our possession for some months, though we intend, after it has been transcribed, to return it uninjured to your paternal care. We therefore absolve you from all censures or punishment you might incur by lending the book; and by the authority with which we are invested, do hereby pronounce and declare you absolved, notwithstanding any thing to the contrary contained in the aforesaid bull, or in any other.

"Given at Bruges, the third day of March, MDVII. GEORGE, Cardinal Legate of Rouen."

366. ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS.

Jerome states that he had ruined himself by buying a copy of the Works of Origen. The *Roman de la Rose* was sold for above £30; and they usually fetched double or treble their weight in gold. "They sold at prices varying from £10 to £40 each, in 1400.

In our own times, the value of some volumes is very great. A copy of Macklin's Bible, ornamented by Mr. Tompkins, has been declared worth five hundred guineas. A yet more superb copy is at present in a London office for £3000.

369. LOUIS XI. BORROWING BOOKS.

In the year 1471, when Louis XI. borrowed the Works of Rhasis, the Arabian physician, from the faculty of medicine in Paris, he not only deposited in pledge a considerable quantity of plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed, binding himself under a great forfeiture to restore it.

When any person made a present of a book to a church or a monastery, in which were the only libraries during several ages, it was deemed a donation of such value, that he offered it on the altar *pro remedia anime sue*, in order to obtain forgiveness of his sins.

370. A COPY OF LIVY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Anthony Panormita, a learned Sicilian, in the fifteenth century, sold an estate that he might be able to purchase a copy of Livy. Of this circumstance we have a curious account, in a letter written by Panormita himself to Alphonsus, King of Naples, to whom he was secretary. It is as follows: "Sir, you have informed me from Florence that the books of Livy, written in a fair hand, are to be sold, and that they ask for them one hundred and twenty crowns. I beseech your majesty to cause to be sent to me this king of books, and I will not fail to send

the money for it. And I entreat your prudence to let me know whether Pogins or I does better; he who, to purchase a farm near Florence, sells Livy, or I who, to purchase the book written with his own hand, sell my land? Your goodness and modesty

induce me to put this familiar question to you. Farewell, and triumph!" It is to be hoped that the king sent him Livy, without subjecting him to the necessity of parting with his land for the book.

§ 35. OLD AND RARE.

371. ANCIENT COPY OF THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

The original book upon which all the kings of England, from Henry I. to Edward VI., took the coronation oath, is now (1821) in the library of a gentleman in Norfolk. It is a manuscript of the Four Evangelists, written on vellum; the form and beauty of the letters nearly approaching to Roman capitals. It appears to have been written and fitted up for the coronation of Henry I. The original binding, which is still in a perfect state, consists of two oak-
 en boards, nearly an inch thick, fastened together with stout thongs of leather, and the corners defended by large bosses of brass. On the right hand side, as the book is opened, of the outer cover, is a crucifix of brass, double gilt, which was kissed by the kings upon their inauguration, and the whole is fastened together by a strong clasp of brass fixed to a broad piece of leather, nailed on with two large brass pins.

372. CURIOUS DISCOVERY OF COVERDALE'S BIBLE.

A copy of the first complete edition of the English Bible, printed by Myles Coverdale, bearing the date 1435, was accidentally discovered, a short time since, in the false bottom of an old oak chest, at Holkham Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. There are numerous imperfect copies of this edition of the Holy Scriptures in existence, two being deposited in the library of the British Museum, one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, one in the Cambridge University Library, and in fact most of the great libraries and public institutions in

speci
 labors hitherto known, being in every respect perfect, whereas all the other volumes enumerated are deficient of many leaves, both at the beginning and the end. The proprietor of Holkham has had the book appropriately bound and enclosed in an oaken box, and it now graces the shelves of his magnificent library. A London bookseller is said to have offered \$500 for this bibliographical treasure.

373. GLANVILLE'S WORK.

Bartholomæus de Glanville, a writer who flourished about the middle of the fourteenth century, wrote *De Proprietatibus Rerum*, which was first printed in folio by Caxton, 1480. It was translated into English by Trevisa, and printed by Wynkin de Worde, in 1507. Mr. Dibdin, in his *Typographical Antiquities*, styles this "a volume of extraordinary typographical beauty and rarity." It is the first book printed on paper made in England.

374. A REMARKABLE BOOK.

The Hon. Thomas Greville, of London, was the possessor of a large and unique collection of books, the most curious and valuable of which he bequeathed to the British Museum. The value of those thus bestowed is computed at the large sum of £100,000, and the whole number of volumes exceeded 20,000. A very remarkable book indeed in this rare bequest was the *Biblia Sacra Latina*, upon vellum, the first edition of the Holy Scriptures, and the first book printed with movable types by the inventors of printing. It was printed at Mentz by Gutenberg and Faust, between the years 1450-5, and is executed in double columns, in imitation of the choir books of the period. The cost was so great that Schoeffer, the son-in-law of Faust, states in Trithemius's *Chronicles* that 4000 florins were expended before twelve sheets were finished. The bible is known as the Mazarin Bible, on account of a copy having been discovered in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. It is so scarce that but four copies upon vellum and fourteen upon paper exist, nearly all of which are in public libraries.

375. FOLIO COPY OF THE VULGATE.

An ancient printed folio copy of the Latin translation of the Bible, called the Vulgate, has been brought, says the New York Evening Post, to this office. It was printed at Cologne, in the year 1527, by Peter Quentel, and bears the arms of the free city of Cologne — the three crowns, which are supposed to refer to the old legend of the three kings of Cologne. It is said, in a memorandum in the inside of the cover, to be a duplicate of the Royal Library at Munich; and by another memorandum it appears to have belonged, in the year 1620 — the year of the settlement of the Pilgrims at Plymouth — to John Baptist Lehner, a priest of Rotteburg. The present owner is George C. Morgan, at No. 225 Pearl Street.

Notwithstanding that this old folio was printed in less than eighty years after the discovery of printing, the typography is remarkably neat, exact, and distinct. It is illustrated with cuts, either on wood or lead, representing the tabernacle, the altar, the temple, &c., of the Jews, and the persons of the twelve apostles — St. Mark with his lion, St. Luke with his ox, St. John with his eagle, &c. The different books of the Scriptures are divided into chapters, but not into verses; and instead of the latter division, certain letters of the alphabet are placed in the margin opposite to the different paragraphs, for the convenience of reference.

376. EARLY EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

A copy of the second edition of Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*, 1594, was sold in London, in

182—, at Messrs. Sotheby's, for £106. This edition was *unknown* to Malone and his contemporaries; the only other copy said to exist was left to the Bodleian Library by the late Mr. Caldecot. It is not a remainder of the first edition, but a distinct re-impression. Malone gave £25 for his copy of the first edition of 1593. It would fetch seven times that sum now. A copy of the Sonnets, of 1609, was sold at the same sale (title and dedication wanting, but supplied by Harris) for £33, a higher price than has been given before for a perfect copy. Garrick's copy of the first folio was knocked down for £86; bought at Garrick's sale for £34 2s. 6d., and by Garrick himself, when books were cheap, for £1 16s. The original selling price was £1. A kind of cup or rummer, made from Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, was sold on the same day for £30. This was "Tom Hill's" cup.

377. BUNYAN'S COPY OF THE BOOK OF MARTYRS.

There is no book, except the Bible, which Bunyan is known to have perused so intently as the Acts and Monuments of John Fox, the martyrologist, one of the best of men; a work more hastily than judiciously compiled, but invaluable for that greater and far more important portion which has obtained for it its popular name of "the Book of Martyrs." Bunyan's own copy of this work is in existence, and valued, of course, as such a relic of such a man ought to be. It was purchased, in the year 1780, by Mr. Wantner, of the Minorics; from him it descended to his daughter, Mrs. Parnell, of Botolph Lane; and it was afterwards purchased by subscription for the Bedfordshire General Library.

This edition of the Acts and Monuments is of the date 1641, three volumes folio, the last of those in the black letter, and probably the latest when it came into Bunyan's hands. In each volume he has written his name beneath the title page, in a large and stout print-hand. Under some of the wood cuts he has inserted a few rhymes, which are undoubtedly his own composition; and which, though much in the manner of the verses that were printed under the illustrations of his own *Pilgrim's Progress*, are very much worse than even the worst of those. Indeed, it would not be possible to find specimens of more miserable doggerel.

Here is one of the Tinker's tetrastichs, penned in the margin, beside the account of Gardiner's death.

"The blood, the blood that he did shed
Is falling one his one head;
And dreadful it is for to see
The beginners of his misery."

One of the signatures bears the date of 1662; but the verses must undoubtedly have been some years earlier, before the publication of his first tract. These curious inscriptions must have been Bunyan's first attempts in verse. He had, no doubt, found difficulty enough in tinkering them to make him proud of his work when it was done, otherwise he would not have written them in a book which was the most valuable of all his goods and chattels. In later days, he seems to have taken this book for his art of poetry. His verses are something below the pitch of Sternhold and Hopkins. But if he learnt there to make bad verses, he entered fully into the spirit of its better parts, and received that spirit into as resolute a heart as ever beat in a martyr's bosom.*

378. SCARCE BOOK

One of the scarcest books in the world is entitled *Prieres et Meditations, par Antoine Godeau*, Paris, 1643. It was printed in a peculiar form for the use of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, and the royal family, and only six copies were struck off.

379. CLARKE'S CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES.

When the splendid folio edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, by Clarke, published on purpose to be presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was sold, at the sale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library, for forty pounds, it was accompanied with an anecdote respecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deserves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had this book in his possession, his mother, being informed that it was of some value, wished to dispose of it, and, being told that Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper person to offer it to, she waited upon him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it, and being answered four guineas, took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book. Being desirous, however, of information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller, and inquired what he would give for such a book. The bookseller replied, seventeen guineas. Mr. Beauclerk, actuated by principles of strict justice and benevolence, went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and telling her that she had been mistaken in its value, not only gave her the additional thirteen guineas, but also generously bestowed a further gratuity upon her.

* Southey's Life of John Bunyan.

§ 36. CURIOUS FACTS.

380. JEWISH TALMUD.

The reading of the Jewish Talmud was forbidden by various edicts of the Emperor Justinian, of many of the French and Spanish kings, and numbers of popes. All the copies were ordered to be burnt. The intrepid perseverance of the Jews themselves preserved that work from annihilation. In 1566, twelve thousand copies were thrown into the flames at Cremona. John Reuchlin interfered to stop this universal destruction of Talmuds; for which he be-

came hated by the monks, and condemned by the Elector of Mentz. But appealing to Rome, the prosecution was stopped, and the traditions of the Jews were considered as not necessary to be destroyed.

381. ST. ISIDORE'S MISSAL.

The following anecdote respecting a Spanish missal, called St. Isidore's, is not incurious. Hard fighting saved it from destruction.

In the Moorish wars, all these missals had been destroyed, excepting those in the city of Toledo. There, in six churches, the Christians were allowed the free exercise of their religion. When the Moors were expelled, several centuries afterwards, from Toledo, Alphonsus VI. ordered the Roman missal to be used in those churches; but the people of Toledo insisted on having their own preferred, as being drawn up by the most ancient bishops, and revised by St. Isidore. It had been used by a great number of saints, and, having been preserved pure during Moorish times, it seemed to them that Alphonsus was more tyrannical than the Turks. The contest between the Roman and the Toletan missals came to that height, that at length it was determined to decide their fate by single combat. The champion of the Toletan missal felled, by one blow, the knight of the Roman missal. Alphonsus still considered this battle as merely the effect of the heavy arm of the doughty Toletan, and ordered a fast to be proclaimed, and a great fire to be prepared, into which, after his majesty and the people had joined in prayer for heavenly assistance in this ordeal, both the rivals—not the men, but the missals—were thrown into the flames. Again St. Isidore's missal triumphed, and this iron book was then allowed to be orthodox by Alphonsus, and the good people of Toledo were allowed to say their prayers as they had been long used to do. However, the copies of this missal at length became very scarce; for now, when no one opposed the reading of St. Isidore's missal, none cared to use it. Cardinal Ximenes found it so difficult to obtain a copy, that he printed a large impression, and built a chapel, consecrated to St. Isidore, that this service might be daily chanted as it had been by the ancient Christians.

382. LOSS OF VARIOUS WORKS.

The History of Phœnicia, by Sanchoniathon, supposed to be a contemporary with Solomon, is only known to us by a few valuable fragments preserved by Eusebius. The same ill fortune attends Manetho's History of Egypt, and Berosus's History of Chaldaea.

Of the History of Polybius, which once contained forty books, we have now only five; of the historical library of Diodorus Siculus, fifteen books only remain out of forty; and half the Roman antiquities of Dionysius Halicarnassensis has perished. Of the eighty books of the history of Dion Cassius, twenty-five only remain. The present opening book of Ammianus Marcellinus is entitled the fourteenth. Livy's history consisted of one hundred and forty books, and we only possess thirty-five of that pleasing historian. What a treasure has been lost in the thirty books of Tacitus! Little more than four remain. Murphy elegantly observes, that "the reign of Titus, the delight of human kind, is totally lost, and Domitian has escaped the vengeance of the historian's pen." Yet Tacitus, in fragments, is still the colossal *torso* of history.

It is curious to observe that Velleius Paterculus, of whom a fragment only has reached us, we owe to a single copy, no other having ever been discovered, and which occasions the text of this historian to remain incurably corrupt.

Taste and criticism have certainly incurred an irreparable loss in that Treatise on the Causes of the Corruption of Eloquence, by Quintilian, which he has himself noticed, with so much satisfaction,

in his Institutes. Petrarch declares that, in his youth, he had seen the works of Varro, and the second decade of Livy; but all his endeavors to recover them were fruitless.

We have lost two precious works in ancient biography. Varro wrote the lives of seven hundred illustrious Romans; and Atticus, the friend of Cicero, composed another on the actions of the great men among the Romans. These works were enriched with portraits. When we consider that these writers lived familiarly with the finest geniuses of their times, and were opulent, hospitable, and lovers of the fine arts, their biography and their portraits are felt as an irreparable loss.

Among Pliny's works was a history in twenty books, which has entirely perished. We discover, also, the works of writers, which, by the accounts of them, appear to have equalled in genius those which have descended to us. The curious reader is referred to such a poet, whom Pliny, in book i. letter xvi., has feelingly described. He tells us that "his works are never out of my hands; and whether I sit down to write any thing myself, or to revise what I have already written, or am in a disposition to amuse myself, I constantly take up this agreeable author; and as often as I do so, he is still new." He had before compared this poet to Catullus; and, in a critic of so fine a taste as Pliny, to have cherished so constant an intercourse with the writings of this author, indicates high powers. Instances of this kind frequently occur.

The losses which the poetical world has sustained are sufficiently known by those who are conversant with the few invaluable fragments of Menander, who would have interested us much more than Homer; for he was evidently the domestic poet, and the lyre he touched was formed of the strings of the human heart. He was the painter of manners, and the historian of the passions. The opinion of Quintilian is confirmed by the golden fragments preserved for the English reader in the elegant versions of Cumberland. Even of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who each wrote about one hundred dramas, seven only have been preserved of the former, and nineteen of Euripides. Of the one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus we only inherit twenty imperfect ones.

383. MANUSCRIPT COPY OF LIVY.

"When there was a great fire in the seraglio at Constantinople, about fifty years ago," said M. Soyer, "a great portion of the furniture, and, among the rest, several books, were flung into the street. The secretary of the French embassy, then at the Porte, happened to be walking that way, and, as he was getting as well as he could through the crowd, he saw a man with a large folio volume which he had opened, but could not tell what to make of it. The secretary saw it was a manuscript of Livy, and, on turning over the leaves a little further, found that it had the second decade, as well as the first, and probably might have all that is lost to us. He offered the man a handsome reward, if he would keep the book under his long robe, and follow him with it to his lodgings. The man agreed to it, and followed him; but the crowd and confusion increasing, they were separated, and so the secretary lost the recovery of so great a treasure as this would have been to the learned world."

384. EIKON BASILIKE.

It is well known that a book under this title long passed as the production of King Charles I. The manner in which the imposition was detected was truly curious. In 1686, Mr. Millington, a celebrated auctioneer of that day, had to sell the library of the deceased Lord Anglesey. Putting up an *Eikon Basilike*, notwithstanding it was in the reign of the supposed royal author's son, there were but few bidders, and those very low in their biddings. Having thus leisure, while his hammer was suspended, to turn over the leaves, he read, with evident surprise, the following memorandum in Lord Anglesey's own handwriting:—

"King Charles the Second and the Duke of York did both (in the last session of Parliament, 1675, when I showed them, in the Lords' House, the written copy of this book, wherein are some corrections, written with the late King Charles the First's own hand) assure me that this was none of the said king's compiling, but made by Dr. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter; which I here insert for the undeceiving of others in this point, by attesting so much under my own hand. ANGLESEY."

This curious circumstance, coming to light at the end of forty years, led to much conversation; and several persons, who knew that Dr. Walker, an Essex clergyman, had descended from the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Gauden, they made inquiries of him, as to whether he could throw any light on the subject. Dr. Walker said that Dr. Gauden acquainted him with the whole design, showed him the heads of divers chapters of the book, and some quite finished; and that on Dr. W.'s expressing his dissatisfaction that the world should be so imposed upon, the bishop told him to look at the title, the King's Portraiture; "for," said the bishop, "no man is supposed to draw his own picture." Toland may well exclaim, as he does, "a very nice evasion."

385. FIRST BOOK AUCTION.

The first book auction in England, of which we have any record, is of a date as far back as 1676, when the library of Dr. Seaman was brought to the hammer. Prefixed to the catalogue there is an address, which thus commences: "Reader, it hath not been usual here in England to make sale of books by way of auction, or who will give the most for them; but it having been practised in other countries, to the advantage of both buyers and sellers, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sale of these books in this manner of way."

386. A CURIOUS FACT.

It is stated (1848) that of the volumes of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation that have appeared, from 150,000 to 200,000 copies are in circulation in the English language, into which they have been translated; while in their native language, the French, their circulation scarcely exceeds 4000.

387. VOLUMES OF TITLE PAGES.

It is a curious circumstance that in the British Museum are now to be found nine thick volumes,

entirely composed of title pages, the collector of which spoiled thousands of volumes to obtain them.

388. NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

At a public sale of books, the auctioneer put up Drew's Essay on Souls, which was knocked down to a shoemaker, who very innocently, but to the great amusement of the crowded room, asked the auctioneer if "he had any more works on shoemaking to sell."

389. FATE OF BOOKS.

In a work published in 1822, it is said there are 1000 books published per annum in Great Britain, on 600 of which there is a commercial loss, on 200 no gain, on 100 a trifling gain, and only on 100 any considerable profit; 750 are forgotten within the year, another 100 in two years, other 100 in three years, not more than 50 survive seven years, and scarcely 10 are thought of after twenty years. Of the 50,000 books published in the seventeenth century, not 50 are now in estimation. And of the 80,000 published in the eighteenth century, not more than 300 are considered worth reprinting, and not more than 500 are sought after in 1822. Since the first writings, 1400 years before Christ, i. e., in thirty-two centuries, only about 500 works of writers of all nations have sustained themselves against the devouring influence of time.

390. SKETCH OF THE ART.

Books were bound in oak boards until the fourteenth century, when they began to use velvet, and soon afterwards silk. Vellum and leather were introduced early in the fifteenth century. First in the ranks of bookbinders stands Roger Payne, "at whose magic name," says Dibdin, "the bibliomaniac rises in reverence." He was employed by the rich and curious, and charged, what was in those days (the latter part of the eighteenth century) considered very high prices for his work; for binding an *Æschylus* for Earl Spencer, he received fifteen guineas; a large sum, indeed, but not greater than the price sometimes paid at this day in London for covering a volume. A book of his binding is much prized by the collector. Then came Halthoebor, Charles Lewis, Herring, and several others, all admirable workmen, but none of them, for durability and elegance of finish, to compare with Hoyday, the great binder of London.

In this country, until within a few years past, but little attention has been paid to the binding of books, with respect either to strength or appearance.

391. THUANUS AND GROLLIER.

The passion for the acquisition and enjoyment of books has been the occasion of their lovers embellishing their outsides with costly ornaments; a rage which ostentation may have abused; but when these volumes belong to the real man of letters, the most fanciful bindings are often the emblems of his taste and feelings.

The great Thuanus was eager to purchase the finest copies for his library, and his volumes are still eagerly purchased, bearing his autograph on the last page.

A celebrated amateur was Grollier, whose library was opulent in these luxuries; the Muses themselves could not more ingeniously have ornamented their favorite works. "I have," says D'Israeli, "seen several in the libraries of our own curious collectors. He embellished their outside with taste and ingenuity. They are gilded and stamped with peculiar neatness,

the compartments on the binding are drawn, and painted, with different inventions of subjects, analogous to the works themselves; and they are further adorned by that amiable inscription, *Jo Grollieri et amicorum!* purporting that these literary treasures were collected for himself and for his friends.

§ 37. NAMES AND TITLES.

392. ANCIENT TITLES SUGGESTED BY FRIENDSHIP.

The most illustrious of the ancients prefixed the name of some friend to the head of their works. We, too, often place that of some patron. They honorably inserted it in their works. When a man of genius, however, shows that he is not less mindful of his social affection than his fame, he is the more loved by his reader. Plato communicated a ray of his glory to his brothers; for in his Republic he ascribes some parts to Adimantus and Glauchon; and Antiphon the youngest is made to deliver his sentiments in the Parmenides. To perpetuate the fondness of friendship, several authors have entitled their works by the name of some cherished associate. Cicero, to his Treatise on Orators, gives the title of Brutus; to that of Friendship, Lelius; and to that of Old Age, Cato. They have been imitated by the moderns. The poetical Tasso, to his dialogue on Friendship, gave the name of Manson, who was afterwards his affectionate biographer. Sepulveda entitles his treatise on Glory by the name of his friend Gonsalves. Lociel, to his Dialogues on the Lawyers of Paris, prefixes the name of the learned Pasquier.

393. JEWISH TITLES.

The Jewish, and many Oriental authors, were fond of allegorical titles, which always indicate the most puerile age of taste. The titles were usually adapted to their obscure works. It might exercise an able enigmatist to explain their allusions; for we must understand by the Heart of Aaron, that it is a commentary on several of the prophets. The Bones of Joseph is an introduction to the Talmud. The Garden of Nuts, and the Golden Apples, are theological questions, and the Pomegranate with its Flower is a treatise of ceremonies, not any more practised. Jortin gives a title, which he says, of all the fantastical titles he can recollect, is one of the prettiest. A rabbin published a catalogue of rabbinical writers, and called it *Labia Dormientium*, from Cantic. vii. 9, "Like the best wine of my beloved that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak." It has a double meaning, of which he was not aware, for most of his rabbinical brethren talk very much like men in their sleep.

394. VARIOUS ECCENTRIC TITLES.

The writers of the seventeenth century had a most barbarous taste for titles. Some works were called Matches lighted by the Divine Fire, and one the Gun of Penitence. A collection of passages from the fathers is called the Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary. We have the Bank of Faith, and the Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit.

One of these works bears the following elaborate

title: Some fine Baskets baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation.

Sometimes their quaintness has some humor. One Sir Humphrey Lind, a zealous Puritan, published a work which a Jesuit answered by another, entitled a Pair of Spectacles for Sir Humphrey Lind. The doughty knight retorted by a Case for Sir Humphrey Lind's Spectacles.

395. LUTHER'S COMMENTARY.

Luther was so delighted by his favorite Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, that he distinguished it by a title of doting fondness: he named it after his wife, and called it his Catharine.

396. TITLE OF A POEM ON TOBACCO.

The authors of the time of Elizabeth and James I. often put quaint and ridiculous titles to their books. Amongst others we may mention Joshua Sylvester, a puritanical poet, who wrote a poem against tobacco, which bears this title: Tobacco battered, and the Pipes shattered about their Ears that idly idolize so loathsome a Vanity, by a Volley of holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon.

397. MISTAKEN TITLE.

De Chanterene composed several moral essays, which, being at a loss how to entitle, he called the Education of a Prince. He would persuade the reader, in his preface, that though they were not composed with a view to this subject, they should not, however, be censured for the title, as they partly related to the education of a prince. The world was too sagacious to be duped, and the author, in his second edition, acknowledges the absurdity, drops "the magnificent title," and calls his work Moral Essays.

398. FLEMISH TITLES.

Mr. and Mrs. Bilderdik, in Flanders, published poems under the singular title of White and Red. His own poems were called white, from the color of his hair; and those of his lady red, in allusion to the color of the rose. The idea must be Flemish!

399. HUDIBRAS.

"When Butler wrote his Hudibras, one Col. Rolle, a Devonshire man, lodged with him, and was exactly like his description of the knight; whence it is highly probable that it was this gentleman, and not Sir Samuel Luke, whose person he had in his

eye. The reason that he gave for calling his poem *Hudibras*, was, because the name of the old tutelar saint of Devonshire was *Hugh de Bras*." I find this in the *Grub Street Journal*, January, 1731, a periodical paper conducted by two eminent literary physicians, under the appropriate names of *Bavius* and *Mævius*, and which for some time enlivened the towns with the excellent design of ridiculing silly authors and stupid critics.

It is unquestionably proved, by the confession of several friends of Butler, that the prototype of *Sir Hudibras* was a Devonshire man; and if *Sir Hugh de Bras* be the old patron saint of Devonshire, which, however, cannot be found in Prince's or in Fuller's *Worthies*, this discovers the suggestion which led Butler to the name of his hero, burlesquing the new saint by pairing him with the chivalrous saint of the county; hence, like the knights of old, did

"*Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling!*"

This origin of the name is more appropriate to the character of the work than deriving it from the *Sir Hudibras* of Spenser, with whom there exists no similitude.

It is as honorable as it is extraordinary that such was the celebrity of *Hudibras*, that the workman's name was often confounded with the work itself; the poet was once better known under the name of *Hudibras* than of Butler. Old Southern calls him *Hudibras* Butler; and if any one would read the most copious life we have of this great poet in the great General Dictionary, he must look for a name he is not accustomed to find among the English authors — that of *Hudibras*! One fact is remarkable, that, like Cervantes, and unlike Rabelais and Sterne, Butler, in his great work, has not sent down to posterity a single passage of indecent ribaldry, though it was written amidst a court which would have got such by heart, and in an age in which such trash was certain of popularity.

400. YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

"The title of my poem, *Night Thoughts*," says Dr. Young, "is not affected, for I never compose but at night, except sometimes when I am on horse-back."

401. SEVERE RETORT.

Soon after Lord Sidney's elevation to the peerage, he happened to observe in company that authors were often very ridiculous in the titles they gave. "That," said a gentleman present, "is an error from which even kings appear not to be exempt."

402. LOOSE THOUGHTS.

When Mrs. Macaulay published a pamphlet called *Loose Thoughts*, several ladies who happened to be in company with Foote reprobated the title as very improper for a woman. "Not at all, ladies; the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."

403. ODD TITLES OF BOOKS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Some of the early fathers of New England were famous, as were some of their predecessors in England, for the significant titles which they gave to the books they published. Cotton's *Milk for Babes* was the title of a catechism which was long used in this country. The first page runs as follows:—

"*Spiritual Milk for BOSTON BABES in either England. Drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments for their Soul's Nourishment. But may be of like use to any Children. By John Cotton, B. D., late Teacher to the Church of Boston, in New England. Cambridge. Printed by S. G. for Hezekiah Usher, at Boston in New England, 1656.*"

The titles of Rev. John Leland's political pamphlets, &c., were often quaint and taking with the public to the highest degree.

Lorenzo Dow's titles were of the same character — "The best Way to kill the Devil," &c.

404. SERMONS TO ASSES.

At a meeting of the New York Historical Society, in 1849, the Rev. Dr. Adams presented to the library a manuscript volume entitled *Sermons to Asses*, supposed to have been written by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in 1768.

About the same time a clergyman at Newcastle-on-Tyne, (Eng.) of the name of Murray, preached and printed a volume of political sermons, full of wit and power, with the same title.

§ 38. BIBLIOMANIA.

405. ANCILLON.

Ancillon was a great collector of curious books, and dexterously defended himself when accused of the *bibliomania*. He gave a good reason for buying the most elegant editions, which he did not consider merely as a literary luxury. He said the less the eyes are fatigued in reading a work, the more liberty the mind feels to judge of it; and as we perceive more clearly the excellences and defects of a printed book than when in manuscript, so we see them more plainly in good paper and clear type than when the impression and paper are both bad. He always purchased *first editions*, and never waited for second ones; though it is the opinion of some that a first edition is generally the least valuable, and only to be considered as an imperfect essay,

which the author proposes to finish after he has tried the sentiments of the literary world. Bayle approves of Ancillon's plan. Those who wait calmly for a book, says he, till it is reprinted, show plainly that they are resigned to their ignorance, and prefer the saving of a pistole to the acquisition of useful knowledge.

406. THE ROXBURGH CLUB.

Among other follies of the age of paper, which took place in England at the end of the reign of George III., a set of book fanciers, who had more money than wit, formed themselves into a club, and appropriately designated themselves the *Bibliomaniacs*. Dr. Dibdin was their organ; and among

the club were several noblemen, who, in other respects, were esteemed men of sense. Their rage was, not to estimate books according to their intrinsic worth, but for their rarity. Hence, any volume of the vilest trash, which was scarce, merely because it never had any sale, fetched fifty or a hundred pounds; but if it were but one of two or three known copies, no limits could be set to the price. Books altered in the title page, or in a leaf, or any trivial circumstance which varied a few copies, were bought by these *soi-disant* maniacs, at one, two, or three hundred pounds, though the copies were not really worth more than threepence per pound. A trumpety edition of Boccaccio, said to be one of two known copies, was thus bought by a noble marquis for £1475, though, in two or three years afterwards, he resold it for £500. First editions of all authors, and editions by the first clumsy printers, were never sold for less than £50, £100, or £200.

To keep each other in countenance, these persons formed themselves into a club, and, after a duke, one of their fraternity, called themselves the *Roxburgh Club*. To gratify them, *fac-simile* copies of clumsy editions of trumpety books were reprinted; and, in some cases, it became worth the while of more ingenious persons to play off forgeries upon them. This mania after a while abated; and, in future ages, it will be ranked with the tulip and the picture mania, during which estates were given for single flowers and pictures.

407. SALE OF ROXBURGH'S LIBRARY.

Unlike most other species of property, books, in some instances, advance in value in proportion to their age. Many cases might be cited to prove this; the most remarkable on record is that of the great sale of Lord Roxburgh's library, in 1812, which occupied forty-five days at auction, and which cost its founder, fifty years before, less than £5000, but which actually realized on the occasion referred to the enormous sum of £23,341. One book, the folio (first) edition of Boccaccio, printed by Valdarfer, of which it is believed this was the only copy extant, brought £2260. Its original price was something like ten shillings. Bibliomania was at this time, certainly, at its extreme height.

408. BRITTON, THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN, AND OTHERS.

About the beginning of the 18th century a passion for collecting old books reigned among the English nobility. The names of those who sought after them were the Duke of Devonshire, Edward, Earl of Oxford, and the Earls of Pembroke, Sunderland, and Winchelsea. These persons in the winter season, on Saturdays, the Parliament not sitting on that day, were used to resort to the city, and, dividing themselves, took several routes, some to Little Britain, some to Moorfields, and others to different parts of the town, inhabited by booksellers. There they would inquire into the several shops, as they passed along, for old books and manuscripts; and some time before noon would assemble at the shop of Christopher Bateman, a bookseller, at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, in Paternoster Row; and here they were frequently met by Bagford and other persons engaged in the same pursuits, and a conversation always commenced on the subject of their inquiries. Bagford

informed them where any thing curious was to be seen or purchased, and they in return obliged him with a sight of what they from time to time collected. While they were engaged in this conversation, and as near as could be to the hour of twelve by St. Paul's clock, Britton, known as "the musical small-coal man," who by that time had finished his round, arrived, clad in his blue frock, and pitching his sack of small coal on the bulk of Mr. Bateman's shop window, would go in and join them; and after a conversation which generally lasted about an hour, the noblemen above mentioned adjourned to the Mourning Bush, at Aldersgate, where they dined and spent the remainder of the day.

The singularity of Britton's character, the course of his studies, and the collections he made, induced suspicions that Britton was not the man he seemed to be. But he was a plain, simple, honest man; perfectly inoffensive, and highly esteemed by all that knew him, and, notwithstanding the meanness of his occupation, was called Mr. Britton. He was so much distinguished, that, when passing through the streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with the following expressions: "There goes the famous small-coal man, who is a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion for gentlemen."

His death was occasioned by a trick played upon him by Samuel Honeyman, a blacksmith, who was famous as a ventriloquist. This man was introduced to Britton by a Mr. Robe, a justice, for the purpose of terrifying him, and he succeeded in it. Honeyman announced, as from afar off, the death of poor Britton, within a few hours, with an intimation that the only way to avert his doom was for him to fall on his knees and say the Lord's prayer. Britton did as he was bid, went home and took to his bed, and in a few days died, leaving Mr. Robe to enjoy the fruits of his mirth.

409. BLACK-LETTER BOOKS.

It was in the period of Scott's early manhood that the mania for black-letter books began to manifest itself in the land, and, like the once notable tulip madness in Holland, proved an important source of emolument to those who had even a small capital to embark in the purchase of rare specimens. It was quite possible for such traders occasionally to purchase for a trifling sum an entire library from some improvident or illiterate representative of an old family, by whom the books were looked upon as mere lumber. From these the fortunate purchaser well knew how to select the gems inestimable in the eyes of a collector, any one of which, being properly set and adorned in its fragrant binding of Russia leather, would sometimes bring nearly as much money as had been given for the whole lot. It was, indeed, on this basis principally that Mr. Constable, who had the honor of publishing the *Lay of the last Minstrel* and *Marmion*, contrived to accumulate that wealth, or acquire that credit, which, if more prudently managed, might have insured him stability and reputation for life. Mr. Scott was one of the very few among Constable's patrons who could turn this mania to good account; for, whilst he seemed to the uninitiated to have an indiscriminate appetite for old books of every description, the truth was, that he seldom made a purchase of one without some rational and special object in view.

410. A RARE BOOK.

A collector of scarce books was one day showing me his small, but curious hoard. "Have you ever seen a copy of this book?" he asked, with every

volume that he put into my hands; and when my reply was that I had not, he always rejoined, with a look and tone of triumph and delight, "I should have been exceedingly sorry if you had!"

§ 39. BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS.

411. CICERO'S PUBLISHER.

He employed the whole body of his slaves in writing. In his workshop, which excelled every thing that there had hitherto been in establishments of the kind, there were collected, as in our modern printing offices, all sorts of workmen, part of whom were engaged in preparing the paper and other materials, and repairing the instruments; part in multiplying the copies, and in correcting; part in skillfully rolling up the finished books and completing them with covers, titles, and the other customary ornaments. Atticus, in like manner, established a bookshop, such as at this time of day could be found nowhere in the world connected with any bookseller's or stationer's establishment. Cicero published most of his works with him, as for instance, the *Questiones Academicæ*, the Orator, his Letters, his Speeches against Antony and for Ligarius. The last, according to Cicero's own expression, "sold so capitably," that he declared his intention that for the future every thing he should write, Atticus should have to publish. We have here again clearly another example of the very great size of the editions. For Cicero, in this speech, had introduced by mistake a person long ago deceased as still living, and commissioned Atticus, after the book had already found a good sale, to have the mistake subsequently corrected by the erasure of the name in all the copies, that is, obviously, in those which were still unsold. But now how great must have been the remaining stock of copies, notwithstanding the large edition which had already been disposed of, when no fewer than three of the most skilful copyists were appointed to correct this one mistake. These, however, within three days, could certainly rectify at least a thousand copies. That Atticus, moreover, was not only concerned in the multiplication, but also in the sale of works; that his pursuit was not simply a hobby, but an actual business; this is clear from the extraordinary sale of the Ligarian speech. We even find Cicero himself in the number of his customers. He purchased from him a copy of the Serapion.

412. FALSE ESTIMATES OF PUBLISHERS.

Cave offered half the booksellers in London the property of the Gentleman's Magazine; and, as they all refused to engage in it, he was obliged to publish it himself, and it became one of the most popular periodicals in the world.

Dr. Buchan offered his Domestic Medicine to every principal bookseller of Edinburgh and London for £100, without obtaining a purchaser; and, after it had passed through twenty-five editions, it was sold in thirty-two shares at £50 each.

Beresford offered his copyright of the Miseries of Human Life to a bookseller for £20. It was rejected. It was subsequently published, however, and over £5000 were realized by its publication.

413. RIVAL PUBLISHERS.

Both Tonson and Lintot were rivals for publishing a work of Dr. Young's. The poet answered both their letters the same morning, but unfortunately misdirected them. In these epistles, he complained of the rascally cupidity of each. In the one he intended for Tonson, he said that Lintot was so great a scoundrel, that printing with him was out of the question; and writing to Lintot, he declared that Tonson was an old rascal, with many other epithets equally opprobrious.

414. THE ELDER TONSON.

The elder Tonson's portrait represents him in his gown and cap, holding in his right hand a volume lettered "Paradise Lost"—such a favorite object was Milton and copyright. Jacob Tonson was the founder of a race who long honored literature. His rise in life is curious. He was at first unable to pay twenty pounds for a play by Dryden, and joined with another bookseller to advance that sum; the play sold, and Tonson was afterwards enabled to purchase the succeeding ones. He and his nephew died worth two hundred thousand pounds.

Much old Tonson owed to his industry; but he was a mere trader. He and Dryden had frequent bickerings; he insisted on receiving ten thousand verses for two hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and poor Dryden threw in the finest ode in the language towards that number. He would pay in the base coin which was then current, which was a loss to the poet.

Tonson once complained to Dryden, that he had only received fourteen hundred and forty-six lines of his translations of Ovid for his Miscellany for fifty guineas, when he had calculated at the rate of fifteen hundred and eighteen lines for forty guineas; he gives the poet a piece of critical reasoning, that he considered he had a better bargain with "Juvenal," which is reckoned "not so easy to translate as Ovid." In these times such a mere trader in literature has disappeared.

415. DODSLEY.

Dodsley, a celebrated bookseller and publisher, was born in 1703, at Mansfield, in the county of Nottingham, only about twenty miles distant from Derby, the native place of Hutton. His parents were very poor, and his education, consequently, of the scantiest description. He was in the first instance bound apprentice to a stocking weaver; but after some time he abandoned this employment; and, having gone into service, became eventually footman to the Hon. Mrs. Lowther. In this situation, having addressed a copy of verses to Pope, he obtained the notice of that celebrated writer, and under his en-

couragement was induced to publish by subscription a volume of poems, to which he gave the title of the *Muse in Livery*. It attracted a good deal of the public attention, and was followed soon after by a satirical comedy, called the *Toy-shop*, which Pope was kind enough to read in manuscript, and to employ his influence in getting represented. Its success was so great, that the profits enabled the author to emerge from his humble situation, and to set up as a bookseller in Pall Mall. His difficulties were now over, and the way to independence was before him. By his prudence and steadiness he made his business, in course of time, an extremely valuable one, and became, at last, one of the most eminent London publishers of his day. But he neither forgot in his prosperity the humble station from which he had risen, nor neglected the cultivation of those powers to which he owed his elevation. One day, when his friend Pope happened, in conversing with him, to mention a certain individual celebrated for the good table he kept,—"I knew him well," said Dodsley; "I was his servant."

With all his attention to business, he found time for literature and authorship, and continued till near the close of his life to give to the world a succession of works, almost all of which enjoyed considerable popularity, and some of which may be said to have secured for him a durable name among the writers of his country.

His collection of maxims, in particular, entitled the *Economy of Human Life*, is well known, and was so highly esteemed on its first appearance as to be suspected to have proceeded from the pen of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield. This was long a popular work, not only in England, but in other countries; so much so, that there are enumerated about a dozen different translations of it into the French language alone.

416. WILLIAM HUTTON.

William Hutton, well known in the literary world as a bookseller, struggled in early life with innumerable difficulties. His own account of his first adventure as a bookseller is a good specimen of that spirit of indomitable perseverance which is ever the forerunner of success. He determined to set up in that character in the town of Southwell, about fourteen miles from Nottingham. Here he accordingly opened a shop, with, as he expresses it, about twenty shillings' worth of trash for all his stock.

"I was," says he, "my own joiner, put up my shelves and furniture, and in one day became the most eminent bookseller in the place." Being employed, however, during the other days of the week, in working at Nottingham as a bookbinder, he could only give his attendance at Southwell on Saturdays, that being, besides, quite enough for the literary wants of the place. "Throughout a very rainy summer, I set out," says he, "at five every Saturday morning, carried a burden of from three pounds' weight to thirty, opened shop at ten, starved in it all day upon bread, cheese, and a half pint of ale, took from one to six shillings, shut up at four, and, by trudging through the solitary night and the deep roads five hours more, I arrived at Nottingham at nine, where I always found a mess of milk porridge by the fire, prepared by my valuable sister." This humble attempt, however, was the beginning of his prosperity. Next year he was offered about two hundred pounds' weight of old books, on his note of hand, for twenty-seven shillings, by a dissenting minister, to whom he was known; and upon this he immediately de-

termined to break up his establishment at Southwell, and to transfer himself to Birmingham. He did so, and succeeded so well, that by never suffering his expenses to exceed five shillings a week, he found that by the end of the first year he had saved about twenty pounds. This, of course, enabled him to extend his business, which he soon made a very valuable one. Birmingham was to Hutton what Philadelphia was to Franklin. The first time he had ever seen it was when he entered it after running away from his uncle's, a wearied and a homeless wanderer, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, and not a hope in the world to trust to. Yet in this place he was destined to acquire, some years after, an ample fortune, and to take his place among the most honored of its citizens.

417. DR. R. GRIFFITHS.

This very interesting character was for nearly fifty years the conductor of the *Monthly Review*. He was originally a watchmaker at Stone, in Staffordshire, and a steady attendant at the Presbyterian meeting at that place. Abandoning his trade, he came to London, and turned bookseller, first on Ludgate Hill, and afterwards in St Paul's Churchyard, and in Paternoster Row.

One of his first adventures as a publisher was in a notorious book of Cleland's. This work he had the assurance to recommend to the public as a rival of Tom Jones, in a printed criticism upon it, in one of the early numbers of the *Monthly Review*. He was, however, apprehended under a general warrant as the publisher; but, having contrived to remove the copies out of his house, by the back door, into Paternoster Row, while the officer was gone to get the warrant backed by the lord mayor, he escaped the punishment which otherwise might have befallen him.

He afterwards removed into the Strand, where he failed; and his *Review*, being sold for the benefit of his creditors, was purchased by Collins, then an enterprising bookseller of Salisbury. Under Collins the work improved in variety and reputation, if not in sale; and Griffiths, who had retained the management, regained the whole of the property itself about the year 1780.

He now began a new series, and the profits of the work were so much increased, that he commenced a handsome establishment at Turnham Green; latterly kept two carriages, and lived in good style. He was also made a doctor of law, by a New England university. He died at a time when his *Review* had attained the zenith of its glory, in his 86th year.

418. OSBORNE KNOCKED DOWN BY JOHNSON.

Tom Osborne, the bookseller, was one of "that mercantile, rugged race, to which the delicacy of the poet is sometimes exposed;" as the following anecdote will more fully evince: Johnson being engaged by him to translate a work of some consequence, he thought it a respect which he owed his own talents, as well as the credit of his employer, to be as circumspect in the performance of it as possible; in consequence of which, the work went on, according to Osborne's ideas, rather slowly; in consequence, he frequently spoke to Johnson of this circumstance, and, being a man of a coarse mind, sometimes, by his expressions, made him feel the situation of dependence. Johnson, however, seemed to take no

notice of him, but went on according to the plan which he had prescribed for himself. Osborne, irritated by what he thought an unnecessary delay, went one day into the room where Johnson was sitting, and abused him in the most illiberal manner: amongst other things, he told Johnson he had been much mistaken in his man; that he was recommended to him as a good scholar, and a ready hand; but he doubted both; for "Tom Such-a-one would have turned out the work much sooner; and that being the case, the probability was, that by this *here* time the first edition would have moved off." Johnson heard him for some time unmoved; but, at last, losing all patience, he seized a huge folio, which he was at that time consulting, and, aiming it at the bookseller's head, succeeded so forcibly as to send him sprawling on the floor. Osborne alarmed the family with his cries; but Johnson, clapping his foot on his breast, would not let him stir till he had exposed him in that situation; and then left him, with this triumphant expression: "Lie there, thou son of dulness, ignorance, and obscurity!" *

419. JOHNSON AND MILLAR.

Andrew Millar was a principal proprietor of Johnson's Dictionary, and the manager or treasurer of the fund out of which the payments were from time to time issued to the author. When the work was completed, Andrew was so overjoyed, that he sent the following acknowledgment of the receipt of the last sheet of the manuscript:—

"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

Which drew from Johnson this keen retort:—

"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by his note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing."

420. GENEROSITY OF MR. MILLAR, THE PUBLISHER.

The celebrated work so well known as Burn's Justice was written by Burn, a poor clergyman in the north of England. He came to London to sell his manuscript, and inquired of the landlord of the inn where he lodged if he was acquainted with any bookseller. The innkeeper introduced him to one, who, after keeping the manuscript for eight days, offered him twenty pounds for it. After a variety of disappointments of the same kind, the author waited on Mr. Millar, who was then rising fast into fame and fortune. He had sufficient strength of mind to see that honesty is the best policy, and by treating every writer with justice, and often with generosity, he acquired a most opulent fortune. He had in his employment gentlemen in every different branch of learning, who were to inform him of the merit of the different books submitted to their inspection. The manuscript in question was sent to a Scotch student in the Temple, and Burn, in the in-

terim, received a general invitation to Mr. Millar's table.

In eight or ten days the manuscript was returned to Mr. Millar, with a note that it would be an excellent bargain at two hundred pounds. Next day, after dinner, when the glass had begun to circulate, he asked Burn what was the lowest sum that he would take. The poor man replied that the highest offer which he had received was twenty pounds—a sum too small to defray the expenses of his journey. "Will you accept two hundred guineas?" said Mr. Millar. "Two hundred guineas!" cried the parson, clapping his hands; "I am extremely fortunate." The book went through many impressions, and Mr. Millar, of his own good will, paid the clergyman a hundred pounds additional for each of them.

As the author loved Port, the bookseller further gave him a letter of credit for the purchase of a pipe per annum, during the rest of his life, in any wine cellar in London where he thought proper.

"After all this," added Mr. Millar, in telling the story, "I have lived to clear eleven thousand pounds by the bargain."

421. MILLAR'S PROFIT BY TOM JONES.

Millar gave two hundred pounds for the copyright of Tom Jones. Before he died he had cleared eighteen thousand pounds by it, out of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents, at different times, of various sums, till they amounted to two thousand pounds; and he closed his life by bequeathing a handsome legacy to each of Mr. Fielding's sons.

422. MANUSCRIPT OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

Robinson Crusoe's manuscript ran through the whole trade; nor would any one print it, though the writer, Defoe, was in good repute as an author. One bookseller, at last, not remarkable for his discernment, but for his speculative turn, engaged in this publication. This bookseller got above a thousand guineas by it; and the booksellers are accumulating money every hour by editions of this work in all shapes. The second volume of this work, however, met with a small sale. The bookseller would have given two hundred pounds that it never had been printed, the first would have been so much more salable without it.

423. PERCEVAL AND PHILLIPS.

In January, 1793, Phillips, then a retail bookseller at Leicester, was indicted for vending a copy of Paine's Rights of Man, previously to Paine's conviction, when it was freely sold by all booksellers, and Perceval was retained as counsel against him, being his first cause in behalf of government.

A jury, convened by an officer who was the partner of the attorney for the prosecution, and the bench of a close corporation, afforded Perceval an easy triumph; yet on the occasion he exhausted all that vituperative eloquence, and pale-faced, cadaverous spleen, for which at the bar he was distinguished. Phillips was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, and Perceval pursued his career of promotion. The former, denying the justice of the proceedings, suffered his imprisonment, and afterwards removed to London. A prosperous trade enabled him to keep

* "The identical book," says Nichols, "with which Johnson knocked down Osborne, (*Biblia Græca Septuaginta*, folio, 1594, Frankfurt: the note written by the Rev. ——— Mills,) I saw, February, 1812, at Cambridge, in the possession of J. Thorpe, bookseller, whose catalogue, since published, contains particulars authenticating this assertion."

a country house at Balize, Hampstead, and it so happened that it was the next premises to Perceval's, then attorney general, and afterwards chancellor of the exchequer. They frequently saw each other, but never spoke. In 1807, fourteen years after, Phillips became sheriff of London, and Perceval first lord of the treasury. They necessarily met at court, and still looked shy at each other. At length, on a suitable occasion, George III. conferred on Phillips the honor of knighthood, and immediately on his retiring from the king, he was saluted in the ear, in a pompous tone, by the words, "I congratulate Sir Richard Phillips." The latter turned his face, and it met that of Perceval. Struck by the incident, he exclaimed, "I am at once astonished and gratified by this coincidence. It is, sir, our first rencontre since we met at Leicester." "Well," said Perceval, "I am pleased to see in Mr. Phillips Sir Richard Phillips, sheriff of London; altered, I hope, as much in principles as in situation." "No," rejoined the other, "my principles are the same, and will, I trust, always continue unchanged." Perceval looked disappointed, and though the parties bowed and smiled when they met, Phillips always found himself crossed by the influence of Perceval, till about three or four years after, Perceval was shot by Bellingham; and it so happened that Phillips, coming into the lobby of the House of Commons a few minutes after, was one of those who assisted in removing the lifeless body of his old opponent.

424. ROBINSON AND WALKER'S BARGAIN WITH WOLCOT.

Dr. Wolcot, better known by the name of Peter Pindar, from the prodigious sale of his early pieces, became a desirable object of bookselling speculation; and about the year 1795, Robinson and Walker entered into a treaty to grant him an annuity for his published works, and, on certain conditions, for his unpublished ones. While this was pending, Peter had an attack of asthma, which he did not conceal or palliate; but, at meetings of the parties, his asthma always interrupted the business. A fatal result was of course anticipated; and instead of a sum of money, an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum was preferred. Soon after the bond was signed, Peter called on Walker, the manager for the parties, who, surveying him with a scrutinizing eye, asked him how he did. "Much better, thank you," said Peter; "I have taken measure of my asthma; the fellow is troublesome, but I know his strength, and am his master." "O," said Walker, gravely, and turned into an adjoining room, where Mrs. Walker, a prudent woman, had been listening to the conversation. Peter, aware of the feeling, paid a keen attention to the husband and wife, and heard the latter exclaim, "There, now, didn't I tell you he wouldn't die? Fool that you've been! I knew he wouldn't die." Peter enjoyed the joke, and outlived both the parties, receiving the annuity for twenty-four years, during which time various efforts were used to frustrate his claims.

425. A LONDON PUBLISHER.

One of those booksellers in Paternoster Row, who published books in numbers, at a time when all sorts of rubbish was so circulated, went to Gibbon's lodgings in St. James's Street, sent up his name,

and was admitted. "Sir," said he, "I am now publishing a History of England, done by several good hands. I understand you have a knack at them there things, and should be glad to give you every reasonable encouragement." As soon as Gibbon recovered the use of his legs and tongue, which were petrified with surprise, he ran to the bell, and desired his servant to show this encourager of learning down stairs.

426. EXPERIENCE OF A PUBLISHING HOUSE.

On an investigation into the affairs of an extensive publishing concern, it was found that of one hundred and thirty works published by it in a given time, fifty had not paid their expenses. Of the eighty that did pay, thirteen only arrived at a second edition; but in most instances these second editions had not been profitable. In general it may be estimated, that of the books published, a fourth do not pay their expenses; and that only one in eight or ten can be reprinted with advantage. As respects pamphlets, we know we are within the mark when we affirm that not one in fifty pays the expenses of its publication.

427. LONDON PUBLISHERS.

The book trade of London, says a writer in 1822, divides itself into four branches—the general retail bookseller, the dealer in old or second-hand books, the wholesale bookseller, who executes country and foreign orders, and the publishing or manufacturing bookseller. The second class are now scattered over the town, but they formerly resided in Little Britain, which was famous for them. The wholesale trade have always resided in and near Paternoster Row, but the chief house of this class was for many years on London Bridge; and, in the reign of George II., Hodges, the principal, failing, he became town clerk of London, and was knighted on the first city address in 1760. His extensive correspondence devolved on Crowder, one of his clerks, who removed to Paternoster Row; and he failing, it was divided between Evans, Robinson, and Longman, when the two former failing, that branch of the trade is now chiefly enjoyed by Longman & Co., Baldwin & Co., and Whitaker & Co. Many publishers resided in Little Britain; but Osborne lived under the gateway of Gray's Inn; Tomson opposite the Strand Bridge; Miller just opposite St. Clement's Church, and afterwards opposite Catharine Street; Dodsley on the site of the Shakespeare Gallery, in Pall Mall; Rivingtons, the High Church, and Johnson, the Low Church, publishers, both in St. Paul's Churchyard, and Dilly in the Poultry. The Robinsons, at once the chief of wholesale and publishing booksellers, lived in Paternoster Row. London produces about one thousand new books and pamphlets in every year, and one hundred and twenty monthly and quarterly publications, upon all which are returned about a million per annum.

428. FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER.

The following story, told of Franklin's mode of treating the animal called in those days "loungey," is worth putting into practice occasionally, even in this age and generation:—

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy pre-

paring his newspaper for the press, a lounge stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, &c., and finally, taking one in his hand, asked the shop boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounge; "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounge asked, —

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the lounge.

The shop boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounge, with book in hand, addressed him thus: —

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar than than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounge seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said, —

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it."

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

The lounge paid down the price, and went about his business, — if he had any, — and Franklin returned into the printing office.

429. THE HARPERS.

In 1826, James and John Harper worked as journeymen in a printing office in New York. They were distinguished, like Franklin, for industry, temperance, and economy. The well-known editor of the Albany Evening Journal worked as a journeyman printer at that time in the same establishment. "James," says he, "was our partner at the press. We were at work as soon as the day dawned; and though, on a pleasant summer afternoon, we used to sigh occasionally for a walk upon the Battery before sundown, he never would allow the 'balls to be capped' until he had broken the back of the thirteenth 'token.'"

What is the sequel? The journeyman printer of 1826 has become the head of one of the first — if not the first — publishing houses in the world; a man of ample fortune, and enjoying the confidence of his fellow-citizens in an eminent degree. It was in 1844 that, in the city in which he was first known as a journeyman printer, his name was made the rallying cry of a new political party, whose irresistible enthusiasm and overwhelming numbers speedily elevated him to the chief magistracy of the great metropolis of the western world.

§ 40. BORES.

430. BARTHE AND HIS DYING FRIEND.



BARTHE, the French dramatic author, was remarkable for selfishness. He was so completely wrapped up in the consciousness of his own importance as to be often strangely insensible to the wants and woes of others.

Calling upon a friend, whose opinion he wished to have on a new comedy, he found him in his last moments, but, notwithstanding, proposed to him to have it read. "Consider," said the dying man, "I have not more than an hour to live." "Ay," replied Barthé, "but this will occupy only half that time."

aply named professor *Dragg*, who, in spite of her, would occasionally succeed in bestowing all his tediousness upon her. One evening she had a party at her house, (among whom was Dumont, well known as the friend and correspondent of Sir Samuel Romilly,) when in walked the very learned and much dreaded professor. Seizing the opportunity of the very first lull in conversation, he took from his pocket a huge manuscript, and, without the slightest provocation, proceeded to inflict the reading of it upon the company. Signs of impatience and weariness were soon manifest upon every countenance. Dumont was soon set fast asleep by the combined dullness of the professor's matter, and his monotonous, drawling manner of reading. As for poor Madame de Staël, she, being in her own house, was compelled to submit, with the best grace she could, to the agonies of this unmerciful course of bore-ism. Matters had gone on in this way for half an hour, — and what is a half hour! — when Dumont suddenly awoke, and, rubbing his eyes, apologetically exclaimed, "I hope I have not been asleep long!" "My dear Dumont," cried Madame de Staël, "according to my computation of the time, you have been asleep during two entire centuries!" Dragg took the hint and his leave at the same time.

431. A LONG SLEEP.

Madame de Staël could not endure a bore. There was at Geneva a person of the first class, not in-

432. THE GREATEST BORE IN LONDON.

When Sir William Curtis returned from his voyage to Italy and Spain, he called to pay his

respects to Mr. Canning, at Gloucester Lodge. Among other questions, Sir William said, "But, pray, Mr. Canning, what do you say to the tunnel under the Thames?" "Say," replied the secretary, "why, I say it will be the greatest bore London ever had, and that is saying a great deal."

433. THE BORE AND THE AUTHOR.

The following anecdote, originally related by Helvetius, affords a hint to the respectable community of bores. One of these, having nothing else to do with himself, went one day to call on his neighbor, "a man of letters." The latter received him with all possible politeness, and entertained him as well as he could till he rose to carry his tediousness elsewhere, when the man of letters resumed his work, and utterly forgot his visitor. Some days afterwards he found himself accused of a want of politeness in not returning the visit, upon which he repaired to his neighbor's, and thus addressed him: "I hear that you complain of me; yet you know full well that you called, not because you wished for my company, but because you were tired of your own. I, who was not at all tired of my own company, received you as well as I could; the obligation is consequently on your side, and yet you charge me with rudeness. Be yourself the judge of my conduct, and decide whether you ought not to have done with complaints which prove nothing more than my independence of them, the inhumanity of boring your neighbor, and the injustice of abusing him after boring him."

434. SCOTT AND THE AMERICAN AUTHORESS.

"One morning," said Scott, "I opened a huge lump of a despatch, without looking to know how it was addressed, never doubting that it had travelled under some omnipotent frank, like the first lord of admiralty's, when, lo and behold, the contents proved to be a manuscript play, by a young lady of New York, who kindly requested me to read and correct it, equip it with prologue and epilogue, procure for it a favorable reception from the manager of Drury Lane, and make Murray or Constable bleed handsomely for the copyright; and, inspecting the cover, I found that I had been charged five pounds odd for

the postage. This was bad enough; but there was no help, so I groaned and submitted. A fortnight or so after, another packet, of not less formidable bulk, arrived, and I was absent enough to break its seal too, without examination. Conceive my horror, when out jumped the same identical tragedy of the Cherokee Lovers, with a second epistle from the authoress, stating that, as the winds had been boisterous, she feared the vessel intrusted with her former communication might have foundered, and therefore judged it prudent to forward a duplicate."

435. CHARLES LAMB IN A FIX.

"We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage coach that is called a well informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriage by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside, when, getting into Bishop's Stortford, my gentleman, spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me—'what sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year.' Emma's eyes turned to me, to know what in the world I could have to say; and she burst out into a violent fit of laughter, maugre her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied, that 'it depended, I believed, upon boiled legs of mutton.'"

436. JOHNSON AND THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT.

Bores—immeasurable bores—are literary men when they insist on reading their manuscripts to their friends. On these occasions their pertinacity—their awful determination to bring about a first reading—perhaps the first and the last ever to be obtained by the work—is almost incredible. Johnson must have suffered deeply from this species of bore, when, on observing what a showman would call "a literary man of the period" slowly and insidiously producing a manuscript, the lexicographer jumped up, and with a shout which sent Boswell quaking into a corner, roared, "At your peril, sir, at your peril!"

§ 41. CAMERA OBSCURA.

437. WEST'S DISCOVERY.

When West was about fifteen years old, he was attacked by a fever. Every fresh aspect of his early life had something in it remarkable and romantic. When good medicine and good nursing began to remove his complaint, another adversary invaded his repose. This was a shadowy illusion, which, like an image in a dream, was ever unstable, and changing shape as well as hue. It became first visible in the form of a white cow, which entered on one side of the house, walked over his bed, and vanished. A sow and litter of pigs succeeded. His sister thought him delirious, and sent for a physician; but his pulse had a recovering beat in it, his skin was moist and cool, his thirst was gone, and every thing betokened convalescence. While the

doctor stood puzzled about a disease which had such healthy symptoms, he was alarmed by West assuring him that he saw the figures of several friends passing at that moment across the roof. Conceiving these to be the professional visions of a raving artist, he prescribed a draught which would have brought sleep to all the eyes of Argus, and departed. As he went, up rose West, and discovered that all those visitations came through a knot-hole in the shutters, which threw into the darkened room whatever forms were passing along the street at the time. He called in his sister, showed her the apparitions gliding along the ceiling, then laid his hand on the aperture, and all vanished. On recovering, he made various experiments, which he communicated to Williams, who found it to be what Butler calls "a new-found old invention." He

produced a London *camera obscura*, and West contented himself with the praise due to collateral ingenuity.

438. DODWELL AND THE DISDAR OF ATHENS.

Mr. Dodwell, when travelling through Greece, experienced numerous vexations from the Disdar of Athens, who was very rapacious in his demands for granting leave to copy inscriptions. A ridiculous circumstance at length released him from the importunities of this mercenary Turk. "I was one day," says Mr. D., "engaged in drawing the Parthenon with the aid of my *camera obscura*, when the disdar, whose surprise was excited by the novelty of the sight, asked, with a sort of fretful inquisitiveness, what new conjuration I was performing with the extraordinary machine. I endeavored to explain, by putting in a clean sheet of paper, and making him look into the *camera obscura*; but he no sooner saw the temple instantaneously reflected on the paper, in all its lines and colors, than he imagined that I had produced its effect by some magi-

cal process. His astonishment appeared mingled with alarm, and, stroking his long, black beard, he repeated the words, 'Allah! Masch, Allah!' (a term of admiration, meaning that which is created by God,) several times. He again looked into the *camera obscura* with a kind of cautious diffidence, and, at that moment, his soldiers, happening to pass before the reflecting glass, were beheld by the astonished disdar walking upon the paper. He soon became outrageous, and, after calling me 'pig,' 'devil,' and 'Bonaparte,' he told me that, if I chose, I might take away the temple, and all the stones in the citadel, but that he would never permit me to conjure his soldiers into my box. When I found that it was in vain to reason with his ignorance, I changed my tone, and told him that, if he did not leave me unmolested, I would put *him* into my box, and that he should find it a very difficult thing to get out again. His alarm was now visible; he immediately retired, and ever after stared at me with a mixture of apprehension and amazement. When he saw me come into the Acropolis, he carefully avoided my approach, and never afterwards gave me further molestation."

§ 42. CARICATURES.

439. CARICATURE OF BORGHESE.

One of the cleverest caricatures issued in Paris during Napoleon's reign was levelled at the Prince Borghese, the husband of the emperor's sister Pauline. The prince was a good-natured, thick-headed sort of a personage, possessed an immense fortune, and greatly devoted to the pleasures of the table. The caricaturist placed him in the centre of a group of jackasses, making him exclaim, "Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his own family?"

440. JOHNSON AND THE MUSES.

It was after the publication of the *Lives of the Poets*, that Dr. Farr, being engaged to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, mentioned, on coming in, that, in his way, he had seen a caricature, which he thought clever, of the nine muses flogging Dr. Johnson round Parnassus. The admirers of Gray and others, who thought their favorites harshly treated in the *Lives*, were laughing at Dr. Farr's account of the print, when Dr. Johnson himself was announced. Dr. Farr being the only stranger, Sir Joshua introduced him, and, to Dr. Farr's infinite embarrassment, repeated what he had just been telling them. Johnson was not at all surly on the occasion, but said, turning to Dr. Farr, "Sir, I am very glad to hear this. I hope the day will never arrive when I shall neither be the object of calumny or ridicule, for then I shall be neglected and forgotten."

441. BURTON AND HOGARTH.

In the year 1745, one Launcelot Burton was appointed naval officer at Dover. Hogarth had seen this gentleman by accident, and, on a piece of paper, previously impressed by a plain copperplate, he drew his portrait, with a pen, in imitation of a coarse etching. Mr. Burton was represented as riding on a lean Canterbury hack, with a bottle sticking out

of his pocket, and underneath was an inscription, intimating that he was going down to take possession of his place. The sketch was enclosed to him in a letter; and some of his friends, who were in the secret, protested that the drawing was a print which they had seen exposed for sale in the print shops in London. This put him in a violent passion, and he wrote an abusive letter to Hogarth, whose name was subscribed to the work. But after poor Burton's tormentors had kept him in suspense throughout three uneasy weeks, they proved to him that it was no engraving, but merely a sketch with pen and ink. He then became so perfectly reconciled to his resemblance that he showed it with exultation to Admiral Vernon and the rest of his friends.

442. BURKE CARICATURED.

The following epigrammatic caricature upon Burke was attributed to the pen of Lord Ellenborough. It was enclosed in a cover, and presented to Burke as he was about to open one of the principal charges against Warren Hastings in the high court of Parliament.

"Oft have we wondered that on Irish ground
No poisonous reptile ever yet was found;
Revealed the secret stands of Nature's work —
She saved her venom to create a Burke."

With an air of blended indignation and contempt, he tore it in pieces, and scattered it about the hall. The stanza, however, was impressed upon his memory, and subsequently, in an air of jocularly, repeated by him to some friends.

443. JOHNSON AND LEGENDARY STORIES

Some of the old legendary stories, put in verse by modern writers, provoked Johnson to caricature them thus one day at Streatham:—

"The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone;

The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squealed on."

A famous ballad, also, beginning "*Rio verde, rio verde*," when the translation of it was commended, he said he could do it better himself, as thus:—

"Glassy water, glassy water,
Down whose current, clear and strong,
Chieft, confused in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian, roll along."

"But, sir," it was observed, "this is not ridiculous

at all." "Why, no," replied he, "why should I always write ridiculously? Perhaps because I made these verses to imitate such a one, naming him:—

" 'Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way.' "

"Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,
Scarce repressed the starting tear,
When the hoary sage replied,
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer!'"

CHIROGRAPHY.

§ 43. NOTED WRITING MASTERS.

444. BALES AND JOHNSON.



MONG the knights of the "*plume volant*," whose chivalric exploits astonished the beholders, must be distinguished Peter Bales in his joust with David Johnson. In this tilting match, the guerdon of calligraphy was won by the greatest of calligraphers; its arms were assumed by the victor, while "the golden pen," carried away in triumph, was painted, with a hand, over the door of the calligrapher. The history of this re-

nowned encounter is given in the precious manuscript of the champion himself, who, like Cæsar, not only knew how to win victories, but also to record them. Holingshed chronicles one of Peter Bales's curiosities of microscopic writing at a time when the taste prevailed for admiring writing which no eye could read. In the compass of a silver penny, this calligrapher put more things than would fill several duodecimo pages. He presented Queen Elizabeth with a manuscript set in a ring of gold, covered with a crystal. He had also contrived a magnifying glass of such power, that, to her delight and wonder, her majesty read the whole volume, which she held on her thumb nail, and "commended the same to the lords of the council and the ambassadors;" and frequently, as Peter often heard, did her majesty vouchsafe to wear this calligraphic ring.

For a whole year had David Johnson affixed a challenge, "To any one who should take exceptions to this my writing and teaching." He was a young friend of Bales, daring and longing for an encounter; yet Bales was magnanimously silent, till he discovered that he was "doing much less in writing and teaching" since this public challenge was proclaimed. He then set up his counter challenge, and, in one hour afterwards, Johnson arrogantly accepted it "in a most despicable and arrogant manner." Bales's challenge was delivered "in good terms"—"To all Englishmen and strangers." It was to write for a gold pen of twenty pounds' value, in all kinds of hands, "best, straightest, and fast-

est, and most kinds of ways; a full, a mean, a small, with line and without line; in a slow, set hand, a mean, facile hand, and a fast, running hand;" and further, "to write truest and speediest, most secretary and clerklike, from a man's mouth, reading or pronouncing, either English or Latin."

On Michaelmas day, 1595, the trial opened before five judges. The appellant and the respondent appeared at the appointed place, and an ancient gentleman was intrusted with "the golden pen." In the first trial, for the manner of teaching scholars, after Johnson had taught his pupil a fortnight, he would not bring him forward. This was awarded in favor of Bales.

The second, for secretary and clerklike writing, dictating to them both in English and in Latin, Bales performed best, being first done, written straightest without line, with true orthography, the challenger himself confessing that he wanted the Latin tongue, and was no clerk.

The third and last trial for fair writing in sundry kinds of hands, the challenger prevailed for the beauty and most "authentic proportion," and for the superior variety of the Roman hand. In the court hand, the respondent exceeded the appellant, and likewise in the set text, and in bastard secretary was also somewhat more perfect.

At length Bales, perhaps perceiving an equilibrium in the judicial decisions, to overwhelm his antagonist, presented what he distinguishes as his "masterpiece," composed of secretary and Roman hand, four ways varied, and offering the defendant to let pass all his previous advantages if he could better this specimen of calligraphy. The challenger was silent! At this moment, some of the judges, perceiving that the decision must go in favor of Bales, in consideration of the youth of the challenger, lest he might be disgraced to the world, requested the other judges not to pass judgment in public. Bales assures us that he in vain remonstrated; for, by these means, the winning of the golden pen might not be so famously spread as otherwise it would have been. To Bales the prize was awarded.

This is the first contention met with for the golden pen, though other memorable ones have since occurred. In 1597, when Bales republished his *Writing Schoolmaster*, he was in such high reputation for it, that no less than eighteen copies of commendatory verses, composed by learned and ingenious men of that time, were printed before it. He also, by other exercises of his pen, recommended himself to many other persons of knowledge and distinction, particularly by making fair

transcripts of the learned and ingenious compositions of some honorable authors, which they designed as presentation books to the queen, or others, their friends or patrons, of high dignity, some of which manuscripts have been, for the beauty of them, as well as for their instructive contents, preserved as curiosities to these times. Among the Harleian manuscripts, (now in the British Museum,) No. 2368, there is a thin vellum book, in small 4to., called *Archeion*. At the end of that treatise is a neat flourish, done by command of hand, wherein are the letters P. B., which shows, says a note in that book, that this copy was written by the hand of Peter Bales, the then famous writing master of London.

Perhaps, however, Bales was as much exceeded by Mr. Tomkins, writing master of St. Paul's School, as Bales himself exceeded his contemporaries. Among other attainments, Mr. Tomkins was able to strike a perfect circle, and his specimens in the chamberlain's office of the city of London are not likely to be exceeded for its taste and elegance.

445. TOMKINS.

Tomkins, the vainest of writing masters, dreamed through life that penmanship was one of the fine arts, and that a writing master should be seated with his peers in the Academy. He bequeathed to the British Museum his *opus magnum*, a copy of Mack-

lin's Bible, profusely embellished with the most beautiful and varied decorations of his pen; and as he conceived that both the workman and the work would alike be darling objects with posterity, he left something immortal with the legacy, his fine bust by Chantrey, unaccompanied by which they were not to receive the unparalleled gift. When Tomkins applied to have his bust, our great sculptor abated the usual price, and, courteously kind to the feelings of the man, said that he considered Tomkins as an artist! It was the proudest day of the life of our writing master.

But an eminent artist and wit now living, once looking on this fine bust of Tomkins, declared that "this man had died for want of a dinner!" — a fate, however, not so lamentable as it appeared. Our penman had long felt that he stood degraded in the scale of genius by not being received at the Academy, at least among the class of *engravers*. The next approach to academic honor he conceived would be that of appearing as a *guest* at their annual dinner. These invitations are as limited as they are select, and all the Academy persisted in considering Tomkins as a *writing master*! Many a year passed, every intrigue was practised, every remonstrance was urged, every stratagem of courtesy was tried; but, never ceasing to deplore the failure of his hopes, it preyed on his spirits, and the luckless calligrapher went down to his grave — without dining at the Academy.

§ 44. MICROSCOPIC WRITING.

446. ILIAD IN A NUTSHELL.

The Iliad of Homer in a nutshell, which Pliny says that Cicero once saw, it is pretended might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. The learned Huet asserts that he, like the rest of the world, for a long time considered as a fiction the story of that industrious writer who is said to have enclosed the Iliad in a nutshell. But having examined the matter more closely, he thought it possible.

One day, in company at the dauphin's, this learned man trifled half an hour in proving it. A piece of vellum, about ten inches in length and eight in width, pliant and firm, can be folded up and enclosed in the shell of a large walnut. It can hold in its breadth one line, which can contain 30 verses, and in its length 250 lines. With a crow-quill the writing can be perfect. A page of this piece of vellum will then contain 7500 verses, and the reverse as much — the whole 15,000 verses of the Iliad. And this he proved in their presence, by using a piece of paper, and with a common pen. The thing is possible to be effected; and if on any occasion paper should be most excessively rare, it may be useful to know that a volume of matter may be contained in a single leaf.

447. DRAWING OF THE HEAD OF CHARLES I., ETC.

There is a drawing of the head of Charles I., in the library of St. John's College, at Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The lines of the head, and the ruff, are said to con-

tain the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. In the British Museum, we find a drawing representing the portrait of Queen Anne, not much above the size of the hand. On this drawing appear a number of lines and scratches, which the librarian assures the marvelling spectator includes the entire contents of a thin *folio*, which on this occasion is carried in the hand.

448. A MONK'S CALLIGRAPHY.

In the sixteenth century, an Italian monk, named Peter Almunus, wrote the Acts of the Apostles and the Gospel of St. John within the circumference of a farthing.

449. CLOSE WRITING FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A man presented to Queen Elizabeth a bit of paper, of the size of a finger nail, containing the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, together with her name, and the date of the year. The whole could be read with spectacles, which he himself had made.

450. WORKS MENTIONED BY ÆLIAN AND MENAGE.

Ælian notices an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn. Menage mentions that he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the microscope, and pictures and portraits, which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown

down at random; one of them formed the face of the dauphiness, with the most pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem in

praise of this princess, containing some thousands of verses, written by an officer in the space of a foot and a half.

§ 45. CHIROGRAPHY INDICATIVE OF CHARACTER.

451. THE FIVE POETS.

The handwriting frequently bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual. But many causes operate to counteract or obstruct a uniform result. "I am intimately acquainted," says D'Israeli, "with the handwritings of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired, among Scottish advocates, a handwriting which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a schoolboy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing master; the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness which polished his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration, so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts, without a solitary erasure. The handwriting of the *first* and *third* poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs."

452. HANDWRITING OF ENGLISH KINGS.

"Oldys," says D'Israeli, in one of his curious notes, "was struck by the distinctness of character in the handwritings of several of our kings. He observed nothing further than the mere fact, and did not extend his idea to the art of judging of the natural character by the writing. Oldys has described these handwritings with the utmost correctness, as I have often verified. I shall add a few comments.

"Henry VIII. wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen.' The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing. Bold, hasty, and commanding, I have no doubt the assenter of the pope's supremacy, and its triumphant destroyer, split many a good quill.

"Edward VI. wrote a fair, legible hand.' We have this promising young prince's diary, written by his own hand. In all respects he was an assiduous pupil, and he had scarcely learned to write and to reign when we lost him.

"Queen Elizabeth writ an upright hand, like the bastard Italian.' She was indeed a most elegant

calligrapher, whom Roger Ascham had taught all the elegances of the pen. The French editor of the little autographical work I have noticed has given the autograph of her name, which she usually wrote in a very large, tall character, and painfully elaborate. He accompanies it with one of the Scottish Mary, who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines; when in haste and distress of mind, in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read, much the contrary. The French editor makes this observation: 'Who could believe that these writings are of the same epoch? The first denotes asperity and ostentation; the second indicates simplicity, softness, and nobleness. The one is that of Elizabeth, Queen of England; the other that of her cousin, Mary Stuart. The difference of these two handwritings answers most evidently to that of their characters.'

"James I. writ a poor, ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line.' James certainly wrote a slovenly scrawl, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which he carried into all the little things of life; and Buchanan, who had made him an excellent scholar, may receive the disgrace of his pupil's ugly scribble, which sprawls about his careless and inelegant letters.

"Charles I. wrote a fair, open Italian hand, and more correctly, perhaps, than any prince we ever had.' Charles was the first of our monarchs who intended to have domiciliated taste in the kingdom; and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince, who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their handwritings, that he would have not been insensible to the elegances of the pen.

"Charles II. wrote a little, fair, running hand, as if wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done.' Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his natural restlessness and vivacity.

"James II. writ a large, fair hand.' It is characterized by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter-of-business genius of the writer.

"Queen Anne wrote a fair, round hand.' That is the writing she had been taught by her master, probably without any alteration of manner naturally suggested by herself—the copying hand of a common character."

§ 46. ILLEGIBLE PENMANSHIP.

453. A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

A Cincinnati grocer's house, finding out that cranberries commanded six dollars per bushel, and, under the impression that the article could be bought to advantage at St. Mary's, wrote out to a customer, acquainting him with the fact, and requesting him to send "one hundred bushels per Simmons," (the

wagoner usually sent.) The correspondent, a plain, uneducated man, had considerable difficulty in deciphering the fashionable scrawl common with merchants' clerks of late years, and the most important word, "cranberries," he failed to make out, but he plainly and clearly read, *one hundred bushels persimmons*. As the article was growing all around him, all the boys in the neighborhood were set to gathering

it, and the wagoner made his appearance in due time in Cincinnati, with eighty bushels, all that the wagon bed would hold, and a line from the country merchant that the remainder would follow the next trip. An explanation soon ensued, but the customer insisted that the Cincinnati house should have written by Simmons, and not *per* Simmons.

454. THE ELEPHANT.

A gentleman, writing to his country friend in Lincolnshire, (England,) who had done him some recent favor, informed him by letter how much he was obliged, and that he should soon send him an *equivalent*. Not being accustomed to *fashionable scrawls*, he read it that his friend would send him an *elephant*; and, building a barn at the time, actually fitted up a stall for the reception of his expected present. The arrival, however, of a *barrel of oysters*, by the stage, a few days afterwards, helped him to the right reading, by putting him in possession of a more equitable *equivalent* than an *elephant*. From this story, perhaps, the saws about "seeing the elephant" were derived.

455. INDIAN DEVILS.

A clergyman in Massachusetts, more than a century ago, addressed a letter to the General Court on some subject of interest which was then under discussion. The clerk read the letter, in which there seemed to be this very remarkable sentence: "I address you not as magistrates, but as *Indian devils*." The clerk hesitated, and looked carefully, and said, "Yes, he addresses you as *Indian devils*." The wrath of the honorable body was aroused; they passed a vote of censure, and wrote to the reverend gentleman for an explanation, from which it appeared that he did not address them as magistrates, but as *individuals*.

456. SPIDER FOR AN AMANUENSIS.

A literary gentleman once addressed a letter to a friend. The scrawl was so truly beautiful, that the return of post brought him the following reply: "I have received a piece of paper, apparently from you, though I am inclined to think that, by way of saving trouble, you had employed a spider as your amanuensis—dipped his legs into an ink bottle, and then suffered him to crawl over the sheet. You never were a very good writer; but now you seem to have one hand which you cannot read yourself, and another which no other person can decipher."

457. NO GO.

Some time ago, an old lady wrote to her London bookseller for "a copy of a pamphlet entitled No. 90," being the most celebrated tract of a series in which the system of Puseyism was developed. The old lady was remarkable for careless writing, and the consequence in this instance was most ludicrous. The bookseller, after taking a world of trouble, sent back to say that he had sought every where, but was unable to find a pamphlet with "*No Go*" for its title.

458. STUTTERING LETTER.

A certain old woman took from the post-office in the town of G. a letter. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near to read the letter to her. He accordingly began, and read,—

"CHARLESTON, June 23, 1821.

"DEAR MOTHER:" Then, making a stop to find out what followed, as the writing was rather bad, the old lady exclaimed, "O, 'tis from poor Jerry; he always stutters."

§ 47. WRITING MATERIALS.—WONDERFUL PENS.

459. REEDS AND QUILLS.

In ancient times, when people wrote on tables covered with wax, they were obliged to use a style, or bodkin; but when they began to write with colored liquids, they employed a reed, and afterwards quills or feathers. The most beautiful reeds grew formerly in Egypt, as well as Armenia and Italy. Sir John Chardin speaks of the reeds which grow in the marshes of Persia, which are sold and much sought after in the Levant, particularly for writing. They are transported, he says, throughout the whole East.

Miller, in his *Gardener's Dictionary*, says, the best writing reeds are procured from the southern provinces of Persia. They are still used by the Turks, Moors, and other Eastern people. These reeds are split, and formed to a point like our quills; but it is not possible to make so clear or fine strokes with them, or to write so long or so conveniently. The oldest certain account, however, known at present respecting writing quills, is a passage in an author (Isidore) who died in the year 636, and who, among the instruments employed for writing, mentions reeds and feathers. Alcuinus, who lived in

England in the eighth century, speaks of the pen; so that it must have been used in that country almost as early as the art of writing was known. The horrid barbarity which attends the pulling of quills from geese while alive has led many persons to adopt steel and other pens, which are made in great perfection.

460. WARNER'S PEN.

Dr. Warner, some years ago, happened to be in the shop of an eminent stationer in the Strand, London, when a member of the House of Commons purchased a hundred quills for six shillings. When he was gone, the doctor exclaimed, "O, the luxury of the age! Six shillings for a hundred quills! Why, it never cost me sixpence for quills in my life." "That is very surprising, doctor," observed the stationer, "for your works are very voluminous." "I declare," replied the doctor, "I wrote my *Ecclesiastical History*, two volumes in folio, and my *Dissertation on the Book of Common Prayer*, a large folio, both the first and corrected copies, with one single pen. It was an old one when I began,

and it is not worn out now that I have finished." This relation was spread about, and the merit of this pen was esteemed so highly, that a celebrated countess begged the doctor to make her a present of it: he did so; and her ladyship had a gold case made, with a short history of the pen written upon it, and placed it in her cabinet of curiosities.

461. BYRON'S PEN.

Byron wrote his celebrated poem of the Bride of Abydos in one night, and without mending his pen. The pen is yet preserved in the British Museum.

462. BOODE'S PEN.

Andrew Boode, M. D., first physician to Henry VIII., and the original Merry Andrew, was a man of considerable abilities for the times in which he lived. He wrote a book of near three hundred pages, 12mo., with a pen without mending it. The book was printed in London, in 1541, and entitled

the Principles of Astronomical Prognostication. He died in 1549.

463. ELIOT'S PEN.

Among many other important literary services rendered by the excellent John Eliot to the church, not the least was his translation of the entire Bible into the Indian language, the whole of which, it is said, was written out with one pen!

464. HISTORY OF A QUILL.

In the year 1610, an English version of Camden's Britannia appeared, which was the work of the industrious Philemon Holland, a physician and schoolmaster, who boasted of having written a large folio volume with one pen, on which he composed the following lines:—

"With one sole pen I wrote this book,
Made of a gray goose quill;
A pen it was when I it took,
And a pen I leave it still."

§ 48. MISCELLANEOUS.

465. SON OF HENRY IV.

Henry IV., on receiving a letter from Prince Henry, immediately opened it,—a custom not usual with him,—and compared the writing with the signature, to decide whether it were of one hand. Sir George Carew, observing the French king's hesitation, called Mr. Douglass to testify to the fact; on which Henry the Great, admiring an art in which he had little skill, and looking on the neat elegance of the writing before him, politely observed, "I see that in writing fair, as in other things, the elder must yield to the younger."

466. "WRITE LIKE AN ANGEL."

There is a strange phrase connected with the art of the calligrapher, which I think may be found in most, if not in all modern languages—to write like an angel. Ladies have been frequently compared to angels; they are beautiful as angels, and sing and dance like angels; but however intelligible these are, we do not so easily connect penmanship with the other celestial accomplishments. This fanciful phrase, however, has a very human origin. Among those learned Greeks who emigrated to Italy, and afterwards into France, in the reign of Francis I., was one Angelo Vergecio, whose beautiful calligraphy excited the admiration of the learned. The French monarch had a Greek font cast, modelled by his writing. The learned Henry Stephens, who, like Porson for correctness and delicacy, was one of the most elegant writers of Greek, had learnt the practice from Angelo. His name became synonymous for beautiful writing, and gave birth to the vulgar proverb or familiar phrase, to write like an angel.

467. THE INVISIBLE DESPATCH.

The plan of writing with rice water, to be rendered visible by the application of iodine, was

practised with great success in the correspondence during the late war in India. The first letter of this kind was received from Jellalabad, concealed in a quill. On opening it, a small paper was unfolded, on which appeared only a single word—"iodine." The magic liquid was applied, and an important despatch from Sir Robert Sale stood forth.

468. EXTRAORDINARY WAGER.

The London Morning Post says a wager came off, the terms of which were as follows:—

"I will bet any man one hundred pounds that he cannot make a million strokes with pen and ink within a month." They were not to be mere dots or scratches, but fair down strokes, such as form the child's first lesson in writing. A gentleman accepted the challenge. The month allowed was the lunar month, of only twenty-eight days; so that, for the completion of the undertaking, an average of thirty-six thousand strokes per diem was required. This, at sixty per minute, or three thousand six hundred per hour,—and neither the human intellect nor the human hand can be expected to do more,—would call for ten hours' labor in every four and twenty. With a proper feeling of the respect due to the observance of the Sabbath, he determined to abstain from his work on the Sundays; and by this determination, he diminished by four days the period allowed him; at the same time, by so doing, he increased the daily average of his strokes to upwards of forty-one thousand. On the first day he executed about fifty thousand strokes; on the second, nearly as many. But at length, after many days, the hand became stiff and weary, the wrist swollen, and it required the almost constant attendance of some assiduous relation or friend to besprinkle it, without interrupting its progress over the paper, with a lotion calculated to relieve and invigorate it. On the twenty-third day, the million strokes, exceeded by some few thousands, "to make assurance doubly sure," are accomplished; and the piles of paper

that exhibit them testify that to the courageous heart, the willing hand, and the energetic mind, nothing is impossible. These interesting papers are

not placed in the archives of the Royal Society, of which their author is a fellow, but were claimed and received by the person who paid the wager.

§ 49. CLUBS, LITERARY.

469. "THE LITERARY CLUB."

At his hours of leisure Mr. Reynolds considered it necessary to his mental improvement, as well as to his professional interests, to mix in learned and convivial society; and about this time, in order not only to enjoy it with freedom, but also more particularly with the kind intention of gratifying his venerable friend, he became the proposer, and, with the assistance of Johnson, was the founder, of that club, so long in existence, and for many years denominated the "Literary Club." The original design, as first declared at its institution, in February, 1764, was to confine the club to twelve members, consisting of Sir Joshua, then only Mr. Reynolds, Drs. Johnson, Goldsmith, Nugent, and Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, Sir Robert Chambers, and Sir John Hawkins, with Messrs. Burke, Langton, Chamier, Dyer, and the Honorable Topham Beauclerk.

These were thus so judiciously selected, as Mr. Malone observes, and were men of such talents, and so well known to each other, that any two of them, if they should not happen to be joined by any more, might be good company for each other. Such was the beginning of a society, which so many years existed, boasting of having had enrolled on its list of members many of the most celebrated characters of the last century.

The place of meeting, says Sir John Hawkins, was the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street; the day, Monday in every week; and the hour of assembling, seven in the evening. "Our evening toast," continues he, "was, *Eto perpetua*. A lady distinguished by her beauty and taste for literature, Mrs. Montague, invited us two successive years to a dinner at her house. Curiosity was her motive, and possibly a desire of intermingling with our conversation the charms of her own. She affected to consider us as a set of literary men, and perhaps gave the first occasion for distinguishing the society by the name of the Literary Club—a distinction which it never assumed to itself."

470. THE WITTENAGEMOT OF THE CHAPTER.

"From 1797 to 1805, I was accustomed," says Mr. Stephens, in the *Stephensiana*, "to use the Chapter Coffee-house, where I always met with intelligent company, and enjoyed an interesting conversation. The box in the north-east corner used to be called the *Wittenagemot*. Early in the morning it was occupied by neighbors, who were designated the *Wet Paper Club*, as it was their practice to open the papers as brought in by the newsmen, and read them before they were dried by the waiter. A dry paper they viewed as a *stale commodity*.

"In the afternoon the other party enjoyed the *wet* evening papers, and it was these whom I met.

"Dr. Buchan, author of the *Domestic Medicine*, generally held a seat in this box; and though he was a tory, he heard the freest discussions with good humor, and commonly acted as a moderator. His

fine physiognomy and his white hairs qualified him for this office. But the fixture in the box was a Mr. Hammond, a Coventry manufacturer, who, evening after evening, for nearly forty-five years, was always to be found in his place, and during the entire period was much distinguished for his severe and often able strictures on the events of the day. He had thus debated through the days of Wilkes, of the American war, and of the French wars, and, being on the side of liberty, was constantly in opposition. His mode of arguing was *Socratic*, and he generally applied to his adversary the *reductio ad absurdum*, often creating bursts of laughter.

"The register, or chronicle of the box, was a Mr. Murray, an Episcopal Scotch clergyman, who generally sat in one place from nine in the morning till nine at night, and was famous for having read, at least once through, every morning and evening paper published in London during the last thirty years. His memory being good, he was appealed to whenever any point of fact within the memory of man happened to be disputed. It was often remarked, however, that such incessant daily reading did not tend to clear his views.

"Among those from whom I constantly profited was Dr. Berdmore, master of the Charter House; Walker, the rhetorician; and Dr. Towers, the political and historical writer. Dr. B. abounded in anecdote; Walker, to the finest enunciation, united the most intelligent head I ever met with; and Towers, over his half pint of Lisbon, was sarcastic and lively, though never deep.

"Among our constant visitors was the celebrated Dr. George Fordyce, who, having much fashionable practice, brought news which had not generally transpired. He had not the appearance of a man of genius, nor did he debate; but he possessed sound information on all subjects.

"Dr. Gower, the urbane and able physician of the Middlesex, was another pretty constant visitor, and added much to our stock of information. It was gratifying to hear such men as Fordyce, Gower, and Buchan, in familiar chat. On subjects of medicine they seldom agreed, and when such were started, they generally laughed at one another's opinions.

"There was a growling man of the name of Dobson, who, when his asthma permitted, vented his spleen upon both sides; and a lover of absurd paradoxes, of the name of Heron, author of some works of merit, but so devoid of principle, that, deserted by all, he would have died from want, if Dr. Garthshore had not placed him as a patient in the empty Fever Institution.

"Robinson, the king of the booksellers, was frequently of the party, as well as his brother John, a man of some talent; and Joseph Johnson, the friend of Priestley, and Paine, and Cowper, and Fuzeli. Phillips, then commencing his *Magazine*, was also on a keen lookout for recruits, with his waistcoat pocket full of guineas, to slip his enlisting money into their hands.*

* The proprietor of the *Monthly Magazine* states, in a note to this article, that at the period of its commencement,

"Alexander Chalmers, the workman of the Robinsons, and through their introduction editor of many large books, also enlivened the box by many sallies of wit and humor, and anecdotes, of which he had a plentiful store at command. He always took much pains to be distinguished from his namesake George, who, he used to say, carried 'the leaden mace,' and was much provoked whenever he happened to be taken for his namesake.

"Cahusac, a teacher of the classics, M'Leod, a writer in the papers, the two Parrys, (of the Courier, then the organ of Jacobinism,) and Captain Skinner, a man of elegant manners, who personated our nation in the procession of Anacharsis Clootz, at Paris, in 1793, were also in constant attendance.

"One Baker, once a Spitalfields manufacturer, a great talker, and not less remarkable as an eater, was constant; but having shot himself at his lodgings in Kirby Street, it was discovered that for some years he had had no other meal per day besides the supper which he took at the Chapter, where there being a choice of viands at the fixed price of one shilling, this, with a pint of porter, constituted his subsistence, till, his last resources failing, he put an end to himself.

"Lowndes, the celebrated electrician, was another of our set, and a facetious man. Buchan, Jun., a graduated son of the doctor, generally came with Lowndes, and though somewhat dogmatical, yet he added to the variety and good intelligence of our discussions, which, from the mixture of company, were as various as the contents of the newspapers.

"Dr. Busby, the musician, and a very ingenious man, often obtained a hearing, and was earnest in disputing with the Tories. And Macfarlane, the author of the History of George the Third, was always admired for the soundness of his views; but this worthy man was killed by the pole of a coach, during a procession of Sir F. Burdett, from Brentford. Mr. W. Cooke, author of Conversation, constantly exemplified his own rules in his gentlemanly manners and well-timed anecdotes.

"Kelley, an Irish schoolmaster and gentlemanly man, kept up warm debates by his equivocating politics, and was often roughly handled by Hammond and others, though he bore his defeats with constant good humor.

"There was a young man of the name of Wilson, who acquired the name of *Long-bow* Wilson from the number of extraordinary secrets of the *haut ton*, which he used to retail by the hour. He was a good-tempered, and certainly very amusing person, who seemed likely to be an acquisition among the *Wittenagemot*; but, having run up a score of thirty or forty pounds, he suddenly absented himself. Miss Brun, the keeper of the house, begged of me, if

I met with him, to tell him that she would give him a receipt for the past, and further credit to any amount, if he would only return to the house; 'for,' said she, 'if he never paid us, he was one of the best customers we ever had, contriving, by his stories and conversation, to keep a couple of boxes crowded the whole night, by which we made more punch, and more brandy and water, than from any other single cause whatever.'

"Jacob, afterwards an alderman and M. P., was a frequent visitor, and then as remarkable for his heretical, as he was subsequently for his orthodox, opinions in his speeches and writings.

"Wraithman, the active and eloquent common councilman, often mixed with us, and was always clear-headed and agreeable. One James, who had made a large fortune by vending tea, contributed many good anecdotes of the age of Wilkes.

"Several stock brokers visited us, and among others of that description was Mr. Blake, the banker, of Lombard Street, a remarkably intelligent old gentleman; and there was Mr. Patterson, a North Briton, a long-headed speculator, who had the reputation of being a skilful mathematician, and taught mathematics to Pitt.

"Some young men of talent came among us from time to time, as Lovett, a militia officer, Hennell, a coal merchant, and some others, whose names I forget; and these seemed likely to keep up the party. But all things have an end. Dr. Buchan died; some young sparks affronted our Nestor, Hammond, on which he absented himself, after nearly fifty years' attendance, and the noisy box of the *Wittenagemot* was, for some years previously to 1820, remarkable for its silence and dullness. The two or three last times I was at the Chapter, I heard no voice above a whisper, and I almost shed a tear on thinking of men, habits, and times gone by forever."

471. THE KIT CAT CLUB AND KIT CAT PICTURES.

The Kit Cat Club, which consisted of the most distinguished wits and statesmen among the whigs, was remarkable for the strictest zeal towards the house of Hanover. They met at a house in Shire Lane, and took their title from the name of Christopher Cat, a pastry-cook, who excelled in making mutton pies, which were regularly part of the entertainment.

"Immortal made, as Kit Cat by his pies."

Before Tonson went abroad, he had acquired a villa at Barn Elms, in Surrey, about six miles from London, which he adorned with the portraits of the Kit Cat Club, painted by Kneller, on canvas somewhat larger than a three quarters, and less than a half length; a size which has ever since been denominated a Kit Cat from this circumstance. The room where these portraits were originally intended to be hung (in which the club often dined) not being sufficiently lofty for half-length pictures, that circumstance is said to have been the occasion of a shorter canvas being used, which is now denominated a Kit Cat, and is sufficiently long to admit a hand. The canvas for a Kit Cat is thirty-six inches long, and twenty-eight wide. A splendid volume, under the title of the Kit Cat Club, done from the original paintings of Sir Godfrey Kneller by Mr. Faber, sold by J. Tonson, in the Strand, and T. Faber, at the Golden Head, in Bloomsbury Square, was published in 1735, containing an engraved title-

in the winter of 1795-6, he lodged and boarded at the Chapter, and not only knew the characters referred to by Mr S., but many others equally original, from the voracious glutton in politics, who waited for the wet papers in the morning twilight, to the comfortless bachelor, who sat till the fire was raked out at half past twelve at night, all of whom took their successive stations, like figures in a magic lantern. In regard to the *misleading* money to which Mr S. alludes, it may be proper to state, that so many trumpery periodical works, then, as now, were constantly obtruded on the public, that it was difficult to impress on men of talents the possibility of establishing a work of permanent character, like the Monthly Magazine; and to secure reluctant aid, the editor sometimes, in a parting shake by the hand, therefore left five guineas in the palm of his desired assistant. So tangible an argument in every case allayed scruples, and tended, among other circumstances, to raise his Miscellany to that pinnacle of celebrity which it has ever since maintained.

page and dedication, and forty-three portraits, beginning with Sir Godfrey Kneller, and ending with Mr. Tonson, who is represented in a gown and cap, holding in his hand a volume lettered "Paradise Lost." Faber began the plates, which are all dated in 1732, and the volume is dedicated to the Duke of Somerset, "to whose liberality the collection of prints owed its very being, in setting the example to the other members of the Kit Cat Club of honoring Mr. Tonson with these portraits," and who was "ever eminently distinguished by that noble principle,—for the support of which that association was known to have been formed,—the love of their country and its constitutional liberties." It appears from the will of the younger Jacob Tonson, which was made August 16, and proved December 6, 1735, that he was then, by the grant and assignment of his uncle, entitled to this collection of pictures after his uncle's death, and that the testator had not long before erected a new room at Barn Elms, in which the Kit Cat portraits were then hung.

At Water Oakley, in the parish of Bray, near Windsor, Richard Tonson, great nephew of Jacob, built a room, lighted at the top by a dome, and an ante-chamber for the reception of the celebrated Kit Cat portraits, which had descended to him on the death of his brother Jacob. They were ranged on each side of the room, in two rows, and in a pleasing order.

The portraits afterwards became the property of William Baker, Esq., of Hertingfordbury, late M. P. for Herts, whose father married the eldest daughter of the second Jacob Tonson.

473. ITEMS RESPECTING THE KIT CAT CLUB.

Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, was secretary to the club. "You have heard of the Kit Cat Club," says Pope to Spencer. Sir Richard Steele, Addison, Congreve, Garth, Vanburgh, Manwaring, Stepney, and Walpole belonged to it.

Tonson, whilst secretary, caused the club meetings to be transferred to a house belonging to himself at Barn Elms, and built a handsome room for the accommodation of the members. Garth wrote the verses for the toasting-glass of this club, which, as they are preserved in his works, have immortalized four of the reigning beauties at the commencement of the last century—Lady Carlisle, Lady Essex, Lady Hyde, and Lady Wharton.

In 1817, the club-room was standing, and was the property of Mr. Hoare, the London banker. Sir Richard Phillips visited it at this date, when it was sadly in decay. It was eighteen feet high, and forty feet long by twenty wide. The mouldings and ornaments were in the most superb fashion of the last century; but the whole was falling to pieces from the effects of dry rot. There was the faded cloth-hanging of the walls, whose red color once set off the famous portraits of the club that hung around it. Their marks and sizes were still visible, and the numbers and names remained as written in chalk for the guidance of the stranger. "Thus," says Sir Richard, "was I, as it were, by those still legible names, brought into personal contact with Addison, and Steele, and Congreve, and Garth, and Dryden, and with many hereditary nobles, remembered only because they were patrons of those natural nobles. I read their names aloud; I invoked their departed spirits; I was appalled by the echo of my own voice. The holes in the floor, the forests of cobwebs in the windows, and a swallow's nest in the

corner of the ceiling, proclaimed that I was viewing a vision of the dreamers of a past age—that I saw realized before me the speaking vanities of the anxious career of man. The blood of the reader of sensibility will thrill as mine thrilled. It was feeling without volition, and therefore incapable of analysis."

Not long after, this club-room was united to a barn, to form a riding-house. The Kit Cat pictures were painted early in the eighteenth century, and about the year 1710 were brought to this spot; but the club-room was not built till ten or fifteen years afterwards. The paintings were forty-two in number, and were presented by the members to the elder Tonson, who died in 1736. He left them to his great-nephew, also an eminent bookseller, who died in 1767. They were then removed from the building at Barn Elms to the house of his brother, at Water Oakley, near Windsor; and on his death, to the house of Mr. Baker, of Hertingfordbury, where they were splendidly lodged, and in fine preservation. We are not aware if the collection has been dispersed.

473. THE BLUE STOCKING CLUB.

Towards the close of the last century, there met at Mrs. Montague's a literary assembly called the Blue Stocking Club, in consequence of one of the most admired of the members, Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, always wearing *blue stockings*. The appellation soon became general as a name for pedantic or ridiculous literary ladies. Hannah More wrote a volume in verse entitled the *Bas Bleu*, or Conversation. It proceeds on the mistake of a foreigner, who, hearing of the Blue Stocking Club, translated it literally *Bas Bleu*. Johnson styled this poem "a great performance." The following couplets have been quoted and remembered as terse and pointed:—

"In men this blunder still you find,—
All think their little set mankind."

"Small habits, well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes."

474. THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB.

George Lambert was for many years principal scene painter to Covent Garden Theatre, and, being a person of great respectability in character and profession, he was often visited, whilst at work, by persons of consideration. As it frequently happened that he was too much pressed by business to leave the theatre for dinner, he contented himself with a beefsteak broiled upon the fire in the painting room. In this humble meal he was sometimes joined by his visitors. The conviviality of the accidental meeting inspired the party with a resolution to establish a club, which was accordingly done, under the title of the Beefsteak Club, and the party assembled periodically in the painting room. The members were afterwards accommodated with a private apartment in the theatre, where the meeting was held for many years; but after Covent Garden was last rebuilt, the place of meeting was changed to the Shakespeare Tavern. It was then removed to the Lyceum Theatre, in the Strand, on the destruction of which, by fire, in 1830, the place of meeting was transferred to the Bedford Coffee-house, in Covent Garden. The *régime* of the club is a course of beefsteaks, followed by stewed cheese in silver dishes. The number of members is only twenty-

four, and the days of meeting are every Saturday, from November until the end of June.

475. LITERARY DICTATORSHIP.

So pusillanimous, in the day of Johnson's Club, were educated persons in general, that they submitted to the domination of a self-chosen few, who, in their turn, had a despot over themselves; for, while the club intimidated the town, Johnson awed the club. In one instance, when Sheridan was beginning to be known in the world, though before his first dramatic productions, he dined in company with Johnson and several of the club, when the doctor advanced one of his dogmas, tantamount to saying that black is white. Sheridan gave a plump negative to the doctor's affirmation, and argued against it manfully, with all the eagerness of youth. The party trembled for him, and, shrugging up their shoulders, seemed to say, "Poor young man! clever, but ruined. He is rousing the lion, and it will soon be all over with him." The lion, however, was in one of his generous moods; though galled, he was not revengeful. He took his defeat—for defeated he was—in good part, and Sheridan escaped anni-

hilation. "What times," says George Colman, fairly enough, "when a young genius could be reputation-crushed—and that genius Sheridan—by entering into discussion with a literary dictator!" However, these things are pretty much at an end now. The world of letters is on a republican footing, and the man who presumes to set himself up as a dictator would be only laughed at. Johnson's powers would be acknowledged at all times, but his authority no longer.

476. HOOK AT THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.

It is said that at the Athenæum Club, in Pall Mall, the number of dinners fell off, by upwards of three hundred per annum, after Theodore Hook disappeared from his favorite corner, near the door of the coffee-room. The corner alluded to will, we suppose, long retain the name which it derived from him—Temperance Corner. Many grave and dignified persons being frequent guests, it would hardly have been seemly to have been calling for repeated supplies of a certain description; but the waiters well understood what the oracle of the corner meant by "Another glass of toast and water," or "A little more lemonade."

§ 50. COMMENTARIES AND COMMENTATORS.

477. CARYLL.

Caryll wrote the endless Commentary on Job, consisting of twenty-four hundred folio pages, in small type. Of that monument of human perseverance, which, commenting on Job's patience, inspired what few works do to whoever read them, the exercise of the virtue it inculcated, the publisher, in his advertisement in Clavel's Catalogue of Books, (1681,) announces the two folios in six hundred sheets each. These were a republication of the first edition, in twelve volumes quarto. He apologizes that "it had been so long a doing, to the great vexation and loss of the proposer." He adds, "Indeed, *some few lines*, no more than what may be contained in a *quarto page*, are expunged, *they not relating to the exposition*, which nevertheless some, by malicious prejudice, have so unjustly aggravated, as if the whole work had been disordered." He apologizes for curtailing a *few lines* from twenty-four hundred folio pages, and he considered that these few lines were the only ones that did not relate to the exposition!

478. THOMAS SCOTT.

After Thomas Scott received ordination and entered on his duties as a curate, he applied himself, with the most unwearied assiduity, to the study of the learned languages, and such other subjects as were connected with the duties of his profession. He spared, he tells us, no pains, shunned as much as he well could all acquaintances and diversions, and even retrenched from his usual hours of sleep, that he might increase his intellectual acquisitions. In nine months, he read through the entire works of Josephus in the original Greek. With the Septuagint and Hebrew Bible he became familiar. His progress in the latter was remarkable. "Of the Hebrew," he says, "some twenty weeks ago I knew not a letter; and I have now read through one hun-

dred and nineteen of the Psalms, and twenty-three chapters of Genesis, and commonly now read two chapters every day, tracing every word to its original, unfolding every verbal difficulty."

At the age of sixty, he applied himself to the Arabic and Susoo—the latter an African dialect, and both exceedingly difficult languages to master. During the acquisition of these languages, and for many years afterwards, he suffered severely from chronic complaints. At the age of seventy-two years, he informs us that he never studied more hours each day in his life. "Never," says he, "was a manufactory more full of employment than our house; five sheets of Commentary a week to correct, and as many more sheets of copy (quarto) to prepare."

He was employed upon his Commentary for thirty-three years. The marginal references alone cost him seven years of severe labor. For nearly forty years he was employed eight, ten, and sometimes fourteen hours a day in his study.

"The sale of his works," a writer remarks, "of plain didactic theology, during his lifetime, amounted to two hundred thousand pounds sterling. Probably an equal sum has been expended for these same works since his death. Of his Commentary on the Scriptures, not less than *thirty-five thousand* copies have been sold in the United States alone, at a sum of at least *seven hundred thousand dollars*. Two [or three] stereotype editions of it have been published. The work is now, at the distance of more than thirty years from its publication, as popular as ever. The annual sale is now, in this country, not less than fifteen hundred copies."

479. A VILLAGE READER.

It is well known that Thomas Scott, the celebrated commentator on the Bible, published an edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, with exposi-

tory notes. A copy of this work he benevolently presented to one of his poor parishioners. Meeting him soon after, Mr. S. inquired whether he had read it. The reply was, "Yes, sir." "Do you think you understand it?" "O yes, sir," was the answer, with this somewhat unexpected addition, "and I hope before long I shall understand the notes."

480. IRISH LABORER'S COMMENTARY.

The Boston Christian Alliance tells us, in 1848, —

An Irish day laborer, in this city, by the name of Peter Clarkin, has just published a work expository of the book of the Revelation — a book which has tasked the critical ingenuity of the most learned men. The *Mercantile Journal* says, "It is divided into twenty-two chapters, in which all the prophecies in the Revelation of the evangelist are explained, and its mysticisms elucidated, according to the views of the author, after a careful and unaided investigation for several years. This is a remarkable production, when considered as the work of an uneducated Irish laborer, who was early instructed in the principles of the Roman Catholic religion. The writer shows, in the course of the volume, that he

has diligently studied the Scriptures, and must also have dipped occasionally into historical and ecclesiastical lore. But if the book should not stand high among religious persons as a true interpreter of the Apocalypse, it may, at least, be ranked among not the least interesting of the curiosities of literature."

481. COMMENTATORS ON CAMOENS.

Of the pedantic triflings of commentators, a controversy among the Portuguese, on the works of Camoens, is not the least. Some of these profound critics, who affected great delicacy in the laws of epic poetry, pretended to be doubtful whether the poet had fixed on the right time for a *king's dream*; whether, said they, a king should have a propitious dream on *his first going to bed* or at the dawn of the following morning. No one seemed to be quite certain; they puzzled each other till the controversy closed in this felicitous manner, and satisfied both the night and the dawn critics. Barreto discovered that an *accent* on one of the words alluded to in the controversy would answer the purpose, and, by making King Manuel's dream to take place at the dawn, would restore Camoens to their good opinion, and preserve the dignity of the poet.

§ 51. CONTROVERSY AND CONTROVERSIALISTS.

482. GREAT QUESTION.

Henry, in his *History of England*, states that the following parts of learning were cultivated, in some degree, in Britain, during the period from 1066 to 1216: grammar, rhetoric, logic, metaphysics, physics, ethics, scholastic divinity, the canon law, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, astrology, and medicine. He also gives the following, to show the trifling questions that were agitated by the logicians of that period: —

"When a hog is carried to market, with a rope tied about its neck, which is held at the other end by a man, whether the hog is carried to market by the rope or the man."

483. THE SCHOLASTICS.

On the subject of literary controversies we cannot pass over the various sects of the scholastics. The most memorable, on account of the extent, the violence, and duration of their contests, are those of the Nominalists and the Realists.

It was a most subtle question assuredly, and the world thought, for a long while, that their happiness depended on deciding whether universals, that is, *genera*, have a real essence, and exist independent of particulars, that is, *species*; whether, for instance, we could form an idea of asses prior to individual asses. Rosseline, in the eleventh century, adopted the opinion that universals have no real existences, either before or in individuals, but are mere names and words by which the kind of individuals is expressed — a tenet propagated by Abelard, which produced the sect of the Nominalists. But the Realists asserted that universals existed independently of individuals.

Nothing could exceed the violence with which these disputes were conducted. Vives himself, who

witnessed the contests, says that "when the contending parties had exhausted their stock of verbal abuse, they often came to blows; and it was not uncommon, in these quarrels about *universals*, to see the combatants engaging not only with their fists, but with clubs and swords, so that many have been wounded, and some killed."

We add a curious extract from John of Salisbury on this war of words, which Mosheim has given in his *Ecclesiastical History*. He observes, on all this terrifying nonsense, that "there had been more time consumed in it than the Cæsars had employed in making themselves masters of the world; that the riches of Cæsus were inferior to the treasures that had been exhausted in this controversy; and that the contending parties, after having spent their whole lives on this single point, had neither been so happy as to determine it to their satisfaction, nor to make, in the labyrinths of science where they had been groping, any discovery that was worth the pains they had taken."

484. BENEDICTIS AND GRIMALDI.

Father De Benedictis, a Jesuit and professor in the college at Naples, published in 1668 four volumes of peripatetic philosophy, to establish the principles of Aristotle. The work was exploded, and he wrote an abusive treatise under the *nom de guerre* of Benedetto Aletino. A man of letters, Constantino Grimaldi, replied. Aletino rejoined: he wrote letters, an apology for the letters, and would have written more for Aristotle than Aristotle himself perhaps would have done. However, Grimaldi was no ordinary antagonist, and not to be outwared. He had not only the best of the argument, but he was resolved to tell the world so, as long as the world would listen. Whether he killed off Father Benedictis is not affirmed; but the latter died during

the controversy. Grimaldi, however, afterwards pursued his ghost, and buffeted the father in his grave. This enraged the university of Naples; and the Jesuits, to a man, denounced Grimaldi to Pope Benedict XIII. and Cardinal D'Althan, the Viceroy of Naples. On this the pope issued a bull prohibiting the reading of Grimaldi's works, or keeping them, under pain of excommunication; and the cardinal, more active than the bull, caused all the copies which were found in the author's house to be thrown into the sea. The author, with tears in his eyes, beheld them expatriated, and hardly hoped their voyage would have been successful. However, all the little family of the Grimaldis were not drowned; for a storm arose, and happily drove ashore many of the floating copies; and these falling into good and charitable hands, the heretical opinions of poor Grimaldi against Aristotle and school divinity were still read by those who were not out-terrified by the pope's bulls. The *salted* passages were still at hand, and quoted with a double zest against the Jesuits.

485. DESMAHIS.

Desmahis hated quarrels between men of letters. Some person observed to him that the number of men of letters was very small, in comparison with the bulk of mankind.

"If harmony," said he, "prevailed among them, — small as their number is, — they would lead the public opinion, and be the masters of the world."

486. TWO SCHOLARS.

"Literary wars," says Bayle, "are sometimes as lasting as they are terrible." A disputation between two great scholars was so interminably violent, that it lasted thirty years! He humorously compares it to the German war which lasted as long.

487. ADDISON AND STANYAN.

Mr. Temple Stanyan borrowed a sum of money of Addison, with whom he lived in habits of friendship, conversing on all subjects with equal freedom; but from this time Mr. Stanyan agreed implicitly to every thing Addison advanced, and never, as formerly, disputed his positions. This change of behavior did not long escape the notice of so acute an observer, to whom it was by no means agreeable. It happened, one day, that a subject was started on which they had before warmly controverted each other's notions; but now Mr. Stanyan entirely acquiesced in Addison's opinion, without offering one word in defence of his own. Addison was displeased, and said, with considerable emotion, "Sir, either contradict me, or pay me my money."

488. CONTROVERSY ON THE EPISTLES TO PHALARIS.

On the death of Mr. Justel, Dr. Richard Bentley was nominated keeper of the Royal Library at St. James's; and he had his patent in April, 1694. About this time, the famous dispute between him and the Hon. Mr. Boyle, whether the Epistles of Phalaris were genuine or not, in some measure at first took rise; which occasioned so many books and pamphlets, and made so much noise in the world.

Among other publications, Mr. Boyle put out a new edition of Phalaris; but, wanting to consult a manuscript Phalaris in the King's Library, he sent to Mr. Bennet, bookseller in London, to get him the manuscript by applying for it to Dr. Bentley in his name. After earnest solicitation, and great delays for many months, Mr. Bennet at last got possession of the manuscript, who, imagining there was no great hurry to return it, did not immediately set the collator, Mr. Gibson, to work upon it. But Dr. Bentley being to go on a journey in Worcestershire at that time for six months, about six days after the manuscript had been delivered, he called for it again, and would by no means be prevailed upon to let Mr. Bennet have the use of it any longer, though he told him the collation was not perfected, and denied his request in a very rude manner, throwing out many slighting and disparaging expressions, both respecting Mr. Boyle and the work.

This is the case as told by Mr. Bennet, Dr. King, Mr. Boyle, &c., who, thinking himself ill used, towards the end of his preface, where he is giving some account of the edition of Phalaris, and the manuscript consulted in it, added the following words: "I likewise gave orders," says he, "to have the Epistles collated with the manuscript in the King's Library; but my collator was prevented from going beyond the fortieth epistle, by the singular humanity of the library keeper, who refused to let me have any further use of the manuscript." The Epistles being published, Dr. Bentley sent a letter to Mr. Boyle at Oxford, to give him a true information of the whole matter; wherein, as Mr. Boyle acknowledges, having expressed himself with great civility, he represented the matter of fact quite otherwise than he had heard it; expecting that, upon the receipt of the letter, he would put a stop to the publication of the book, till he had altered that passage, and printed the page anew. To which letter, Mr. Boyle says, he immediately returned a civil answer.

Here the matter rested for two years and a half after the edition of Phalaris; when Dr. Bentley, in an appendix to Mr. Wotton's Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning, inserted his Dissertation on the Epistles of Themistocles, Socrates, Euripides, Phalaris, and the Epistles of Æsop; asserting that the Epistles which had been ascribed to Phalaris for so many years past were spurious, and the production of some sophist; and, partly in anger for the attack in Mr. Boyle's preface to them, falls with some warmth on Mr. Boyle's new edition and version, saying, he had foolishly busied himself about a contemptible and spurious author, and had made a bad book worse by a very ill edition of it, &c., &c., and, in part of the book, justifies himself as to the affair of the manuscript in these words: "A bookseller came to me, in the name of the editors, to beg the use of the manuscript; it was not then in my custody; but, as soon as I had the power of it, I went voluntarily and offered it him; bidding him tell the collator not to lose any time, for I was shortly to go out of town for two months. It was delivered, used, and returned. Not a word was said by the bearer, nor the least suspicion in me that they had not finished the collation."

The doctor is not now imagined to have had the worst of the argument, or to have handled it without some merit and applause as to wit and humor, though Mr. Boyle only received congratulations on this occasion. Thus Dr. Garth says, —

"So diamonds take a lustre from their foil,
And to a BENTLEY 'tis we owe a BOYLE."

Another very learned and very judicious writer, Dr. Henry Felton, said a very just and a very handsome thing upon this dispute: "Perhaps Mr. Boyle's book will be charged upon some sophist too; yet, taking it for genuine at present, if we must own that Dr. Bentley is the *better critic*, we must acknowledge his antagonist is much the *gentleer writer*."

The doctor had also some wags who were his enemies even at Cambridge, by drawing his picture in the hands of Phalaris's guards, who were putting him into their master's bull; and out of the doctor's mouth came a label with these words, "I had rather be ROASTED than BOYLED."

The inimitable Dean of St. Patrick's also, in his Tale of a Tub, has some strokes on Dr. Bentley on this occasion, particularly in the episode on the Battle of the Books, where, on account of the doctor's dissertation on Phalaris, &c., being annexed to Mr. Wotton's Reflections on Learning, and their being great friends, he makes Mr. Wotton and Dr. Bentley, standing side by side in each other's defence, to be both transfixed to the ground by one stroke of the javelin of Mr. Boyle; and this he heightens by the simile of a cook spitting a brace of woodcocks.

489. GILLIES AND PORSON.

Dr. Gillies, the historian of Greece, and Mr. Porson, used now and then to meet. The consequence was certain to be a literary contest. Porson was much the deeper scholar of the two. Dr. Gillies was one day speaking to him of the Greek tragedies, and of Pindar's odes. "We know nothing," said Dr. Gillies, emphatically, "of the Greek metres." Porson answered, "If, doctor, you will put your observation in the *singular* number, I believe it will be very accurate."

490. HALL AND THE VAIN YOUNG AUTHOR.

A young man of more vanity than prudence once told Robert Hall that he intended to refute a certain book which was much admired by the latter. "You

attack that author!" exclaimed the indignant Hall, "a fly take wings against an archangel!"

491. BROUGHAM AND BARNES.

A newspaper tradition says, that Barnes, a former editor of the London Times, went one day to Lord Brougham, then chancellor, and, waiting for him in his private room at the court, took up the Morning Chronicle, in which there was that morning a denunciation of an article Brougham had the day before written in the Times. Barnes suspected the authorship from the style; and when the legal dignitary left the judgment seat to speak with the editor, the latter saluted the chancellor with, "Well, this is almost too bad to demolish yourself in this way!" Brougham was taken aback. Barnes saw at once that the random guess was a hit, pursued his advantage, followed up the attack, and Brougham admitted that he was the writer of the reply to his own onslaught.

492. REV. DR. BEECHER.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, some years since, was going home one night with a volume of an encyclopædia under his arm, when he saw a small animal standing in his path. The doctor knew that it was a skunk, but very imprudently hurled the book at him. The skunk, as might have been expected, opened his battery with a return of fire so well directed that the divine was glad to retreat. When he arrived at home, his friends could scarcely come near him, and his clothes were so infected that he was obliged to bury them.

Some time after this, some one published a pamphlet, speaking very abusively of the worthy doctor, who was asked, "Why don't you publish a book, and put him down at once?" His reply was prompt and wise: "Sir, I have learnt better. Some years ago, I issued a whole quarto volume against a skunk, and I got the worst of it. I never mean to try the experiment again."

CONVERSATION.

§ 52. DEFICIENCIES.

493. TASSO, MILTON, BENTLEY, AND OTHERS.

Tasso's conversation, which his friend Manso has attempted to preserve to us, was neither gay nor brilliant; and Goldoni, in his drama of Torquato Tasso, has contrasted the poet's writings and his conversation:—

*"Ammirò il suo talento, gradisco i carmi suoi;
Ma piacer non trovo a conversar con lui."*

The sublime Dante was taciturn or satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Gray and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled.

Hogarth and Swift, who looked on the circles of society with eyes of inspiration, were absent in company.

Milton was unsociable, and even irritable when much pressed by the talk of others.

Dean Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public address, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse.

494. VIRGIL, LA FONTAINE, AND OTHERS.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyère, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote, he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit or a fool; but to be both, and that, too, in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius, Goldsmith.

Chancer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whetstone, which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. When seated at the table of Nicocreon, King of Cyprus, he was requested to give his opinion on a certain subject; but he answered, "What I know is perhaps not seasonable, and what is seasonable I do not know." Vaucanson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made.

Dryden said of himself, "My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or make repartees."

495. BUFFON AND MONTBELLIARD.

It is remarkable that the conversationists have rarely proved themselves to be the abler writers, though we shall furnish some brilliant exceptions. A pen is generally the extinguisher of these luminaries. A curious contrast occurred between Buffon and his friend Montbelliard, who was associated in his great work; the one possessed the reverse qualities of the other. Montbelliard threw every charm of animation over his delightful conversation; but when he came to take his seat at the rival desk of Buffon, an immense interval separated them. His tongue distilled the music and the honey of the bee, but his pen seemed to be iron, as cold and as hard, while Buffon's was the soft pencil of the philosophical painter of nature.

496. COWLEY AND KILLIGREW.

The characters of Cowley and Killigrew are striking instances of the disparity in the same men between their power with the tongue and their power with the pen. Cowley was embarrassed in conversation, and had not quickness in argument or repartee; pensive elegance and refined combinations could not be struck at to catch fire; while with Killigrew the sparkling bubbles of his fancy rose and dropped; yet, when this delightful conversationist wrote, the deception ceased. Denham, who knew them both, hit off the difference between them:—

"Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killigrew ne'er writ,
Combined in one, they had made a matchless wit."

Thought and expression are only found easily when they lie on the surface; the operations of the intellect, with some, are slow and deep. Hence it is that slow-minded men are not, as men of the world imagine, always the dulllest.

497. DESCARTES AND THOMAS.

Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas described his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin.

498. SMITH AND ARTISTS.

James Smith says, "I don't fancy painters. General Phipps used to have them much at his table. He once asked me if I liked to meet them. I answered, 'No; I know nothing in their way, and they know nothing out of it.'"

499. CORNEILLE.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of Shakspeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *speak* correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile, and say, "*I am not the less Peter Corneille!*"

500. BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson used to sit silent in learned company, "and suck in," as Fuller says, "not only his wine, but their several humors." Like Shakspeare, he held the mirror up to nature, but chose sometimes to look into the glass himself.

501. ROBERTSON AND HIS NEIGHBOR.

The personal familiarity of ordinary minds with a man of genius has often produced a ludicrous prejudice. A Scotchman, to whom the name of Dr. Robertson had travelled down, was curious to know who he was. "Your neighbor." But he could not persuade himself that the man whom he conversed with was the great historian of his country.

502. SOUTHEY.

Southey was stiff, sedate, and so wrapped up in a garb of almost asceticism, that Charles Lamb once stutteringly told him that "he was m-made for a m-m-monk, but somehow or other the co-cowl didn't fit."

503. ADDISON.

"Addison," says Pope, "was perfectly good company with intimates, and had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man; but with any mixture of strangers, and sometimes only with one, he seemed to preserve his dignity much, with a stiff sort of silence."

504. JUNIUS—CONYERS.

It is said of the learned Junius, that he had such an invincible modesty, that, throughout his life, he appeared to common observers under peculiar disadvantages, and could scarcely speak, upon the most common subjects, without a suffusion of coun-

tenance. In this respect, he seems to have equalled the famous Mr. Addison, who likewise was at once one of the greatest philosophers, as well as one of the most abashed and modest men of his time.

Such was the diffidence of that good man, Dr. Conyers, that, if he saw a stranger in his congre-

gation, especially if he suspected him to be a minister, it would so disconcert him as to render him almost incapable of speaking. On these occasions, he would sometimes say to Mr. Thornton, "If you expect a blessing under my ministry, I beg you will not bring so many *black coats* with you."

§ 53. DISTINGUISHED CONVERSATIONISTS.

505. RACINE'S CONFESSION.

The confidential confession of Racine to his son is remarkable. "Do not think that I am sought after by the great for my dramas; Corneille composes nobler verses than mine, but no one notices him, and he only pleases by the mouth of the actors. I never allude to my works when with men of the world, but I amuse them about matters they like to hear. My talent with them consists not in making them feel that I have any, but in showing them that they have."

506. GIBBON AND FOX.

Gibbon, one of the most fastidious of men, and disposed by neither party nor personal recollections to be enamored of Fox, describes his conversation as admirable. They met at Lausanne, spent a day without other company, "and talked the whole day." The test was sufficiently long under any circumstances, but Gibbon declares that Fox never flagged; his animation and variety of topic were inexhaustible.

507. BENTLEY, GROTIUS, AND GOLDSMITH.

Dr. Bentley was loquacious. Dr. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, to whom this talented man was chaplain, said that if Bentley had been a little more diffident, he would have been the most extraordinary man in Europe.

Grotius was very talkative, but he was thoughtful, and richly stored with learning.

Of Goldsmith it was said, "He wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll."

508. BURKE AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

Mr. Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful raised him in the world, and introduced him to the acquaintance of several persons distinguished by rank or talents. That his conversation was eminently interesting, entertaining, and instructive, is universally admitted. It was very discursive. If the persons with whom he conversed had full leisure to listen, and only wished for general information, nothing can be conceived more delightful; it abounded with eloquence, elegance, learning, novelty, and pleasantry; it was the basket of Pomona, full of every choice and every common fruit. But if a person wished for information upon any particular point, and his time for listening was limited, Mr. Burke's eloquent rambles were sometimes very provoking. Sir Philip Francis once waited upon him, by appointment, to read over to him some papers respecting Mr. Hastings's delinquencies. He called on Mr. Burke, in his way to the house of a

friend, with whom he was engaged to dine. He found him in his garden, holding a grasshopper. "What a beautiful animal is this!" said Mr. Burke; "observe its structure: its legs, its wings, its eyes." "How can you," said Sir Philip, "lose your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many objects of moment to attend to?" "Yet, Socrates," said Mr. Burke, "according to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes, attended to a much less animal; he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in its skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length: let us see." "My dear friend," said Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry; let us walk in, and let me read my papers to you." Into the house they walked; Sir Philip began to read, and Mr. Burke appeared to listen. At length, Sir Philip having misplaced a paper, a pause ensued. "I think," said Mr. Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed that *locusta*, not *ciçada*, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What is your opinion, Sir Philip?" "My opinion," answered Sir Philip, packing up his papers, and preparing to move off, "is, that till the grasshopper is out of your head, it will be idle to talk to you of the affairs of India."

It may be added, that when Mr. Burke was in conversation, he frequently appeared rather to speak from the reflections which were working in his own mind upon what his friend had said, than to give a direct answer to it, or make a direct observation upon it

509. PHILLIPS'S ACCOUNT OF CURRAN.

I caught the first glimpse of the little man through the vista of his garden. There he was,—on a third time afterward, I saw him in a dress which you would imagine he had borrowed from his tipstaff,—his hands on his sides; his under lip protruded; his face almost parallel with the horizon; and the important step and eternal attitude only varied by the pause during which his eye glanced from his guest to his watch, and from his watch reproachfully to his dining-room: it was an invariable peculiarity—one second after four o'clock, and he would not wait for the viceroy. The moment he perceived me, he took me by the hand, said he would not have any one introduce me; and with a manner I often thought was *charmed*, he at once banished every apprehension, and completely familiarized me at the priory. I had often seen Curran—often heard him—often read him; but no man ever knew any thing about him who did not see him at his own table, with the few whom he selected. He was a little convivial deity; he soared in every region, and was at home in all; he touched every thing, and seemed as if he had created it; he mastered the human heart with the same ease that he did his violin. You wept, and you laughed, and you wondered;

and the wonderful creature, who made you do all at will, never let it appear that he was more than your equal, and was quite willing, if you chose, to become your auditor. It is said of Swift that his rule was to allow a minute's pause after he had concluded, and then, if no person took up the conversation, to recommence himself. Curran had no conversational rule whatever: he spoke from impulse, and he had the art so to draw you into a participation, that, though you felt an inferiority, it was quite a contented one. Indeed, nothing could excel the urbanity of his demeanor. At the time I speak of, he was turned of sixty, yet he was as playful as a child. The extremes of youth and age were met in him: he had the experience of the one, and the simplicity of the other.

510. CANNING FLOORING AN IMPERTINENT.

"Lord —— called on Frere," says Coleridge, "and asked himself to dinner. From the moment of his entry he began to talk to the whole party, and in French,—all of us being genuine English,—and I was told his French was execrable. He had followed the Russian army into France, and seen a good deal of the great men concerned in the war; of none of those things did he say a word, but went on, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, gabbling about cookery, and dress, and the like. At last he paused for a little; and I said a few words, remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into detail, and mentioned the grandeur of the deluge, and the preservation of life in Genesis and the Paradise Lost, and the ludicrous effect produced by Drayton's description in his Noah's flood:—

'And now the beasts are walking from the wood,
As well of raving as that chew the cud.
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
And to the ark leads down the lioness;
The bull for his beloved mate doth low,
And to the ark brings on the fair-eyed cow,' &c.

"Hereupon Lord —— resumed, and spoke in raptures of a picture which he had lately seen of Noah's ark, and said the animals were all marching two and two, the little ones first, and that the elephants came last in great majesty, and filled up the foreground. 'Ah! no doubt, my lord,' said Canning, 'your elephants, wise fellows! staid behind to pack up their trunks.'

"This floored the ambassador for half an hour."

511. DR. BIRCH.

Of Dr. Birch Johnson was used to speak in this manner: "Tom is a lively rogue; he remembers a great deal, and can tell many pleasant stories; but a pen is to Tom a torpedo; the touch of it benumbs his hand and his brain. Tom can talk; but he is no writer."

512. JOHNSON—BURKE.

It has been aptly said of Johnson's style, that it "rolls round, like the sails of a mill, ponderously and sonorously, and monotonously, yet seldom grinding any corn." Yet, in conversation, his words were close and sinewy enough. It was rarely then that

his pistol missed fire; and, if it did, "he knocked you down with the but-end of it," according to Goldsmith.

It was a fine compliment which Johnson, when debilitated by sickness, paid to Burke—the only man who was a match for that conversational tyrant: "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me." "Can he wind into a subject, like a serpent, as Burke does?" was the shrewd question put to Boswell by Goldsmith.

513. TYERS ON JOHNSON'S CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

Tyers says of Johnson, though his time seemed to be bespoke, and quite engrossed, his house was always open to all his acquaintance, new and old. His amanuensis has given up his pen, the printer's devil has waited on the stairs for a proof-sheet, and the press has often stood still, while his visitors were delighted and instructed. No subject ever came amiss to him. He could transfer his thoughts from one thing to another with the most accommodating facility. He had the art, for which Locke was famous, of leading people to talk of their favorite subjects, and on what they knew best. By this he acquired a great deal of information. What he once learned he rarely forgot. They gave him their best conversation, and he generally made them pleased with themselves for endeavoring to please him.

Poet Smart used to relate, "that his first conversation with Johnson was of such variety and length, that it began with poetry and ended in fluxions." He always talked as if he was talking upon oath. He was the wisest person, and had the most knowledge in ready cash, that I ever had the honor to be acquainted with. Johnson's advice was consulted on all occasions. He was known to be a good casuist, and therefore had many cases submitted for his judgment. His conversation, in the judgment of several, was thought to be equal to his correct writings. Perhaps the tongue will throw out more animated expressions than the pen. He said the most common things in the newest manner. He always commanded attention and regard.

514. CONVERSATION WITHOUT EFFORT.

"I used," says Mrs. Piozzi, "to think Johnson's determined preference of a cold monotonous talker over an emphatical and violent one would make him quite a favorite among the men of *ton*, whose insensibility or affectation of perpetual calmness certainly did not give to him the offence it does to many. He loved conversation without effort, he said; and the encomiums I have heard him so often pronounce on the manners of Topham Beauclerc, in society, constantly ended in that peculiar phrase, that 'it was without effort.'"

515. COLERIDGE IN CONVERSATION

Dr. Dibdin has given an animated description of Coleridge's lecturing and conversation, which concurs with the universal opinion.

"I once came from Kensington, in a snow-storm, to hear Mr. Coleridge lecture on Shakspeare. I might have sat as wisely, and more comfortably, by

my own fireside, for no Coleridge appeared. I shall never forget the effect his conversation made upon me at the first meeting, at a dinner party. It struck me not only as something quite out of the ordinary course of things, but as an intellectual exhibition altogether matchless. The viands were unusually costly, and the banquet was at once rich and varied; but there seemed to be no dish like Coleridge's conversation to feed upon, and no information so instructive as his own. The orator rolled himself up, as it were, in his chair, and gave the most unrestrained indulgence to his speech; and how fraught with acuteness and originality was that speech, and in what copious and eloquent periods did it flow! The auditors seemed rapt in wonder and delight, as one conversation, more profound or clothed in more forcible language than another, fell from his tongue. He spoke for nearly two hours with unhesitating and uninterrupted fluency. As I returned homewards, to Kensington, I thought a second Johnson had visited the earth, to make wise the sons of men, and regretted that I could not exercise the powers of a second Boswell, to record the wisdom and the eloquence that fell from the orator's lips.

"The manner of Coleridge was emphatic rather than dogmatic, and thus he was generally and satisfactorily listened to. It might be said of Coleridge, as Cowper has so happily said of Sir Philip Sidney, that he was the 'warbler of poetic prose.' There was always this characteristic feature in his multifarious conversation, — it was always delicate, reverend, and courteous. The chastest ear could drink in no startling sound; the most serious believer never had his bosom ruffled by one sceptical or reckless assertion. Coleridge was eminently simple in his manner. Thinking and speaking were his delight; and he would sometimes seem, during the most fervid movements of discourse, to be abstracted from all, and every thing around and about him, and to be basking in the sunny warmth of his own radiant imagination."

516. SILENCE NOT ALWAYS WISDOM.

Coleridge once dined in company with a person who listened to him, and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and Coleridge thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and the listener had no sooner seen them than he burst forth, "Them's the jockeys for me!" Coleridge adds, "I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head."

Coleridge was very luminous in conversation, and invariably commanded listeners; yet the old lady rated his talent very lowly, when she declared she had no patience with a man who would have all the talk to himself.

517. LEIGH HUNT AND CARLYLE.

The following characteristic story of these two "intellectual gladiators" is related in the *New Spirit of the Age*: —

Leigh Hunt and Carlyle were once present among a small party of equally well-known men. It chanced that the conversation rested with these two, both first-rate talkers, and the others sat well pleased to listen. Leigh Hunt had said something about the *Islands of the Blest*, or *El Dorado*, or the Mil-

lennium, and was flowing on in his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle dropped some heavy tree-trunk across Hunt's pleasant stream, and banked it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval of the speaker's joyous progress. But the unmitigated Hunt never ceased his overflowing anticipations, nor the saturnine Carlyle his infinite demurs to those finite flourishings. The listeners laughed and applauded by turns, and had now fairly pitted them against each other, as the philosopher of Hopefulness and of the Unhopeful. The contest continued with all that ready wit and philosophy, that mixture of pleasantry and profundity, that extensive knowledge of books and character, with their ready application in argument or illustration, and that perfect ease and good nature, which distinguish each of these men. The opponents were so well matched, that it was quite clear the contest would never come to an end. But the night was far advanced, and the party broke up. They all sallied forth, and, leaving the close room, the candles, and the arguments behind them, suddenly found themselves in presence of a most brilliant starlight night. They all looked up. "Now," thought Hunt, "Carlyle's done for! He can have no answer to that!" "There!" shouted Hunt, "look up there! Look at that glorious harmony, that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of hope in the soul of man." Carlyle looked up. They all remained silent to hear what he would say. They began to think he was silenced at last — he was a mortal man. But out of that silence came a few low-toned words, in a broad Scotch accent. And who on earth could have anticipated what the voice said? "Eh! it's a *sad* sight!" Hunt sat down on a stone step. They all laughed, then looked very thoughtful. Had the finite measured itself with infinity, instead of surrendering itself up to the influence? Again they laughed, then bade each other good night, and betook themselves homeward with slow and serious pace. There might be some reason for sadness, too. That brilliant firmament perhaps contained infinite worlds, each full of struggling and suffering beings — of beings who had to die.

518. FISHER AMES.

Fisher Ames was one of the most able political writers and orators of the American revolution. His public speeches were characterized by the most mastery and effective eloquence.

On a certain important occasion, when he had put forth one of his most powerful efforts, the assembly were so completely wrought up and borne away by the speaker's burning arguments and enthusiastic appeals, that a motion was made and carried to adjourn the decision of the subject to a future meeting, on the ground that such was the excitement produced by the orator, that the assembly were then unqualified to decide. We remember only one similar case on the records of forensic eloquence, when Parliament, after listening to the overwhelming plea of Sheridan at the trial of Warren Hastings, came to a like decision.

But great as Fisher Ames was as a writer and public speaker, he was not less distinguished in the social circle. His fluent language, vivid fancy, well-stored memory, and deep good sense made his conversation exceedingly entertaining and profoundly instructive. He often engrossed the whole conversation in company, like Johnson and Coleridge; but he rarely harangued, like them, to unwilling auditors.

The best talkers would speedily become silent in his society, much preferring the pleasure of listening to him to that of being listened to themselves.

519. STUART—ALLSTON.

Stuart, the American painter, was remarkable for his conversational powers. He had a penetrating mind, a retentive memory, a fluent tongue, and the power of adapting his discourse to all classes of his customers in a manner that was truly wonderful. While President Madison was sitting to Stuart for his portrait, the artist turned the stream of conversation on political affairs, and drew largely on his resources for facts and arguments on topics most interesting to his distinguished patron. Madison was so surprised and delighted with his conversation, that on parting with him he said, "Mr. Stuart, before I came here, I expected I should find you a skilful painter, as indeed I have; but, sir, little did I think I should find in you such eminent statesmanship and artistic excellence combined!"

Washington Allston was also a great conversationalist; and his tongue wrought on his associates and acquaintances like an enchanter's spell. He would sit in the evening, amid the charmed circle, whiffing his cigar and sipping his glass of wine, while the sallies of wit, and genius, and eloquence, that fell from his lips, forbade their taking any note of time, and the small hours would be close upon them before they had thought of retiring.

520. EDGAR ALLEN POE.

The conversation of Edgar Allen Poe, the gifted American poet, was at times, says R. W. Griswold, almost supermortal in its eloquence. His voice was modulated with astonishing skill, and his large and variably expressive eyes looked repose or shot fiery tumult into theirs who listened, while his own face glowed or was changeless in pallor as his imagination quickened his blood or drew it back frozen to his heart. His imagery was from the worlds which no mortal can see but with the vision of genius. Suddenly starting from a proposition exact-

ly and sharply defined in terms of utmost simplicity and clearness, he rejected the forms of customary logic, and, by a crystalline process of accretion, built up his ocular demonstrations in forms of gloomiest and ghastliest grandeur, or in those of the most airy and delicious beauty—so minutely and distinctly, yet so rapidly, that the attention which was yielded to him was chained till it stood among his wonderful creations, till he himself dissolved the spell, and brought his hearers back to common and base existence by vulgar fancies or exhibitions of the ignoblest passion.

521. MISS MARGARET FULLER.

Miss Margaret Fuller, by marriage Marchioness of Ossoli, who, with her husband and child perished in the wreck of the brig *Elizabeth*, from Leghorn, near Fire Island, in July, 1850, was one of the most gifted literary women of America. She was an eminent scholar, and even at eight years of age was accustomed to compose in Latin verse. Her reviews and criticisms on current literature, art, and music, have been extensively read, and found warm admirers; and her *Summer on the Lakes*, *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, *Papers and Literature and Art*, however objectionable in some respects, contain passages of extraordinary beauty and elevation of sentiment. There are at times a masculine vigor of thought and a fearlessness of utterance that are truly surprising.

Miss Fuller, however, wrote laboriously, slowly, and not always lucidly or happily. "Her great thoughts were seldom irradiated by her written language:" more frequently they were clouded by it. But in conversation her intellect shone forth effulgently; profound and admirable thoughts clothed in the most felicitous and eloquent diction, surprised intelligent listeners, and led some to characterize her as "the best talker since De Stael."

It is thought by some that her early and life-long familiarity with foreign languages might have marred her use of her native tongue in composition; but whatever was the cause, the contrast between the verbiage of her writings and that of her conversation is one of the most remarkable on record.

§ 54. IMPROVEMENT FROM CONVERSATION.

522. LOCKE.

Mr. Locke was asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, yet so extensive and deep. He replied, that he attributed what little he knew to the not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule he had laid down of conversing with all descriptions of men, on those topics chiefly that formed their own peculiar professions or pursuits.

523. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott gives us to understand, that he never met with any man, let his calling be what it might, even the most stupid fellow that ever rubbed down a horse, from whom he could not, by a few moments' conversation, learn something which he did not before know, and which was valuable to him. This will account for the fact that he seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of every thing.

§ 55. MISCELLANEOUS.

524. FONTENELLE AND HIS NEPHEW.

Fontenelle, in his old age, was very deaf, and was always attended in company by a nephew, a talkative, vain young man. When any thing remarkable had

escaped Fontenelle's auditory nerve, he used to apply to his nephew, "What was said?" This cockcomb would often answer, "Uncle, I said——" "Bah!" was the constant retort of the philoso-

525. VOLTAIRE

When still a young man, and eager for instruction, Voltaire was perpetually putting questions. Despreaux on one occasion reproved him for this propensity with impatience and something of harshness. At a more advanced age, he held people who are ever asking questions in such aversion, that he has often been known to rise bluntly and leave his place. He said to an inhabitant of Geneva, who had furnished him with the idea and model of the interrogating bailiff in the *Droit du Seigneur*, "Sir, I am very well pleased to see you; but I inform you beforehand, that I know nothing about what you are going to ask."

526. THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

The following advertisement appeared in a Brussels paper:—

"The Baron Frederic d'A**** has the honor to inform the public that, being gifted with a remarkable talent for conversation, nourished by such solid studies as are very rare in these times, and having garnered up in his various travels numerous interesting and instructive observations, he offers his services to the masters and mistresses of houses, and to all that unfortunate class of persons who are dying of ennui because they do not know how to talk. The Baron d'A. holds conversations in his saloon, which is open twice a day to subscribers at five dollars per month, and is the rendezvous of a select circle of polite talkers.

"He here consecrates three hours of the day to instructive and agreeable converse. The evenings are devoted to news, literature, the arts, and observations on manners, which are made satirical without being bitter. Politics are wholly excluded. The baron will attend at private houses at the rate of two dollars the hour. The baron will not accept more than three invitations to dinner at four dollars each, not including the evening. He graduates the tone of his conversation by the amount of his pay. Conundrums, puns, and plays upon words must be particularly arranged for. The Baron Frederic d'A. is also prepared to furnish any number of talkers, elegantly dressed, who will aid him in sustaining and varying the conversation in case his employers wish to avoid the embarrassment and trouble of taking any part in the conversation.

"He will also provide friends for strangers, and for those who are seeking an entrance into good society."

527. MADAME NECKER'S TABLE TALK.

During one day, at Madame Necker's, the Chevalier de Chastellux happened to arrive first of the company, and so early that the mistress of the house was not in the drawing-room. In walking about, he saw on the ground, under Madame Necker's chair, a little book, which he picked up; it was a white paper book, of which several pages were in the handwriting of Madame Necker. It was the preparation for the very dinner to which he was invited. Madame Necker had written it the evening before, and it contained all she was to say to the most remarkable persons at table. After reading the little book, M. de Chastellux hastened to replace it under the chair. A moment afterwards, a valet de chambre entered to say, that Madame Necker had forgotten her pocket-book in the drawing-room. It was found, and carried to Madame Necker. The dinner was delightful to M. de Chastellux, who saw that Madame Necker said word for word what she had written in her pocket-book.

528. ROUSSEAU MAKING LACE-STRINGS.

When Rousseau once retired to a village, he had to endure his conversation: for this purpose he was compelled to invent an expedient to get rid of his uneasy sensations. "Alone," says Rousseau, "I have never known ennui, even when perfectly unoccupied; my imagination, filling the void, was sufficient to busy me. It is only the inactive chit-chat of the room, when every one is seated face to face, and only moving their tongues, which I never could support. There to be a fixture, nailed with one hand on the other, to settle the state of the weather, or watch the flies about one, or, what is worse, to be bandying compliments, this to me is not bearable." He hit on the expedient of making lace-strings, carrying his working-cushion in his visits, to keep the peace with the country gossips.

529. FUSELI AND SMALL CONVERSATION.

Fuseli had a great dislike to commonplace observations. After sitting perfectly silent for a long time in his own room, during "the bald, disjointed chat" of some idle callers-in, who were gabbling with one another about the weather, and other topics of as interesting a nature, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had pork for dinner to-day!" "Dear Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark!" "Why, it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last hour."

§ 56. COPYRIGHT.

530. FIRST DECIDED PROTECTION OF AUTHORS IN ENGLAND.

The first appearance of any thing in the shape of a legal security granted to authors for their productions, is referred, by Mr. D'Israeli, to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. No book was allowed to be published without the permission of the *licensors of the press*, who were instructed, for the better protection of literary property, only to give one license for the same book. This does not, however, appear to have had the desired effect, since these persons were easily tampered with, by the booksellers of those days, to furnish half a dozen authorities to different persons for the same work. In Queen Anne's reign, the

office of licenser of the press was done away with, and literature received a more definite and decided protection. A limited term was granted to every author to reap the fruit of his labors; after which a man's right in his own work ceased altogether. This has been the case ever since.

531. CONTEMPORARY COPYRIGHTS.

The late Mr. Tegg, the publisher in Cheapside, gave the following list of remunerative payments to distinguished authors in his time; and he is believed to have taken considerable pains to verify the items:—

Fragments of History, by Charles Fox, sold by Lord Holland, for 5000 guineas. Fragments of History, by Sir James Mackintosh, £500. Lingard's History of England, £4683. Sir Walter Scott's Bonaparte was sold, with the printed books, for £18,000; the net receipts of copyright on the first two editions only must have been £10,000. Life of Wilberforce, by his sons, 4000 guineas. Life of Byron, by Moore, £4000. Life of Sheridan, by Moore, £2000. Life of Hannah More, £2000. Life of Cowper, by Southey, £1000. Life and Times of George IV., by Lady C. Bury, £1000. Byron's Works, £20,000. Lord of the Isles, half share, £1500. Lalla Rookh, by Moore, £3000. Rejected Addresses, by Smith, £1000. Crabbe's Works, republication of, by Mr. Murray, £3000. Wordsworth's Works, republication of, by Mr. Moxon, £1050. Bulwer's Rienzi, £1600. Marryat's Novels, £500 to £1500 each. Trollope's Factory Boy, £1800. Hannah More devoted £30,000 per annum for her copyrights, during the latter years of her life. Rundell's Domestic Cookery, £2000. Nicholas Nickleby, £3000. Eustace's Classical Tour, £2100. Sir Robert Inglis obtained for the beautiful and interesting widow of Bishop Heber, by the sale of his journal, £5000.

532. AMERICAN COPYRIGHTS.

Our publishers usually pay authors ten per cent. on the retail price of their works. But authors of extraordinary popularity in some instances have received from twenty to forty per cent.

Stephens, author of *Travels in the Holy Land*, &c., had received from his publishers, the Harpers, as early as 1848, more than fifteen thousand dollars; and Prescott, for his *Life of Ferdinand and Isabella*, and his *Conquest of Mexico*, had received some twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars from the same firm.

533. DESCENDANTS OF CORNEILLE AND MOLIÈRE.

Authors, by a strange singularity, are disinherited at their birth; for, on the publication of their works, these cease to be their own property. Let that natural property be secured, and a good book would be an inheritance, a leasehold or a freehold, as you choose it; it might at least last out a generation, and descend to the author's blood, were they permitted to live on their father's glory, as in all other property they do on his industry. Something of this nature has been instituted in France, where the descendants of Corneille and Molière retain a claim on the theatres whenever the dramas of their great ancestors are performed. In that country, literature has always received peculiar honors; it was there decreed, in the affairs of Crebillon, that literary productions are not seizable by creditors.

534. LITERARY COMPENSATION.

The French papers furnish some curious particulars relative to the publication of M. Thiers's History of the Consulate and the Empire—a continuation of his History of the Revolution. A partnership fund amounting to five hundred and twenty-five

thousand francs, (twenty-one thousand pounds sterling,) was, it seems, provided for the payment of the copyright and expenses, and the society, provisionally formed some years ago, was to receive a regular working organization, when the author should have completed his manuscript. The society now, by public act, declares that "M. Thiers's work being in a very advanced state, the members consider it for their interest at once to begin the publication." The author has, it is said, already received three hundred and twenty thousand francs on account of his work, which was to be paid at the rate of forty thousand francs for each of the first nine volumes: the tenth and concluding volume entitles him to one hundred and forty thousand francs. M. Thiers receives, then, for copyright five hundred thousand francs—no less a sum, in English money, than twenty thousand pounds. At this rate, M. Thiers undoubtedly finds it worth his while to write.

535. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

The acknowledged inferiority, in certain branches, of American to English literature, is chiefly owing to the absence of a law of international copyright. The system of legalized freebooty—that right of border foray which enables an American publisher to appropriate the labors of an English author, and defraud him of his hire—has been, by a most just retribution, the bane of American literature. Thanks to this system, authorship by profession is in America a career, if not impossible and unknown, at least one to which the entrance is fenced off by difficulties that must deter many from entering upon it. On this point Mr. Griswold speaks with authority:—

"A short time before Mr. Washington Irving was appointed minister to Spain, he undertook to dispose of a production of merit, written by an American who had not yet established a commanding name in the literary market, but found it impossible to get an offer from any of the principal publishers. 'They even declined to publish it at the author's cost,' he says, 'alleging that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves about native works, of doubtful success, while they could pick and choose among the successful works daily poured out by the English press, for the copyright of which they had nothing to pay.' And not only is the American thus in some degree excluded from the audience of his countrymen, but the publishers, who have a control over many of the newspapers and other periodicals, exert themselves, in the way of their business, to build up the reputation of the foreigner whom they rob, and to destroy that of the home author who aspires to a competition with him.

"This legalized piracy," continues Mr. Griswold, warning as he proceeds, "supported by some sordid and base argument, keeps the criminal courts busy; makes divorce committees in the legislature staiding instead of special; every year yields abundant harvests of profligate sons and daughters; and inspires a growing contempt for our plain republican forms and institutions. Injurious as it is to the foreign author, it is more so to the American, and it falls with heaviest weight upon the people at large, whom it deprives of that nationality of feeling which is among the first and most powerful incentives to every kind of greatness."

CRITICISM AND CRITICS.

§ 57. ASTUTE CRITICS HOAXED.

536. ANGELO AND SODERINI.



ANGELO was requested by the gonfaloniere Soderini at Florence to undertake to form a statue out of a misshapen block, on which Simon da Fiesole had many years before been unsuccessfully employed in endeavoring to represent the proportions of a giant in marble. Angelo fearlessly accepted the commission, and in spite of the difficulties to be encountered, succeeded in producing the beautiful figure known under the name of the David, and which now stands in front of the Palazzo Vecchio.

The statue being finished, the gonfaloniere, who professed himself a connoisseur, came to inspect the purchase, and, among other criticisms which he made, objected to the nose, pronouncing it to be out of all due proportion to the rest of the figure, and added that he wished some reduction should take place in the size. Angelo knew well with whom he had to deal; he mounted the scaffold, for the figure is upwards of twelve feet high, and giving a few sonorous but harmless blows with his hammer on the stone, let fall a handful of marble-dust, which he had scraped up from the floor below; and then, descending from his station, turned to the gonfaloniere with a look expectant of approbation. "Ay!" exclaimed the sagacious critic, "this is excellent; now you have given it life indeed." M. Angelo was content; and receiving his four hundred scudi for his task, wisely said no more; it would have been no gratification to a man like him to have shown the incapacity of a critic like Soderini.

537. ANTONIO LUSCO.

Antonio Lusco, the intimate friend of Poggio, was, like himself, secretary to Martin V. This pontiff thought so highly of him, that he employed him in the most important negotiations, as in the embassy to Philip, Duke of Milan, in 1423, to prevail upon him to make peace with the Kerentines. Martin V. having ordered him to compose a letter, and to communicate it to some one in whom the pontiff had great confidence, Antonio found him at table, and happening to be a little heated with wine at the time, he blamed the composition rather severely, and told him it must be completely altered.

"I shall alter it," said Antonio to a friend, "as John Galeazzo's tailor did his *robe-de-chambre*. The duke, after a hearty supper, finding his *robe-de-chambre* rather tight, sent for his tailor to have it altered. The tailor took it away, and brought it back next morning without altering a stitch, and the duke found it fitted admirably. It will be the same with my letter," said Antonio.

538. HALIFAX AND POPE'S ILLAD.

When Pope was first introduced to read his *Iliad* to Lord Halifax, the noble critic did not venture to be dissatisfied with so perfect a composition; but this passage and that word, this turn and that expression, formed the broken cant of his criticisms. The honest poet was stung with vexation; for, in general, the parts at which his lordship hesitated were those with which he was most satisfied. As he returned home with Sir Samuel Garth, he revealed to him his anxiety of mind. "O," replied Garth, laughing, "you are not so well acquainted with his lordship as myself; he must criticize. At your next visit read to him those very passages as they now stand; tell him that you have recollected his criticisms; and I'll warrant you of his approbation of them. This is what I have done a hundred times myself." Pope made use of this stratagem; it took, like the marble-dust of Angelo; and my lord exclaimed, "Dear Pope, they are now inimitable!"

539. MEINHOLDT'S HOAX.

A recent literary hoax, says a modern writer, has been practised by Dr. Meinholdt, the *author*, but pretended *editor*, of a strange legend called the *Amber Witch*, from a mutilated MS. found at Usedom, in Pomerania, by an old sexton, in a closet of the church. It appears that the worthy doctor is the author of some poems, and, we believe, other works, which had not made a very strong impression on the public mind, owing, it is believed, to the chilling influence of certain reviews and notices; particularly those of the "Tubingen Critical Sages," whose training in the infallible Hegelian philosophy has endowed them with an unerring judgment as to the *authenticity* of every kind of writing — whose well-tried acuteness can detect the *myth* in every form — who throughout the gospels profess to discriminate, from internal instinct, the precise degree of credibility of each chapter, each narrative, each word, with a certainty which disdains all doubt; and a firmness no argument could possibly move. Dr. Meinholdt, however, not sharing largely in the reverential deference paid to the Tubingen Reviewers, resolved to put a trick upon them, and invalidate the strength which they had wielded so unkindly towards his authentic writings. With this view, he issued the *Amber Witch* in the form and fashion above alluded to, receiving the warm suffrages of his *former severe judges*. At the proper time, the doctor avowed the work as an invention of his own, and of course

came in for a good portion of abuse. Some were greatly scandalized, that a reverend doctor should have been guilty of a fraud. Others called it a lying assumption, an unpardonable levity, worthy of severe censure. But the best part of the story

is, that, in order to secure their own reputation for critical acumen, a large portion affected to discredit the doctor's confession, and denied his ability to produce such a work, which they had determined should be "genuine."

§ 58. VARIOUS STANDARDS OF CRITICISM.

540. INTELLECTUAL DIFFERENCES.

Natural differences of intellect operate strikingly in the remarkable contempt of men of genius for those pursuits, and the pursuers, which require talents quite distinct from their own, with a cast of mind thrown by nature into another mould. Hence we must not be surprised at the antipathies of Selden and Locke, of Longuerue and Buffon, and this class of genius, against poetry and poets, while, on the other side, these undervalue the pursuits of the antiquary, the naturalist, and the metaphysician, by their own favorite course of imagination. We can only understand in the degree we comprehend; and in both these cases the parties will be found quite deficient in those qualities of genius which constitute the excellence of the other. A professor of polite literature condemned the study of botany, as adapted to mediocrity of talent, and only demanding patience; but Linnaeus showed how a man of genius becomes a creator even in a science which seems to depend only on order and method.

541. PEIRESC.

A very curious circumstance has been revealed of Peiresc, whose enthusiasm for science was long felt throughout Europe; his name was known in every country, and his death was lamented in forty languages; yet was this great man unknown to several men of genius in his own country; Rochefoucault declared he had never heard of his name, and Malherbe wondered why his death created so universal a sensation. Thus we see the classes of literature, like the planets of heaven, revolving like distinct worlds; and it would not be less absurd for the inhabitants of Venus to treat with contempt the powers and faculties of those of Jupiter, than it is for the men of wit and imagination those of the men of knowledge and curiosity. They are incapable of exerting the peculiar qualities which give a real value to these pursuits, and therefore they must rely on their nature and their result.

542. MUTUAL CONTEMPT OF AUTHORS.

Among men of genius that want of mutual esteem, usually attributed to envy or jealousy, often originates in a deficiency of analogous ideas, or sympathy, in the parties. On this principle several curious phenomena in the history of genius may be explained. When one great author depreciates another, it has often no worse source than his own taste. The witty Cowley despised the natural Chaucer; the cold, classical Boileau the rough sublimity of Crebillon; the refining Marivaux the familiar Molière. Fielding ridiculed Richardson, whose manner so strongly contrasted with his own; and Richardson condemned Fielding, and declared he would not last. Cumberland escaped a fit of

displeasure, not living to read his own character by Bishop Watson, whose logical head tried the lighter elegances of that polished man by his own nervous genius, destitute of whatever was beautiful in taste. There was no envy in the breast of Johnson when he advised Mrs. Thrale not to purchase Gray's Letters, as trifling and dull, no more than in Gray himself, when he sunk the poetical character of Shenstone, his simplicity and purity of feeling, by an image of ludicrous contempt. The deficient sympathy in these men of genius, for modes of feeling opposite to their own, was the real cause of their opinions; and thus it happens that even superior genius is so often liable to be unjust and false in its decisions.

543. MALHERBE'S STANDARD.

Malherbe, on hearing a prose work of great merit much extolled, dryly asked if it would reduce the price of bread. Nor was his appreciation of poetry much higher, when he observed that a good poet was of no more service to the church or the state than a good player at ninepins.

544. COWPER AND HIS CRITIC.

Cowper had sent a small poem to the publishers, when some friendly critic took the liberty to alter a line in the poem, to *make it smoother*, supposing, of course, he had made the line much better *because it was smoother*, and that Cowper would be grateful for such a favor; but Cowper did not think "oily smoothness" the only merit of poetry, and so was quite indignant at the liberty taken with his poem.

"I did not write the line," says he, "that has been tampered with hastily or without due attention to the construction of it; and what appeared to me its only merit is, in its present state, entirely annihilated."

"I know that the ears of modern verse-makers are delicate to an excess, and their readers are troubled with the same squeamishness as themselves; so that if a line does not run as smooth as quicksilver, they are offended. A critic of the present day serves a poem as a cook serves a dead turkey, when she fastens the legs of it to a post and draws out all its sinews. For this we may thank Pope; but give me a manly, rough line, with a deal of meaning in it, rather than a whole poem of music periods, that have nothing but their oily smoothness to recommend them."

"In a much longer poem which I have just finished, there are many lines which an ear so nice as the gentleman's who made the above-mentioned alteration would undoubtedly condemn; and yet (if I may be allowed the expression) they cannot be made smoother without being made the worse for it. There is a roughness on a plum which nobody that understands fruit would rub off, though the plum would be much more polished without it."

But lest I tire you, I will only add, that I wish you to guard me for the future from all such meddling, assuring you that I always write as smoothly as I can, but that I never did, never will, sacrifice the spirit or sense of a passage to the sound of it."

545. A GARDENER'S CRITICISM.

When the first edition of the Seasons came out, the poet sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Sir Gilbert Elliott, of Minto, afterwards lord justice clerk, who had shown him great kindness. Sir Gilbert showed the book to his gardener, a relation of Thomson, who took it into his hands, and turning it over and over, and gazing on it with admiration, Sir Gilbert said to him, "Well, David, what do you think of James Thomson now? There's a book will make him famous all the world over, and immortalize his name." David, looking now at Sir Gilbert, then at the book, said, "In truth, sir, it is a grand book! I did na' think the lad had ingenuity enow to ha' done sic a neat piece of handicraft."

546. BURNS CRITICIZED BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

The early patroness of Burns, Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, had an old housekeeper, a sort of privileged person, who had certain aristocratic notions of the family dignity, that made her utterly astonished at the attentions that were paid by her mistress to a man in such low worldly estate as the rustic poet. In order to overcome her prejudice and surprise, her mistress persuaded her to peruse a MS. copy of the Cotter's Saturday Night, which the poet had just then written. When Mrs. Dunlop inquired her opinion of the poem, she replied, with a quaint indifference, "Aweel, madam, that's vera weel." "Is that all you have to say in its favor?" asked the mistress. "Deed, madam," she returned, "the like o' you quality may see a vast int'; but I was aye used to the like o' all that the poet has written about in my ain father's house, and atweel I dinna ken how he could ha' described it ony other gate." When Burns heard of the old woman's criticism, he remarked that it was one of the highest compliments he had ever received.

§ 59. KEENNESS, HUMOR, AND WIT IN CRITICIZING.

547. THOMAS MORE'S ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

An acquaintance of Sir Thomas More, having taken great pains in writing a book, which he intended to publish, brought it to Sir Thomas for his opinion. Sir Thomas, having looked it over, and finding it a foolish, trifling performance, told the writer, with a grave face, that it would be worth more if it was in verse. The man, upon this, took it home, and set about turning it into verse. When he had finished it, he carried it again to Sir Thomas, who, having looked it over, said to him, "Ay, marry, it is now something; it is now rhyme, but before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

548. JOHNSON AND THE BUTCHER.

An eminent carcass butcher, as meagre in his person as he was in his understanding, being one day in a bookseller's shop, took up a volume of Churchill's poems, and by way of showing his taste, repeated the following line:—

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

Then turning to Dr. Johnson, —

"What think you of that, sir?" said he.

"Rank nonsense," replied the other. "It is an assertion without a proof; and you might, with as much propriety, say, —

"Who slays fat oxen should himself be fat."

549. FIRST NUMBER OF THE DIAL.

The editor of the Knickerbocker thus criticizes the first number of the "Dial," a review started in Boston in 1840, characterized, at first certainly, by so much "literary euphuism," or "the unutterable perfection of human utterance:"—

"We may infer, from the editor's clear and comprehensive definition of true criticism, that in that department the work will be characterized by 'a

oneness, a universal dovetailedness, a light and a shade, that cannot fail to be sufficiently marked. 'All criticism,' say the editors, 'should be poetic, unpredictable, superseding all foregone thoughts, and making a new light on the whole world; its brow is not wrinkled with circumspection,' &c., &c. In consonance, we may presume, with these 'principles' we have, in 'Notes from the Journal of a Scholar,' among other critical remarks upon Shakespeare, the following, which certainly 'supersede all foregone thoughts' on the same general theme: 'His genius was omnific and all-sympathizing. The message he was sent to do he delivered, unembarrassed, unimplicated. He gave voice to the finest, curiousest, boldest speculations. Hamlet and Othello he counted not his creatures, but self-subsistent; too high born to be *property*; if they lived, he lived.' &c. The subjoined characteristic paragraph is 'level to the meanest capacity;' in fact, nothing could be flatter: 'The popular genesis is historical. It is written to sense, not to the soul. Two principles, diverse and alien, interchange the Godhead and sway the world by turns. God is dual; spirit is derivative. Identity halts in diversity; unity is actual merely. The poles of things are not integrated; creation is globed and orb'd. Yet, in the true genesis, nature is globed in the material, souls orb'd in the spiritual firmament. Love globes, wisdom orbs, all things. As magnet the steel, so spirit attracts matter, which trembles to traverse the poles of diversity, and rest in the bosom of unity. All genesis is of love: wisdom is her form, beauty her costume.' 'Granting,' says a brother journalist, 'that the popular Genesis is historical, may we not ask the author of these comprehensible sentences what he thinks of the Exodus of the Egyptians in days of yore? Were 'the poles of things' integrated then, or was unity actual merely?

"What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldean land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage?"

And what was the general effect of it on the growth of sheep? — and collaterally, upon the price

of putty? These are points which the writer should settle at once. They have a 'dual' interest; and if he can 'orb' out any thing 'right nice' on the subject, he will oblige the universe particularly. Let him help the Dial to show Europe and America what's o'clock, as soon as he can.—*Quære*. Is not the Dial dual? There are good *thoughts* in several of the Dial papers, but they are smothered in 'words, words.' This school of literary euphuists cannot last; the imitative pupils, especially, are destined to a speedy dissolution. 'If your meats are good, what is the use of *'disguising them?'*' said a plain-spoken Yankee to a boasting *chef de cuisine*, at Paris. 'You might serve up the leg of a monkey, or the head of your grandfather, and it would pass, perhaps, for whatever you might please to call it, when covered up with your contraptions. For my part, I should like to *know* what I eat.' There is a moral in this. 'Four pails of water to a turnip' may make an authentic *potage à la mode de Paris*; but a kindred proportion of mind to a literary 'turnip head' would scarcely edify the public, or improve American letters.'

550. ROBERT HALL'S IDEA OF KIPPIS.

Dr. Gregory asked this eminent man to lend him Dr. Kippis's edition of Doddridge's Pneumatology, which contains many references to authors who have treated on the topics introduced by Dr. Doddridge,

which were not originally included. Mr. Hall replied that he did not possess Dr. K.'s edition, in a tone which showed that he did not highly regard his authority. Dr. Gregory asked, "Was not Dr. Kippis a clever man?" Mr. H. replied, "He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head, that his brains could not move."

551. BONS-MOTS OF A BROTHER OF T. CAMPBELL.

While Mr. Thomas Campbell was prosecuting his studies at the University of Glasgow, he occupied the same apartments with an elder brother, who, though no poet himself, was an admirable critic, and possessed a species of dry, sarcastic humor, peculiarly his own. Mr. Campbell had descended to the breakfast-room one morning, leaving the poet to follow at his leisure. After waiting some time, he commenced his meal in solitude, and had nearly finished, when his brother entered with a copy of verses in his hand, which he laid on the table as an excuse for the delay, at the same time requesting Mr. Campbell's opinion of their merit. The reply was quite characteristic: "Your lines are admirable, Tom, my boy; but they want *fire*;" and, suiting the action to the word, the merciless critic committed the paper to the flames.

§ 60. UNLUCKY AND AMUSING MISTAKES OF CRITICS.

552. A KING'S POETRY.

Messieurs de Saint Agneau and Dangeau persuaded Louis XIV. that he could write verses as well as another. The king made the experiment, and composed a madrigal, which he himself did not think very good. One morning he said to the Marshal de Gramont, "Read this, marshal, and tell me if ever you saw any thing so bad. Finding I have lately addicted myself to poetry, they bring me any trash." The marshal, having read, answered, "Your majesty is a most excellent judge in all matters of taste, for I think I never read any thing so stupid or so ridiculous." The king laughed. "Do you not think he must be a very silly fellow who composed it?" "It is not possible," continued Gramont, "to call him any thing less." "I am delighted," said the king, "to hear you speak your sentiments so frankly, for I wrote it myself." Every body present laughed at the marshal's confusion, and it certainly was as malicious a trick as could possibly be played on an old courtier.

553. THE CONNOISSEUR TAKEN IN.

One day, at an exhibition in Brussels, there was a gentleman, very finely dressed, who seemed uncommonly attentive to every picture, and condemned, like a modern critic, *ad libitum*. Coming, at last, over against a high-finished piece of fruit and flowers, with insects placed upon some of the leaves, he lifted up his right hand, and applied his eye glass, which was set in silver, and curiously chased round the rim; on the little finger of the other hand, which held the catalogue, he had an antique,

set round with rich brilliants. After he had pored over the picture for some time, he exclaimed,—

"O, horribly handled! The coloring is execrable. Was this thing done for a fly? Never was any thing half so wretched—a fly! nothing was ever more out of nature!"

This speech brought a group of listeners about him, when he pointed to that part of the picture where the insect was executed in so abominable a manner; on the approach of his finger, the ill-done reptile flew away; for it happened to be a *real* fly.

554. LA MOTHE'S FABLES.

When the Fables of De la Mothe first appeared, it was the fashion to speak very unfavorably of them. At a supper given by the Prince of Vendôme, the Abbé Chaulien, the Bishop of Lucon, the Abbé Cointin, and other highly reputed critics were present, and they were all very merry at the expense of De la Mothe, and oppressed the poor author with their censures. Voltaire, who related the anecdote, was one of the party. "Gentlemen," said he, with an air of gravity, "you are all perfectly right; you judge according to the rules of correct criticism, and of course are sensible what an infinite difference there is between the style of De la Mothe and that of La Fontaine. *Apropos*, have you seen the last edition of the Fables of that incomparable writer?" "No," said they. "Are you not," continued Voltaire, "acquainted with that most beautiful of all the fables of Fontaine, lately discovered among the papers of the Duchess of Bouillon?" He read the fable to them. They heard him with looks of delight, and expressed their

praise of it in the most rapturous terms. "This is nature itself. What exquisite simplicity! What captivating grace!" "Gentlemen," said Voltaire, with a triumphant sneer, "let me undeceive you: the fable you thus extol was not written by Fontaine, but by De la Mothe."

555. POPE AND CIBBER.

The mortifying dilemma in which Pope's malignant hostility to Colley Cibber placed him is not, perhaps, generally known. In the continued warfare of these distinguished writers, the laureate's imperturbable good humor was an overmatch for the peevishness and hatred of Pope, which led him, on one occasion, very unwittingly, to pay his adversary the highest possible compliment, and at the same time to treat with rudeness and contempt the person for whom, through life, he held respect and almost reverence. When the admirable comedy of the *Provoked Husband* was produced, as the joint effort of Sir John Vanbrugh and Colley Cibber, the distinctive claims of each author could only be guessed at; and the high-life scenes, being quite in the style in which Sir John had greatly distinguished himself previously, were generally attributed to him. Pope felt wholly satisfied of the author's share, and resolved to have a hit at his old foe. In a very spirited article, he analyzed the play at great length, complimenting Sir John highly upon the elegance and perfection he had given to the scenes of Lord and Lady Townly—the fable, the dialogue, and, above all, the *moral* was perfect. He then proceeded to mangle and dissect the other portions of the play, which he believed to be Cibber's share, and were asserted to be made up of vulgarity, dulness, ineffective satire on his betters, and evidently the work of one whose pretensions to anything beyond coarse farce were not to be tolerated. The incomparable humor of Sir Francis, my lady, John Moody, and the cubs of children, was pronounced a disgrace to the stage, and a most unfit adjunct to the Townly and high-comedy scenes.

We may well conceive the horror and mortification of the critic, when the twin authors avowed their separate claims, and the reviled and insulted portion was claimed by Sir John, who relinquished to the hated laureate the share unconsciously eulogized by the *candid* critic. Cibber made a good use of the advantage given to him, on all occasions, to the great vexation of Pope.

556. COOKE AND HIS ADMIRER

G. F. Cooke's impatience of small and verbal criticism is well known. During his first visit to Philadelphia, many of his admirers were desirous of ascertaining how far cultivation and study had contributed towards forming so consummate an artist, and various efforts were made, as the phrase is, to draw him out. On one occasion, a gentleman, desirous of evincing an extreme admiration of his tasteful reading, as well as admirable acting, was instancing a new meaning he had lately observed, in some English critical notice, where Cooke had been extravagantly lauded for a new reading, which, as it turned out, he had never heard of. In the passage, "Many a time and oft, on the Rialto," &c., he was said to have elucidated the passage wonderfully, by dividing the sentence thus: "Signior Antonio, many a time, — And oft on the Rialto,"

the most public place in Venice, thus rendering the insults inflicted by the merchant more conspicuously cruel, from the number of his mercantile friends being by to witness it. Cooke scarcely heard his panegyrist out, when, with the most passionate expression of voice and manner, he roared out, "*Sar! Sar!*" (his usual pronunciation when excited,) there is not one word of truth in this statement, which, thank Heaven, I never saw or heard of before. So far from having uttered this silly and unmeaning mutilation of the plain meaning of Shakspeare, had I met with the remark at the time, I think I should have been tempted to prosecute the slanderer *for a libel!*"

557. ACUTE CRITICISM.

Three Roxburghshire lairds. Mr. Kerr, of Abbotrule, Mr. E—t, of H—d, and Mr. K—r, of C—o, were officers in one fencible regiment, which was quartered in a town in Ireland during the time of the rebellion of 1798. It was the age before intellect began its march, when all men were not bound to be familiar with literary matters, as in later times. Mr. Kerr was consulted by his two companions, whose capacities, he was very well aware, were not over brilliant, as to the best manner of beguiling the time while the regiment was lying inactive, and recommended the Vicar of Wakefield to them, as a book from the perusal of which they were sure to derive the desired amusement: it was principally, however, with a view to his own amusement, that he engaged them in this method of killing their tedious leisure hours. The two students set to work on Goldsmith's fascinating novel without loss of time, and, living together, they resolved also to read together; upon the same principle, it is to be presumed, that two travellers on one road join company, in order to lighten the way. Mr. Kerr failed not to call regularly every forenoon, to see what progress they made, and always found the Vicar of Wakefield lying on the table, with a mark at the place where they had left off. This mark he every day put back to very nearly the same place where it had been the day before; so that the two intelligent gentlemen, though they applied assiduously, could hardly make their way through the volume at all. At length, he did permit them to finish it, and asked, when it was done, how they liked it. "Why," said one of them, very simply, "it's a nice enough kind of book; but don't you think there is a great deal of *sameness* in it?"

558. CORNEILLE'S ADVICE TO RACINE.

When Racine consulted Corneille about his tragedy of *Alexandre*, Corneille advised him to abandon tragedy, telling him that he was destitute of talent for this sort of writing. Fontenelle gave the same advice to Voltaire, after his tragedy of *Brutus*. So great may be the errors of great critics.

559. SIR JOHN HILL'S CRITIQUE ON AN ACTRESS.

Doctor, afterwards Sir John Hill, author of some farces, and a paper called the *Spectator*, went into the greenroom of Covent Garden Theatre, and addressing himself to Mrs. Woffington, of celebrated memory, and the first of actresses, he questioned

her whether or no she had seen the Spectator of that day; to which she answered in the negative. The doctor replied, "Because, if you had, you would have seen my opinion of your performance last night, in the character of Calista." "I am much obliged to

you, sir," replied the lady, "for your kind intentions towards me; but, unfortunately, the play of that evening was obliged to be changed to the Journey to London, in which I played the part of Lady Townley."

§ 61. CRITICS INFLUENCED BY EGOTISM, ENVY, OR ILL NATURE.

560. IMPERIAL CRITIC.

The Emperor Adrian, who, not content with being the first in power, was ambitious to be the first in letters, once corrected Favorinus for employing an improper word. He submitted with patience, though he was convinced that he had used the proper word. When his friends objected to his compliance, he answered, "Shall not I easily suffer him to be the most learned of all men, who has thirty legions at his command?"

561. CORNEILLE'S MELITE.

Corneille, having finished his studies, devoted himself to the bar; but this was not the stage on which his abilities were to be displayed. He followed the occupation of a lawyer for some time, without taste and without success. A trifling circumstance discovered to the world and to himself a different genius. A young man, who was in love with a girl of the same town, having solicited him to be his companion in one of those secret visits which he paid to the lady, it happened that the stranger pleased infinitely more than his introducer. The pleasure arising from this adventure excited in Corneille a talent which had hitherto been unknown to him, and he attempted, as if it were by inspiration, dramatic poetry. On this little subject, he wrote his comedy of Melite, in 1625. At that moment the French drama was at a low ebb: the most favorable ideas were formed of our juvenile poet, and comedy, it was expected, would now reach its perfection. After the tumult of approbation had ceased, the critics thought that Melite was too simple and barren of incident. Angered by this criticism, our poet wrote his Clitandre, and in that piece has scattered incidents and adventures with such a licentious profusion, that the critics say, he wrote it rather to expose the public taste than to accommodate himself to it. In this piece the persons combat on the theatre: there are murders and assassinations; heroines fight; officers appear in search of murderers; and women are disguised as men. There is matter sufficient for a romance of ten volumes. "And yet," says a French critic, "nothing can be more cold and tiresome."

562. DR. KENRICK AS CRITIC.

The caustic Dr. Kenrick was once, during several years, in his London Review, one of the great disturbers of literary repose. The turn of his criticism, the airiness or the asperity of his sarcasm, the arrogance with which he treated some great authors, would prove very amusing, and serve to display a certain talent of criticism. He was a man of talent, and could make his own malignity look

like wit, and turn the wit of others into absurdity, by placing it topsy-turvy; as thus, when he attacked the Traveller of Goldsmith, which he called "a flimsy poem," he discussed the subject as a grave political pamphlet, condemning the whole system, as raised on false principles. The Deserted Village was sneeringly pronounced to be "pretty;" but then it had "neither fancy, dignity, genius, nor fire." When he reviewed Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, he decreed that the whole book was written "by one who had seen but little," and, therefore, could not be very interesting. His virulent attack on Johnson's Shakspeare may be preserved for its total want of literary decency; and his Love in the Suds, a Town Eclogue, where he has placed Garrick with an infamous character, may be useful to show how far witty malignity will advance in the violation of moral decency. He libelled all the genius of the age, and was proud of doing it. In one of his own publications he quotes, with great self-complacency, the following lines on himself:—

"The wits who drink water and suck sugar-candy
Impute the strong spirit of Kenrick to brandy.
They are not so much out; the matter in short is,
He sips *aqua-vite* and spits *aqua-fortis*."

Johnson and Akenside preserved a stern silence; but poor Goldsmith, the child of nature, could not resist attempting to execute martial law, by caning the critic; for which being blamed, he published a defence of himself in the papers.

563. JOHNSON, MRS. MONTAGUE, AND OTHERS.

"Johnson's harsh censure of Mrs. Montague's Essay on Shakspeare," says Dr. Beattie, "does not surprise me; for I have heard him speak contemptuously of it. It is, for all that, one of the best, most original, and most elegant pieces of criticism in our language, or in any other. Johnson had many of the talents of a critic; but his want of temper, his violent prejudices, and something, I am afraid, of an envious turn of mind, often made him an unfair one. Mrs. Montague was very kind to him; but Mrs. Montague has more wit than any body; and Johnson could not bear that any person should be thought to have wit but himself. Even Lord Chesterfield, and, what is more strange, even Mr. Burke, he would not allow to have wit. He preferred Smollett to Fielding. He would not grant that Armstrong's poem of Health, or the tragedy of Douglas, had any merit. He told me that he never read Milton through till he was obliged to do it, in order to gather words for his dictionary. He spoke very peevishly of the Masque of Comus; and when I urged that there was a great deal of exquisite poetry in it, 'Yes,' said he, 'but it is like gold hid under a rock;' to which I made no reply; for, indeed, I did not well understand it."

564. ADDISON AND BLANK VERSE.

Addison was not a good-natured man, and was very jealous of rivals. Being one evening in company with Philips, and the poems of Blenheim and the Campaign being talked of, he made it his whole business to run down blank verse. Philips never spoke till between eleven and twelve o'clock, nor even then would he do it in his defence. It was at Jacob Tonson's; and a gentleman in the company ended the dispute by asking Jacob what poem he ever got the most by. Jacob immediately named Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

565. THE EDITOR CRITIC OF THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

When the American Quarterly Review, of Philadelphia, was in its maturity, the reputation of Lord Byron was at its height. They who once blamed had become eulogists; the best intelligences of both hemispheres were warmed by his genius, and vocal in his praise. But the profound reviewer, who managed the poetical department, cared for none of these things. He expressed great commiseration for the noble poet. He speaks of him in his work as a man "whose heavy volumes of stanzas have pestered the world; a mere titled rhymester; the author of a mass of hobbling, teeth-grinding poetry; the major portions of whose writings possess *not the smallest particle* of the soul of poetry;" and after an assortment of criticisms quite equal to the foregoing, he lumps the merits of Byron in the following summary passage: "That in the multiplicity of his lordship's writings we should, by dint of *industrious research*, discover some easy-flowing passages and brilliant ideas, is not much to his credit, for we can find the same things in the dull heroics of Sir Richard Blackmore." Finally, Byron is advised by our Aristarchus, in 1824, to quit poetry, wherein he is so deficient, and turn his attention to *prose*, in which he might hope for decent success.

Nothing seems to have yielded this critic more unqualified delight than the death of Lord Byron. It gave a clearer field for his publications; it "left the world for *him* to bustle in." His ecstasies on hearing of that sad event were irrepressible. He came forth with a *Te Deum* in his Review, from which we make a few extracts. "Woe, now," saith he, "to these wittlings,—the admirers of Byron,—who have neither ears to discover harmony, nor skill to count numbers; who mistake rhymes for wit: the great Dagon of their idolatry is no more! Well may they raise the ul-ul-loo; he who *bullied the crowd* into the reading of *bad English*, who inflicted upon men of good taste the penance of perusing hobbling numbers and false rhymes, has withdrawn from the scene of his exploits! Bellow forth, ye rugged verse-lovers, till ye split your lungs with lamentations! Stiff, unwieldy couplets, or barbarous Spenserians, made the vehicles of unnatural quaintness or *affected* originality of ideas, have no longer a sprig of nobility to dignify them, or give them attraction to the unreflecting multitude."

Our reviewer's opinions of Sir Walter Scott—a gentleman of Abbotsford, North Britain, who wrote some novels and poetry—are kindred with those he entertained of Lord Byron. He speaks of him as "an unknown Scotchman;" and of certain *Waverley Novels*—that received by far the most praise on their appearance, and continue to be cherished with fond admiration by every reader of

taste—as "slovenly and insipid productions, abounding with affected sentimentality, blackguards, and scoundrels, common as thistles in a Scotch glen, with sheepish heroes, footballs to every one that might choose to kick them." These "blundering works," he condemns *in toto*; calls "disgraceful literary manufactures, commonplace, and stupidly constructed." In conclusion, he gave it as his candid opinion, that "the sooner Sir Walter Scott ceased to write, the better for himself and the public. This reader, was when the author of *Waverley* was covered with renown, and after he had produced some of his most immortal productions.

He speaks of Geoffrey Crayon, our Washington Irving, as a scribbler of "skip-along, trim the hop, popinjay prose; whose Sketch Book abounds with heavy, disagreeable matter, betraying throughout little merit but imitation." Those portions which the world has decided to be the best and most graphic are pronounced "absolutely *silly*, fit only for the pages of twopenny primers, to amuse children. What information do they convey? What impression do they make?" and adds, "We cannot see their value." He confesses that they are popular and successful; but he imputes the cause to the bribery and corruption of the Edinburgh and London reviewers, by the booksellers, to help Irving along.

Next to Washington Irving, in the condemnatory estimation of our critic, comes James Fennimore Cooper, who seems a peculiarly obnoxious culprit in the view of his judge. Fearful that Cooper would supplant some of his own sublime novels, then in process of manufacture, he pounced upon his rival right greedily. He condemned the *Pioneers* at once, by calling it "unwieldy, slovenly, ungrammatical, and insufferable;" and "as a story, entirely destitute of interest." The *Pilot* suffered very nearly the same fate. These works, however, yet survive, and the reputation of the author has recovered in a measure from the cruel and awful blow thus bestowed upon its integrity. The popular poets of the Union did not escape the visitations of our reviewer. He finished Halleck in a few words, by pronouncing him an inveterate *doggerelist*; "a man capable of throwing the most common and contemptible ideas into metre." Percival suffers in the same pillory. So great is the *furor* of the critic in relation to this gentleman, that he delivers himself in verse; but as it is profane, the reader will excuse its quotation.

566. OPERA CRITIC.

At the opera, a lady was very much disturbed with the noisy talk of an illiterate critic, and at last observed to him with some pique, that it was disagreeable to her. "Well," said he, "you need not eat one up for a thing of so little account." "You need not fear that," said the lady, "as I am a Jewess, and do not eat pork."

567. DISHONEST CRITICS.

Some years since, an elaborate essay appeared upon the merits and blemishes of Mrs. Centlivier's *Busybody*. Many of the strictures were marked by considerable dramatic knowledge and good taste; then followed some rather severe censures upon the principal male performers, and a furious attack upon Mrs. Marshall, who acted *Miranda* extremely well, and was a general favorite. She was assailed as wanting beauty of face, and elegance of

person and manners; in short, every requisite for the character — all of which, it was said, were possessed by Mrs. Wood, in her late representation of the part. The manager was very sharply handled for having removed the latter lady from the part, and substituted so inadequate a representative. It so fell out that Mrs. W. never in her life had appeared in the character, and Mrs. Marshall had been its invariable representative. This was respectfully stated and proved to the editor, who was ungenerous and unjust enough to refuse all correction of the misstatement. One of the ablest written critiques ever published in Philadelphia, upon the play of Richard III., contained the bitterest condemnation of the performer, who actually played *Buckingham*, for his execrably dull performance and combat as *Richmond*. The same writer, not a week after, occu-

in *Hamlet*, while he was confined to his bed, and the part read by another person. No apology or explanation, in either of these cases, was ever offered. Can we wonder, then, that both audience and actors treat critical notices of the drama with indifference and suspicion?

568. DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.

A disappointed author, indulging in a vein of abuse against a successful rival, exclaimed, "He is, without exception, the most superficial, self-sufficient, ignorant, shallow creature that ever made any pretensions to literature." "Gently, my dear sir," interrupted a gentleman; "you quite forget yourself."

§ 62. REMARKABLE CRITICISMS BY NOTED MEN.

569. RACINE'S JUDGMENT.

Louis XIV. candidly confessed his ignorance upon literary subjects. He one day asked Racine what French writer had done most honor to his reign.

Racine replied, "Molière, sire."

"I did not think so," said Louis; "but you are a much better judge of his merits than I am."

570. JOHNSON AND FREDERIC THE GREAT.

Sir Thomas Robinson, sitting with Johnson, said that the King of Prussia valued himself upon three things — upon being a hero, a musician, and an author. "Pretty well, sir," said Johnson, "for one man. As to his being an author, I have not looked at his poetry; but his prose is poor stuff. He writes just as you may suppose Voltaire's footboy to do, who had been his amanuensis. He has such parts as the valet might have, and about as much of the coloring of the style as might be got by transcribing his works."

When Boswell was at Ferney, he repeated this to Voltaire, in order to reconcile him somewhat to Johnson, whom he, in affecting the English mode of expression, had previously characterized as "a superstitious dog;" but after hearing such a criticism on Frederic the Great, with whom he was then on bad terms, he exclaimed, "An honest fellow!"

571. DR. CHALMERS — BUTLER'S ANALOGY.

In the memoir of Dr. Chalmers, inserted in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, it is said that on one occasion, when some person present was animadverting upon the wealth of the church of England, and gave as an example of its over-abundance the revenues of the see of Durham, the doctor exclaimed with characteristic eagerness, —

"Sir, if all that has been received for the bishopric of Durham, since the foundation of the see, were set down as payment for Butler's Analogy, I should esteem it as a cheap purchase."

§ 63. CRITICS AND AUTHORS IN CONFLICT.

572. BAYLE AND PERE MAIMBOURG.

Bayle's *Critique générale de l'Histoire du Calvinisme, par le Père Maimbourg*, had more pleasantries than bitterness, except to the palate of the vindictive father, who was of too hot a constitution to relish the delicacy of our author's wit. Maimbourg stirred up all the intrigues he could rouse to get the *Critique* burnt by the hangman at Paris. The lieutenant of the police, De la Reynie, who was among the many who did not dislike to see the father corrected by Bayle, delayed this execution from time to time, till there came a final order. This lieutenant of the police was a shrewd fellow, and wishing to put an odium on the bigoted Maimbourg, allowed the irascible father to write the proclamation himself with all the violence of an enraged author. It is a curious specimen of one who evidently wished to burn his brother with his book. In this curious proclamation, which has been preserved as a literary curiosity, Bayle's *Critique* is declared to be defamatory and calumnious, abounding with seditious forgeries, pernicious

to all good subjects, and therefore is condemned to be torn to pieces, and burnt at the *Place de Grève*. All printers and booksellers are forbidden to print, or to sell, or disperse the said abominable book, under pain of death; and all other persons, of what quality or condition soever, are to undergo the penalty of exemplary punishment. De la Reynie must have smiled on submissively receiving this effusion from our enraged author; and to punish Maimbourg in the only way he could contrive, and to do at the same time the greatest kindness to Bayle, whom he admired, he dispersed three thousand copies of this proclamation to be posted up through Paris. The alarm and the curiosity were simultaneous; but the latter prevailed. Every book collector hastened to procure a copy so terrifically denounced, and at the same time so amusing. The author of the *Livres condamnés au feu* might have inserted this anecdote in his collection. It may be worth adding, that Maimbourg always affected to say that he had never read Bayle's work; but he afterwards confessed to Menage, that he could not help valuing a book of

such curiosity. Jurieu was so jealous of its success, that Beauval attributes his personal hatred of Bayle to our young philosopher overshadowing that veteran.

573. SOUTHEY AND THE IRISHMAN.



Robert Southey.

"Mr. Southey," says Cottle, "mentioned to me, the last time I saw him, the jeopardy in which he had recently been placed through his 'killing off;' and from which danger he was alone saved by his anonymous garb. He said he had found it necessary, in reviewing a book written by a native of the Emerald Isle, to treat it with rather unwonted severity, such as it richly deserved. A few days after the critique had appeared, he happened to call on a literary friend, in one of the inns of court. They were conversing on this work, and the incompetence of the writer, when the author, a gigantic Irishman, entered the room, in a great rage, and vowing vengeance against the remorseless critic. Standing very near Mr. Southey, he raised his huge fist, and exclaimed, 'And if I knew who it was, I'd bate him!' Mr. S. observed a very profound silence, and, not liking the vicinity of a volcano, quietly retired, reserving his laugh for a less hazardous occasion."

574. CRITICIZED POET.

An indifferent poet, who had been severely handled by the critics, yet continued to go on publishing his crudities, said one day to an acquaintance, that he had found out a way to be revenged of his reviewers, and that was by laughing at them. "Do you so?" said the other; "then let me tell you, you lead the merriest life of any man in Christendom."

575. THE AUTHOR AND THE REVIEW.

An author, whose works had been severely criticized in one of the reviews, assured a friend that he wished, of all things, to write down the review. "Then write in it," said his friend.

576. PHÆDRUS.

There is sense and infinite humor in the mode which Phædrus adopted to answer the cavillers of his age. When he first published his *Fables*, the taste for conciseness and simplicity was so much on the decline that they were both objected to him as faults. He used his critics as they deserved. To those who objected against the conciseness of his style, he tells a long, tedious story, (*Lib. iii. Fab. 10, ver. 53.*) and treats those who condemn the simplicity of his style with a run of bombast verses, that have a great many noisy, elevated words in them, without any sense at the bottom. (*Lib. iv. Fab. 6.*)

577. DENNIS AND POPE.

Pope was pursued through life by the insatiable vengeance of Dennis. The young poet, who had got introduced to him among his first literary acquaintances, could not fail, when the occasion presented itself, of ridiculing this uncouth son of Aristotle. The blow was given in the character of Appius, in the *Art of Criticism*; and it is known that Appius was instantly recognized by the fierce shriek of the agonized critic himself. From that moment, Dennis resolved to write down every work of Pope's. How dangerous to offend certain tempers verging on madness! Dennis, too, called on every one to join him in the common cause; and once he retaliated on Pope in his own way. Accused by Pope of being the writer of an account of himself, in *Jacob's Lives of the Poets*, Dennis procured a letter from Jacob, which he published, and in which it appears that Pope's own character, in this collection, if not written by him, was by him very carefully corrected on the proof-sheet; so that he stood in the same ridiculous attitude into which he had thrown Dennis, as his own trumpeter. Dennis, whose brutal energy remained unsubdued, was a rhinoceros of a critic, shelled up against the shafts of wit. This monster of criticism awed the poet; and Dennis proved to be a Python, whom the golden shaft of Apollo could not pierce.

578. LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DENNIS.

Dennis, a contemporary of Pope, attained to the ambiguous honor of being distinguished as "the Critic." In his own day, party, for some time, kept him alive; the art of criticism was a novelty at that period of our literature. He flattered some great men, and he abused three of the greatest. This was one mode of securing popularity; because, by this contrivance, he divided the town into two parties. And the irascibility and satire of Pope and Swift were not less serviceable to him than the partial panegyrics of Dryden and Congreve. Steele, describing him, says, —

"His motion is quick and sudden; turning on all sides, with a suspicion of every object, as if he had done or feared some extraordinary mischief. You see wickedness in his meaning, but folly of countenance that betrays him to be unfit for the execution of it. He has the face and surliness of a mastiff, which has often saved him from being treated like a cur, till some, more sagacious than ordinary, found his nature, and used him accordingly. Unhappy being! terrible without, fearful within! Not a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a sheep in a wolf's."

Even in his old age, his native brutality never forsook him. Thomson and Pope charitably supported the veteran Zoilus at a benefit play; and Savage, who had nothing but a verse to give, returned them very poetical thanks in the name of Dennis. He was then blind and old; but his critical ferocity had no old age. His surliness overcame every grateful sense, and he swore, as usual, "They could be no one's but that *fool*, Savage's!" an evidence of his sagacity and brutality.

There is an epigram on Dennis, by Savage, which Johnson has preserved in his *Life*; and a very correct likeness, although Johnson censures Savage for

writing an epigram on Dennis, while he was living in great familiarity with the critic. Perhaps that was the happiest moment to write the epigram. The anecdote in the text doubtless prompted "the fool" to take this fair revenge and just chastisement. Savage has brought out the features strongly in these touches:—

"Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had,
Too full for laughter, for reply too mad?
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw.
Uncaged, then, let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age!"

§ 64. CRITICS TURNING AUTHORS.

579. CHAPELAIN'S PUCELLE.

Chapelain's unfortunate epic has rendered him notorious. He had gained, and not undeservedly, great reputation for his critical powers. After a retention of above thirty years, his *Pucelle* appeared. He immediately became the butt of every unfledged wit, and his former works were eternally condemned; inasmuch that when Camusat published, after the death of our author, a little volume of extracts from his manuscript letters, it is curious to observe the awkward situation in which he finds himself. In his preface, he seems afraid that the very name of Chapelain, will be sufficient to repel the reader.

Camusat observes of Chapelain, that "he found flatterers who assured him his *Pucelle* ranked above the *Æneid*; and this Chapelain but feebly denied. However this may be, it would be difficult to make the bad taste which reigns throughout this poem agree with that sound and exact criticism with which he decided on the works of others. So true is it that *genius* is very superior to a justness of mind which is *sufficient to judge* and to advise others." Chapelain was ordered to draw up a critical list of the chief living authors and men of letters in France for the king. 'It is extremely impartial, and performed with an analytical skill of their literary

characters which could not have been surpassed by an Aristotle or a Boileau.

580. ABBÉ D'AUBIGNAC.

Boileau opens his *Art of Poetry* by a precept which, though it be common, is always important. This critical poet declares that "it is in vain a daring author thinks of attaining to the height of Parnassus, if he does not feel the secret influence of heaven, and if his natal star has not formed him to be a poet." This observation he founded on the character of the Abbé d'Aubignac, who had excellently written on the economy of dramatic composition. His *Pratique du Théâtre* gained him an extensive reputation. When he produced a tragedy, the world expected a finished piece. It was acted and reprobated. The author, however, did not acutely feel its bad reception. He every where boasted that he, of all the dramatists, had most scrupulously observed the *rules of Aristotle*. The Prince de Guéné, famous for his repartees, sarcastically observed, "I do not quarrel with the Abbé d'Aubignac for having so closely followed the precepts of Aristotle; but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that occasioned the Abbé d'Aubignac to write so wretched a tragedy."

§ 65. EFFECTS OF SEVERITY IN CRITICISM.

581. L'ETOILLE AND THE YOUNG BARD.

Pelisson has recorded, in his *History of the French Academy*, a literary anecdote, which forcibly shows the danger of caustic criticism. A young man, from a remote province, went to Paris with a play which he considered as a masterpiece. M. L'Etoile was more than just in his merciless criticism. He showed the youthful bard a thousand glaring defects in his *chef d'œuvre*. The humbled country author burnt his tragedy, returned home, took to his chamber, and died of vexation and grief.

582. SUFFERINGS OF MARSHAM, POPE, AND OTHERS.

Sir John Marsham, having published the first part of his *Chronology*, suffered so much chagrin at

the endless controversies which it raised, (and some of his critics went so far as to affirm it was designed to be detrimental to revelation,) that he burnt the second part, which was ready for the press.

Pope was observed to writhe with anguish in his chair, on hearing mentioned the letter of Cibber, with other temporary attacks; and it is said of Montesquieu, that he was so much affected by the criticisms, true and false, which he daily experienced, that they contributed to hasten his death.

Ritson's extreme irritability closed in lunacy, while his ignorant reviewers, in the shape of assassins, were haunting his death bed. In the preface to his *Metrical Romances*, he says, "Brought to an end in ill health and low spirits—certain to be insulted by a base and prostitute gang of lurking assassins, who stab in the dark, and whose poisoned

he has already experienced."
of Amwell, never recovered from a indi-

crous criticism which had been written by a physician who never pretended to poetical taste.

583. BISHOP NEWTON AND HAWKESWORTH.

So sensible was even the calm Bishop Newton to critical attacks, that Whiston tells us he lost his favor, which he had enjoyed for twenty years, for contradicting Newton in his old age; for no man was of "a more fearful temper." Whiston declares that he would not have thought proper to have published his work against Newton's Chronology in his lifetime, "because I knew his temper so well, that I should have expected it would have killed him; as

Dr. Bentley, Bishop Stillingfleet's chaplain, told me that he believed Mr. Locke's thorough confutation of the bishop's metaphysics about the Trinity hastened his end." Dr. Hawkesworth *died of criticism*. Singing birds cannot live in a storm.

584. RACINE CRITICIZED.

Racine encountered much criticism, which rendered him very unhappy. He told his son, in after years, that he suffered far more pain from the faults found with his productions than he ever experienced pleasure from their success. His avowal at once displays the innate weakness of the man.

§ 66. PREPOSTEROUS, RUDE, OR ILL-JUDGED CRITICISM.

585. CORNEILLE'S POLYEUCTE.

The *Polyeucte* of Corneille, which is now accounted to be his masterpiece, when he read it to the literary assembly held at the Hotel de Rambouillet, was not approved. Voiture came the next day, and, in gentle terms, acquainted him with the unfavorable opinion of the critics. Such ill judges were then the most fashionable wits of France.

586. JOHNSON AND THE POETESS.

"When last in Lichfield," says Anna Seward, "Johnson told me that a lady in London once sent him a poem which she had written, and afterwards desired to know his opinion of it. 'Madam, I have not cut the leaves. I did not even peep between them.' He met her again in company, and she again asked him after the 'trash.' He made no reply, and began talking to another person. The next time they met, she asked him if he had yet read her poem. He answered, 'No, madam, nor ever intend to!' Shocked at the unfeeling rudeness he thus recorded of himself, I replied, that I was surprised any person should obtrude their writings upon his attention; adding, that if I could write as well as Milton or Gray, I should think the best fate to be desired for my compositions was exemption from his notice. I expected a sharp sarcasm in return, but he only rolled his large head in silence.

"Johnson told me once, he 'would hang a dog that read the *Lycidas* of Milton twice.' 'What, then,' replied I, 'must become of me, who can say it by heart, and who often repeat it to myself with a delight which grows by what it feeds upon?' 'Die!' returned the growler, 'in a surfeit of bad taste.' Thus it was that the wit and aweless impoliteness of the stupendous creature bore down by storm every barrier which reason attempted to rear against his injustice."

587. DAVIES ON POPE.

The celebrated Myles Davies, in his *Icon Libellorum*, or a Critical History of Pamphlets, has a strange medley of remarks in reference to Pope, the poet, which we copy for the amusement of our readers.

"Another class of pamphlets, written by Roman Catholics, is that of *poems*, written chiefly by A

Pope, himself a gentleman of that name. He passed always amongst most of his acquaintance for what is commonly called a whig; for it seems the Romish politicians are divided, as well as Popish missionaries. However, one Esdras, an apothecary, as he qualifies himself, has published a piping-hot pamphlet against Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, which he entitles, a Key to the Lock, wherewith he pretends to unlock nothing less than a *plot* carried on by Mr. Pope, in that poem, against the last and this present ministry and government."

588. LORD HOLLAND.

The Vicar of Wakefield remained unnoticed, and was attacked by the reviews, until Lord Holland, who had been ill, sent to his bookseller for some amusing book. This was sent, and he was so pleased that he spoke of it in the highest terms to a large company who dined with him a few days after. The consequence was, that the whole impression was sold off in a few days.

589. COLMAN'S INKLE AND YARICO.

When Colman read his admirable opera of Inkle and Yarico to Dr. Moseley, the doctor made no remark during the progress of the piece; and, when it was concluded, he was asked what he thought of it. "It won't do," said the doctor; "stuff, nonsense!" Every body else having been delighted with it, this decided disapprobation puzzled the circle. He was asked why. "I'll tell you why," answered the critic. "You say, in the finale, —

'Now let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring.'

It won't do — there is but one bell in the whole island."

590. STUART AND THE DISSATISFIED HUSBAND.

A gentleman who had married a wealthy, but rather homely-looking lady, presented himself with his bride to Stuart, requesting the gifted artist to paint the portraits of both. Stuart undertook the task; but when it was finished, the gentleman found considerable fault with the likeness of his wife. The truth was, it was too perfect a copy of the

original; the deficiency of beauty in her face he had got over by the help of her wealth, but it ill comported with his fancy to have the deficiency so fully revealed on canvas. This was not said; but Stuart understood the difficulty, and with forbearance quite different from his earlier years, he promised to make an effort to improve the picture. The gentleman called to see it subsequently, but still he hesitated

some dissatisfaction. Stuart, no longer able to endure the man's treatment, rose, and, pacing up and down in his studio in anger and vexation, broke out into a soliloquy: "What a miserable life the artist's is! Worried to death with the absurd demands and cavils of his patrons! Here a man brings me a potato, and expects me to make a peach of it!"

§ 67. MISCELLANEOUS.

591. EDITORS AND ACTORS.

"My brother John," says Leigh Hunt, "at the beginning of the year 1805, set up a paper, called the *News*, and I went to live with him in Brydges Street, and write the theatricals in it.

"It was the custom, at that time, for editors of papers to be intimate with actors and dramatists. They were often proprietors, as well as editors; and, in that case, it was not expected that they should escape the usual intercourse, or wish to do so. It was thought a feather in the cap of all parties; and with their feathers they tickled one another. The newspaper man had consequence in the green-room, and plenty of tickets for his friends; and he dined at amusing tables. The dramatist secured a good-natured critique in his journal, sometimes got it written himself, or, according to Mr. Reynolds, was even himself the author of it. The actor, if he was of any eminence, stood upon the same ground of reciprocity; and not to know a pretty actress would have been a want of the knowing in general. Upon new performers, and upon writers not yet introduced, a journalist was more impartial; and sometimes, where the proprietor was in one interest more than another, or for some personal reason grew offended with an actor, or set of actors, a criticism would occasionally be hostile, and even severe. An editor, too, would now and then suggest to his employer the policy of exercising a freer authority, and obtain influence enough with him to show symptoms of it. I believe Bell's editor, who was more clever, was also more impartial than most critics; though the publisher of the British Theatre, and patron of the Della Crusicans, must have been hampered with literary intimacies. The best chance for an editor, who wished to have any thing like an opinion of his own, was the appearance of a rival newspaper with a strong theatrical connection. Influence was here threatened with diminution. It was to be held up on other grounds; and the critic was permitted to find out that a bad play was not good, or an actress's petticoat of the lawful dimensions.

"Puffing and plenty of tickets were, however, the system of the day.

"It was an interchange of amenities over the dinner-table; a flattery of power on the one side, and puns on the other; and what the public took for a criticism on a play, was a draft upon the box-office, or reminiscences of last Thursday's salmon and lobster-sauce. The custom was, to write as short and as favorable a paragraph on the new piece as could be; to say that Bannister was 'excellent,' and Mrs. Jordan 'charming;' to notice the 'crowded house,' or invent it if necessary; and to conclude by observing, that 'the whole went off with *éclat*.' For the rest, it was a critical religion in those times to admire Mr. Kemble; and at the period in question

Master Betty had appeared, and been hugged to the hearts of the town as the young Roscius."

592. THE HATTER'S SIGN.

A journeyman hatter, a companion of Dr. Franklin, on commencing business for himself, was anxious to get a handsome sign-board, with a proper inscription. This he composed himself, as follows: "John Thompson, *hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money,*" with the figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word *hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words "makes hats," which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed, that the word "makes" might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats; if good, and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck that out also. A third said, he thought the words "for ready money" were useless; as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit, every one who purchased expected to pay. These, too, were parted with, and the inscription then stood, "John Thompson sells hats." "*Sells hats!*" says his next friend; "why, who expects you to give them away? What, then, is the use of the word?" It was struck out, and *hats* was all that remained attached to the name of John Thompson. Even this inscription, brief as it was, was reduced ultimately to "John Thompson," with the figure of a hat subjoined.

593. CANON OF CRITICISM.

The Cardinal de Retz asked Menage one day to give him some idea of *poetry*, that he might be able to form a sort of judgment of the mass that was brought to him. "Sir," said Menage, "this is a matter that would occupy more time than you could spare; but I'll tell you what you may do: whenever they read any of your poems to you, say at a venture, '*That's very bad*,'—you'll seldom be wrong."

594. A MATHEMATICIAN'S CRITICISM.

A dramatic writer, whose last play had been a good deal applauded, was informed that on a particular night a great philosopher and mathematician was to be present at his performance. "This," said the author, "is the man for me: I shall long to hear what he says of my play—the opinion of such a judge will be really worth having." The mathematician took his seat in the centre of the pit; and

when the performance was over, the author was most anxious to have his opinion of the piece. "I find," said the philosopher, "that Siddons has pronounced 3284, Kemble 2864 words," &c.; and this was the sole reply the mortified dramatist could obtain.

595. SHERIDAN'S FORMULA.

Sheridan had a very convenient formula for getting rid of all the new publications that were constantly sent him: "Dear sir, I have received your exquisite work, and I have no doubt I shall be highly delighted *after* I have read it."

596. A DINNER WITH SCOTT AND JEFFREY.

"There were only a few people besides the two lions, and assuredly I have seldom passed a more agreeable day. A thousand subjects of literature, antiquities, and manners were started; and I was much struck, as you may well suppose, by the extent, correctness, discrimination, and accuracy of Jeffrey's information; equally so with his taste, acuteness, and wit in dissecting every book, author, and story that came in our way. Nothing could surpass the variety of his knowledge, but the easy rapidity of his manner of producing it. He was then in his meridian. Scott delighted to draw him out—delighted also to talk himself, and displayed, I think, even a larger range of anecdote and illus-

tration; remembering every thing, whether true or false, that was characteristic or impressive—every thing that was good, or lovely, or lively. It struck me that there was this great difference: Jeffrey, for the most part, entertained us, when books were under discussion, with the detection of faults, blunders, absurdities, or plagiarisms. Scott took up the matter where he left it, recalled some compensating beauty or excellence for which no credit had been allowed, and by the recitation, perhaps, of one fine stanza, set the poor victim on his legs again."

597. DYING GRAMMARIAN.

Père Bouhours was a French grammarian, who had been justly accused of paying too scrupulous an attention to the minutiae of letters. He was more solicitous of his *words* than his *thoughts*. It is said, that when he was dying, he called out to his friends, (a correct grammarian to the last,) "*Je vas, ou je vais mourir; l'un ou l'autre se dit!*"

598. DYING CRITICISM OF MALHERBE.

When Malherbe was dying, he reprimanded his nurse for making use of a solecism in her language! And when his confessor represented to him the felicities of a future state in low and trite expressions, the dying critic interrupted him: "Hold your tongue," he said, "your wretched style only makes me out of conceit with them!"

§ 68. DEATH OF NOTED GENIUSES.

599. HERDER, WALTER, TASSO, AND OTHERS.

Herder closed his career writing an ode to the Deity, his pen on the last line. Walter died repeating some lines of Virgil. Tasso's last request of Cardinal Cynthia was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life. He had one favor, he said, to request of him, which was, that he would collect his works and commit them to the flames, especially his *Jerusalem Delivered*. Liebnitz was found dead in his chamber with a book in his hand. Clarendon's pen dropped from his fingers when he was seized with the palsy, which terminated his life. Wicherley, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bedside, and having taken her hand, in a very solemn manner said he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again.

600. CHAUCER, PETRARCH, QUIN, ROUSSEAU, AND OTHERS.

Sir Thomas More remarked to the executioner, by whose hands he was to perish, that the scaffold was extremely weak. "I pray you see me up safe," said he, "and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

Chaucer breathed his last while composing a ballad. His last production is called, *A Ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer, on his Death-bed, lying in great Pain*.

"I could wish this tragic scene were over," said

Quin, the actor; "but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity."

Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book.

Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to remove him and place him before the window, that he might look upon his garden and gladden his eyes with the sight of nature. How ardent an admirer he was of nature is poetically told in *Zimmerman's Solitude*.

Pope tells us he found Sir Godfrey Kneller (when he visited him a few days prior to his end) sitting up and forming plans for his own monument. His vanity was conspicuous even in death!

Warren has remarked, that Chesterfield's good breeding only left him with death. "Give Drysdale a chair," said he to his valet, when that person was announced.

Bayle, when dying, pointed to the place where his proof-sheet was deposited.

Bede died while in the act of dictating.

Roscommon, when expiring, quoted from his own translations of the *Dies Irae*.

When the priest whom Alfieri had been prevailed on to see came, he requested him to call to-morrow: "Death; I trust, will tarry four and twenty hours."

601. DEATH OF WILLIAM PITT.

Pitt died at a solitary house on Wimbledon Common. Not far off, by the roadside, stood, and still stands, a small country inn, where the various

parties interested in the great statesman's life were accustomed to apply for information, and leave their horses and carriages. On the morning of the 23d of January, 1806, an individual having called at the inn, and not being able to obtain a satisfactory reply to his inquiries, proceeded to the house of Pitt. He knocked, but no servant appeared; he opened the door and entered, he found no one in attendance; he proceeded from room to room, and at length entered the sick chamber, where, on a bed, in silence and in perfect solitude, he found, to his unspeakable surprise, the dead body of that great statesman who had so lately wielded the power of England, and influenced, if he did not control, the destinies of the world. We doubt whether any much more awful example of the lot of mortality has ever been witnessed.

602. THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

Alonso Cano, a Spanish artist, may be literally said to have felt the ruling passion strong in death; for, when the priest who attended him presented the crucifix, he turned his eyes away, and refused to look at it, because the sculpture was so badly executed, but asked for a plain cross, which being brought to him, he devoutly embraced it and expired.

603. LAST MOMENTS OF COPERNICUS

Copernicus, says Everett, after harboring in his bosom for long, long years that pernicious heresy, — the solar system, — died on the day of the appearance of his book from the press. The closing scene of his life, with a little help from the imagination, would furnish a noble subject for an artist. For thirty-five years he has revolved and matured in his mind his system of the heavens. A natural mildness of disposition, bordering on timidity, a reluctance to encounter controversy, and a dread of persecution, have led him to withhold his work from the press, and to make known his system but to a few confidential friends and disciples. At length he draws near his end; he is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on the "revolutions of the heavenly orbs" to his friends for publication. The day at last has come on which it is to be ushered

into the world. It is the 24th of May, 1543. On that day, — the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind operating upon an exhausted frame, — an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour is come; he lies stretched upon the couch from which he will never rise, in his apartment at the Canonry at Frauenberg, in East Prussia. The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber; near his bedside is the armillary sphere, which he has contrived to represent his theory of the heavens; his picture painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it his astrolabe and other imperfect astronomical instruments; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples. The door of the apartment opens; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters; it is a friend who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that had ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world had acknowledged for a thousand years; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him; but he knows that his book is true. He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth, as his dying bequest, to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume and he may behold it once before his eye grows dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires. But no, he is not wholly gone. A smile lights up his dying countenance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye; his lips move; and the friend who leans over him can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments which the Christian lyrist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse: —

"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night!
And thou, refulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts, where I shall reign with God."

So died the great Columbus of the heavens.

§ 69. DEDICATIONS.

604. FOUR CURIOUS INCIDENTS.

In the Conversations of Mademoiselle de Scudery, in which much knowledge of the world is displayed, the following passage occurs concerning dedications, which is so curious that no apology is needed for transcribing it: —

"There was a certain writer who had three dedicatory epistles to one book, for three persons very different in rank and merit, with a view of making use of that which could be turned to the best account, and a third person negotiated the matter. As things happened, he dedicated the book to the best bidder, but the worst man. Another, who now rests from his labors, had prepared a dedication, or rather a panegyric; but the subject of it losing his place before the book was printed, it was suppressed.

"It is well known that a certain country author came to Paris, with a very elaborate dedication to Cardinal Richelieu; but finding him dead, on his arrival, he evinced his dexterity by modelling it into a panegyric on the queen, Mary of Austria.

"There was another, who, after highly, and as justly, commending a living person, gave an opposite turn to all he had said, because the individual died before he had rewarded the author in a manner commensurate with his fancied merit.

"Yet I think neither of these came up to the artifice of one Rangouza, who, having printed a collection of letters without paging or order, save the bookbinder's directions so to arrange them that each person to whom a copy of the volume was presented should find his own first, and taking a precedence of others, which could not but be bountifully

rewarded, as being a very flattering distinction. These letters were justly termed *golden letters*, for the author boasted that, one with another, they brought him near thirty pistoles each."

605. BAYLE'S REFUSAL.

A sense of honor induced Bayle to refuse the Duke of Shrewsbury's gift of two hundred guineas for the dedication of his Dictionary. "I have so often ridiculed dedications, that I must not risk any," was the reply of our philosopher.

606. DEDICATIONS TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

"Never," says an English writer, "was a gigantic baby of adulation so crammed with the soft pap of dedications as Cardinal Richelieu. French flattery even exceeded itself. Among the vast number of very extraordinary dedications to this man, in which the Divinity itself is disrobed of its attributes to bestow them on this miserable creature of vanity, I suspect that even the following one is not the most blasphemous he received: "Who has seen your face without being seized by those softening terrors which made the prophets shudder when God showed the beams of his glory? But as he whom they dared not approach in the burning bush, and in the noise of thunders, appeared to them sometimes in the freshness of the zephyrs, so the softness of your august countenance dissipates at the same time, and changes into dew, the small vapors which cover its majesty."

One of these herd of dedicators, after the death of Richelieu, suppressed, in a second edition, his hyperbolic panegyric, and, as a punishment he inflicted on himself, dedicated the work to Jesus Christ.

607. ANGELO POLITIAN'S WITTY DEDICATION.

Angelo Politian, an Italian, was one of the most polished writers of the fifteenth century. Baillet has placed him amongst his celebrated children; for he was a writer at twelve years of age. The Muses indeed cherished him in his cradle, and the Graces hung round it their most beautiful wreaths. When he became professor of the Greek language, such were the charms of his lectures, that one Chalcondylas, a native of Greece, saw himself abandoned by his pupils, who resorted to the delightful disquisitions of the elegant Politian. Critics of various nations have acknowledged that his poetical versions have frequently excelled the originals. This happy genius was lodged in a most unhappy form; nor were his morals untainted. It is only in his literary compositions that he appears perfect.

Monnoye, in his edition of the *Menagiana*, as a specimen of his Epistles, gives a translation of the letter, which serves as prefatory and dedicatory, and has accompanied it by a commentary. The letter is replete with literature, though void of pedantry; a barren subject is embellished by its happy turns. It is addressed to his patron, Monsignor Pietro de Medicis, and was written about a month before the writer's death. Perhaps no author has so admirably defended himself from the incertitude of criticism and the fastidiousness of critics. His wit and his humor are delicate; and few compositions are sprinkled with such Attic salt.

"My Lord: You have frequently urged me to collect my letters, to revise and to publish them in a volume. I have now gathered them, that I might not omit any mark of that obedience which I owe to him on whom I rest all my hopes, and all my prosperity. I have not, however, collected them all, because that would have been a more laborious task than to have gathered the scattered leaves of the Sibyl. It was never, indeed, with an intention of forming my letters into one body that I wrote them, but merely as occasion prompted, and as the subjects presented themselves, without seeking for them. I never retained copies except of a few, which, less fortunate, I think, than the others, were thus favored for the sake of the verses they contained. To form, however, a tolerable volume, I have also inserted some written by others, but only those with which several ingenious scholars favored me, and which, perhaps, may put the reader in good humor with my own.

"There is one thing for which some will be inclined to censure me; the style of my letters is very unequal; and, to confess the truth, I did not find myself always in the same humor, and the same modes of expression were not adapted to every person and every topic. They will not fail then to observe, when they read such a diversity of letters,—I mean if they do read them,—that I have composed, not epistles, but, once more, miscellanies.

"I hope, my lord, notwithstanding this, that amongst such a variety of opinions, of those who write letters, and of those who give precepts how letters should be written, I shall find some apology. Some, probably, will deny that they are Ciceronian. I can answer such, and not without good authority, that in epistolary composition we must not regard Cicero as a model. Another, perhaps, will say that I imitate Cicero. And him I will answer by observing that I wish nothing better than to be capable of grasping something of this great man, were it but his shadow!

"Another will wish that I had borrowed a little from the manner of Pliny the orator, because his profound sense and accuracy were greatly esteemed. I shall oppose him by expressing my contempt of all the writers of the age of Pliny. If it should be observed that I have imitated the manner of Pliny, I shall then screen myself by what Sidonius Apollinaris, an author who is by no means disreputable, says in commendation of his epistolary style. Do I resemble Symmachus? I shall not be sorry, for they distinguish his openness and conciseness. Am I considered in nowise resembling him? I shall confess that I am not pleased with his dry manner.

"Will my letters be condemned for their length? Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, and Cicero have all written long ones. Will some of them be criticized for their brevity? I allege in my favor the examples of Dion, Brutus, Apollonius, Philostratus, Marcus Antonius, Alciphron, Julian, Symmachus, and also Lucian, who vulgarly, but falsely, is believed to have been Phalaris.

"I shall be censured for having treated of topics which are not generally considered as proper for epistolary composition. I admit this censure, provided, while I am condemned, Seneca also shares in the condemnation. Another will not allow of a sententious manner in my letters; I will still justify myself by Seneca. Another, on the contrary, desires abrupt, sententious periods; Dionysius shall answer him for me, who maintains that pointed sentences should not be admitted into letters.

"Is my style too perspicuous? It is precisely

that which Philostratus admires. Is it obscure? Such is that of Cicero to Atticus. Negligent? An agreeable negligence in letters is more graceful than elaborate ornaments. Labored? Nothing can be more proper, since we send epistles to our friends as a kind of presents. If they display too nice an arrangement, the Halicarnassian shall vindicate me. If there is none, Artemon says there should be none.

"Now, as a good and pure Latinity has its peculiar taste, its manners, and, to express myself thus, its Atticisms, if in this sense a letter shall be found not sufficiently Attic, so much the better; for what was Herod, the sophist, censured? but that, having been born an Athenian, he affected too much to appear one in his language. Should a letter seem too Attical, still better, since it was by discovering Theophrastus, who was no Athenian, that a good old woman of Athens laid hold of a word, and shamed him.

"Shall one letter be found not sufficiently serious? I love to jest. Or is it too grave? I am pleased with gravity. Is another full of figures? Letters being the images of discourse, figures have the effect of graceful action in conversation. Are they deficient in figures? This is just what characterizes a letter, this want of figures! Does it discover the genius of the writer? This frankness is recommended. Does it conceal it? The writer did not think proper to paint himself; and it is one requisite in a letter, that it should be void of ostentation. 'You express yourself,' some one will observe, 'in common terms on common topics, and in new terms on new topics.' The style is thus adapted to the subject. 'No, no,' he will answer; 'it is in common terms you express new ideas, and in new terms common ideas.' Very well! It is because I have not forgotten an ancient Greek precept which expressly recommends this.

"It is thus by attempting to be ambidexterous I try to ward off attacks. My critics will, however, criticize me as they please. It will be sufficient for me, my lord, to be assured of having satisfied you, by my letters, if they are good, or by my obedience, if they are not so."

608. DEDICATIONS ABOUNDING.

There was an Italian physician, who, having written on Hippocrates's Aphorisms, dedicated each book of his Commentaries to one of his friends, and the index to another.

609. PETER MOTTEUX AND PATRON.

The price for the dedication of a play was from five to ten guineas, from the revolution to the time of George I., when it rose to twenty. But sometimes a bargain was to be struck when the author and the play were alike indifferent. Sometimes the party haggled about the price, or the statue, while stepping into his niche, could turn round on the author to assist his invention. A patron of Peter Motteux, dissatisfied with Peter's colder temperament, actually composed the superlative dedication himself, and completed the misery of the apparent author by subscribing it with his name. This circumstance was so notorious at the time, that it occasioned a satirical dialogue between Motteux and his patron, Heveningham. The patron, in his zeal

to omit no possible distinction that might attach to him, had given one circumstance which no one but himself could have known.

PATRON. I must confess I was to blame
That one particular to name;
The rest could never have been known,
I made the style so like thy own

PONT. I beg your pardon, sir, for that.

PATRON. Why, tell me, what would you be at?
I writ below myself you sot!
Avoiding figures, tropes, what not,
For fear I should my fancy raise
Above the level of thy plays!

610. BEZA, TASSO, ARIOSTO, AND DRYDEN.

The ancients dedicated their works to those friends at whose suggestions they had projected their various essays.

Theodore Beza dedicated his Aristotle on Animals to Pope Sixtus IV., and received from his holiness the cost of the binding.

Tasso fared no better in his dedications; and Ariosto, on a similar occasion, received a sarcasm from the Cardinal d'Este, which will last as long as the memory of his poem.

In more modern times, poets seldom bestowed compliments, either in their poems or their dedications, without being well paid for them. In the days of Dryden, the common price for a dedication was from twenty to fifty pounds. Indeed, a larger sum than this has been given upon special occasions; but the compositions were in such cases more than ordinarily loaded with adulation.

611. DEDICATIONS TO THE DAUPHIN.

The virtuous Duke of Montausier, governor of the Dauphin of France, in the reign of Louis XIV., would never suffer his pupil to read the dedications that were addressed to him. One day, however, he discovered him reading one of these epistles in private; but instead of taking it from him, he obliged him to read it aloud, and, stopping him at the end of every phrase, said, "Do you not see, sir, that they are laughing at you with impunity? Can you sincerely believe yourself possessed of all the good qualities ascribed to you? Can you read, without indignation, such gross flattery, which they would not presume to offer, without having the lowest opinion of your understanding?"

612. DEDICATION TO A STATUE.

At a time when the ministers of state were frequently changed in France, a certain author dedicated his piece to the Brazen Horse on the Pont Neuf, "for I am persuaded," said he, "that my patron will long remain in place."

613. DEGGE'S DEDICATION.

An ingenious dedication was contrived by Sir Simon Degge, who dedicated the Parson's Counsellor to Woods, Bishop of Lichfield, with this intention: Degge highly complimented the bishop on having most nobly restored the church, which had been demolished in the civil wars, and was rebuilt,

but left unfinished, by Bishop Hacket. At the time he wrote the dedication, Woods had not turned a single stone, and it is said, that, much against his will, he did something from having been so publicly reminded of it by this ironical dedication.

614. FULLER'S CHURCH HISTORY.

Fuller, in his Church History, has, with admirable contrivance, introduced twelve title-pages, besides the general one, and as many particular dedications, and no less than fifty or sixty of those by inscriptions, and which are addressed to his benefactors; a circumstance which Heylin in his severity did not overlook; for "making his work bigger by forty sheets at the least; and he was so ambitious of the number of his patrons, that, having but four leaves at the end of his History, he discovers a particular benefactress to inscribe them to!" This unlucky lady, the patroness of four leaves, Heylin compares to Roscius Regulus, who accepted the consular dignity for that part of the day on which Cecina, by a decree of the senate, was degraded from it, which occasioned Regulus to be ridiculed by the people all his life after, as the consul of half a day.

615. CASTELL'S POLYGLOT BIBLE.

One of the most singular anecdotes respecting dedications in English bibliography is that of the Polyglot Bible of Dr. Castell. Cromwell, much to his honor, patronized that great labor, and allowed the paper to be imported free of all duties, both of excise and custom. It was published under the protectorate, but many copies had not been disposed of ere Charles II. ascended the throne. Dr. Castell had dedicated the work gratefully to Oliver, by mentioning him with peculiar respect in the preface, but he wavered with Richard Cromwell. At the restoration, he cancelled the two last leaves, and supplied their places with three others, which softened down the republican strains, and blotted Oliver's name out. The differences in what are now called the *republican* and the *loyal* copies have amused the curious collectors; and the former, being very scarce, are most sought after. In the *loyal* copies, the patrons of the work are mentioned, but their titles are essentially changed. *Serenissimus*, *Illustrissimus*, and *Honoratissimus* were epithets that dared not show themselves under the levelling influence of the great republican.

§ 70. DEGREES.

616. REDEEMING TIME.

Dean Swift, when he claimed, at the usual time, the degree of A. B., was so deficient as to obtain it only by *special favor*, a term used to denote want of merit. Of this disgrace he was so ashamed, that he resolved from that time to study eight hours a day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his history deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition to young men, whose abilities have been made, for a time, useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair.

617. DEGREES GIVEN BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREW.

On Dr. Johnson's visiting the University of St. Andrew, in Scotland, whence academical honors are supposed to have been plentifully obtained, for the purpose of literary as well as medical quackery, with-

out any other proof of ability than that of being able to pay certain fees requisite on the occasion, he is said to have inquired of one of the professors into the state of their funds; and, being informed that they were less affluent than many of their neighbors, "It is no matter," said the doctor; "persevere in your present plan, and you will certainly get rich — *by degrees*."

618. CLASSICAL ANECDOTE.

A certain pedantic gentleman once presented himself at Cambridge for a doctor's degree, and, as is usual on such occasions, the questioning was commenced in Latin, when the following classical wit was exhibited:—

Questioner. — *Quid est creare?* (What is it to create?)

Pedant. — *Ex nihilo facere.* (To make out of nothing.)

Q. — *Ergo, te doctorem creamus!* (Therefore we make you a doctor!)

§ 71. DESCENDANTS OF LITERARY MEN.

619. LORD BACON.

Lord Bacon, when a child, was sickly, and unable to join in the rough sports suited to boys of robust constitutions. His father was too much occupied with his official duties to do more than kiss him, hear him occasionally recite a little piece he had learned by heart, and give him his blessing. But Lady Bacon, who was not only a tender mother, but a woman of highly-cultivated mind, after the manner of her age, devoted herself assiduously to her

youngest child, who, along with his bodily weakness, exhibited, from earliest infancy, the dawnings of extraordinary intellect. She and her sisters had received a regular classical education, and had kept up her familiarity with the poets, historians, and philosophers of antiquity. She was likewise well acquainted with modern languages, and with the theology and literature of her own times. She corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewel respecting the then fashionable controversies, and she translated his *Apologia* from the Latin so correctly, that

neither he nor Archbishop Parker could suggest a single alteration. She also translated, admirably, a volume of sermons on Fate and Free Will from the Italian of Bernardin Ochinus.

Under her care, assisted by a domestic, Francis Bacon continued till he reached his thirteenth year. He took most kindly to his book, and made extraordinary proficiency in the studies prescribed to him. His inquisitiveness and original turn of thinking were at the same time displayed. While still a mere child, he stole away to a vault in St. James's Fields, for the purpose of investigating a singular echo which he had discovered there; and when a little older, he amused himself with very ingenious speculations on the art of legerdemain. He enjoyed, at the same time, the great advantage, on account of his father's station, and his being the nephew of the prime minister, of being early introduced into the highest and most intellectual society, in which he displayed the most extraordinary gravity of deportment, as well as readiness of wit. So much was Queen Elizabeth struck with his manner and his precocity, that she used to amuse herself in conversation with him, and to call him her "young lord keeper." On one occasion, he greatly pleased her by his answer to the common question put to children, *how old he was*: "Exactly two years younger than your majesty's happy reign."

630. SHAKSPEARE'S DESCENDANTS.

Several of the descendants of Shakspeare's sister Joan, bearing a strong family likeness to the great poet, were in 1822 living in and about Stratford, and chiefly in a state of indigence, little creditable to the worshippers of his genius. The nearest living descendants were the Hartes, of Tewkesbury, the chief of whom, in 1818, was William Shakspeare Harte, a journeyman chairmaker, earning only eighteen shillings per week, with a wife and several children. This poor man was obliged to sell the freehold in Shakspeare's two houses in Stratford, about the year 1805, for which he obtained two hundred pounds, leaving, after a mortgage and the expenses had been paid, but thirty pounds, as the wreck of the fortunes of this neglected family.

631. DESCENDANTS OF ROBERT BURNS.

"For some time," says the London Daily News, "there has been travelling in the interior of the remote Island of Borneo, and sojourning among its rude people of head hunters, a young man of the name of Burns, and this young man is the grandson of Robert Burns and 'bonny Jean.' This adventurous youth has not only been hospitably and kindly treated by the rude Dyaks, but a prince of the Kay-

an nation, the most powerful on the island, has given him one of his daughters to wife; so that future biographers of Robert Burns will, in all human likelihood, be able to enumerate among his descendants those also of a Bornean prince. Mr. Burns has discovered mines of antimony, and coal-fields, in Borneo, more extensive than any other in the world out of America. He seems, moreover, to be not only a person of great enterprise, but also a man of intelligence and good education; for he has written and published by far the most authentic account of Borneo which has hitherto been given to the public."

632. FAMILIES OF GIFTED GENIUSES.

A quarterly reviewer, in discussing an objection to the copyright bill of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, gives some curious particulars of the progeny of literary men. The statements, we imagine, are rather too sweeping. "We are not," says the writer, "going to speculate about the causes of the fact; but a fact it is, that men distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power of any sort rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so; men of imaginative genius, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot, at this moment, point out a representative in the male line, even so far down as the third generation, of any English poet; and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down, even in the female line. With the exception of Surrey and Spenser, we are not aware of any great English author, of at all remote date, from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century; and we believe no great author of any sort, except Clarendon and Shaftesbury, of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless. Shakspeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny; nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The granddaughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Newton, Locke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Gray, Walpole, Cavendish (and we might greatly extend the list) never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood. One of the arguments against a *perpetuity* in literary property is, that it would be founding another *noblesse*. Neither jealous aristocracy nor envious Jacobinism need be under such alarm. When a human race has produced its 'bright consummate flower' in this kind, it seems commonly to be near its end."

§ 72. DICTIONARIES AND ENCYCLOPÆDIAS.

633. DR. JOHNSON AND LORD CHESTERFIELD.

When Dr. Johnson first conceived the design of compiling a Dictionary of the English Language, in 1747, he drew up a plan, in a letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. This very letter exhibits a beautiful

proof to what a degree of grammatical perfection and classical elegance our language was capable of being brought. The execution of this plan cost him the labor of many years; but when it was published, in 1755, the sanguine expectations of the public were amply justified; and several foreign

academies, particularly *Della Crusca*, honored the author with their approbation. But the excellency of this great work will rise in the estimation of all who are informed, that it was written, as the author declares, "with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconveniences and distraction, in sickness and sorrow." Lord Chesterfield, at that time, was universally esteemed the *Mæcenas* of the age; and it was in that character, no doubt, that Dr. Johnson addressed to him the letter before mentioned. But during the subsequent years of Johnson's labor on the work, while poverty and misfortune pressed heavily upon him, Chesterfield paid him no attention, and afforded him no assistance. When, however, the Dictionary was upon the eve of publication, Lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, in a courtly manner, to soothe and insinuate himself with the sage, conscious, as it would seem, of the cold indifference with which, for several years previous, he had treated its learned author, and further attempted to conciliate him by writing two papers in the *World*, in recommendation of the work. It must be confessed that they contained some studied compliments so finely turned that, if there had been no previous offence, it is probable Johnson would have been highly delighted. Praise, in general, was pleasing to him; but by praise from a man of rank and elegant accomplishments he was peculiarly gratified. This courtly device failed of its effect; and the failure was owing, not only to Chesterfield's past neglect, but to Johnson's being refused admittance, about this time, to the nobleman's mansion — a circumstance which has been attributed to the mistake of the porter. Johnson, who thought that "all was false and hollow," despised the honeyed words, and was ever indignant that Lord Chesterfield should, for a moment, imagine that he could be the dupe of such an artifice. His expression to Boswell concerning Lord Chesterfield, upon this occasion, was, "Sir, after making great professions, he had, for many years, taken no notice of me; but when my Dictionary was coming out, he fell a-scribbling in the *World* about it; upon which I wrote him a letter, expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him."

Dr. Johnson appeared to have had a remarkable delicacy with respect to the circulation of this letter; for Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, informed Boswell, that, having many years ago pressed him to be allowed to read it to the second Lord Hardwicke, who was very desirous to hear it, (promising at the same time that no copy of it should be taken,) Johnson seemed much pleased that it had attracted the attention of a nobleman of such a respectable character, but, after pausing some time, declined to comply with the request, saying, with a smile, "No, sir, I have hurt the dog too much already;" or words to this purpose. Dr. Adams expostulated with Johnson, and suggested, that his not being admitted when he called on him, to which Johnson had alluded in his letter, was probably not to be imputed to Lord Chesterfield; for his lordship had declared to Dodsley, that he "would have turned off the best servant he ever had, if he had known that he denied to him a man who would have been always more than welcome." And in confirmation of this, he insisted on Lord Chesterfield's general affability and easiness of access,

especially to literary men. Johnson replied, "Sir, that is not Lord Chesterfield; he is the proudest man this day existing." "No," said Adams, "there is one person, at least, as proud; I think, by your own account, you are the prouder man of the two." "But," said Johnson, "mine was *defensive* pride." This, as Dr. Adams well observed, was one of those happy turns for which he was so remarkably ready. Just before the Dictionary was published, Mr. Moore expressed his surprise to the great lexicographer, that he did not intend to dedicate the book to his lordship. Mr. Johnson answered, that he was under no obligation to any great man whatever, and therefore he should not make him his patron." "Pardon me, sir," said Moore, "you are certainly obliged to his lordship for two elegant papers he has written in favor of your performance." "You quite mistake the thing," replied the other. "I confess no obligation; I feel my own dignity, sir. I have made a voyage round the world of the English language; and, while I am coming into port, with a fair wind, on a fair, shining day, my Lord Chesterfield sends out two little cockboats to tow me in. I am very sensible of the favor, Mr. Moore, and should be sorry to say an ill-natured thing of that nobleman; but I cannot help thinking he is a lord among wits, and a wit among lords." The severity of this remark seems never to have been forgotten by the earl, who, in one of his letters to his son, thus delineates the doctor: "There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect, but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever when I am in his company. His figure, without being deformed, seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body: his legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws any where but down his throat whatever he means to drink, and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes or misplaces every thing. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately; mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes. Absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors, and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No; the utmost I can do for him is to consider him a respectable *Hottentot*."

624. JOHNSON AND HIS PUBLISHERS.

HOW HIS PLAN CAME TO BE ADDRESSED TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

The booksellers who contracted with Johnson for the publication of his Dictionary, which he had prepared single and unaided, though in other countries such a work has not been effected but by the coöperating exertions of many, were Mr. Robert Dodsley, Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew Millar, the two Messrs. Longman, and the two Messrs. Knapton. The price stipulated was fifteen hundred guineas. The plan was addressed to Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, then one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, a nobleman who was very ambitious of literary distinction, and who, upon being informed of the design, had expressed himself in terms very favorable to its success.

There is, perhaps, in every thing of any consequence, a secret history, which it would be amusing to know, could we have it authentically communicated. Johnson told Boswell, "Sir, the way in which the plan of my Dictionary came to be inscribed to Lord Chesterfield was this: I had neglected to write it by the time appointed; Dodsley suggested a desire to have it addressed to Lord Chesterfield; I laid hold of this as a pretext for delay, that it might be better done, and let Dodsley have his desire. I said to my friend Dr. Barthurst, 'Now, if any good comes of my addressing the plan to Lord Chesterfield, it will be ascribed to deep policy, when, in fact, it was only a casual excuse for laziness.'"

625. DR. ADAMS'S INTERVIEW WITH JOHNSON.

Dr. Adams found him one day busy at his Dictionary, when the following dialogue ensued:—

Adams.—This is a great work, sir. How are you to get all the etymologies?

Johnson.—Why, sir, here is a shelf with Junius, and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welsh gentleman who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh.

Adams.—But, sir, how can you do this in three years?

Johnson.—Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in three years.

Adams.—But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their Dictionary.

Johnson.—Sir, thus it is: this is the proposition. Let me see—forty times forty is sixteen hundred: as three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman.

With so much ease and pleasantry could he talk of that prodigious labor which he had undertaken to execute.

626. PREFACE TO JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

Horne Tooke, in his *Diversions of Purley*, after speaking in the most contemptuous terms of Johnson's Dictionary, admits that he never could read the preface to it without being affected even to tears. Such a tribute from such a critic must be rather startling to the nine out of ten who have never heard of such a preface, and to the ninety-nine out of a hundred who have never read it.

627. JOHNSON'S SECOND EDITION.

"Dr. Johnson," says Mrs. Piozzi, "did not really consider his Dictionary as a great performance, and used to say, that he 'might have done it easily in two years, had not his health received several shocks during the time.' When Mr. Thrale, in consequence of this declaration, teased him, in the year 1768, to give a new edition of it, 'because,' said he, 'there are four or five gross faults,' 'Alas! sir,' replied Johnson, 'there are four or five hundred faults, instead of four or five; but you do not consider that it would take me up three whole months' labor, and when the time was expired, the work would not be done.' When the booksellers set him about it, however, some years after, he went cheerfully to the business, said he was well paid, and that they deserved to have it done carefully."

628. JOHNSON'S METHOD OF COMPILING HIS DICTIONARY.

The account of the manner in which Johnson compiled his Dictionary, as given by Mr. Boswell, is confused and erroneous, and, as a moment's reflection will convince every person of judgment, could not be correct; for to write down an alphabetical arrangement of all the words in the English language, and then hunt through the whole compass of English literature for all their different significations, would have taken the whole life of any individual; but Johnson, who, among other peculiarities of his character, excelled most men in contriving the best means to accomplish any end, devised the following mode for completing his Dictionary, as he himself expressly described to the writer of this account, Bishop Percy. He began his task by devoting his first care to the diligent perusal of all such English writers as were most correct in their language, and under every sentence which he meant to quote he drew a line, and noted in the margin the first letter of the word under which it was to occur. He then delivered these books to his clerks, who transcribed each sentence on a separate slip of paper, and arranged the same under the word referred to. By these means he collected the several words and their different significations; and when the whole arrangement was alphabetically formed, he gave the definitions of their meanings, and collected their etymologies from Skinner, Junius, and other writers on the subject. In completing his alphabetical arrangement, he, no doubt, would recur to former dictionaries, to see if any words had escaped him; but this, which Mr. Boswell makes the first step in the business, was in reality the last; and it was doubtless to this happy arrangement that Johnson effected in a few years what employed the foreign academies nearly half a century.

629. JOHNSON'S RAMBLER AND DICTIONARY

During the printing of Johnson's Dictionary, the *Ramblers* came out periodically; for he could do more than one thing at a time. He declared that he wrote them by way of relief from his application to his Dictionary, and for the reward. He told a friend he had no expectation they would have been so much read and admired. What was amusement to him was instruction to others. Goldsmith declared that a system of morals might be drawn from these essays. This idea has been taken up and executed by a publication in an alphabetical series of moral maxims.

630. JOHNSONIAN WORDS.

"In Kett's *Elements of General Knowledge*," says a writer, "I read as follows: 'Our literature, indeed, dates a new era from the publication of Johnson's works. Many of his words are rarely to be met with in former writers, and some are purely of his own fabrication. Note "resuscitation, orbity, volent, fatuity, divaricate, asinine, narcotic, vulnerary, empergumatic, obtund, disruption, seniority, cremation, horticulture, germination, decussation, eximious," &c. If these words are not peculiarly Johnson's, I know not where they are to be found.'"

"Now, upon turning over Johnson's Dictionary, I find all the above words occur in Pope, Bacon, Wilkins, Milton, Arbuthnot, Grew, Quincy, Wiseman,

Harvey, Woodward, Newton, Glanville, and Ray, except *horticulture*, which may be found in Turner's *Husbandry*; *eximious*, in Lodge's *Letters*, and *cremation*, for which at present I have no authority. So much for the research of Mr. Kett."

631. GARRET AND COCK-LOFT.

Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines a *garret* as "a room on the highest floor of the house," and a *cock-loft* as "the room over the garret."

632. CURMUDGEON.

Johnson, while composing his Dictionary, sent a note to the Gentleman's Magazine to inquire the etymology of the word *curmudgeon*. Having obtained the information, he records in his work the obligation to an anonymous letter-writer: "*Curmudgeon*, a vicious way of pronouncing *cœur méchant*.* An unknown correspondent." Ash copied the word into his Dictionary in this manner: *Curmudgeon*. from the French *cœur*, unknown, and *méchant*, a correspondent."

633. AN EXAMPLE TO STUDENTS.

We find in the correspondence of the Boston Transcript, for 184-, some very interesting particulars relative to the mode of life of Dr. Charles Anthon. He is, perhaps, the most learned, certainly the most industrious, man in the country. He is an indefatigable student; at his books fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, or writing, writing, writing. He thinks nothing of turning you out four classical books, with copious notes, in a year, and will throw you in a Grammar and a Classical Dictionary. Of course, Master Sophomore, you imagine him a pale, worn, thin, haggard anatomy, looking too fragile to cast a shadow, with spectacles and a scratch. You are mistaken. Dr. Charles Anthon, author and editor of works too numerous to mention, except in the catalogue of the Bodleian Library, is a hale, hearty, thick-set, stout bachelor of forty, or thereabouts, with a frank, cheerful countenance, an unwrinkled brow, and rubicund visage; as if, instead of musty folios, those joyous sisters, air and exercise, had been his lifetime companions.

Of course, likewise, you conjecture that he "wastes the midnight oil." Mistaken again: he is no such prodigal of the great treasure — health. He goes to bed every night at nine o'clock, and rises every morning at two o'clock. Rare sport it must be of a winter's morning, the mercury at zero. Moreover, he lights his own fire. He has two alarm clocks in his dormitory — one set to strike half an hour before the other, so that if the first does not arouse him, the second *shall*. With his morning lamp "trimmed and burning," he studies and writes, till it "gins to pale its ineffectual fire" before the smiles of Madam Aurora. Nor even then does he rest from his labors, but toils on, with a brief intermission for breakfast, till the ringing of the grammar school bell at nine calls him to the discharge of his professional duties. Behold, ingenious youths of my country, an example worthy of sedulous imitation. You may well exclaim, "It is not to be wondered at, if such are Dr. Anthon's habits, that he

can perform so prodigious an amount of work." Therefore sing out with the hospitable Persian, "May he live a thousand years; may his shadows never be less."

634. HENDERSON AND JOHNSON.

A German at Oxford was once much frightened by coming into the room while John Henderson was exercising his mimicry; for, as he protested, he thought himself talking at a distance. No person needed to have gone out of Henderson's company to have heard and almost seen Dr. Johnson. During one of the doctor's annual visits to Oxford, Henderson and he one evening, for several hours, amused those around them by conversing expressly in hard words. It was generally admitted that John Henderson discovered the greater talent at this verbal forgery. And to meet the doctor on his own ground was indeed a presumptuous thing. Their conversations in Latin, often extending through a whole evening, were deemed splendid, as they were classically chaste. Dr. Adams, it was said, was the only man in Oxford who approximated towards an equality with John Henderson in Latin colloquism.

635. JOHNSON'S MISTAKE.

In allusion to a passage in Johnson's Dictionary, which states that *h* seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the *first* syllable, Wilkes observed, that "the doctor must be a man of quick apprehension, and a most comprehensive genius."

636. SINGULAR PERSISTENCE.

The intensity of application with which the mind follows whatever it lays hold upon in literary pursuits is exemplified in the case of Robert Ainsworth, a celebrated writer and antiquarian of the seventeenth century. He had been for years engaged upon a voluminous Dictionary of the Latin language, and we are told that he gave so little of his society to his wife while thus employed, that, before he had quite completed it, she committed the whole work to the flames. Instead of abandoning himself to despair, Ainsworth immediately set himself to work to rewrite it; which he finally accomplished with incredible labor.

637. LITTLETON'S DICTIONARY.

When Littleton was compiling his Latin Dictionary, he employed an amanuensis. One day he announced the word *concurro* to the ready scribe, who, thinking he could translate it himself, said, "Concur, I suppose;" to which the doctor peevishly replied, "Con-cur! con-do!" The secretary, whose business it was to write down whatever his master dictated, did his duty. *Condog* was inserted, and actually printed, as one interpretation of *concurro*, in the edition of 1678; though it was corrected in all subsequent ones.

638. LEMAN'S DEFINITIONS.

Dr. Parr, being asked who was his immediate predecessor in the mastership of the free school at

* Bad heart.

Norwich, replied, "It was Barnabas Leman, an honest man, but without learning, and very tyrannical in his discipline. This man had the impudence to publish, by a half-guinea subscription, what he called an English Derivative Dictionary, in quarto. He pretended to find a derivation for every word in Saxon, German, Dutch, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. No matter what the word was, whether foreign or vernacular, he undertook to find its etymology. Coming to 'pig's pettytoes,' (a Norfolk way of dressing the feet of sucking pigs,) he was a little puzzled, but it did not stop him; so he wrote, as it now stands in the book, 'Pig's pettytoes—a dish of which the author of this Dictionary is extremely fond.'"

639. PATHOLOGY.

There once resided in an Ayrshire village (England) a man who, like Leman, proposed to write an Etymological Dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word *pathology* to mean, he answered, with great readiness and confidence, "Why, the art of *road-making*, to be sure."

640. COTGRAVE

Randle Cotgrave was the curious collector of the most copious Dictionary of old French and old English words and phrases. The work is the only treasury of our genuine idiom.

After years of toil on his work, we hear the melancholy man exclaiming, "In this gloom of solitude I have protracted my work till those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds." But, if it be applauded, that praise has come too late for him whose literary labor has stolen away his sight. Cotgrave had grown blind over his Dictionary, and was doubtful whether this work of his laborious days and nightly vigils was not a superfluous labor, and nothing, after all, but a "poor bundle of words." The reader may listen to the gray-headed martyr, addressing his patron, Lord Burghley:—

"I present to your lordship an account of the *expense of many hours*, which, in your service, and to mine own benefit, *might have been otherwise employed*. My desires have aimed at more substantial marks; but *mine eyes* failed them, and forced me to *spend out their vigor in this bundle of words*, which may be unworthy of your lordship's great patience, and, perhaps, *ill-suited to the expectations of others*."

641. LIBERTY.

In an old French dictionary, *liberty* is described to be a word of three syllables. The lexicographer does not venture further.

642. PASSOW'S GREEK DICTIONARY.

Passow, the philologist, was the author of a Greek Dictionary, begun in 1819 and completed in 1824. Passow's Dictionary was regarded in its time as "one of the best for daily use, accurate, trustworthy, and complete for the learner's purpose."

Of the distinguishing peculiarities of the work were the following, as claimed by Passow: A more careful explanation of the prepositions, particles,

and conjunctions; the designation of the quantity of syllables, which before his time had been wholly neglected; and a warning exposure of such forms of words as had been coined at random by ancient and modern corruptors of language.

Passow, speaking of his immense and indefatigable exertions, tells us that the "rich and infinitely various and constantly new exercises of mind, which this branch of philosophical studies offered, was an abundant recompense for all his labors," and that these labors, which he found absolutely necessary in prosecuting his work, were as numerous and difficult as any described in the complaints of those who had engaged in similar pursuits.

The circumstances which led Passow to devote himself to the composition of his Greek Dictionary are thus curiously detailed in Passow's letter to Voss, from Weimar, in 1810: "I have just got through with a trifling affair in Latin. Some time ago, Beck, of Leipsic, requested me to contribute an article to the volume of his Transactions of the Leipsic Philological Society, which will come out at the Easter fair. While I was hesitating as to what I should send him, it occurred to me, that ever since I came here, about three years ago, I had been interlining my copy of Schneider's Lexicon with words and significations which were here and there wanting, corrections, idioms, and the like. As Ahlwardt had written a Programme, entitled a Supplement to Schneider's Lexicon, I resolved to examine and see whether I had collected any materials of importance, and, to my surprise, I found, under the letter alpha alone, about one hundred words which were entirely wanting in Schneider. They were mostly from good writers, such as Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Æschylus, Herodotus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Thucydides, and Demosthenes; some of them were from Nonnus, Julius Pollux, Tryphiodorus, Athenæus, Stobæus, the Anothology, &c. All these had been noted down, and justified by references to the passages in which they were found. I therefore collected together all the notes on new words and forms, about three hundred and fifty in number, which I found on the first hundred pages of my Schneider, demonstrated the nonentity of some words received in good faith by him, removed the doubts which he had cast upon others, and sent off my package to Beck; in which I have given evidence, that if I should continue to read the Greek authors twenty years longer,—in other words, if I should live so long,—I should be able to prepare a better lexicon than Schneider's. Still, I thankfully acknowledge his merits, though his hasty, defective, and unphilosophical manner of execution has, by a long use of his work, been rendered too obvious to me. Either in the second volume of these Transactions, or in a Programme at this gymnasium, I intend to prepare a dissertation *De Vitiis Lexicorum Græcorum*. I shall prosecute my lexicographical studies without interruption, particularly with reference to completeness of the forms and significations of words; the philosophical development of the latter—a point to which Schneider appears not to have devoted a thought; to etymology; to prosody, and finally to the age of each word, so far as it can now be demonstrated. Whether I shall ever live to see this infinite number of details reduced to a perfect system must be left to the decision of Providence. If one should allow himself to be discouraged by such uncertainties, nothing great or noble would ever be accomplished. I present myself to you, therefore, as a future lexicographer; and my work shall be no mere manual, but a great critical work, or nothing."

642. CASTELL'S LEXICON.

Dr. Edmund Castell spent a great part of his life in compiling his *Lexicon Heptaglotton*, on which he bestowed incredible pains, and expended on it no less than 12,000*l.*, and broke his constitution, and exhausted his fortune. At length it was printed, but the copies remained *unsold* on his hands. He exhibits a curious picture of literary labor in his preface: "As for myself, I have been unceasingly occupied for such a number of years in this mass," — *Molendino* he calls them, — "that that day seemed, as it were, a holiday in which I have not labored so much as sixteen or eighteen hours in these enlarging lexicons and Polyglot Bibles."

644. THE DISTRESSED LEXICOGRAPHER.

Napoleon reigned as emperor in France. The learned and modest lexicographer Boiste had just put the finishing stroke to his Dictionary. He had arrived at the point of time so happy for an author — he had just corrected the last proof-sheet, and sent it to his publisher. Sweet was his sleep, with brilliant dreams of future fame! The next day the book that would give him name and wealth was to see the light. He awoke to find his bed surrounded by *gensdarmes*, (soldiers.)

"Gentlemen, you have certainly made some mistake. I am Monsieur Boiste, grammarian to the emperor."

"The very man," answered the laconic brigadier. "It is all right; here is the order for the arrest of Boiste, grammarian!"

The argument was conclusive; there was no appeal; go with them he must; and soon the vehicle stopped before the Fort of Vincennes.

Once arrived at the prison, poor Boiste had some hope that the obstinate silence hitherto maintained would cease. He humbly supplicated to be told the cause of the arrest, protesting his innocence and devoted allegiance. The official, through some little feeling of respect for an old man, deigned to open the order for arrest; and after reading it, coolly answered, "To secure the public safety."

Poor Boiste was then sent off to a room, the iron bars of its windows securing to him three months' leisure to torture his brain in the endeavor to discover how he, who had spent his whole life arranging words under their different heads, from A to Z, could have compromised the public safety. He said to himself, with all the tranquillity of an untroubled conscience, "It cannot be for my book that I am arrested, since it has been examined three times over, corrected, and considerably diminished, by both the heads and the subordinates in the office of the imperial censorship."

Boiste did not content himself with lamentations; he made strong appeals by memorials addressed to all the influential persons of his acquaintance, always ending with this most logical conclusion: "I have done nothing; but only tell me what I have done, that I may justify myself."

But unhappily, not one of his letters was answered. At length, one appeal from the unlucky prisoner fell into the hands of Fontanes, the head of the university, who knew and esteemed the poor grammarian; and, fully persuaded of the innocence of a man whose whole life had been devoted to his Dictionary, he hastened to mention him to the emperor, who, happening to be in a favorable mood that day, smiled at the artless epistle; and viewing

the matter in the same light with Fontanes, sent for the Duke of Otranto. Fouché was as ignorant as they were of the ground of arrest, and was quite surprised; he had probably signed the order without reading it, and he, in his turn, summoned the prefect. The prefect could give no explanation, and sent for his deputy, who, after two days of research, at last found the fatal document. It was taken to the Tuilleries, and there it was found that it was made out upon the denunciation of the censor, who had actually charged Boiste with having spoken of Bonaparte as a spoliator. "How? — when? — where?" This the denunciation did not mention. The censor was ordered to make his appearance; but he was about a hundred leagues off, on a tour of inspection, exercising his vigilant superintendence of the provincial press.

"Let Boiste himself be examined," was Napoleon's next order; "for, besides that I believe him incapable of such an act, it really would not be common sense in a dictionary."

The next day, Boiste was once more permitted to see the sun, and was carried to the cabinet of the Duke of Otranto, where Fontanes was already in attendance.

"Sir," said Fouché, "you are accused of a libel against the august prince who reigns over this mighty empire."

"A libel! I, my lord? Surely you cannot believe it? A libel comes from *libellus*, a little book. Ask that gentleman, sir, at the head of our university. I know too well the meaning, the force of words, to —"

"Nevertheless," added Fontanes, showing him the information, but keeping his finger over the signature, "read this."

Boiste cast his eye rapidly along the paper.

"Well!" cried Fouché, seeing the quiet countenance unchanged.

"Is that all?" said Boiste.

"All! and is it not quite enough? I hope, for your sake, it is a mistake."

"Not at all; it is the truth."

"The truth!"

"Unquestionably; it was all to do honor to our emperor."

"To do honor to him!"

"Yes; to show that he was as great a linguist as he is a hero."

"Come, sir," said Fouché, impatiently; "it is quite time to put an end to such foolery. This is no jesting matter."

"God forbid that I should make a jest of it; I would not take such a liberty in your excellency's presence."

"Be good enough to give some explanation, then."

"Nothing more easy;" and taking a copy of his Dictionary, which lay on the table, he opened it at the word "spoliator," and pointed to two words in the following order: "Spoliator, *Bonaparte*."

The two functionaries indignantly exclaimed, "And what could have tempted you to such an audacious libel?"

"I was but giving his majesty the credit due to him. I put his name after the word 'spoliator,' as the authority for the word; he, when General Bonaparte, having been the first to make use of the expression in the tribune. It is a coinage of his own, and not known in the French language till he used it."

Fouché and Fontanes turned upon each other a bewildered look. Boiste was set at liberty; but it

cost him the expense of the sheets that replaced the seditious page through the whole edition. And Boiste thought himself happy to get off so cheaply, now that he began to perceive that his tribute to the emperor's coinage was considered so equivocal a compliment.

645. VOLTAIRE AND HIS SECRETARY.

Voltaire, when on his estate of Ferney, was fond of assuming the air of nobility, and displayed a most philosophical hatred of poachers. One of the poor fellows was caught and brought before him. Voltaire determined to try him in form of law, and took his seat as judge, directing his secretary to act as counsel for the prisoner. The advocate made a long speech in his favor, and suddenly stopped short. "Why do you hesitate?" asked Voltaire. "I wish to read a passage from a volume in your library." He procured the book, and kept turning over the leaves, for some time, without saying a word. Voltaire became impatient, and asked him what book he was looking at. "It is your Philosophical Dictionary," was the answer. "Well." "I have been looking for the word 'humanity,' and I see you have omitted it." Voltaire thought the argument so forcible, that the culprit was set free at once.

646. DICTIONARY OF TREVOUX.

The Dictionary of Trevoux derives its name from Trevoux, in France, which first came to be distinguished as a literary town from the Duc du Maine, as prince sovereign of Dombes, transferring to this little town of Trevoux not only his parliament and other public institutions, but also establishing a magnificent printing house, in the beginning of the last century. All the literati of France may be said to have been engaged in perfecting this work, during a century. In this manner, from the humble beginnings of three volumes, in which the plagiarist much more than the contributor was visible, eight large folios were at length built up with more durable materials, and which claim the attention and the gratitude of the student.

The work, it appears, interested the government itself, as a national concern, from the tenor of the following anecdotes:—

Most of the minor contributors to this great collection were satisfied to remain anonymous; but, as might be expected among such a number, sometimes a contributor was anxious to be known to his circle, and did not like this penitential abstinence of fame. An anecdote recorded of one of this class will amuse. A Monsieur Lantour du Chatel, *avocat au parlement de Normandie*, voluntarily devoted his studious hours to improve this work, and furnished near three thousand articles to the supplement of the edition of 1752. This ardent scholar had had a lively quarrel, thirty years before, with the first authors of the Dictionary. He had sent them one thousand three hundred articles, on condition that the donor should be handsomely thanked in the preface of the new edition, and further receive a copy *en grand papier*. They were accepted. The conductors of the new edition, in 1721, forgot all the promises—nor thanks, nor copy! Our learned *avocat*, who was a little irritable, as his nephew, who wrote his life, acknowledges, as soon as the great work appeared, astonished, like Dennis, that "they were rattling his own thunder," without saying a

word, quits his country town, and ventures, half dead with sickness and indignation, on an expedition to Paris, to make his complaint to the chancellor; and the work was deemed of that importance in the eye of government, and so zealous a contributor was considered to have such an honorable claim, that the chancellor ordered, first, that a copy on large paper should be immediately delivered to Monsieur Lantour, richly bound, and free of carriage; and secondly, as a reparation of the unperformed promise, and an acknowledgment of gratitude, the omission of thanks should be inserted and explained in the three great literary journals of France; a curious instance, among others, of the French government's often mediating, when difficulties occurred in great literary undertakings, and considering not lightly the claims and the honor of men of letters.

647. THE BIBLIOTHECA BRITANNICA.

The history of the *Bibliotheca Britannica* of Dr. Watt may serve as a mortifying example of the length of labor and the brevity of life. To this gigantic work the patient zeal of the writer had devoted twenty years. He had just arrived at the point of publication, when death folded down his last page. The son, who, during the last four years, had toiled under the direction of his father, was chosen to occupy his place. The work was in the progress of publication, when the son died; and strangers now reap the fruits of their combined labors.

648. JAMES TYTLER.

James Tytler was a man of extraordinary genius and extensive learning, but whose life is a melancholy instance of talents misapplied. A large portion of that additional matter, by which the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was extended from three to ten volumes, was the production of Tytler. The payment of this labor is said to have been very small, inasmuch that the poor author could not support his family in a style superior to that of a common laborer. At one time, during the progress of the work, he lived at the village of Duddington, in the house of a washerwoman, whose tub, inverted, formed the only desk he could command; and one of his children was frequently despatched with a parcel of copy, upon the proceeds of which depended the next meal of the family.

It is curious to reflect that the booksellers' proceeds from the work, which included so much of the poor man's labors, were, in the next ensuing edition, no less than £42,000. A man who has so little sense of natural dignity as to besot his senses by liquor, and who can so readily make his intellect subservient to the purposes of those who wish to employ his powers, can scarcely expect to be otherwise than poor; while his very poverty tends, by inducing dependence, to prevent him from gaining the proper reward of his labor.

649. NOAH WEBSTER AND HIS DICTIONARY.

Noah Webster, LL. D., the author of the American Spelling-book and of the American Dictionary of the English Language,—the former of which has been sold, before and since his death, to the extent of fifteen million copies, and the latter of

which deserves to be vastly more popular than even the Spelling-book, — was, in many respects, a self-made or self-educated man. True, he had a course of instruction which prepared him, to some extent, at least, for the practice of the law, but not to write the American Spelling-book and Dictionary.

When Dr. Webster graduated, in 1778, his father, distressed like most men by the revolution, in which, by the way, both his son and himself had served, only gave him an eight dollar bill of continental money, worth, at that time, but one eighth of its nominal value, and bade him henceforth seek his support from his own exertions. With this one dollar in his pocket, he therefore went forth into the world; not as the world now is, but as it was in 1778.

His first effort was at school-keeping, especially winters. He was admitted to practise law in 1781, but did not immediately pursue his profession. In 1782, he taught a classical school in Goshen, in the State of New York.

It was this teaching school that began the work of his education for the great profession in which he afterwards so successfully labored. In 1783, he sent forth to the world his First, Second, and Third Parts, as they have usually been called; the first of which, as is well known, was his American Spelling-book. He did not commence the preparation of dictionaries till about the year 1806; and it was thirty-five years, after he began his great Dictionary, before he published the first edition, and to its perfection he gave the sixty years of his literary life.

During the time which he spent in preparing this magnificent volume, he and his family were sustained chiefly by his share of the profits on his Spelling-book; which, however, was less than one cent per copy.

His labors were great and arduous. Among other things, he investigated twenty original languages, and collected all the scattered rays of light those languages could afford him in the illustration of our own.

And we hazard little in saying, that the amount of intellectual labor recently bestowed on the revision of the work by Professor Goodrich and his assistants has been greater than that bestowed upon the entire composition of any other English dictionary since the days of Johnson. The research of days has sometimes been required to fix and express the meaning of a single word.

650. RHYMING DICTIONARIES.

The torture of rhyme-finding seems, says D'Israeli, to have occasioned a general affliction among modern poets; and an unhappy substitute was early found in making collections of rhymes. In Gouget's *Bibliothèque Française*, vol. iii., will be found a catalogue of these rhyming dictionaries. The earliest of the French was published in 1572. Indeed, some of these French critics looked upon these rhyming dictionaries as part of the art of poetry, recommending pocket editions for those who were apt to poetize in their walks.

Among these early attempts is one by Paul Boyer. It is a kind of encyclopædia, in which all the names are arranged by their terminations, so that it furnishes a dictionary of rhymes.

The demand for rhymes seems to have continued; for, in 1660, D'Ablancourt Fremont published a *Dictionnaire*, which was enlarged by Richelet in 1667.

It seems the English have not been idle in thridding rhymes in their own country, for Poole, in 1657, in his *Parnassus*, furnishes a collection of rhymes; and he has had his followers. But the perfect absurdity or curiosity of a rhyming lexicographer appears in one of Walker's Dictionaries of the English language. As he was a skilful philologist, he has contrived to make it useful for orthography and pronunciation. He advances it as on a plan "not hitherto attempted;" and his volume, on the whole, as Moreri observes of Boyer's, is a thing "*plaisant à considérer*."

651. NOAH WEBSTER AND THE COUNTRY BOY

Some years ago, the great lexicographer passed through Eastern New York, on horseback, to visit a brother who lived in Madison county. When he had reached the town where his brother resided, he met a boy going to school, and the following conversation passed between them: "My son," said the learned doctor, "do you know where Mr. Webster lives?" "Yes, sir; and be you a relation of his?" "Yes." "Well," continued the boy, "you aint a brother of his is you?" "Yes." "Well, it can't no way, any how, be that you're the man that made the Spelling-book, can it?" "Yes." "O now!" rejoined the boy, as he gazed with awe-struck wonder upon the venerable doctor, "that's a fish story." The old gentleman often recurred to this incident, as one of the most pleasing reminiscences of a long horseback ride.

652. COBB'S LEXICON.

Lyman Cobb, in his *Lexicon of the English Language*, has a most excellent tact in defining and explaining words (which are differently *spelt*, but alike in *pronunciation*) by the introduction of anecdotes. For instance, the word

"MADE, *v. a.* make.

MAID, *s.* an unmarried woman.

"Counsellor Green, during his cross examination of a prevaricating *old female* witness, by which it was essential to prove that a *tender* of money had been *made*, had a scrap of paper thrown him by the opposite counsel, on which was written, —

" 'Garrow, submit. That tough old jade
Can never prove a *tender made*! ' "

Another

"To, *prep.* noting motion towards; as far as.

Too, *ad.* likewise, also.

Two, *a.* one and one; twice one; a couple.

"Three gentlemen meeting to sup at a hotel, one of them wished for partridges. A brace was accordingly brought, which he was requested to carve. On this, he took one to himself, and left the other for his friends. 'Hold,' cried one of them; 'that is not fair.' 'Perfectly fair, I think,' said the gentleman; 'there is one for *you two*, and here is one for *me too*.' "

A third.

"COUSIN, *s.* an uncle's child, or aunt's child.

COZEN, *v. a.* to cheat, to defraud.

"Call me *cousin*, but *cozen* me not."

DRAMA.

§ 73. HISTORICAL ITEMS.

653. ANCIENT PANTOMIMES.



THE endeavor of one or more individuals to express or relate any story by mere action was carried to much greater perfection among the ancients than now appears to be possible. According to Lucian, a single dancer or mime was able to express all the incidents and sentiments of a whole tragedy or epic poem by action, accompanied by music; and the fable of Proteus, he seemed to think, meant no more than that he was an accomplished pantomime. The education of a mime required, he says, his

whole life to make himself master of his profession. He must know the past, the present, and what is to come; in short, the spectator must *understand* the dancer, though dumb, and *hear* him, though silent.

Lucian mentions a famous mime who played Ajax the madman so well, and raged in such a way, that one would have said he did not counterfeit, but was mad in reality. Timocrates, a tutor in philosophy, and who, from conscientious motives, had declined being present at such plays, by accident seeing a pantomime, cried out, "What admirable sights have I lost by a philosophical modesty!" and ever afterwards attended them.

This kind of scenic representation was given at funerals, and the actors were called *archimimes*. They went before the coffin, and imitated the gestures and actions of the deceased. His virtues and vices were depicted.

Demetrius the cynic disdained and railed at the art of the mime, declaring all the success was derived from the music; but a famous mime, in Nero's time, invited him to see him dance, and, having witnessed his performance, *then* to find fault with him. Having imposed silence on the music, he danced the story of the Amours of Mars and Venus; the discovery of them by the Sun. In short, so well was it done, that Demetrius, transported, cried out aloud, "I hear, my friend, what you act. I not only see the persons you represent, but methinks you speak with your hands."

654. THE ORIGIN OF HISSING.

Formerly there was no hissing in the theatre. The benevolent audience were contented to yawn

and fall asleep. The invention of hissing is no older than 1680, and took place at the first representation of *Aspar*, a tragedy of Fontenelle. So we are told by the poet Roi, in his *Brevet de la Calotte*, where he says, in speaking of Fontenelle, —

"*Auteur d'Aspar, œuvre immortelle,
Par le Sifflet, qui sortit d'elle.*"

655. THE FRENCH THEATRE.

The French theatre owes its origin to the religious exhibitions given by pilgrims on their return from Palestine. At these exhibitions, the pilgrims gave an account of the remarkable places of the Holy Land, and recited their own adventures. They were afterwards imitated by those who had never been to the Holy Land, and are still practised in Catholic countries by priests in their churches, by kings in their palaces, and by the pope in the Vatican. To these succeeded the mysteries — dramatic representations of subjects taken from the New Testament, which, being forbidden by the Provost of Paris, the priests invited the king to be present at an exhibition, to prove that they were calculated to excite religious feelings. The building in which they were performed was divided into three scaffoldings; the highest representing paradise, the next the world, and the lowest, which was in the form of a dragon's head, representing hell. The only entrance to the two upper scaffoldings was through the dragon's head. The actors never left the stage, even to change their dress. The pieces were so long as to require several days for their representation. At the close of each evening, the audience were invited to return, till the whole was finished. Some occupied forty nights. Though considered as religious ceremonies at first, the mysteries became finally so gross as to be forbidden by act of Parliament.

656. ENCORES.

The first encore on record was that given to Livius Andronicus, a Roman actor, who, according to Valerius Maximus, was called back so often to repeat his speeches, that he, in self-defence, brought a boy to declaim for him, while he himself supplied the gesture.

657. EDWARD III. REGULATING PLAYS.

Edward III. ordained that a company of men, called vagrants, should be whipped out of London, because they represented scandalous, foolish things, in alehouses and other places, to crowds of people. This severe edict put the players upon contriving religious representations; for, a few years after, the clergy and scholars of St. Paul's school petitioned Richard II. "to prohibit a company of unexpert people from representing the history of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been at great charge and expense in order to represent it publicly at Christmas."

656. THE FIRST ENGLISH COMEDY.

Our literary antiquaries long doted on the first English comedy, Gammar Gurton's Needle, being a regular comedy, in five acts, in rhyme. The rusticity of the materials is remarkable. A diligent crone, darning the lower habiliments of Hodge, loses her needle—

"A little thing, with a hole in the end, as bright as any sil-
ler, [silver,]
Small, long, sharp at the point, and strait as any pillar."

Had a needle not been a domestic instrument of more rarity than it is since Birmingham flourished, we had not had such a pointed and polished description. In fact, the loss of the gammar's needle sets the whole village in flames; the spark falling from the mischievous waggonery of a Tom o' Bedlam in an artful insinuation against a certain gossip, notable for the luxuriance of her grotesque invectives. Dame Chat is a scold, whose curses and oaths neither the fish-market or Shakspeare himself could have gone beyond. Brawls and battles involve the justice, the curate, and the devil himself in their agency. The prime author of all the mischief produces the catastrophe; for he contrives to make Hodge extract from a part more tender than his heart the cause of so much discord, with great risk to its point and straightness. And the parties conclude,—

"For Gammar Gurton's needle's sake let us have a FLAU-
DITE!"

The writer of this extraordinary, and long-supposed-to-be earliest, comedy in our language, the title-page informs us, was Mr. S——, M. A.; and, moreover, that it was acted at the University of Cambridge. When afterwards it was ascertained that Mr. S. was no less a person than John Still, subsequently Bishop of Bath and Wells, it did not diminish the number of its admirers. The black-letter brotherhood were long enamoured of this most ancient comedy, as a genuine beauty of the infancy of the drama. Dodsley and Hawkins enshrined Gammar Gurton's Needle in their Reliquary; and literary superstition

"Swore it was the relic of a saint."

This ancient comedy is the work of a truly comic genius, who knew not how to choose his subject, and indulged a taste repulsive to those who only admit of delicate, and not familiar humor. Its grossness, however, did not necessarily result from the prevalent grossness of the times; since a recent discovery has shown the world that an English comedy, which preceded the hitherto supposed *first* comedy in our language, is remarkable for its chasteness, the propriety of its great variety of characters, the truth of the manners in a wide circle of society, and the uninterrupted gayety pervading the whole airy composition.

So recently as in 1818, an ancient printed drama, styled Ralph Roister Doister, was discovered; a legitimate comedy, of five acts, in rhyme, and, as the writer himself professes, modelled on the dramas of Plautus and Terence. He claims for it the honor of the highest class—that of comedy; but this term was then so indistinct, that the poet adds the more usual one of interlude.

Gammar Gurton is a representation of sordid rusticity. Roister Doister opens the movable scenery of domestic life in the metropolis, touched with care and warmed with reality. The plot,

without involution, progresses through the acts. An egotistical and affectedly amorous harebrain, ever lamenting the dangerous beauty of his ridiculous self, fancies to marry a fair dame. He is hit off as

"So fervent hot wooing, and so far from wiving,
I throw, never was any creature living."

He is the whetstone of a sharp parasite, whose opening monologue exhibits his full portrait.

"But know ye, that for all this merry note of mine,
He might oppose me now that should ask where I dine."

He runs over a nomenclature of a most variegated acquaintance, with some fugitive strictures exquisitely personal. We find ourselves in a more advanced stage in society than we expected in the reigns of the last Henry or Edward. Such personages abounded in the twenty years of peace and luxury under James I., when the obsequious hanger-on flourished among the town heroes of the Gull's Horn-book. This parasite is, also, one of those domestic dependants whose shrewdness and artifices supply a perpetual source of comic invention; such as those found among the Latin dramatists, whose scenes and incidents are Grecian, and from whom this Matthew Merry-greek seems, by his name, happily transplanted. This poet delights by scenes colored with the truth of nature, and by the clear conception of his domestic personages. There is a group of domestics, the ancient housekeeper spinning on her distaff, amid her maidens, some sewing, some knitting, all in free chat. These might have formed a study for the vivid Teniers, and even for Shakspeare in his happiest vein. They are not the domestics of Swift and of Mandeville—the spoilers of the establishment. Not that they are without the common feelings of the servants' hall; for they have at heart the merry prosperity of their commonwealth. After their "drudgerie," to dissipate their "weariness" was the fundamental principle of the freedom of servitude. Their course is "lovingly to agree." A pleasant song, on occasion of the reception of "a new-come man" in the family, reveals the "mystery" of their ancient craft.

This song may have been written about the close of the reign of Henry VIII. The short ballad metres, in our ancient poems, are perfectly harmonious, and the songs are racy and joyous.

"A thing very fitte
For them that have witte,
And are felowes knitte,
Servants in one house to bee;
As fast for to sitte,
And not oft to flitte,
Nor varie a whitte,
But lovingly to agree.

"No man complainyng,
No other disdaining,
For losse or for gaignyng,
But felowes or friends to be;
No grudge remainyng,
No work refrainyng,
No helpe restrainyng,
But lovingly to agree.

"No man for despitte,
By worde or by write,
His felowe to twitte,
But further in honestie;
No good turns entreitoe,
Nor old sores recite,
But let all goe quite,
And lovingly to agree.

"After drudgerie,
When they be werie,

Then to be merie,
To laugh and sing they be free;
With chip and cherrie,
High derie, derie,
Toill on the berie,
And lovingly to agree.

The fate of some books is as remarkable as the histories of some men. This lorn and lost drama, deprived even of its title and the printer's name, offered no clew to the fine genius who composed it; and the possessor who deposited it in the library of Eton College was not at all aware of its claim to be there preserved. It was to subsequent research, after the reprint had been made, that both the writer and the celebrity of his comedy were indisputably ascertained.

659. THE FIRST ENGLISH TRAGEDY.

In the transition from the simpler interlude to the aggrandizement of a more complicated scene, and more numerous personages, so indistinct were the notions of tragedy and comedy, that the writer of a morality, in 1578, declaring that his purpose was to represent "the manners of men and fashion of the world now-a-days," distinguishes his drama both as "a pleasant tragedy" and "a pitiful comedy." This play, indeed, may be placed among the last of the ancient dramas; and it is probable that the author considered that these vague impressions might serve to designate a superior order of dramatic productions.

The term *comedy* was as indefinite in France as with ourselves. Margaret of Valois, in 1544, gave the title of comedy to such scriptural pieces as the Nativity, the Adoration of the Kings, and the Massacre of the Innocents; and in Spain, at the same period, they also called their moral pieces comedies. Comedy was the general appellation for a play. Shakspeare himself calls the play of the players in *Hamlet* both a tragedy and a comedy. It is quite evident that at this period they had no distinct conception of comedy merely as a pleasant exhibition of society. Aristotle had not afforded them a correct description in our sense, drawing his notions from the old comedy, those personal satires or farcical lampoons acted on the Athenian stage.

To this day we remain still unsatisfied what Dante meant by calling his great poem a *Commedia*.

While these indistinct notions of tragedy and comedy were prevalent with us, even long after we had a public theatre, we really possessed tragedy and comedy in their more classical form; tragedy, which soared to the sententiousness of Seneca; and comedy, which sported with Plautus and Terence.

We owe this first TRAGEDY in our language, represented before the queen in 1561, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, to the master spirit who planned the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and left as its model the *Induction*. Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, the first Earl of Dorset, in that national poem had struck with the nerve of Chaucer, while he anticipated the grave melodious stanza and the pictur-

ing invention of Spenser. But called away from the land of the Muses to the political cabinet, this fine genius seems repeatedly to have consigned his works to the hands of others; even his lighter productions are still concealed from us in their anonymous condition. As in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, Sackville had resigned that noble scheme to inferior names, so in this tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex, or, as it was sometimes entitled, the *Tragedy of Gorbodue*, while his genius struck out the same originality of plan, yet the title-page informs us that he accepted a coadjutor in Thomas Norton, who, as much as we know of him in other things, was a worthy partner of Sternhold and Hopkins.

In this first tragedy in our language, cast in the mould of classical antiquity, we find a division of scenes and a progressive plot carried on, though somewhat heavily, through five acts; the ancient ethical choruses are preserved, changing their metres with rhyme. And here, for the first time, blank verse was recited on the stage.

Notwithstanding these novel refinements, our first tragedy bears a strong impress of ancient simplicity. Every act was preceded by "a dumb show," prefiguring the incidents of the opening act; these scenical displays of something considered to be analogous to the matter were remains of the pageants.

Blank verse, which the Earl of Surrey had first invented for his version of Virgil, the Earl of Dorset now happily applied to the dramatic dialogue. To both these noblemen our poets owe their emancipation from rhyme; but the rhythmical artifices of blank verse were not discovered in the monotonous, uncadenced lines of its inventors. The happiest inventor does not overcome all difficulties.

A political anecdote concerning this tragedy is worth recording. In the discussions of the dangers and mischiefs of such a state of insubordination, the poet, adopting the prevalent notions of the divine right and the authority of "the absolute king," inculcates the doctrine of passive obedience. These lines, which appear in the first edition, were silently removed from the latter ones. It is an evidence that these dreary principles, which, in the following reigns of James and Charles, produced such fatal misunderstandings, even at this time began to be questioned.

660. FIRST AMERICAN TRAGEDY.

The first tragedy written on this continent was from the pen of Benjamin Coleman, while studying in Harvard College. It was entitled *Gustavus Vasa*, and was enacted at Harvard at a regular commencement. Coleman studied divinity and settled at Boston. He was eloquent and affectionate, and was called upon to pronounce the eulogies of most of the great men who died in his time. His published sermons are one hundred in number; and from these the materials have principally been furnished for the biographies of the illustrious men of the "old colonies."

§ 74. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS.

661. SOPHOCLES

If *Æschylus* be styled, as he usually has been, the father, *Sophocles* certainly demands the title of the master, of tragedy, since what the former brought into the world the other reduced to a more regular form.

Sophocles was five and twenty when he conquered his master, *Æschylus*, in tragedy. *Cimon*, the Athenian general, having found the bones of *Theseus*, and brought these noble relics with pomp into the city, a contention of tragedians was appointed, as was usual upon extraordinary occasions. *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* were the two rivals, and the prize was adjudged to *Sophocles*, although it was the first play he ever presented in public.

Cicero relates that this great man continued the profession of his art even to his latest years; but his sons resented this severe application to writing, as a neglect of his family and his estate. On this account, they at last brought the business into court before the judges, and petitioned the guardianship of their father, as one that was grown a dotard, and therefore incapable of managing his concerns. The aged poet, being acquainted with the motion, in order to his defence appeared in court, and recited his *Œdipus of Colonus*, a tragedy he had just before finished, and then desired to know whether that piece looked like the work of a dotard. There needed no other plea in his favor, for the judges, admiring and applauding his talent, not only acquitted him of the charge, but, as *Lucian* adds, voted his sons madmen for accusing him. The general story of his death is, that having exhibited his last play, and obtained the prize, he fell into such a transport of joy as carried him off; but *Lucian* differs from the common report, and affirms that he was choked with a grape-stone, like *Anacreon*.

The passion which *Sophocles* entertained for the drama often displayed itself superior to every feeling of personal interest or vanity. He appeared once on the stage in the character of a mere domestic, who has not a word to utter, but only to play at ball; in order that, by his peculiar skill in the art, he might give the last finishing grace to the representation of the tragedy. He probably thought with our poet, that

"Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

662. EURIPIDES

Euripides, the contemporary and rival of *Sophocles*, had originally devoted himself to the study of philosophy; but warned, by the fate of his master, *Anaxagoras*, (who, under the accusation of despising the public gods, was banished from Athens by the mob,) of the danger which then attended all free inquiry, he transferred his attention to dramatic poetry. Yet, although he had the fate of *Anaxagoras* before his eyes, he was not always so well guarded in his remarks as he should have been. He hazarded one relating to the sanctity of an oath, in his *Hippolytus*, which brought him into danger: "My tongue has sworn, but still my mind is free." For this verse he was impeached of impiety, as

teaching and defending perjury; but it does not appear that he was punished for it. The answer he made to the accuser is left upon record by *Aristotle*: "that it was a very unreasonable thing to bring a cause into a court of judicature, which belonged only to the cognizance of a theatre, and the liberty of a public festival; that when these words were spoken upon the stage, there went along with them some reason to justify them, and that he was ready to justify them whenever the bill should be preferred in the right place." Another time, *Seneca* informs us, he incensed the audience highly, by making *Bellerophon* dogmatize too gravely in favor of avarice; so much so, indeed, that they would have driven the actor from the stage, if *Euripides* himself had not appeared, and besought them to have a little patience, by assuring them that they would soon see the unhappy end of the miser whose maxims had so highly disgusted the audience.

In general, however, his pieces were extravagantly applauded; and nothing can better demonstrate the high esteem they were in than the service they did to the Athenians in Sicily. The Athenian army, under the command of *Nicias*, suffered all the calamities of unsuccessful war, and the victors took a most cruel advantage of their victories; but although they treated the Athenian soldiers with so much inhumanity, yet they are said to have spared such as could repeat any verses of *Euripides*. "We are told," says *Plutarch*, "that many who returned safe to their country kindly saluted *Euripides*, declaring that they had been restored to their liberty for teaching their victors such of his verses as they remembered, and that others, who roamed up and down, had meat and drink given them in return for singing his verses."

663. TERENCE

Terence, although one of the purest of the Roman writers, was of African origin. He was a native of Carthage, and brought early to Rome among other slaves; but fell into the hands of a generous master, *Terentius Lucanus*, who gave him first a good education, and afterwards his liberty. Agreeably to a custom of the Romans, he took the name of his master; and thus, by a singular fatality, says *Madame Dacier*, while he has immortalized the name of his master, he has not been able to preserve his own.

When *Terence* offered his first play, *Cæcilius* was not only the oldest, but considered the best poet of the age; much regard was therefore paid to his judgment; and the ædile, before he would look at *Terence's* production, told him to wait upon *Cæcilius*, and take his opinion upon it. The old gentleman, being at table, bade the young author take a stool, and begin to read it to him. It is observed by *Suetonius*, that *Terence's* dress was mean, so that his outside did not much recommend him; but he had not gone through the first scene, when *Cæcilius* was so pleased, that he invited him to sit at table with him, and defer the reading of the remainder of the play till after supper. *Cæcilius*, on hearing it to the end, found only more and more reason to admire; he dismissed the author with a

most flattering testimonial of his approbation; the play was brought out, and attended with a success which at once established Terence's fame as a dramatic writer.

The plays of Terence appear to have brought him in very large sums. He received eight thousand sesterces for his *Eunuchus*, which was acted twice in one day, a piece of good fortune which perhaps never happened to any other play; for plays with the Romans were never designed to serve above two or three times. For the rest he was no doubt equally well paid, since it appears from the prologue to the *Hecyra*, that the poets used to be paid every time their play was acted. At this rate Terence must have made a handsome fortune before he died, for most of his plays were acted more than once in his lifetime; and yet a notion has prevailed — for what reason it is difficult to discover — that he died in poverty. He left a daughter, who was afterwards married to a Roman knight, and it is certain that he left also a house and gardens on the Appian Way, near the Villa Martis.

664. CORNEILLE.

Corneille, whom his countrymen delight to call the Shakspeare of France, was brought up to the bar, which he attended some little time; but having no turn for business, he soon deserted it. At this time, he had given the public no specimen of his talents for poetry, nor does he appear to have been conscious of possessing any. A love affair is said to have given occasion to his first production, the comedy of *Melite*; and he is reported to have felt quite astonished to find himself the author of a piece, of an entirely new species, as well as at the prodigious success with which it was acted. After so happy an essay, he continued to produce several other comedies of the same kind; all of them inferior, indeed, to the tragedies which he afterwards wrote, and infinitely so to the works of Molière, but much superior to any thing which the French had hitherto seen. His *Medea*, a tragedy, came forth next, which met with no great success; but in 1637, he presented the *Cid*, another tragedy, in which he showed the world how high his genius was capable of rising. All Europe has seen and admired the *Cid*, for it has been translated into almost all languages; but the reputation which he acquired by this play drew most of the wits of his time into a confederacy against it. Some affected to treat it contemptuously; others wrote against it. Cardinal Richelieu himself is said to have been one of the cabal, and, though he had settled a pension upon the poet, could not abstain from secret attempts against his play. It was supposed to be under his influence that the French Academy drew up that critique upon it, entitled, "Sentiments of the French Academy upon the Tragi-comedy of *Cid*;" in which, however, while they censured some parts, they did not scruple to praise it very highly in others. Corneille now endeavored to support the vast reputation he had gained by many admirable performances in succession, which, as Bayle observes, "carried the French theatre to its highest pitch of glory, and assuredly much higher than the ancient one of Athens." He had, notwithstanding, still to contend with the bad taste of the most fashionable wits. When he read his *Polyeucte*, one of his best tragedies, before a company of these personages where Voiture presided, it was very coldly received, and Voiture afterwards told him, it was

the opinion of his friends that the play would not succeed.

Racine, in a speech made to the French Academy in the beginning of 1685, does great justice to Corneille's talents. After representing the miserable state in which the French theatre then was, that it was without order, decency, sense, or taste, he passes to the sudden reformation effected by Corneille, "a man who possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which form a great poet — art, force, judgment, and wit. Nor can any one sufficiently admire the greatness of his sentiments, the skill he shows in the economy of his subjects, his masterly way of moving the passions, the dignity, and at the same time the vast variety of his characters."

This encomium must have the more weight, since it comes from the only man in the world who has been considered as Corneille's rival; and from one, too, who had some reasons for not entertaining the most grateful recollection of the author of the *Cid*. For we are told by Valencour, who had the fact from Racine himself, that when he read his first play of *Alexandra* to Corneille, he was advised by him to apply himself to any other kind of writing rather than the drama, to which his genius was not at all adapted. "Corneille," adds Valencour, "was incapable of low jealousy; if he spoke so to Racine, it is certain that he thought so. But we know also that he preferred Lucan to Virgil; whence we must conclude that the art of writing excellent verse, and the art of judging excellently of poets and poetry, do not always meet in the same person."

665. MOLIERE'S FIRST BIAS FOR THE STAGE.

Accident determined the taste of Molière for the stage. His grandfather loved the theatre, and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in dissipation; the father, observing it, asked in anger if his son was to be made an actor. "Would to God," replied the grandfather, "he was as good an actor as Montrose." The words struck young Molière; he took a disgust to his tapestry, and it is to this circumstance that France owes her greatest comic writer.

666. SCHILLER.

The celebrated German poet Schiller composed his play of the Robbers when at school at Stutgard: the seminary was governed by strict military regulations, which naturally irritated and oppressed the proud and daring spirit of Schiller. All books not within the routine of school study were strictly proscribed. Schiller braved the restrictions, and read and ruminated at night over the works of Plutarch, Ossian, Young, Goethe, and, above all, Shakspeare, till his favorite authors fell, one by one, into the hands of the inspectors. The histories of Greece and Rome still remained to him, and his ardent imagination constantly dwelt among their patriots and heroes. He now composed the dialogue between the shades of Brutus and Cæsar, which Charles Moor used to sing in the Robbers: while employed on the play, he used to recite scenes and speeches, to the great delight of his schoolfellows. One day, as he was declaiming, with great energy, the scene (now omitted) in which Francis Moor, tortured by suspicion, says to Moses, "Ha! what, know'st thou none? reflect — death, heaven, eternity, perdition, hang on the words of thy mouth," the inspector opened the door, inquiring,

in an angry tone, what boy was in such a passion, and swearing so dreadfully. The youthful audience all laughed; and when the inspector departed, Schiller bawled out the next words of the part with double emphasis, "*Ein confiscirter kerl!*" "a confiscated fellow!" He wrote an able probation essay, on the Connection between the Physical and Intellectual Nature of Man; which procured him a license as a regimental physician, on quitting the academy. In this essay, he quoted a passage from the Robbers, then in manuscript, calling it, "a popular English Drama, called the Robbers." The play was soon after acted at Manheim, with great applause. Schiller commenced other dramatic works, and very soon left Stutgard and his profession. He repaired to Manheim, and devoted himself entirely to literature.

667. SKETCH OF SHAKSPEARE.



William Shakspeare

Those who are fond of tracing great events to little causes see the origin of Shakspeare's glory in his being compelled to quit the country for having first assisted in robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park, and afterwards lampooning him in a ballad. But Shakspeare's genius was not born to blush unseen, and sooner or later must have burst every trammel with which it was fettered.

When Shakspeare fled to London, the natural bent of his wit and humor threw him among the players. He was a stranger, and ignorant of the art, and he was glad to enter the company in a very

subordinate situation; nor did his performance as an actor recommend him to any distinguished notice.

The part of an actor, however, neither engaged nor deserved the attention of Shakspeare, who soon turned the advantage which that situation afforded him to a higher and nobler use. Having made himself acquainted with the mechanical economy of the theatre, his native genius supplied the rest. Thus did Shakspeare set out with little advantage of education, no advice or assistance from persons more learned than himself, and entirely destitute of patronage.

Shakspeare, however, was not long without friends; for to be the acknowledged patron of a man of his genius was to receive, not confer, an honor. The Earl of Southampton distinguished himself by his generosity to the immortal bard; and even Queen Elizabeth expressed herself so much pleased with the character he had drawn of Sir John Falstaff, in the two parts of Henry IV., that she commanded the author to continue it for one play more, and to show the knight in love, which he executed inimitably in the Merry Wives of Windsor.

In 1603, Shakspeare, in conjunction with Burbage, Heminge, Fletcher, Condel, and others, obtained a license from King James I., authorizing them to act plays, not only at their usual house, the Globe, on the Bankside, but in any other part of the kingdom, during his majesty's pleasure. Now the theatre seemed to rise to the height of its glory and reputation, dramatic authors abounded, there were several very eminent players, and every year produced a number of new plays. Shakspeare continued to be a principal manager of the play-house; until, having acquired such a fortune as satisfied his moderate wishes and views in life, he quitted the stage, and passed the remainder of his life in an honorable ease at his native town of Stratford-on-Avon, where he lived until the 23d of April, 1616, when he paid the great debt of nature, and "shuffled off this mortal coil," in the 53d year of his age. It is a remarkable circumstance that Cervantes died on the same day as Shakspeare.

668. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Winstanley relates that Beaumont and Fletcher meeting once at a tavern, in order to form the rude draught of a tragedy, Fletcher undertook to kill the king, and that his words being overheard by a waiter, they were seized, and charged with high treason; but when it was discovered that the plot was only against a theatrical king, the affair ended in mirth.

Beaumont and Fletcher, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, had great natural gifts, improved by study. Beaumont, especially, was so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his examination, and, it is thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not in contriving all his plots. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their Philaster. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better. Humour they did not attempt to describe.

Dryden tells us that Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, in his time, were the most pleasant and

frequent entertainments, two of them being acted through the year for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's; and the reason he assigns is, because there is a certain gayety in their comedies, and a pathos in their most serious plays, which suit generally with all men's humor. The case, however, is now reversed; for Beaumont and Fletcher's are not acted above once for fifty times that the plays of Shakspeare are represented.

669. SKETCH OF SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT



Sir William Davenant, by many supposed the natural son of Shakspeare, succeeded Ben Jonson as poet laureate in 1637, and obtained a patent for a company of comedians from King Charles, and was knighted by that monarch. He was accounted a great poet in several branches of that science: his poem of Gondibert is esteemed a noble poem, which he wrote in France during his exile with King Charles II. His works are printed in folio, (1673,) which contains seventeen dramatic pieces, besides his poems. Sir William was the first contriver of painted scenes in our English theatres, as well as one of the first introducers of singing operas. There is a work of this kind whose title runs thus: "The cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, expressed by instrumental and vocal music, and by art of perspective in scenes, at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, at three in the afternoon, 1658."

670. CIBBER AND POPE.

Colley Cibber was intended for the church; but, instead of going to a university, he was obliged to take up arms in favor of the Prince of Orange, during the revolution, in 1687. Soon after this, he went on the stage, for which he had conceived an early inclination, but did not meet with much encouragement at first, his salary being only ten shillings per week. Goodman, an old celebrated actor, having seen him play the chaplain in the Orphan, declared, with an oath, that he would one day make a good actor; which commendation filled Colley with no little exultation. His salary was now augmented to fifteen shillings. In consequence of the indisposition of Kyneston, who was to have

played Lord Touchwood, (Double Dealer,) he undertook that character at a day's notice, and performed it so well before Queen Mary, that he was highly complimented by Mr. Congreve, the author, and his salary was increased to twenty shillings. He next distinguished himself in Fondlewife, the Old Bachelor, afterwards in Sir Novelty Fashion, in his own and first play, *Love's Last Shift*, (1695.) His performance of the fop was so great, that he was never thought to have his equal in those characters. The Careless Husband is reckoned the best comedy he ever produced; in which he performed Lord Foppington, and Mrs. Oldfield Lady Betty Modish, (1704.) By his play of the Nonjuror, (1717,) he incurred the resentment of the enemies of government, but was in consequence thereof made poet laureate, in 1730; at which time he quitted the stage, though he occasionally appeared on it afterwards. In tragedy writing he was unsuccessful; but his comedies, though chiefly borrowed from others, were in general well received. He collected and published his plays in two volumes quarto. His muse and spouse, as he says himself, were equally prolific; for the one was seldom the mother of a child but in the same year the other made him father of a play. His chief enemy was Mr. Pope, who made him the hero of his *Dunciad*; but Colley bore all his invectives with good humor, and was frequently revenged on this sublime poet by his sallies of mirth, especially as Pope's disposition was ill calculated to bear his jokes; but Cibber, like the generality of successful dramatists, who are chiefly indebted to managerial power for their fame, was jealous of all rival authors. He never encouraged young writers; for it was his delight, according to his own phrase, "to crush those singing birds." It seems the first offence which Mr. Cibber gave Mr. Pope was his introducing in the characters of Bays (the Rehearsal) an extemporary allusion to an unsuccessful piece, called *Three Hours after Marriage*, in which Mr. Pope had assisted Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Gay. The audience, by a roar of applause, approved of Cibber's wit, which was resented by Mr. Pope, behind the scenes. This celebrated poet having in his *Dunciad* attacked Cibber for libertinism, the actor retaliated, and did not a little chagrin his satirist by declaring that to him the public were chiefly indebted for Mr. Pope's elegant translation of Homer, which he proved by a ridiculous story, in which he informed the public that soon after Pope commenced translating Homer, he had interfered in an illicit gallantry of the poet's, which otherwise might have fixed upon him a malady that would have closed up his literary labors! So, he intimated, the world were doubtless obliged to the kindly care of Colley for the completion of the great work of Homer translated.

671. MILMAN.

Of Milman, the editor of *Poets of the Nineteenth Century* says,—

"This eminent dramatic poet was born in London, on the 10th of February, 1791, and was the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, a physician of high reputation. He was first sent to school at Greenwich, where he had for his early instructor the talented Dr. Burney, under whose excellent tuition he made great proficiency in the elements of literature; after which he was removed to Eton, where he remained nine years. In 1810, he became a student of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, where

his previous acquirements and continued diligence gained him the highest literary reputation; and there he obtained the greatest number of prizes that had ever fallen to the lot of any single scholar within these halls. One of them was for English, and another for Latin verse; and the third and fourth for English and Latin essays. After a career of such distinction, the path of life was open to the successful scholar, and in 1815 he obtained a fellowship in that college where his literary honors had been won. In 1817, he entered into holy orders, and was presented to the vicarage of St. Mary, in the town of Reading. Here he employed himself in the duties of his sacred calling until he was elected to an office which he was so well qualified to adorn; this was the professorship of poetry in the University of Oxford, to which he was appointed in 1821. The life of the learned and reverend professor, as an author, notwithstanding this brief abstract, has been sufficiently distinguished by active exertion. Before he entered into orders, he wrote the Tragedy of Fazio, a work constructed upon the old English dramatic model; and the attempt was so successful, that the play was performed at Drury Lane to crowded houses, and still continues to be a favorite on the stage. The work itself exhibits a rich vein of poetry, and abounds in striking situations; so that it also pleases in the closet, notwithstanding the awkwardness of the plot, and occasional inconsistency of the characters. His next production, which appeared in 1820, was the Fall of Jerusalem. This magnificent topic had been brooded over by Coleridge for years, as the subject of an epic poem, in which the importance of the event, the thrilling nature of its incidents, and the grandeur of its antecedents and consequences, would have furnished materials only of secondary importance to those of *Paradise Lost*; but it was the misfortune of Coleridge to dream of great literary enterprises which he wanted industry to achieve.

The subject remained unoccupied until it fell into the hands of Milman, who converted it into a sacred drama, in which, attentive to dramatic unities, he has confined the time of action to thirty-six hours; but within that brief space he has collected such an amount of description and incident as leaves us little to regret for the non-appearance of the promised epic. His other productions were *Anne Boleyn*, a dramatic poem, in which the character of Henry VIII., and the Jesuit, Angelo Caraffa, are delineated with great power of description; the *Martyr of Antioch*, where we have the lovely picture of a young female only a little lower than the angels; and *Belshazzar*, in which he has contrasted, with the strongest light and shade, the last night of pomp and revelry in Babylon, and the tremendous ruin in which it was closed. Besides these productions, Milman wrote an epic poem in twelve books, entitled *Samor, Lord of the Bright City*; but this work, although exhibiting many passages of great power and richness, is defective in clearness and interest as a narrative, and has never become a favorite with the public. Although the drama has been his chosen department, Milman is defective in that quality which is the most essential element in dramatic writing—the sweeping vehemence and passion which are so necessary to convert poetical abstractions into living realities. But if he is somewhat cold and artificial as a mere dramatist, he atones for this defect by his high qualities as a poet—grandeur of imagery, depth of thought, and rich melody of language, by which the lyrical passages of his plays are among the noblest specimens of our modern poetry. We may add, that he is a bright refutation of Dr. Johnson's idea, that religion is unfitted for poetical purposes. A single page of any of Milman's sacred dramas is a conclusive argument upon this head. It is enough, for instance, to allude to his hymn of *Miriam*, in the *Fall of Jerusalem*."

§ 75. FIRST EFFORTS.

672. MOLIERE'S EXCHANGE OF TRAGEDY FOR COMEDY.

Molière, in the early part of his career as a poet, did not discover the true bent of his genius, but, still more unfortunate, he imagined that his most suitable character was tragic. He wrote a tragedy, and he acted in a tragedy. The tragedy he composed was condemned at Bourdeaux; the mortified poet flew to Grenoble. Still the unlucky tragedy haunted his fancy; he looked on it with paternal eyes, in which there were tears. Long after, when Racine, a youth, offered him a very unactable tragedy, Molière presented him with his own: "Take this; for I am convinced that the subject is highly tragic, notwithstanding my failure." The great dramatic poet of France opened his career by recomposing the condemned tragedy of the comic wit, in *La Thébaïde*.

673. A LOVE STORY BEHIND THE SCENES.

The *Bouquet de l'Infante*, at the *Opera Comique*, Paris, met with success, a little from its own merit, more from its being the production of the son of one who was so long and so deservedly a popular favorite, and most of all from the romantic history

of its composition. The young composer had formed an attachment to a young lady of fortune, the daughter of one of the Parisian *dilettanti*.

"It is not enough, young man, that you should have inherited your father's name and fortune; you should show the world that you have succeeded to his talent likewise," was the answer of the old musician to all the tender appeals of the lover.

Finding the father resolute, Adrian Boieldieu set about his task, and composed the *Bouquet de l'Infante*, with what terrible misgivings you can well imagine. But fortune for once was on the side of true love; the piece was successful; and on the very night of its *début*, the obstinate old Geronimo received its composer as the affianced husband of his daughter.

674. JOLY'S FIRST PLAY.

The French dramatist Joly was the son of a keeper of a coffee-house in Paris, where a sort of literary club was wont to meet. One evening, a tale of Madame de Murat's was the subject of their conversation; and the warm encomiums they united in bestowing upon it arrested, in an extraordinary degree, the attention of Joly. As soon as the club

broke up, he retired to his bedroom, spent the night in writing, and, before morning, had contrived the plan of a drama in verse, and advanced a considerable way in its composition. A few days more enabled him to complete his work, which, to the astonishment of his father's literary guests, he put into their hands at their next meeting, requesting their opinion of it. The proposal of having the performance read excited, at first, only the merriment of the assembled critics; but its merits were soon felt and acknowledged; and, when it had been heard to the end, there was only one opinion as to the certainty of its success, if it should be represented on the stage. Accordingly, the piece, entitled a *School for Lovers*, in three acts, was brought out, and received with great applause. Joly now gave himself up to literature; but, although he afterwards produced several other dramatic compositions, it is remarked that scarcely any of them equalled his first perform-

terous applause, to save it from that damnation which it would otherwise meet with on the first night; while I, unknown, and without interest, must trust to the good taste and liberality of the audience for my success.

"At length the moment came when my fate was to be decided. The music had ceased; the fatal bell had rung; and after the cry of 'Hats off' in the gallery, all was quiet—you might have heard a pin drop in the theatre. I sat in breathless expectation, feeling those sensations which an author alone can feel. The first two or three scenes passed off tolerably. I watched the countenances of the audience; some, I thought, expressed that they were eagerly looking for something better. The applause was sparing,—although the performers did their duty,—and gradually diminished. Soon a slight buzz of disapprobation ran round the house; a person next me asked his neighbor if he did not wonder how the manager could have the impudence to bring such trash before the public; and judge of my feelings, gentle reader, when the same good-natured friend remarked on one of my best jokes, on the originality of which I prized myself, 'Our author seems to have borrowed largely from Joe Miller; I have not heard one joke or pun in the play which I have not read a dozen times before.' I could scarcely refrain myself from telling him flatly that he lied. At length the stifled feelings of the audience burst forth, and the gods belched forth their thunder: hisses, groans, and cries of 'Off! off!' were heard in every direction; and to add to my misery, the manager stepped forth, eyeing me with a look which almost petrified me, and promised that the play should not be repeated. Half mad, I rushed out of the box, and heard two flat, vulgar-looking tradesmen discussing the merits of my unfortunate play. One of them said, 'Well, now, it may be bad taste, but I don't think that that ere piece be so much amiss; I like it.' I could hardly resist rushing forth and shaking him by the hand. In the words of Otway, 'I could have hugged the greasy rogues! they pleased me.' I soon found myself at my lodgings, sadly musing on the scene which had passed, and firmly resolving never to send another play where it could not be fully appreciated. This was the fate of my first attempt, when, with little interest, and less money, I took it to the manager. But now, having acquired a name, and having some interest, which is every thing to an author, I have several times met with decided success, although many of my productions which have been successful were, at least in my opinion, very inferior to my 'first play.'"

675. MY FIRST PLAY.

"It will not be much longer," I muttered, says I. J. B. Turner, "as I buttoned up to the top my almost threadbare coat; 'I soon shall be able to get another;' at the same time I felt instinctively for my own copy of my manuscript play, which was carefully placed therein. I hurried out of my lodgings, and slamming the street door, I stood on the step, surveying the clouds. It was a cold November evening, a most inauspicious time to produce a good play; for all the good-natured fashionables are out of town, and none but surly critics, reporters to newspapers, and play-going lawyers in it; and the darkening clouds and chilling fog proclaimed the approach of night.

"This night is big with fate!" escaped my lips, while, with rapid steps, I hastened to the theatre to witness the first performance of my new play. Trembling with hope and fear, I found myself at the entrance of the theatre, and my heart leaped within me when I found myself quietly seated in an upper box, where I could hide myself as much as possible from the eyes of the public; for I fancied every eye in the theatre turned towards me; and every time I saw one individual whisper to another, I thought it must be to point out me as the author of the new piece. I regarded every fiddler in the orchestra with anxious eyes, and at every pause of the music I fancied that I perceived the curtain drawing up. How different, thought I to myself, is my situation from that of a well-known author whose name alone almost insures the success of his play; or, even if it be bad, his friends are sure, by their unjust and bois-

§ 76. ORIGIN, OR ORIGINAL CHARACTERS OF DRAMAS.

676. ORIGIN OF A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

The plot of the *London Hermit*, by O'Keeffe, was founded on the following anecdote:—

The gardens at Pain's Hill, near Cobham, in Surrey, in the possession of Mr. Bond Hopkins, of which so much praise has been justly given, were previously owned by Mr. Hamilton. He advertised for a person who was willing to become the hermit of that retreat, under the following, among many other curious conditions: that he was to dwell in the hermitage for seven years, where he should be pro-

vided with a Bible, optical glasses, a mat for his bed, and a hassock for his pillow, an hour-glass for his timepiece, water for his beverage from the stream that runs at the back of his cot, and food from the house, which was to be brought him daily by a servant, but with whom he was never to exchange one syllable; he was to wear a camlet robe, never to cut his beard or his nails, to tread on sandals, never to stray in the open parts of the ground, nor beyond their limits; that if he lived there, under all these restrictions, till the end of the term, he was to receive seven hundred guineas; but on the breach

of any one of them, or if he quitted his place any time previous to that term, the whole was to be forfeited, and all the loss of time remediless. One person attempted it, but three weeks formed the term of his abode.

677. SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Mr. Lewis Grummit, formerly an eminent grazier in Lincolnshire, died in that county at a very advanced age. It was from a hospitable joke of this worthy man, that Dr. Goldsmith took the hint of Marlow's mistaking the house of Mr. Hardcastle for an inn, in the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*. The circumstance was as follows:—

Mr. Grummit, late one night, met a commercial traveller, who had mistaken the road, and inquired the way to the nearest inn or public house. Mr. G. replied, that, as he was a stranger, he would show him the way to a quiet, respectable house of public entertainment for man and horse, and took him to his own residence. The traveller, by the perfect ease and confidence of his manner, showed the success of his host's stratagem, and every thing that he called for was instantly provided for himself and his horse. In the morning he called, in an authoritative tone, for his bill, and the hospitable landlord had all the recompense he desired in the surprise and altered manners of his guest. Many other whimsical acts of kindness are related of him.

678. LA BRUYERE'S MENALCAS.

It is said that the Menalcas of La Bruyere's work was the Count de Brancas. He has forgotten two of the most extraordinary sallies of this man. The first is, that one day, the Count de Brancas walking in St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, M. de la Rochefoucault presented himself to speak to him. "God help you," said M. de Brancas, and walked on. M. de la Rochefoucault began to laugh, and at the same time prepared to address him again. "Is it not enough," said M. de Brancas, "that I have said 'God help you' already? These beggars are the most troublesome rascals!" Rochefoucault laughed still louder, and after some time succeeded in convincing Brancas that he was no beggar.

The second story was this: M. de Brancas was one day sitting by the fireside, reading with deep attention, when, the governante of his daughter coming in, he laid down his book, and took the child in his arms. He played with her for some time, when his servant came to announce to him a visit of importance; immediately, forgetting that he had laid down his book, and that it was his daughter that he held, he threw her from him, and walked out of the room. Fortunately the governante saved her life by receiving her in her arms.

679. SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

This play is founded on the story of Amleth, in the Danish history of Saxo Germanicus. It is to be found in Mrs. Lenox's *Shakspeare Illustrated*. The story has a very romantic air, abounds with improbabilities, and is such altogether as would scarce have struck any imagination but Shakspeare's. Amleth, we are told, put on the guise of folly, rolled on the ground, covered his face with filth, raked the embers with his hands, &c. The

ghost is entirely the invention of Shakspeare. In the original story, the catastrophe is full of terrors. Amleth, having made the nobility drunk, sets fire to the palace, and during the confusion goes to the usurper's apartment, and tells him Amleth was then to revenge his father's murder; upon which the king, jumping out of bed, is instantly put to death, and Amleth proclaimed king.

680. A NEW HAMLET.

The Paris correspondent of the *New York Courier and Enquirer* gives an account of a tragedy written by the Danish poet Ehlenschlager, on the historic legend upon which Shakspeare founded his immortal play. The new tragedy has been performed at Copenhagen with much success. The letter writer says, "I have been fortunate enough to procure a copy of the tragedy in the original Danish. When I first heard that Mr. Ehlenschlager had written on this subject, I could not refrain from thinking it a presumptuous undertaking on the part of any poet, no matter what his genius, to attempt treating a subject already handled by the great English dramatist. Since I have read Mr. Ehlenschlager's tragedy, my view of the matter has quite changed. There is, indeed, so little resemblance between Shakspeare's Hamlet and the historic legend from whence he originally took the idea of this tragedy, that we cannot be surprised that the poet, who has dramatized so many of the ancient legends of his native land, should have endeavored to throw into a dramatic form one of the most poetic of them all.

"Mr. Ehlenschlager has, of course, restored to all the characters of his new tragedy the names which historical tradition had given to them. Thus the king is called Fengo, the queen Geruthe, Hamlet's bride Sigrid, and the name of the hero is written according to the ancient orthography, Amleth."

681. RACINE'S LES PLAIDEURS.

The occasion and success of Racine's comedy *Les Plaideurs* are deeply interesting. A sort of lay benefice had been conferred on him, but he had scarcely obtained it when it was disputed by a priest; and then began a lawsuit, which, as he says, "neither he nor his judges understood." Tired out by law proceedings, weary of consulting advocates and soliciting judges, he abandoned his benefice, consoling himself meanwhile by writing the comedy of *Les Plaideurs*, which was suggested by it. We have spoken, in the preceding pages, of the suppers where Racine, Boileau, Molière, and others met, in which they gave full play to their fancy, and gayety and wit were the order of the day. At these suppers the plot of the projected comedy was talked over. One guest provided him with the proper legal terms; Boileau furnished the idea of the dispute between Chicaneau and the countess; he had witnessed a similar scene in the apartments of his brother, a scrivener, between a well-known lawyer and the Countess de Crissé, who had passed her life and dissipated her property in lawsuits. The parliament of Paris, wearied by her pertinacious litigiousness, forbade her to carry on any suit without the consent of two advocates, who were named. She was furious at this sentence, and, after wearying judges, barristers, and attorneys by her repinings, she visited Boileau's brother, where she met the person in ques-

tion. This man, a Paul Pry by inclination, was eager to advise her; she was at first delighted, till he said something to annoy her, and they quarrelled violently. This character being introduced into the comedy, the actress who took the part mimicked the poor countess to the life, even to the wearing a faded pink gown, such as she usually wore. Many other traits of this comedy were anecdotes actually in vogue; and the exordium of Intimé, who, when pleading about a capon, adopted the opening of Cicero's oration *Pro Quintio*, "*Que res in civitate duce plurimum possunt, hee contra nos ambe faciunt hoc tempore, summa gratia et eloquentia*," had actually been put to use by an advocate in a petty cause between a banker and a pastry-cook.

The humor of this piece shows that Racine might have succeeded in comedy; it is full of comic situation and the true spirit of Aristophanic farce. Yet it did not at first succeed, either because the audience could not at once enter into its spirit, or because it was opposed by a cabal of persons, who considered themselves attacked; and it was withdrawn after the

second representation. Molière, however, saw its merits, and, though he had quarrelled with the poet, he said aloud, on quitting the theatre, "This is an excellent comedy; and those who decry it deserve themselves to be decied." A month afterwards the actors ventured to represent it at court. The king entered into the spirit of the fun, and laughed so excessively that the courtiers were astonished. The actors, delighted by this unlooked-for piece of good fortune, returned to Paris the same night, and hastened to wake up the author, to impart the news. The turmoil of their carriages, in his quiet street, in the middle of the night, awoke the neighborhood; windows were thrown open; and, as it had been said that a counsellor of state had expressed great indignation against *Les Plaideurs*, it was supposed that the author was carried off to prison, for having dared to ridicule the judges on the public stage; so that, while he was rejoicing at his success, the report in Paris the next morning was, that he had been carried off in the night by a *lettre-de-cachet*.

§ 77. HABITS AND PECULIARITIES.

682. EURIPIDES AND ALCESTIS.

Euripides composed his tragedies very slowly. He complained to the poet Alcestis, that he had, with considerable labor, finished only four verses in three days. Alcestis, who wrote with all the readiness of a bad author, told him that he had in the same time composed a hundred with perfect ease.

"But," said Euripides, rather piqued, "there is this difference between our compositions: your verses will live for three days, and mine will live forever."

683. CREBILLON.

When Crebillon was composing his tragedy of Catiline, a friend called on him, and was surprised to see four large ravens sitting at his elbow. "Walk gently, my good friend," said the poet, "walk gently, or you will put my conspirators to flight."

In his last illness, Crebillon expressed great regret that he should not live to finish the play which he had in hand, having gone through two acts of it only. The physician who attended him begged that he would bequeath him the two acts. Crebillon turned to him, and with a smile repeated a line from one of the acts:—

"Say, shall the assassin be the dead man's heir?"

684. CHURCHILL.

"Blotting and correcting was so much Churchill's abhorrence, that I have heard from his publisher," says D'Israeli, "he once energetically expressed himself, that '*it was like cutting away one's own flesh*.' This strong figure sufficiently shows his repugnance

to an author's duty. Churchill now lies neglected, for posterity only will respect those who

' ——— file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought with Attic art.'

"I have heard that this careless bard, after a successful work, usually precipitated the publication of another, relying on its crudeness being passed over on the public curiosity excited by its better brother. He called this getting double pay; for thus he secured the sale of a hurried work. But Churchill was a spendthrift of fame, and enjoyed all his revenue while he lived; posterity owes him little, and pays him nothing!"

685. DUMAS' METHOD IN COMPOSING.

"I, generally," says Hans Christian Andersen, "found the jovial Alexander Dumas in bed, even long after midday; here he lay, with paper, pen, and ink, and wrote his newest drama. I found him thus one day; he nodded kindly to me, and said, 'Sit down a minute; I have just now a visit from my muse; she will be going directly.' He wrote on; spoke aloud; shouted a *vivat*, sprang out of bed, and said, 'The third act is finished!'"

686. CREBILLON ON SOLITUDE.

Crebillon, the celebrated tragic poet, was enamoured of solitude, that he might there indulge, without interruption, in those fine romances with which his imagination teemed. One day, when he was in a deep reverie, a friend entered hastily. "Don't disturb me," cried the poet; "I am enjoying a moment of happiness; I am going to hang a villain of a minister, and banish another who is an idiot."

§ 78. FACETIÆ AND HUMOR.

687. THE SELFISH MAN.

Colorden, when, on his death bed, was visited by his friend Barthe, who requested his opinion of his comedy of the *Selfish Man*, which he came to read at his bedside. "You may add an excellent trait to the character of your principal personage," replied Colorden; "say that he obliged an old friend, on the eve of death, to hear him read a five act comedy."

688. SHAKSPEARE AND HIS GODSON.

Shakspeare, in his frequent journeys between London and his native place, Stratford-upon-Avon, used to lie at Davenant's — the Crown, in Oxford. He was very well acquainted with Mrs. Davenant; and her son (afterwards Sir William) was supposed to be more nearly related to him than as a godson only. One day, when Shakspeare was just arrived, and the boy sent for from school to him, a head of one of the colleges, who was pretty well acquainted with the affairs of the family, met the child running home, and asked him whither he was going in so much haste. The boy said, "To my godfather Shakspeare." "Fie, child," says the old gentleman; "why are you so superfluous! Have you not learned yet that you should not use the name of God in vain?"

689. A SORCERER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Towards the close of the last century, a traveller, modest in his appearance and in his baggage, alighted at the principal tavern of Wurtzburg, a small city of Germany, where his person soon had the privilege of exciting the curiosity of all the inhabitants of the place. It is true that the stranger owed to the mystery of his conduct this remarkable excitement.

At first there might be discovered, notwithstanding the simplicity of his dress, something that betrayed the man of distinction. Although not a youth, he wore his hair long, like the students of the university, and his pale and melancholy visage wore even while he smiled a sombre cast. The next day after his arrival, instead of asking of his hostess, as all other travellers did, either the address of some citizen, to present to him his letters, or where the curiosities and antiquities of the city might be seen, he had gone out without saying a word. He had been walking all day, as his dusty clothes testified, and did not return until supper time. The day following he did the same thing. A shepherd boy said that he saw him walking rapidly along the banks of the Rhine, then stopping suddenly and gesticulating, and throwing his arms about like one possessed; and the young girls passed close to him without his paying any attention to them.

All these things, it must be confessed, were even more than enough to awaken conjectures as to the stranger. All that the hostess could say of him was, that he was a very sober, quiet man, always satisfied with what was set before him. Curiosity, however, continued to increase. It was remarked that the unknown man went immediately to his chamber

after supper, but did not go to bed; and some of the family, who happened to be awake in the middle of the night, saw a light in his chamber. One of the youngest servants came running down stairs one evening, terribly frightened, and rushed into the hall, where were her mistress and two or three neighbors. She solemnly protested that the stranger was talking earnestly with some one in his chamber — "although no one but he had entered — by the door at least," added she. This made the auditors tremble. The little hussy was scolded soundly by her mistress for having listened at the lodger's door, and the next evening the good lady herself was at the same place where the servant had been, with her ear applied to the key-hole, where she heard — what she heard we know not. The truth is, she came down stairs with her spirit more troubled than had been observed in her since the death of her husband. She threw on her cloak, and hastened to the burgomaster's.

The following morning, when the stranger was going out, the landlady placed herself before him, made the sign of the cross upon her, and said, "Do you understand me?"

The stranger did not seem to hear her, and passed on, saluting her.

"Ah, it is a hardened sinner," cried she; "and yet the monster! with such a figure — who would have suspected him?"

In the evening, the traveller entered his chamber tranquilly. At each side of the door were two policemen, some of the hardy citizens of Wurtzburg, and on the stairs, in the hall, and in the street were all the women in the city remarkable for their curiosity. The number was very great.

The voice of the stranger rose and fell at intervals, as if he was discoursing with some one. Those who were near the door heard the following strange invocation: "Thou misformed offspring of our uncreated power — thou whom I have so long sought — thou shalt escape me no longer: answer me. Come, my black harlot, change thy costume. How thy black hair rises on end, thy body swells, and thy red eyes sparkle! Now, now thou understandest me — dost increase? increase again — stop, thou already reachest the ceiling — now one more effort, infernal power; if thou indeed hast submitted thyself to me, show thyself, demon, and speak to thy master."

At that call, a sharp, shrill voice, that seemed to come up out of the lower regions, answered, with an ironical humility, —

"Master, what dost thou desire of thy servant?"

At once all the women who heard the awful voice fled with screams of terror. The men burst open the door, although not fastened, and seized the traveller, whom they found seated in an arm-chair, at a little distance from the table. As to the demon, he had disappeared; but a distinct and strong sulphurous smell remained, as many witnesses testified.

The stranger was dragged before a magistrate, and charged with using magic and sorcery, and of holding commerce with the devil. The following was his only response: —

"I had begun a tragedy, but as my friends disturbed me continually in Weimer, where I live, I came to write here. The hero of my tragedy is a man who invokes the devil, and to whom the devil appears. I confess that I have an unfortunate habit,

for which I ask pardon of the citizens of Wurtzburg, of reading aloud what I compose, as fast as I write it. As to my invoking, personally, the devil. I am too good a Christian to do that, and you, Mr. Burgomaster, too enlightened to believe it."

The sorcerer was named GOETHE, the author of *Werther*, and of *Goetz von Berlichingen*, and was then becoming the author of *FAUST*.

690. A DASH OF COLD WATER.

A celebrated writer of vaudevilles, being caught in a shower, took refuge under a portico. A very pretty person soon lifted the window, and after looking at him attentively for a moment, sent a servant out to him with an umbrella. The next day, the delighted author dressed himself up to his last result of the problem of what was becoming, and, as the umbrella was an old one, laid it aside as a souvenir, and, purchasing a new one of the costliest taste, called on the lady to return her flattering loan. She received the new umbrella evidently without remarking the change, and after listening, with curious gravity, to the rather pressing tenderness of the dramatist's acknowledgments, she suddenly comprehended that he was under the impression that she was enamoured of him, and forthwith naively explained, that, as he had stood in the way of a gentleman who wished to come and see her unobserved, she had sent him the umbrella to get him off her front steps!

691. RACINE AND THE MECHANICS.

Racine, while occupied in the composition of his *Mithridates*, used every morning to go to the garden of the Tuileries, where artificers of all kinds were then at work. On one occasion, without observing that any body was present, he commenced repeating his verses in a loud and energetic voice; but he suddenly found himself surrounded by a crowd of mechanics, who had left off their labor to follow him, considering him a madman, who would certainly, if not attended to, throw himself into the basin.

692. VOLTAIRE'S WIT.

When Voltaire wrote his tragedy of *Merope*, he called up his servant one morning, at three o'clock, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the *Sieur Panlin*, who was to perform the tyrant. His man alleged that it was the hour of sleep, and that the actor might not like to be disturbed. "Go, I say," replied Voltaire; "tyrants never sleep."

693. A LOST PLAY.

It is an authentic anecdote of Hogarth, that he was wont to make certain miniature sketches on his thumb nail, to be elaborated at an after time. A certain dramatist followed the practice. He would write a plot in the same limited space in short-hand. He was once consulted on a new drama, by a manager. "I have it," exclaimed the ready artist; and he immediately marked the plot upon his thumb nail. Weeks passed over, but no play was presented. The manager waited on the author. "Now, about the piece! It's done, of course; you took it on your thumb nail!" "To be sure," replied the author, "and there it was for some time; but, as ill

luck would have it, I one morning, unfortunately—washed my hands!"

694. SHARPLY HANDLED.

One of the last *bons-mots* in circulation amongst the wits of Paris is excellent. An author who had written several wretched tragedies was asked why he did not apply his talents to the composition of a comedy. "Because," he replied, "after reading Molière I had not the temerity." "What a pity," answered his tormentor, "that you never read Racine."

695. THE PRINTER'S TRAGEDY.

A printer at Paris wrote a tragedy called *Joshua*, which he printed in the most beautiful type, and gave a copy to the celebrated Bodoni, a brother printer at Parma.

"What do you think of my tragedy?" asked the author.

"Full of beauties!" exclaimed Bodoni; "your characters are perfect—exquisite—especially the capitals!"

696. VOLTAIRE AND THE YOUNG TRAGEDIAN.

A young writer, who flattered himself he was an original genius, having consulted Voltaire respecting a tragedy, which he had filled with extravagant incidents, Voltaire pointed out his defects. This young writer took pains to assure him that it had been his object to keep as far from the imitation of Corneille and Racine as possible.

"So much the worse; for do you not know, sir," said Voltaire, "that a good imitation is the most perfect originality?"

697. GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY.

"When Mr. Colman," says Cumberland, "then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, protested against Goldsmith's last comedy, when as yet he had not struck upon a name for it, Johnson stood forth in all his terrors as champion for the piece, and backed by us, his clients and retainers, demanded a fair trial. Colman again protested; but, with that salvo for his own reputation, liberally lent his stage to one of the most eccentric productions that ever found its way to it, and *She Stoops to Conquer* was put in rehearsal.

"We were not over-sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author. We accordingly assembled our strength at the *Shakespeare Tavern*, in a considerable body, for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps: the poet took post silently by his side, with the Burkes, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Caleb Whitefoord, and a phalanx of North-British predetermined applauders, under the banner of Major Mills, all good men and true. Our illustrious friend was inimitable glee, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his rillery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day, or every day of his life. In the mean time, we did not forget our duty; and though we had a better comedy going on, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and

allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconceived, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon, in a manner that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

"We had amongst us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious laugh that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly forewarned us, that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired, therefore, to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honor to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manoeuvres was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in the front row of a side box; and when he laughed, every body thought themselves warranted to roar. In the mean time, my friend Drummond followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators were so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author; but, alas! it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now unluckily he fancied that he found a joke in almost every thing that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more *malapropos* than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our play through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but our own."

698. REYNOLDS AND HIS PHYSICIAN

Dr. Bailie (not more famed for his medical skill than for his strong, common-sense mode of displaying it) being called in to attend F. Reynolds, the dramatist, during a nervous complaint, that fertile playwright said to him, "Doctor, do you not think I write too much for my constitution?" "No," replied the physician, bluntly, "but you do for your reputation."

699. LORD KENYON.

A friend having pointed out to Sheridan that Lord Kenyon had fallen asleep at the first representation of *Pizarro*, and that, too, in the midst of Rolla's fine speech to the Peruvian soldiers, the dramatist felt rather mortified; but, instantly recovering his usual good humor, he said, "Ah, poor man, let him sleep; he thinks he is on the bench."

700. IRISH PARSON AND THE MANAGER.

A worthy Irish parson, who had come to the metropolis with a stock of no less than five tragedies, and

as many comedies, all to be acted at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, succeeded, by dint of importunity, in gaining access to the manager of the latter theatre, for the purpose of getting one of his pieces forthwith performed. To get rid of him and his ten plays, the manager hit upon the following successful expedient. One of the tragedies was called *Lord Russell*, and one of the comedies *Draw the Long-bow*. Mr. Harris received the author with his usual politeness, and sat, with great patience and much pain, listening to the doctor reading one of his plays to him: when he had got to the fourth act, Mr. Harris remarked that it was very fine indeed—excellent. "But, sir, don't you think it time for your hero to make his appearance?" "Hero, sir! what hero?" "Your principal character, Lord Russell. You are in the fourth act, and Lord Russell has not been on yet." "Lord Russell, sir!" exclaimed the doctor; "why, sir, I have been reading to you my comedy of *Draw the Long-bow*!" and gathering up his manuscript in a fury, the enraged author rushed out of the house.

701. THE SUPPER AT MOLIERE'S.

As much time as his avocations as actor and manager permitted, Molière spent at his country-house at Auteuil: here he reserved an apartment for his old school-fellow, the gay, thoughtless Chapelle; here Boileau also had a house; and at one or the other the common friends of both assembled, and repasts were held where wit and gayety reigned. Molière himself was too often the least animated of the party; he was apt to be silent and reserved in society; more intent on observing and listening than in endeavoring to shine. There was a vein of melancholy in his character, which his domestic infelicity caused to increase. He loved order in his household, and was annoyed by want of neatness and regularity: in this respect the heedless Chapelle was ill suited to be his friend; and often Molière shut himself up in solitude.

There are many anecdotes connected with this knot of friends; the famous supper, which Voltaire tries to bring into discredit, but which Louis Racine vouches for as being frequently related by Boileau himself, occurred at Molière's house at Auteuil. Almost all the wits, were there, except Racine, who was excluded by his quarrel with Molière. There were Lulli, Jonsac, Boileau, Chapelle, the young actor Barron, and others. Molière was indisposed: he had renounced animal food and wine, and was in no humor to join his friends; so he went to bed, leaving them to the enjoyment of their supper. No one was more ready to make the most of good cheer than Chapelle, whose too habitual inebriety was in vain combated, and sometimes imitated by his associates. On this occasion they drank till their good spirits turned to maudlin sensibility. Chapelle, the reckless and the gay, began to descant on the emptiness of life—the vain nature of its pleasures—the ennui of its tedious hours: the other guests agreed with him. Why live on, then, to endure disappointment after disappointment? how much more heroic to die at once! The party had arrived at a pitch of excitement that rendered them ready to adopt any ridiculous or senseless idea; they all agreed that life was contemptible, death desirable. Why, then, not die? The act would be heroic; and dying all together, they would obtain the praise that ancient heroes acquired by self-immolation. They all rose to walk down to the river,

and throw themselves in. The young Barron, an actor and *protégé* of Molière, had more of his senses about him; he ran to awake Molière, who, hearing that they had already left the house, and were proceeding towards the river, hurried after them; already the stream was in sight. When he came up, they hailed him as a companion in their heroic act, and he agreed to join them. "But not to-night," he said; "so great a deed should not be shrouded in darkness; it deserves daylight to illustrate it; let us wait till morning." His friends considered this new argument as conclusive; they returned to the house; and, going to bed, rose on the morrow sober, and content to live.

702. BEN JONSON'S "WORKS."



Ben. jonson.

In 1616, Ben Jonson collected the plays he had then written and published in one volume, folio, adding, at the same time, a book of epigrams, and a number of poems, which he entitled the *Forest*, and the *Underwood*. The whole were comprised in one folio volume, which Jonson dignified with the title of his *Works*,—a circumstance which exposed him to the ridicule of some of his contemporaries.

An epigram addressed to him on the subject is as follows:—

"Pray tell us, Ben, where does the mystery lurk,
What others call a *play*, you call a *Work*?"

On behalf of Jonson an answer was returned, which seems to glance at the labor which Jonson bestowed on all his productions:—

"The author's friend thus for the author says—
Ben's plays are works, while others' works are plays."

703. BEN JONSON'S WIT.

Lord Craven was very desirous to see Ben Jonson, which being told to Ben, he went to my lord's house; but being in a very tattered condition, the porter refused him admittance, with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My lord, happening to come out while they were

wrangling, asked the occasion of it. Ben, who stood in need of nobody to speak for him, said, "He understood his lordship desired to see him." "You, friend!" said my lord; "who are you?" "Ben Jonson," replied the other. "No, no," quoth his lordship, "you cannot be Ben Jonson, who wrote the *Silent Woman*; you look as if you could not say *bo* to a goose." "*Bo*," cried Ben. "Very well," said my lord, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront; "I am now convinced you are Ben Jonson."

704. POINSINET AS KING'S SCREEN.

Preville, the comedian, and some others, (among whom was, I believe, the Count de Albaret,) frequently diverted themselves with the simplicity of Poinset, the poet, who, in other respects, was not deficient in talents. One day Preville came to him in great haste, to acquaint him that the office of the King's screen was just vacated; and added, that he would do well to solicit for it. Poinset asked what it was; the other told him, that the king did not use common screens, like private individuals; but he always employed a man of wit, to place himself between the king and the fire, in whatever part of the room his majesty might be, in order to save him the trouble of removing the screen; and that, besides, when the king was low-spirited, or was fatigued by his application to business, he diverted himself by conversing with his screen; who, by that means, frequently had an opportunity of saying a good word for his friends, or in favor of any other person whom he wished to serve, which made the office both important and lucrative. Poinset, delighted, asked what he had to do. "Nothing," said the other, "but try if you are able to fulfil the functions of the screen." A day being fixed, a dinner was ordered at a tavern; six of their common friends met there; a great fire was made; and, during dinner, they kept poor Poinset standing before the fireplace, encouraging him to support the extreme heat of the fire, which they unmercifully kept stirring all the time, by representing to him the advantages of his office, each begging of him to procure him some favor. They continued this cruel sport till the little man, who was half roasted, declared with great regret, that he despaired of ever being able properly to fulfil the functions of king's screen.

705. STAGE EFFECT.

One night, at the Dublin Theatre, Moss, a good low comedian, but full of the *furor* of extravagance in his acting, played the character of Lovegold, in the comedy of the Miser. To give an additional, and, as he thought, a happy stroke to the part, when he was frantic for the loss of his money, he ran to the front of the stage, and snatched the harpsichord-player's wig off, exclaiming, as loud as he could,—

"You have got my money—you have got my money! and I'll keep your wig till you return it."

The gentlemen of Cecilia's band instantly put their hands on their heads to secure their wigs, and immediately quitted the orchestra. The poor man, whose bald head had been exposed, and the sight of which got the ridiculous player a thunder of applause, could get no satisfaction from Moss for the insult; for he called it a theatrical joke.

§ 79. HONORS, PATRONAGE, AND REMUNERATION.

706. THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Gay, the poet, received about 400*l.* for the first Beggar's Opera, and 1100*l.* by the second. He was a negligent and bad manager. The Duke of Queensbury took his money into keeping for him, and gave him what was necessary, and he lived with him, and had not occasion for much. He died worth upwards of 3000*l.*

707. MOLIÈRE'S LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES.

Into the elevated and artificial circle of society of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, previously described, the youthful and unsophisticated poet Racine was thrown, with a mind not vitiated by any prepossessions of false taste, studious of nature and alive to the ridiculous. But how was the comic genius to strike at the follies of his illustrious friends—to strike, but not to wound? a provincial poet and actor to enter hostilely into the sacred of these exclusions? Tormented by his genius, Molière produced *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, but admirably parried, in his preface, any application to them, by averring that it was aimed at their imitators—their spurious mimics in the country. The *Précieuses Ridicules* was acted in the presence of the assembled Hôtel de Rambouillet with immense applause. A central voice from the pit, anticipating the host of enemies and the fame of the reformer of comedy, exclaimed, "Take courage, Molière; this is true comedy." The learned Ménage was the only member of the society who had the good sense to detect the drift; he perceived the snake in the grass. "We must now," said this sensible pendant (in a remote allusion to the fate of idiocracy, and the introduction of Christianity) to the poetical pendant Chapelain, "follow the counsel which St Rémi gave to Clovis: we must burn all that we adored, and adore what we have burnt." The success of the comedy was universal; the company doubled their prices; the country gentry flocked to witness the marvellous novelty, which far exposed that false taste, that romantic impertinence, and that sickly affectation, which had long disturbed the quiet of families. Cervantes had not struck more adroitly at Spanish rhodomontade.

708. VOLTAIRE'S LAST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC.

On the 1st of April, M. de Voltaire went to the *Comédie Française*. The court of the building, large as it is, was full of people waiting for him. As soon as his carriage, sky-blue and spangled with stars, made its appearance, the assemblage of Savoyards, apple-women, and all the *canaille* of the neighborhood, burst into acclamations of "Vive Voltaire!" The Marquis de Villette, who had previously arrived, and another friend, helped him to alight, and had some trouble to get him out of the crowd. When he entered the theatre, a crowd of a more elegant kind, and full of real enthusiasm for genius, surrounded him; the ladies, especially, threw themselves in his way, and stopped him, that they might

look at him the better; some of them eagerly touched his clothes, and others pulled hairs from the fur of his cloak.

The saint, or rather the divinity, of the day was to occupy the box of the noblemen of the bed-chamber, opposite that of the Count d'Artois. Madame Denis and Madame de Villette were already seated, and the pit, in convulsions of joy, waited the poet's appearance. There was no rest till he was placed in the front row, beside the ladies. Then there was a cry, "The crown!" and Brizard, the actor, came to place it on his head. "*Ah, Dieu, vous voulez donc me faire mourir!*" cried Voltaire, weeping for joy, and refusing the honor. He took the crown in his hand, and presented it to *Belle et bonne*, (his pet name for Madame de Villette;) she was declining it, when the Prince de Beauveau, seizing the laurel wreath, placed it on the head of the Sophocles of the hour, who refused it no longer.

His new tragedy was acted, and applauded more than usual, but not enough to correspond with so triumphal a reception. When it was over, the curtain fell; and, rising again, discovered the bust of Voltaire, surrounded by all the performers, with palms and garlands in their hands. The bust was already crowned; and after a flourish of drums and trumpets, Madame Vestris declaimed, with an emphasis proportioned to the extravagance of the scene, some verses composed for the occasion by the Marquis de St. Marc. Then they all, in succession, placed their garlands round the bust; Mademoiselle Fanier, in a transport of enthusiasm, kissed it, and all the rest followed her example.

Voltaire's little comedy, *Nanine*, was then performed: when it was over, there was a fresh hubbub, and fresh embarrassment for the philosopher's modesty: when he got into his carriage, it was not allowed to proceed; the crowd threw themselves before the horses, and held them; and some young poets began a cry to take out the horses, and draw the modern Apollo home; unluckily, these enthusiasts were too few for the purpose, and at length the carriage was allowed to move on, in the midst of *vivats*, which he could hear all the way to his residence. When he got home, he wept afresh, and modestly protested that if he had foreseen that the public would commit such follies, he would not have gone to the theatre. Next day, his friends came in crowds to congratulate him on his triumph; he was unable to resist such ardor, kind feeling, and glory, and immediately resolved to buy a house and settle himself in Paris.

709. A CONTRAST.

May 31. M. de Voltaire died last night, at eleven o'clock. As the priests refuse to bury him, and his friends dare not send his body to Ferney, where his tomb is waiting him, they are seeking means to get over the difficulty. The government, whose weakness appears in every thing, has prohibited the actors from performing any piece of Voltaire's till further orders. It feared some fermentation in the public thus assembled. What a contrast with a coronation of the modern Sophocles two months ago!

710. CONGREVE AND VOLTAIRE.

Congreve, the English dramatist, spoke of his works as trifles, upon which he placed no great account; which was below him. Voltaire, when he was in England, paid him a visit. Congreve, during the first conversation, made him understand that he wished himself to be looked upon in no other light than as a *gentleman*, who led an easy and simple life. To this announcement Voltaire answered dryly, "Had you been so unfortunate as to be nothing more than a gentleman, I should not have given myself the trouble to wait upon you."

711. RACINE.

Boileau almost censures Racine for having accepted money for one of his dramas, while he, who was not rich, gave away his elaborate works to the public; and he seems desirous of raising the art of writing to a more disinterested profession than any other by requiring no fees.

712. RICHELIEU AND CORNEILLE.

Richelieu, of France, was one of the most remarkable men of the age in which he lived. Ambitious, proud, irritable, and domineering, he presents to posterity the true picture of a Romish priest, who considered that every thing should be subservient to the interests of the church, and that the end always sanctified the means. Dissimulation was so much employed by him, that it seemed systematic and natural; yet he was seldom deceived himself, except by those who flattered him; and with flattery he was never satisfied, unless it became hyperbolic. Although not learned, he patronized, or at least affected to patronize, learned men; not, it was asserted, from any real love to them, but because such patronage added to his reputation, gratified his vanity, and gave him eclat. An anecdote is related of him, which, if true, places his character in a very mean light. When Corneille, the great French dramatist, published the *Cid*, it was translated into all the languages of Europe, besides those of Slavonia and Turkey. Richelieu sent for the author, and offered him any sum he might demand, if he would permit him to be considered the author. Corneille preferred fame to riches, and refused; for which, it is said, the ambitious priest never forgave him. He was, however, subsequently obliged to concur in public opinion, and settle a pension on the poet.

713. PATRONAGE OF GLOVER BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Frederic, Prince of Wales, was very fond of the company of men of genius, and, among others who were admitted on a familiar footing at his private parties, was Richard Glover, author of *Leonidas*, a poem, and some dramatic productions, besides tracts on political and commercial subjects. One day the prince observed to the company that he had not seen Mr. Glover for some time, and asked if he was unwell; on which he was told that the person he inquired about was under some difficulties, occasioned by heavy losses in trade, which were supposed to have so discouraged him, that he was ashamed to appear at the levee. The prince replied, "I am very sorry for it;" and, presenting a bank note for five

hundred pounds to the gentleman, he said, "Carry this to Mr. Glover as a small testimony of my esteem, and assure him from me that I sincerely sympathize with him in his affliction, and shall be always glad to see him."

714. GIFT OF JAMES I. TO JONSON.

Not only wages but gifts are proportioned to a man's style of living. When James I. heard that Ben Jonson was living in great poverty in an obscure place in London, he sent him 10*l.* to relieve his necessities. Some of the courtiers remarking on the smallness of the dole, the king said it was enough for "a man who lived in an *alley*."

715. BARKER'S DRAMA OF MARMION.

Mr. Wood, formerly a manager of a Philadelphia theatre, says,—

"James N. Barker, who had written several pieces before, and which had no fault but being American productions, at my request dramatized *Marmion*. I well knew the *then* prejudice against any native play, and concerted with Cooper a fraud upon the public. We insinuated that the piece was a London one, had it sent from New York, exactly packed up like the pieces we were in the habit of receiving, and made it arrive in the middle of rehearsal, when it was opened with great gravity, and announced without any author being alluded to. None of the company were in the secret, (I well knew 'these actors cannot keep counsel,') not even the prompter. Well, sir, it was played with great success for six or seven nights, when I, believing it safe, announced the author; and from that moment it ceased to attract. This is not a very creditable story, but a true one, and forms a strong contrast to the warmth with which *Metamora* and the *Gladiator* were received. Cooper also played *Marmion* in New York, without a hint of its father."

716. CONGREVE AND THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, demonstrated her attachment to Congreve, the poet, in a manner indicative of absolute insanity. "Common fame reports," says Dr. Kippis, in the *Biographia Britannica*, "that she had his figure made in wax after his death, talked to it as if it had been alive, placed it at the table with her, took great care to help it with different sorts of food, had an imaginary sore in its leg regularly dressed, and, to complete all, consulted physicians with regard to its health."

717. MOLIÈRE'S HONORS.

The success of Molière, and his talent, naturally led to his favor among the great. The great Condé delighted in his society, and, with the delicacy of a noble mind, told him that, as he feared to trespass on his time inopportunistically if he sent for him, he begged Molière, when at leisure to bestow an hour on him, to send him word, and he would gladly receive him. Molière obeyed; and the great Condé at such times dismissed his other visitors to receive the poet, with whom, he said, he never conversed without learning something new. Unfortunately, this example was

not followed by all. Many little-minded persons regarded with disdain a man stigmatized with the name of actor, while others presumed insolently on their rank. The king generally took his part on these occasions. The anecdotes, indeed, which display Louis's sympathy for Molière are among the most agreeable that we have of that monarch. When brutally assaulted by a duke, the king reproved the noble severely. Madame Campan tells a story still more to this monarch's honor. Molière continued to exercise his functions of royal *valet-de-chambre*, but was the butt of many impertinences on account of his being an actor. Louis heard that the other officers of his chamber refused to call with him, which caused Molière to abstain from sitting at their table. The king, resolved to put an end to these insults, said one morning, "I am told you have short commons here, Molière, and that the officers of my chamber think you unworthy of sharing their meals. You are probably hungry. I always get up with a good appetite: sit at that table where they have placed my *en cas de nuit*," (refreshment prepared for the king in case he should be hungry in the night, and called an *en cas*.) The king cut up a fowl, made Molière sit down, gave him a wing, and took one himself, just at that moment when the doors were thrown open, and the most distinguished persons at court entered. "You see me," said the king, "employed in giving Molière his breakfast, as my people do not find him good enough company for themselves."

From this time Molière did not need to put himself forward; he received invitations on all sides. Not less delicate was the attention paid him by the poet Bellocq. It was one of the functions of Molière's place to make the king's bed; the other valets drew back, averse to sharing the task of an actor. Bellocq stepped forward, saying, "Permit

me, M. Molière, to assist you in making the king's bed."

718. MOLIERE AND RACINE.

When Molière was at the height of his reputation, Racine, who was just then come from Languedoc, and was scarcely known in Paris, went to see him, under pretence of consulting him about an ode which he had just finished. Molière expressed such a favorable opinion of the performance, that Racine ventured to show him his first tragedy, founded on the martyrdom of Theagenes and Chariclea. Molière, who had an honest consciousness of superiority, which exalted him above envy, was not sparing either of praise or of counsel. His liberality carried him still further. He knew that Racine was not in easy circumstances, and therefore lent him a hundred louis d'or, thinking it a sufficient recompense to have the honor of helping forward a genius which he foresaw would one day be the glory of the French age.

719. BURIAL OF MOLIERE.

When Molière, the comic poet, died, the Archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The king, being informed of this, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his majesty asked how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached. This question coming by surprise, the archbishop replied about eight. "Well," answered the king, "I find there's no getting the better of your scruples; therefore let his grave be dug twelve feet deep,—that's four below your consecrated ground,—and let him be buried there."

§ 80. FAILURES.

720. VOLTAIRE'S MARIANNE.

Voltaire's Marianne was, at first, only once acted. It is said that, the public being divided as to the merit of the work, the question was oddly settled. The farce which happened to be played that evening was entitled the Mourning. "For the deceased play, I suppose," said a critic in the pit; and this decided the fate of the piece.

721. LAMB HISSING HIS OWN FARCE.

When Lamb's farce of Mr. H. was acted, he gave a curious instance of one of his singular traits. It must be at once conceded that there were small evidences of humor in it, and the construction was undramatic; still there was much to show it was written by a man infinitely superior to all the farce writers in the kingdom. Towards the end of the performance, when it was evident to all that the piece was unmistakably damned, the attention of some of Lamb's friends was drawn to a very loud and violent hissing, which, like a stormy petrel, seemed to ride on the whirlwind and to direct the storm; or, as Talfourd said, it was the most prominent fact of the evening, "*by merit raised to that bad eminence.*" What was their astonishment to find

that this vigorous expression of dissent came from Lamb himself, who, when questioned as to his motive, after the fall of the curtain, stammered out, in his peculiar pop-gun manner, "I was so afraid they would take me to be the *author*!"

722. CARDINAL RICHELIEU'S COMEDY.

Cardinal Richelieu had composed a comedy, entitled Europe, of which France, Spain, and the other European states composed the characters. This piece, which was entirely of a political nature, and ill adapted for the stage, was played at the Hôtel de Bourgogne at the same time with the Cid. At the end of the piece, one of the actors came forward to pronounce a magnificent eulogium upon the piece, and to announce it for representation the next day; but a murmur was immediately heard through the house, and a general call for the Cid. The cardinal withdrew his piece, and was so much annoyed by this incident, that he immediately determined to procure the fall of the Cid, and united all the French Academy in the composition of the celebrated Critique which is known to every one.

Before the performance of his Europe, the cardinal had sent the piece to the Academy, in order that any errors against the rules of the stage or of poetry

might be corrected. The Academy obeyed, and criticized it so severely, that they scarcely left a line unaltered. The cardinal, to whom it was brought back in this condition, was so enraged that he tore it on the spot, and threw it in pieces upon the hearth. This was in summer, and fortunately there was no fire on the hearth. The cardinal went to bed; but he felt the tenderness of a father for his dear Europe. He regretted having used it so cruelly; and calling up his secretary, he ordered him to collect with care the papers from the chimney, and to go and look whether he could find any paste in the house; adding that, in all probability, he would find some starch with the women who took charge of his linen. The secretary went to their apartment; and, having found what he wanted, he spent the greater part of the night with the cardinal in trying to paste together the dismembered comedy. Next morning he had it recopied in his presence, and changed almost every one of the corrections of the Academy, affecting, at the same time, to retain a few of the least important: He sent it back to them the same day by Boisrobert, and told them they would perceive how much he had profited by their criticisms; but, as all men were liable to error, he had not thought it necessary to follow them implicitly. The Academy, who had learned the vexation of the cardinal, took care not to retouch the piece, and returned it to him with their unanimous approbation. It was in this situation that it was produced on the stage, where it succeeded so ill that the historian of the French Academy has not thought proper to attribute its composition to the illustrious founder of that institution, but has ascribed it to Saint Sarlin, who, in fact, may have had some share in it, as he was entirely attached to the Cardinal de Richelieu.

723. DANCOURT'S AGIOTEURS.

When Dancourt gave a new comedy to the public, if it did not succeed, he was accustomed to console himself by going to sup with some of his friends at Cheret's. One morning, after the rehearsal of his *Agioteurs*, which was to be played in the evening for the first time, he thought of asking one of his daughters, who was only ten years old,

what she thought of the piece. "Ah, father," said the girl, "you may go and sup this evening with Cheret."

724. VOLTAIRE'S SEMIRAMIS.

When the *Semiramis* of Voltaire was acted the first time, far from being received with all the applause which the confident author vainly anticipated, it went off very heavily. As Voltaire was coming from the playhouse, he met Piron, and asked him his opinion of it. "I think," said Piron, "you would have been very glad if I had written it."

725. MOLIÈRE'S MISANTHROPE.

It is well known that the *Misanthrope* of Molière was at first ill received by the public, and was only tolerated on the stage by the popularity of the *Médecin malgré Lui*. At the representation of this masterpiece of the comic drama, after the reading of Oronte's sonnet, the pit applauded. In the course of the scene, Alceste shows that the sonnet was in the worst possible taste. The public, confounded and ashamed of their mistake, took a dislike from that moment to the piece.

726. SEAT IN A YELLOW CABRIOLET.

M. Segur, among other literary productions, supplied the French theatres with a number of pleasing trifles. If he was not always successful, he was at least always gay in his reverses. When his works were ill received by the public, he consoled himself for a failure by a *bon-mot*; he made even a point of consoling his companions in misfortune. On one occasion, a piece of his brought forward was called the *Yellow Cabriolet*, which happened to be wholly condemned on the first representation. Some days afterwards, a piece, by another author, was presented, which was equally unfortunate. The author, petrified at his failure, stood for a moment immovable. "Come, come, my dear sir," said M. Segur, "don't be cast down; I will give you a seat in my *Yellow Cabriolet*."

§ 81. TRIALS AND MISERIES.

727. PLAUTUS.

At the same time that Cato was distinguished for his eloquence in the forum, Plautus was renowned for his comic representations on the stage. According to Varro, he was so well paid for his plays, as to think of doubling his stock by trading. In this speculation, however, he was so unfortunate, that he lost all he had acquired by the Muses, and for his subsistence was reduced, in a time of general famine, to work at a mill. How long he continued in this distress is uncertain; but Varro adds, that the poet's wit was his best support, and that he composed three plays during this daily drudgery.

728. VONDEL.

Vondel, the Dutch Shakspeare, after composing a number of popular tragedies, lived in great pov-

erty, and died at ninety years of age; then he had his coffin carried by fourteen poets, who, without his genius, probably partook of his wretchedness.

729. RACINE'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

The morbid state of Racine's feelings made his whole literary life uneasy; unjust criticism affected him as much as the most poignant satire, and there was nothing he dreaded more than that his son should become a writer of tragedies. "I will not dissimulate," he says, addressing his son, "that in the heat of composition we are not sometimes pleased with ourselves; but you may believe me, when, on the day after, we look over our work, we are astonished not to find that excellence we admired in the evening; and when we reflect that even what we find good ought to be still better, and how distant we are still from perfection, we are discouraged

and dissatisfied. Besides all this, although the approbation I have received has been very flattering, the least adverse criticism, even miserable as it might be, has always occasioned me more vexation than all the praise I have received could give me pleasure."

730. SAVAGE'S SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

During a considerable part of the time in which Savage was employed upon his tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, he was without lodging, and often without meat; nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or the streets allowed him. There he used to walk, and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg, for a few moments, the use of a pen and ink, and write down what he had composed, upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

731. THE THREE LETTERS.

In Collet's Relics of Literature there is an affecting and melancholy instance of the straits to which genius is sometimes reduced, in three letters from Massinger, Nat Field, and Daborne, all men of talents, and dramatic writers, supplicating a joint loan of five pounds, with all the humility of men in the utmost distress.

732. MOLIÈRE'S TORMENT.

One day, during the representation of the *Tartuffe*, a person coming to speak with Molière, in his study, which looked upon the stage, the latter suddenly called out, "O that dog! that burglar! that butcherly wretch!" and struck his head with his fist, like one in a frenzy. The gentleman was extremely surprised, and thought him seized with a sudden fit; but Molière the next instant added, with the greatest composure, "Sir, 'twas only an actor, who spoke four of my lines most shamefully, without any accent or gesture; and to see my children thus hanged, drawn, and quartered torments me like a condemned soul."

733. RACINE'S MARRIAGE.

Racine, having yet only half run his unrivalled course, turned aside, relinquished its glory, repented of his success, and resolved to write no more tragedies. He determined to enter into the austere order of the Chartreux; but his confessor, more rational than his penitent, assured him that a character so feeling as his own, and so long accustomed to the world, could not endure that terrible solitude. He advised him to marry a woman of a serious turn, and hinted that little domestic occupations would withdraw him from the passion he seemed to dread—that of writing verses.

The marriage of Racine was an act of penance; neither love nor interest had any share in the union. His wife was a good sort of a woman, but perhaps the most insensible of her sex, and the properest person in the world to mortify the passion of literary glory, and the momentary exultation of literary vanity. It is scarcely credible, but most certainly true, since her own son relates the fact, that the wife of Racine had neither seen acted, nor read, nor

desired to read, the tragedies which had rendered her husband so celebrated throughout Europe; she had only learned some of their titles in conversation. She was as insensible to fortune as to fame. One day, when Racine returned from Versailles with the princely gift from Louis XIV. of a purse of a thousand louis, he hastened to embrace his wife, and to show her the treasure. But she was full of trouble, for one of the children for two days had not studied! "We will talk of this another time," exclaimed the poet; "at present let us be happy." But she insisted he ought instantly to reprimand the child, and continued her complaints, while Racine, in astonishment, paced to and fro, perhaps thinking of his *Satire on Woman*, and exclaiming, "What insensibility! Is it possible that a purse of one thousand louis is not worth a thought?" This stoical apathy did not arise in Madame Racine from the grandeur, but the littleness, of her mind. Her prayer-books and her children were the sole objects that interested this good woman. Racine's sensibility was not mitigated by his marriage; domestic sorrows weighed heavily on his spirits. When the illness of his children agitated him, he sometimes exclaimed, "Why did I expose myself to all this? Why was I persuaded not to be a Chartreux?"

734. CORNEILLE'S DEATH.

Louis XIV. honored Racine and Boileau with a private monthly audience. One day the king asked what there was new in the literary world. Racine answered that he had seen a melancholy spectacle in the house of Corneille, whom he found dying, destitute even of a little broth! The king preserved a profound silence, and sent the dying poet a sum of money.

735. PHILIP MASSINGER.



Philip Massinger, the immediate successor of Shakspeare, and second only to him as a dramatic poet, was often as majestic, and generally more elegant, than his master; he was as powerful a ruler of the understanding as the bard of Avon was of the passions. And yet, with such rare talents, Massinger appears to have maintained a constant struggle

with adversity, and to have enjoyed no gleam of sunshine; life was to him one long, wintry day, and "shadows, clouds, and darkness," sat upon it. There is a letter of his preserved, in which he, with Field, and two or three others as necessitous as himself, solicits the loan of a few pounds, with as much humility and self-abasement as if a mendicant asked alms. He was buried in the Churchyard of St. Southwark; and it does not appear, from the strictest search, that a stone or inscription of any kind ever marked the spot sacred to the dust of Massinger; even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life. It simply states, "March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger."

736. DEATH OF RACINE.

The friends of Racine say that he died the victim of sensibility; it might, perhaps, more properly be termed an impotence of spirit. Although he had

mingled much with the court, he had not learned to disguise his real sentiments. Having drawn up a rational and well-written memorial upon the miseries of the people, and the means of relieving them, he one day lent it to Madame Maintenon to read; when the king, coming in, seized hold of it, and insisted on knowing who the author was. On Madame Maintenon's informing him, his majesty commended the ability of Racine, but censured his meddling with things that did not concern him; saying, with an angry tone, "Because he knows how to make verses, does he think he knows every thing? And would he be a minister of state because he is a great poet?" On Madame Maintenon's reporting to Racine the passion which the king was in, the unlucky poet conceived such dreadful ideas of the king's displeasure, that he fell into a fever, of which he died.

Louis, who was not insensible of Racine's great merit, felt much regret at the consequences which his resentment had produced, and sent often to inquire after him during his illness. Finding, after his death, that he had left the world poor, he settled a handsome pension on his family.

§ 82. VARIOUS FACTS.

737. FIRST EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Beloe, "there is no book in the English language which has risen so rapidly in value as the first edition of the works of our great natural English poet, Shakspeare.

"I can remember," says he, "a very fine copy to have been sold for five guineas. I could once have purchased a superb one for nine guineas. At the sale of Dr. Monro's books, it was purchased for thirteen guineas; and two years since, I was present when thirty-six guineas were demanded for a copy."

738. DRAMATISTS AND THEIR DRAMATIC CHARACTERS.

We should be unjust to some of the greatest geniuses, when the extraordinary sentiments they put into the mouths of their dramatic personages are maliciously applied to themselves.

Euripides was accused of atheism when he made a denier of the gods appear on the stage.

Milton has been censured by Clarke for the impiety of Satan; and it was possible that an enemy of Shakspeare might have reproached him for his perfect delineation of the accomplished villain Iago; as it was said that Dr. Moore was sometimes hurt, in the opinions of some, by his horrid Zeluco.

Crebillon complains of this. "They charge me with all the iniquities of Atrous, and they consider me in some places as a wretch with whom it is unfit to associate; as if all which the mind invents must be derived from the heart." This poet offers a striking instance of the little alliance existing between the literary and personal dispositions of an author. Crebillon, who exulted, on his entrance into the French Academy, that he had never tinged his pen with the gall of satire, delighted to strike on the most harrowing string of the tragic lyre. In his Atrous, the father drinks the blood of his son; in Rhadamistus, the son expires under the hand of the father; in Electra, the son assassinates the mother. A poet is a painter of the soul; but a great artist is not therefore a bad man.

739. MOLIERE'S DEATH.

The circumstances connected with the death of Molière form by no means the least curious portion of his history. He had lately produced his *Malade Imaginaire*, a piece in which he not only ridiculed the professors of medicine, but attacked the art itself. Though laboring under a severe attack of the chest, he sustained the character of Monsieur Pourgon, the imaginary invalid, and excited peals of laughter at fancied illness, while he was suffering cruelly from that which was too real. During the concluding scenes, in which Monsieur Pourgon is received as a member of the faculty, while pronouncing the word *jure*, the actor was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which he in vain endeavored to disguise from the audience under an affected laugh. He was conveyed home, where his cough increased so much, that it was followed by a vomiting of blood, which suffocated him.

He thus expired without an opportunity of receiving the sacrament, or even of making the formal renunciation of his profession, which was essential to entitle him to Christian burial. The king, as stated elsewhere, deeply affected at the loss of this distinguished man, and willing to give, even after death, a fresh mark of the esteem in which he had always held him, used his personal influence with the Archbishop of Paris to surmount the illiberal objection. The prelate gave permission for his interment in the Church of St. Joseph; but the mob, less tolerant in their ignorance, and probably excited by some of the inferior clergy, assembled in great numbers, and showed a disposition to prevent the progress of the corpse. Their barbarous intention was only prevented by the address of the widow, who caused money to be thrown among them, and thus purchased their forbearance.

The few facts thus thrown together are not without interest. The fame of Molière will live while the French language shall endure; and the monarch under whose auspices he ran his brilliant career deserves credit from his appreciation of his genius, and the protection he afforded him.

740. TALFOURD.

A writer in a Boston paper, who met with Talfourd in London, gives us the following details respecting him :—

"Mr. Sergeant Talfourd sat near me, and as I had met him frequently while on the Oxford circuit, we were soon chatting familiarly together. The author of *Ion* is one of the most amiable men I ever knew; and never did any literary man enjoy in a fuller degree the esteem and admiration of his brother laborers in the same field. His face is not handsome, but it is indicative of great sweetness of disposition. His dark eyes glow with sensibility, and were not the lower portion of his face rather too full, its expression would be what is termed 'sweet.'

"Talfourd is a most industrious man; and I remarked to him that I wondered how he could get through so much legal business, and yet have time to woo the Muse. He replied that he had need work hard, as he had the mouths of thirteen children to feed. As an advocate, Mr. Talfourd stands very high, and he is a general favorite with the bar. His eloquence is rather of a persuasive character, and he elicits truth none the less effectually for using gentle means. It is really astonishing that he can, as he does, divest his mind of all the technicalities of law, and produce poetry of such beauty; but so it is. I remember being told by a tradesman of Monmouth, in whose house Mr. Talfourd used to lodge when on the Oxford circuit, that he would often listen for hours at Mr. T.'s door, after court hours, to hear him, as he walked up and down the room, recite poetry, it being Mr. Talfourd's habit to compose aloud, as he paces the room. The listener, (a tailor,) with quite an enthusiastic tone, assured me 'it was beautiful to hear him.'"

741. MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Connected with the dramatic fame of Matthew Gregory Lewis, a very interesting anecdote is related in the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lewis*, published in 1839. It illustrates his native benevolence, which, amidst all the frivolities of fashionable life, and the excitement of misapplied talents, was a conspicuous feature in his character.

"Being one autumn on his way to participate in the enjoyments of the season, with the rest of the fashionable world, at a celebrated watering-place, he passed through a small country town, in which chance occasioned his temporary sojourn: here also were located a company of strolling players, whose performance he one evening witnessed. Among them was a young actress, whose benefit was on the *tapis*, and who, on hearing of the arrival of a person so talked of as *Monk Lewis*, waited upon him at the inn, to request the very trifling favor of an original piece from his pen. The lady pleaded in terms that urged the spirit of benevolence to advocate her cause in a heart that never closed to such appeal. Lewis had by him at that time an unpublished trifle, called the *Hindoo Bride*, in which a widow was immolated on the funeral pile of her husband. The subject was one well suited to attract a country audience, and he determined thus to appropriate the drama. The delighted suppliant departed, all joy and gratitude at being requested to call for the manuscript the next day. Lewis, however, soon discovered that he had been reckoning without his host; for, on searching the travelling desk which contained many of his papers, the *Bride* was no-

where to be found, having, in fact, been left behind in town. Exceedingly annoyed by this circumstance, which there was no time to remedy, the dramatist took a pondering stroll through the rural environs of B. A sudden shower obliged him to take refuge within a huckster's shop, where the usual curtained half-glassed door in the rear opened to an adjoining apartment: from this room he heard two voices in earnest conversation, and in one of them recognized that of his theatrical petitioner of the morning, apparently replying to the feebler tone of age and infirmity. 'There now, mother, always that old story—when I've just brought such good news too—after I've had the face to call on Mr. Monk Lewis, and found him so different from what I expected; so good humored, so affable, and willing to assist me. I did not say a word about you, mother; for though in some respects it might have done good, I thought it would seem so like a begging affair, I merely represented my late ill success, and he promised to give me an original drama, which he had with him, for my benefit. I hope he did not think me too bold!' 'I hope not, Jane,' replied the feeble voice; 'only don't do these things again without consulting me; for you don't know the world, and it may be thought—.' The sun just then gave a broad hint that the shower had ceased, and the sympathizing author returned to his inn, and having penned the following letter, ordered post horses, and despatched a porter to the young actress with the epistle,—

"Madam: I am sorry to acquaint you that my *Hindoo Bride* has behaved most improperly: in fact, whether the lady has eloped or not, it seems she does not choose to make her appearance, either for *your benefit* or mine; and to say the truth, I don't at this moment know where to find her. I take the liberty to jest upon the subject, because I really do not think you will have any cause to regret her non-appearance; having had an opportunity of witnessing your very admirable performance of a far superior character, in a style true to nature, and which reflects upon you the highest credit. I allude to a most interesting scene, in which you lately sustained the character of "the Daughter!" Brides of all denominations but often prove their empire delusive; and the character you have chosen will improve upon every representation, both in the estimation of the public and of your own excellent heart. For the infinite gratification I have received, I must long consider myself in your debt. Trusting you will permit the enclosed (fifty pounds) in some measure to discharge the same, I remain, madam, with sentiments of respect and admiration, your sincere well-wisher. M. G. Lewis."

742. HUGH KELLY.

Hugh Kelly, the author of the *School for Wives*, and several other dramatic pieces, was ever ready to relieve distress when he saw it, to the very extent of his power. To poor authors he was particularly liberal, constantly promoting subscriptions in their favor; and as he had a numerous and respectable acquaintance, he was generally successful. Being told one day that a man who had abused him in the newspapers was in much distress, and had a poem to publish by subscription, he exclaimed, "God help him: I forgive him; but stop;" then pausing, he said, "Tell him to come and dine with me to-morrow, and I'll endeavor to do something for him." The poor author went, and was received cordially; when

Kelly gave him a guinea for his own subscription, and disposed of six copies.

743. KOTZEBUE'S THREE ENGAGEMENTS.

The celebrated Kotzebue was under a contract to supply three theatres, that of Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg, with two dramatic pieces in the season. Upon being asked how he could possibly undertake so much, he replied, "Nothing, my good friend, is more easy. I have one plot for all, and three stand-

ing characters, which I vary in their dialogue and action according to the different tastes of my audiences. I have a *lover*, for instance — mark now how I use him at one theatre, and how I treat him at another. At Petersburg, he smokes; at Berlin, he wenches; at Vienna, he games. If drawn as a villain in Russia, he may commit murder on the stage; but at Berlin and Vienna, he must not draw his sword before the curtain. Again, as I go north, my heroine must be *virtuous*; and within a few degrees of the pole, she must be a very *saint*. Thus, before a Prussian audience, she preaches; at Petersburg, she is a *prude*; at Vienna, she is a jilt; and at Paris, a *prostitute*.

DRAMATIC PERFORMERS AND ACTORS.

§ 83. ORIGIN AND EARLY LIFE.

744. SHUTER.

This once celebrated comedian is said to have owed his advance in life to a singular incident. When very young he was pot-boy at a public house in the neighborhood of Covent Garden. A gentleman came in late one evening, and after taking some refreshment, sent Shuter to call a hackney coach for him. On reaching home, the gentleman missed his pocket-book, and suspecting he had left it in the coach, the number of which he did not know, he hastened the next morning to the house from which it had been ordered, and inquired of Shuter if he knew the number of the coach. Poor Shuter could neither read nor write, and was totally unskilled in numerals; but he knew the signs by which his master scored the quarts and pints of porter which were drank at his house, and these were fortunately sufficient to express the number of the coach; he therefore readily replied to the gentleman's inquiry, by saying, "Two pots and a pint." (771) This to the gentleman was unintelligible, till the landlord explained its meaning. The coachman was summoned, and the pocket-book recovered. This acuteness of the boy so pleased the gentleman that he immediately placed him in school, and became his patron through life.

745. MR. BURKE IN THE DITCH.

Mr. Burke, in his juvenile days, was extremely fond of private acting. A few of his companions proposed that he should play Richmond, in Richard III.; and having given him the part at a very short notice, he arose betimes one morning, and walked down a lane adjoining his father's house, so intent on studying his part, that he did not perceive a filthy ditch before him, and had just uttered with heroic dignity, "Thus far have we got into the bowels of the land," when he found himself up to the middle in mire.

746. MRS. SIDDONS'S MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Siddons's father had interdicted his daughter from marrying an actor. She, however, encouraged the addresses of Siddons, who did not rank very high in his profession, playing all sorts of charac-

ters, from Hamlet to Harlequin. They were ultimately married; and after the nuptials old Kemble said to a friend, "I cannot say that my daughter has disobeyed me, for nobody can say that Siddons is an actor."

747. THE EFFECTS OF BADINAGE.

"I solemnly declare," says Wemyss, "at the moment I placed my foot in the Glasgow mail coach, as it passed through Falkirk, to return home, I had firmly resolved to abandon forever my foolish project, and, by strenuously devoting myself to business, make all the atonement in my power for the loss of time and trouble I had occasioned to my relations. One unfortunate occurrence again altered all my well-formed resolutions. On my arrival in Dundee, on the 20th of June, 1814, Mr. Courtney was entertaining a party of gentlemen at dinner. The officiousness of a servant in announcing my arrival produced a message requesting my presence in the dining-room. This summons I readily obeyed; but no sooner had I opened the door, and stood fairly over its threshold, than one universal roar of laughter burst from the crowded table, accompanied with expressions like the following: 'Make room for Roscius' — 'Here comes the proud representative of Shakspeare's heroes' — 'Right welcome back to Denmark' — 'A frog he would a-wooing go,' &c., &c."

"This ill-timed badinage sealed my fate. Smarting under the lash of jests, the truth of which I could not but inwardly acknowledge, I replied to my uncle's question of —

"'Are you cured of your folly, and determined for the future to attend closely to business?'

"'No, sir, I am off again to-morrow morning.'"

748. LISTON.

John Liston, the celebrated English comedian, for near forty years wielded the sceptre of Comus in his favorite palace of Drury. He began his profession in the "heavy business" or second tragedy parts; and by accident only, through the sudden sickness of another, whose comic part he took, was his humorous vein discovered. His style was very varied; at times his performances were of the legitimate and dignified character, while at others his

facial powers would convulse both spectators and actors, and cause the curtain to fall amid a roar that prevented a word of the last scene being heard. This "gagging" and "mugging," as it is vulgarly called, made the more judicious portion of the public consider him for years only an entertaining buffoon. On one occasion, a part was written for him, called Henry Augustus *Mug*; and *Mug*, in the slang sense, became the *sobriquet* of Liston. Caricatures were produced, representing Nature relenting and resolving to make him handsome; the comedian waking in a fright, and imploring her to desist, as his *face* was his fortune. The following lines formed an appropriate accompaniment:—

LISTON'S DREAM.

As Liston lay wrapped in delicious repose,
Most harmoniously playing a tune on his nose,

In a dream there appeared the adorable *Venus*,
Who said, "To be sure there's no likeness between us;
Yet, to show a celestial to kindness still prone is,
Your looks shall soon rival the handsome *Adonis*,"
Liston woke in a fright, and cried, "Heaven preserve me!
If my face you improve, why, dear madam, you'll starve me!"

749. FORTUNATE FOUNDLING.

Mrs. Achmet, the actress, was found at night, when an infant, enclosed in a basket in one of the streets of Dublin. A gentleman, hearing the child's cries, humanely took it home, and resolved to rear it up as his own offspring. He spared no expense in giving his *protégé* an accomplished education; and, at a suitable period, conferred upon her at the altar his own name of Achmet.

§ 84. TREATMENT BY THEIR AUDITORS.

750. DIVIDING A CROWN.

Garrick, performing a king in a new piece, — in which the principal incident was similar to Lear's abdication of the throne in favor of his daughters, — when he came to the passage, "*And now I divide this crown between you*," (his two daughters,) a fellow in the pit cried out, "*That's just half a crown apiece*." An incessant laugh prevailed, and another syllable could not be heard during the remainder of the representation.

751. "HANG THE WITCH."

A good joke occurred at the Walnut Street Theatre, on one of the evenings of the representation of Murdock's new play of *Witchcraft*. In returning modern verdicts, it is only necessary for the foreman to announce the result; but in this play each of the twelve — and a drawing, knotty set they were, too — stood up, and whined out, one after the other, "Hang the witch!" "Hang the witch!" "Hang the witch!" &c., amid roars of laughter, till the twelfth mock official announced his decision, and had taken his seat, when suddenly uprose a dry-looking Yankee in the pit, and cried out, in a strong nasal tone, "*Ha-a-a-ng the Jury!*" which, of course, utterly convulsed the house, and set gravity of face at utter defiance for a long while after.

752. MY FIRST HISS.

"To me," says Wemyss, "our visit to Mauchline was marked by an incident. It was here for the first time that I was hissed; the part, *Fainwould*, in *Raising the Wind*. I suppose that I deserved it; but it was the admirable acting of Emley, in Jeremy Didler, that caused the offence. He made me laugh so heartily at the breakfast table, that I could not speak for laughing, until the audience tried to change my tune. I went off the stage laughing, while the audience were hissing, but I did not return that night; I ran out of the (theatre) barn, home. How the farce was finished, I never exactly heard. I received a long lecture from the manager, the following morning, upon the folly of my course, concluding with what I then thought a remarkable expression,

but which experience has taught me was correct — that no actor, however high his station, ever passed through his career, without at some period of his life encountering the displeasure of an audience; that I must make up my mind to such scenes, if I intended to remain upon the stage, and that nothing but my inexperience prevented him from discharging me forthwith."

753. SHOOTING AN ACTOR.

One of the most remarkable instances with which we are acquainted, of the illusions produced by theatrical representations, occurred in a small town in Maryland, several years ago. In the evening of a day on which a military muster had been held at the town, Othello was performing in a barn, by a strolling company of players. A piece of canvas was let down before the door, and the sentinel, one of the train-bands, stationed at it with a loaded musket, in order to prevent a gratuitous gaze from the outside, and the interruption of unruly persons. The man contrived to put his head in from time to time, and thus to catch the intrigue of the play. He was observed to be occasionally much agitated during the third and fourth acts, but the cause was not suspected. Suddenly, just as the Moor is about to stifle Desdemona, he turned impetuously in, levelled his piece at the actor, and shot him dead, exclaiming with fury, "No negro shall ever murder a white woman in my presence, if I can help it." We have this anecdote from an eye-witness, a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, who attested that the poor sentinel was not intoxicated, and had the reputation of good nature and good conduct.

754. "SHALL I CUT?"

At the first representation of the *Tom Jones*, of Poinsett, two persons were observed in the pit, one of whom was overheard saying to the other, from time to time, "Shall I cut? Shall I cut?" This suspicious phrase attracted attention, and the pair were just on the point of being arrested as pick-pockets. "What have we done?" said one of them. "We are only tailors, and I have the honor of making clothes for M. Poinsett, the author of the new play. As I have to furnish him with a dress to

appear before the public, which will be sure to demand his appearance at the second representation, and as I know very little of the merits of dramatic works, I have brought with me my principal journeyman, a very clever man, for he makes out all my accounts; and I was only asking him, from time to time, if he would advise me to cut the cloth in question, which must be paid for out of the profits of the play."

755. THE ACTOR HISSED.

A leading actor at the opera having fallen sick the first night of the representation of a new play, an inferior one was chosen to supply his place. He sang, and was hissed; but without being disconcerted, he looked steadfastly at the pit, and said, "Gentlemen, I don't understand this. Do you think that for 600 livres per annum, which I receive, I can afford to give you a 2000 crowns' voice?" The public were so pleased with the sally, that the actor was allowed to proceed with great applause.

756. INCLEDON'S SELF-COMPOSURE.

Charles Incledon was proverbial for the coolness with which he regarded the turbulence of "the gods." He always listened to the "storm" with the utmost nonchalance, and occasionally addressed the noisy tenants of Olympus. One evening he was prevented from singing by a dire conflict in the most classical part of the house: and after pacing the stage for some time, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," he pulled his watch deliberately from his fob, and thus addressed them: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you would contrive to finish this frow in a quarter of an hour, I would esteem it as a particular favor. I'm engaged to sup with a friend at half past eleven, and I have very little time to spare." This good-humored rebuke had the desired effect, and the beligerant parties "grounded arms" immediately.

757. MACREADY AND THE SHREWSBURY BUTCHER.

The following anecdotes of Macready are from the pen of Dyer. "The prejudice felt," says he, "against this distinguished artist, Macready, is the most unjust that can be imagined. I believe it still exists, though with less violence than heretofore; but even now he is the terror of country theatres. My antipathies against him were strongly excited by the reports of my brother actors; and I treated him with a rancor which, at this hour, I remember with compunction. A few years after, I apologized for my conduct, because my increased experience increased my respect for the consequence of a tragedian; and I felt the firmness and sensitiveness of a man so deservedly eminent as Macready should be endured, at least. He has a fair excuse in the insolent self-sufficiency of performers for the excitement of his ill humor; and I found the reserve of genius was mistaken for hauteur. Macready shows nothing but the becoming pride of a gentleman, and if actors were more accommodating, he would be less irritable. As an actor, he is faultless; for he conceives with judgment, and executes with truth. He is *Virginius*, and *Hamlet*, and *Tell*, as completely as if the souls of his heroes had entered him when he assumed the garb of each character. Nothing could rouse him from his identity in the

scene, if the actors were only perfect; not even the uproar of an overflowing half price, than which the confusion of Babel is not more confounding. Once, however, I saw him at fault in the Shrewsbury Theatre, in *William Tell*. The Shrewsbury butchers are proverbially a noisy crew; and on the night of his benefit the crowd and confusion was so terrific, Macready 'stuck dead,' in player parlance, and, after many unsuccessful efforts, obtained a pause in the storm, and addressed his friends thus: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have played *William Tell* many, many times; but, indeed, the frightful noise you make entirely drives the recollection of the words from me.' An awful silence ensued for a moment, when a bull-like voice shouted from the gallery, 'Why, you have a good house, you; so go on, go on!' And he did go on, though he appeared annihilated by the rude command. There are too many men of the mental calibre of the Shrewsbury butcher in every auditory, who have no more idea of the sensibilities of a really sterling performer, who by a strong effort of feeling and genius identifies himself with his part, than of the music of the spheres.

758. GENERAL FITZPATRICK.

General Fitzpatrick being at a country play, the entertainment happened to be the *Stage Coach*, which was acted so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it. As soon as the curtain closed, and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the general begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. "The *Stage Coach*, sir," says Buskin, bowing very respectfully. "O, then, sir," says the general, "will you be so good to let me know when you perform this again, that I might be an *outside passenger*?"

759. THE ACTRESS AND THE SAILOR.

"When I was a poor girl," said the British Duchess of St. Alban's, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a drama, and in my character I represented a poor, friendless, orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope, I have not a friend in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor. 'I have told you I've not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery spring over the railing, letting himself from one tier to another until he bounded clear over the orchestra and foot-lights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have one friend, at least, my poor young woman,' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest sunburnt countenance; 'I will go bail for you any moment. And as for you, (turning to the actor,) if you don't bear a hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; and amidst the universal din stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering 'the poor young woman,' and breathing defiance against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager's

pretending to arrive to rescue me, with a profusion of bank notes."

760. MACREADY INTERRUPTED.

At a London theatre, as Macready, in the concluding part of *Macbeth*, gave utterance to the

passage commencing, "Why should I play the Roman fool?" he was interrupted by a fellow in the gallery calling out with stentorian lungs, "Vy, indeed, ven we come here to see you play the English fool; leave your damnable grimaces, and begin the pantermime!" At this uncouth greeting of the closing efforts of the great tragedian, Talfourd, who stood at the wing, nearly fainted.

§ 85. PATRONAGE AND POPULARITY.

761. ROSCIUS.

Quintus Roscius, a Roman actor, became so celebrated upon the stage, that every actor of superior eminence to his contemporaries has been since called the Roscius. It is said that he was not without some personal defects; particularly his eyes were so distorted, that he always appeared upon the stage with a mask; but the Romans frequently constrained him to take it off, and overlooked the deformities of his face, that they might the better hear his elegant pronunciation. In private life he was so much esteemed as to be elevated to the rank of senator. When falsely accused, Cicero, who had been one of his pupils, undertook his defence, and cleared him of the malevolent aspersions of his enemies, in an eloquent oration extant in his works. Roscius is said to have written a treatise, which has not escaped the wreck of time, comparing, with great success and erudition, the profession of the orator with that of the comedian. His daily pay for acting is said to have been 1000 *denarii*, or 32*l.* 6*s.* English money, though Cicero makes his annual income amount to the enormous sum of 48,434*l.* 10*s.*

762. LE KAIN AND THE CHEVALIER.

Le Kain, the French actor, who retired from the Parisian stage covered with glory and gold, was one day congratulated by a company on the retirement which he was preparing to enjoy. "As to glory," modestly replied this actor, "I do not flatter myself to have acquired much. This kind of reward is always disputed by many, and you yourselves would not allow it, were I to assume it. As to the money, I have not so much reason to be satisfied: at the Italian theatre their share is far more considerable than mine; an actor there may get twenty to twenty-five thousand *livres*; and my share amounts at the most to ten or twelve thousand." "How!" exclaimed a rude chevalier of the order of St. Louis, who was present, "how! a vile stroller is not content with twelve thousand *livres* annually, and I, who am in the king's service, who sleep upon a cannon, and lavish my blood for my country, I must consider myself as fortunate in having obtained a pension of one thousand *livres*!" "And do you account as nothing, sir, the liberty of addressing me thus?" replied Le Kain, with all the sublimity and conciseness of an irritated Orosmane.

763. THEATRICAL POPULARITY.

"Of the good people of Irvine," says Wemyss, "I, at least, am bound to speak with gratitude; the hall, upon my benefit night, being literally crammed. As

I was fortunate enough thus to eclipse all the better actors, it is but fair I should assign the reason. A gentleman of the town had written a trifling drama on the subject of Burns's Tam O'Shanter, which was produced for Ryder's benefit, in which I was cast for the part of Cutty Sark. With the tuition of Ryder, the witches' scene, in the interior of Alloa Kirk, so well described by the immortal poet, was placed upon the stage, with all the effect which paint, canvas, and dress could give it. The business of the scene was capitally arranged; and with such spirit was it kept up, that when I obtained the tail of Tom's mare, on the middle of the Brig of Doon, one universal shout of 'Well done, Cutty Sark!' followed the descent of the curtain, each night of performance. The little urchins in the street would salute me, as I passed, with 'Well done, Cutty Sark!' and when my name was announced for a benefit, every body was determined to be there; an overflowing house was the consequence; but Cutty Sark had nearly become a professional nickname, of which I was not at all ambitious, although it had put several pounds sterling in my pocket."

764. MAKING SHORT ALLOWANCE GO A LONG WAY.

Mademoiselle F., the pretty actress of the *Palais Royal*, was coming out of the theatre in the daytime, after signing the terms of a new engagement. The manager conducted her to her carriage. "Well," said he, as he handed her in, "we have agreed now upon your salary for a year—eighteen hundred francs!" "Hush, hush, hush!" exclaimed the lady, putting her hand on the manager's mouth, "don't speak so loud; my coachman will overhear you, and I pay him two thousand four hundred!"

765. TRUTH OR LIBEL.

"The great tragedian, Madame Rachel," says the Paris correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, of 1848, "has latterly changed her rooms from the Rue Joubert to the Rue de Rivoli. Not wishing the trouble of transporting all her furniture, or, perhaps with Israelitish acumen, thinking that a good bargain could be made by its sale, it was all advertised. Among the articles which belonged to the sacred precincts of her bedchamber, and which had been the chaste witness of her classic dreams and visions, was catalogued a small lot of ebony furniture, dressed with crimson velvet. An ambitious old gentleman, in the St. Denis quarter of the town, who had many years cherished longings for a *fauteuil* of princely ebony, chanced to observe the catalogue, and forthwith despatched his son to

secure, at any reasonable price, the lot. The bidders were earnest, for many were anxious to secure some little memento of the great actress. But in the end, the ebony was knocked down, at some six or seven hundred francs, to the purchaser of St. Denis. It was a low price; the son was delighted; the old man doubted. The next day he posts to the hotel, to have a sight of his purchase; he scrapes a little from the corner of a chair; all seems well, and he is satisfied. In two days the late dumb ministers to the luxury of Madame Rachel are duly installed in the mansion of the old gentleman of St. Denis. But, on closer inspection, the ebony proves to be only pear wood, richly stained and polished! The veteran posts forthwith to the rooms of the tragedian, and makes known the deception, charitably offering to share the loss. Madame Rachel is engaged, and can listen to no such tale. Again and again the old man renews his efforts, until his patience failing, the matter comes before the courts. Meantime, a friend of the complainant had communicated an important piece of testimony. It seems a catalogue had been made out, and submitted to Madame Rachel, in which the articles in dispute were entered simply as *black furniture*. Madame Rachel declined the use of the term, as calculated to vulgarize her old chamber equipments, and says in a note, write "*ebony*." It is written; and Melpomene stands charged with selling pear wood for ebony. Her advocate contends that catalogues frequently make use of figurative expressions, not to be understood literally; that, for instance, a bedstead of mahogany is not to be taken as really such, but as one inlaid (veneered) with mahogany; so an ebony *fauteuil* made to resemble ebony. Moreover, the articles had been publicly exposed; and instead of paying seven thousand francs, which would have been the price of genuine ebony, the plaintiff had paid but seven hundred. In short, the tragedian carried the court, as she carried the audience, by storm. The poor old gentleman has classic authority to call his *fauteuil* ebony, or pear wood, but can make no demands upon the tragic Electra.

766. COMEDY AND TRAGEDY EXCHANGED.

Foote once came to Edinburgh, with a complete company of comedians, but did not receive much encouragement. At length, after he had pined a month, a nobleman, residing in town, ordered a tragedy, and insisted on Foote and all his comedians performing in it, notwithstanding their not being all adapted for that branch of dramatic representation. The thing took well, on account of its absurdity, and the execrable acting; and, after a fortnight of crowded houses, Foote returned in good spirits, remarking, that if comedy had become tragedy with him in one respect, tragedy, or something very like it, had become comedy in another.

767. DUCHESS OF BOLTON.

Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, was tempted by Rich from the Haymarket to Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the year 1728, by a salary of *fifteen shillings* per week. On the success of the *Beggar's Opera*, to secure this valuable actress, he raised it to *thirty shillings*! and such was the rage of the town respecting her, that she was obliged to be guarded home every night by a considerable

party of her confidential friends, to prevent her being run away with.

768. MRS. SIDDONS'S RISE.

Although some difference of opinion exists as to the relative merits of male tragedians, yet, by common consent, Mrs. Siddons is allowed to be the greatest actress that ever trod the British stage. This lady, who is a sister of Mr. Kemble, first became a candidate for public favor as a singer; but she soon abandoned the operatic line for the most sublime department of the drama—tragedy. It was on the 12th of October, 1782, that Mrs. Siddons first appeared at Drury Lane Theatre in the character of Isabella. The excellence of her performance was universally acknowledged and applauded; but the surest test of its merit was in the sympathy of the audience, which was not only evinced by tears, but such was the "cunning of the scene," that several ladies actually fainted. Her fame was at once established as the first tragedian in Europe; and the numerous characters which she successively added to that of Isabella fully justified the first decision of the public. Testimonials of her transcendent talents were poured in from all quarters; and the gentlemen of the bar subscribed a purse of one hundred guineas, which was presented by Mr. (afterwards Sir Arthur) Pigott and Mr. Fielding, accompanied by a very polite letter, expressing their admiration of her talents.

769. KEMBLE'S CLOSING SCENE.

The character fixed upon, with happy propriety, for J. P. Kemble's closing scene, was *Macbeth*. He had labored under a severe cold for a few days before, but on the memorable night of the 29th of March, 1817, the physical annoyance yielded to the energy of his mind. He was, he said, in the greenroom immediately before the curtain rose, determined to leave behind him the most perfect specimen of his art which he had ever shown; and his success was complete. At the moment of the tyrant's death, the curtain fell, amid the unanimous acclamation of the audience. The applauses were vehement and prolonged; they ceased—were resumed—rose again—were reiterated—and again were hushed. In a few minutes the curtain ascended, and Mr. Kemble came forth, in the dress of *Macbeth*, (the audience by a consentaneous movement rising to receive him), to deliver his address. . . . Mr. Kemble delivered the lines with exquisite beauty, and with an effect that was evinced by the tears and sobs of many of the audience. His own emotions were very conspicuous. When his farewell was closed, he lingered long on the stage, as if unable to retire. The house again stood up, and cheered him with the waving of hats and long shouts of applause.

770. MRS. BILLINGTON AND HAYDON

Mrs. Billington, who was enthusiastically admired by Haydon, once showed him and asked his opinion of a portrait of herself, which had just been finished by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing her in the character of St. Cecilia, listening to the celestial music, as she is generally drawn. "It is like," said he, "but there is a strange mistake." "What is

it?" hastily asked Reynolds, who was present. "You have painted her listening to the angels; you ought to have represented the angels as listening to her." Mrs. Billington sprang up and threw her arms around his neck with delight at the happy compliment.

771. RUBINI'S REASON FOR NOT LEAVING THE STAGE.

When Rubini was asked how it came that he took leave of the public so often, and yet returned, he said, "I find it a most difficult thing to take leave of a hundred pounds a night."

772. KEAN AND HUGHES.

Mr John Hughes, who for a series of years had been Kean's most zealous and attached friend and counsellor, and who had invariably stuck to him, with the greatest constancy, "through weal and through woe," "through ill and through good report," was acting at Tewkesbury at one guinea per night; Kean, being the leader in tragedy, comedy, and opera, received one pound five shillings per week, and they chummed together, (as they had done for years;) the domestic and pecuniary arrange-

ments, from motives of frugality and prudence, being always committed to Hughes's charge. It happened, however, that on a particular day at the end of a week, they were, in consequence of the exercise of a little prodigality at the commencement of the said week, literally without breakfast or dinner; but—mark the change of fortune—on that very day five years Hughes's circumstances were considerably improved, and Kean absolutely received one hundred and fifty guineas for his day's work, having played at Tewkesbury in the morning, (the theatre having been darkened,) at Gloucester in the afternoon, and at Cheltenham at night; and for each performance he received fifty guineas.

773. MRS. BELLAMY'S PATRON.

The last Duchess of Queensbury was of an eccentric, but of a benevolent disposition. She once sent for the celebrated Mrs. Bellamy, a few days before that fixed for her benefit; but refused to see her because she was dressed in a silk gown, and went in a chair; but notwithstanding, she engaged almost all the boxes at the benefit, and, on the morning after, presented her with two hundred and seventy guineas, a bill of considerable value, and sent her home in her own coach.

§ 86. MISFORTUNES AND TRIALS.

774. KEEN RETARTEE.

In a provincial town, an actor, who probably felt considerable difficulty in providing the necessary funds for stage dresses, or even clean linen, was playing the part of Arbate in Racine's *Mithridates*; when *Mithridates* appears in the third scene of the second act, and says to his confidant,—

*"Enfin, après un an, je te revois, Arbate," **

a wag in the pit stood up on the seat, and continued the speech,—

"Avec les mêmes bas et la même cravate," †

which produced a roar of laughter in the house.

775. A FALLEN STAR.

Poor Berry was once the idol of the Edinburgh audiences, and, beyond doubt, the best low comedian of his day. Liston, Matthews, and Emery, combined, would not have formed a better actor than Jack Berry; but dissipation, and repeated acts of neglect of his profession through dissipation, at length so exhausted the kindness and patience of Mr. Henry Siddons, that he was reluctantly compelled to abandon him; and, in leaving the Edinburgh theatre, the last restraint upon his unhappy failing was lost in Dumbarton, where he and his wife had been giving an entertainment of a theatrical nature. He fell, in a state of intoxication, against a glass door, lacerating his arm in so dreadful a manner as to produce lock-jaw, from which, by care and attention of his physician, he recovered,

but was never the same man again. He became a member of a travelling company, performing in the open air, at fairs; and thus the man whose talents had delighted the most enlightened audience in the British empire was converted into a low buffoon of a mountebank's caravan. He died in abject misery, almost shunned by his pot-house companions.

776. THEATRICAL BON-MOT.

In a very thin house an actress spoke very low in her communication with her lover. The actor, whose benefit it happened to be, exclaimed with a face of woful humor, "My dear, you may speak out; there is nobody to hear us."

777. A COMEDIAN'S TOOTH.

Spiller, the player, being one evening behind the scenes, tormented by a violent toothache, the barber offered to relieve him by drawing it. "No, my good friend," replied he, "I cannot spare one tooth now; but on the tenth of June the house closes, and you may then draw every tooth I have, for I am sure, after that, I shall have nothing to eat."

778. MRS. PORTER'S LAMENESS.

Her history inspires regret. With a character not only unquestioned, but marked by the noblest traits of generosity, she had to ply her profession for many years on the stage when she was absolutely a cripple. The cause of her lameness deserves honorable mention. On a summer evening, when she was taking the air in a one-horse chaise, having with her, according to custom, a brace of pistols, to

* After a year's absence, I see you again, Arbate.

† With the same stockings, and that &c.

defend her against robbery, a highwayman came up, and demanded her money; she levelled one of her pistols at him; the assailant immediately changed his tone to supplication, told her his name and the abode of his starving family, and appealed to her compassion so strongly that she gave him ten guineas out of her purse. He left her, and she lashed her horse to go on; but the animal started out of his track, upset the chaise, and caused her, by the fall, to dislocate her hip-joint. Notwithstanding all the pain and loss which the man had thus occasioned to her, she inquired into his circumstances, and, finding that he had told her the truth, she raised sixty pounds amongst her acquaintance, and sent it to the relief of his family. She was so much injured by this accident, that in acting Elizabeth, in the Albion Queens, she had to support herself on a crutched cane; but she turned even that circumstance to advantage, for, after signing Mary's death warrant, she expressed her agitation by striking the stage with her cane so violently as to bring forth bursts of applause. When she could act no longer, in consequence of her lameness, she had to subsist upon charity. Dr. Johnson paid her a visit some years before her death. She was then so wrinkled, that he said a picture of old age in the abstract might have been taken from her countenance.

779. CAPTAIN MORRIS, JOHN KEMBLE, JACK BANNISTER, AND THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Captain Morris, whose Bacchanalian songs are well known, was, in his advanced age, compelled to exist on a small income. The Duke of Norfolk, whose table he had for many years gladdened, if not graced, was one evening lamenting very pathetically to John Kemble, over the fifth bottle, the precarious state of Charles Morris's income. John did not like at first to tell the duke plainly what he, as a rich man, ought to do; but when the sixth bottle was produced, Kemble arose "like a tower," and broke out, as Jack Bannister tells the story, into a sort of blank verse speech, into the numbers of which he always fell, when nearly intoxicated. As Bannister relates it, the speech was as follows—true, as Kemble ever was, to the very rhythm of Shakespeare:—

"And does your grace sincerely thus regret
The destitute condition of your friend,
With whom you've passed so many pleasant hours?
Your grace hath spoke of it most movingly.
Is't possible the highest peer o' th' realm,
Amidst the prodigalities of fortune,
Should see the woes which he would not relieve?
The empty breath and vapor of the world
Of common sentiment become no man:

How should it, then, be worthy of your grace?
But Heaven, lord duke, hath placed you in a sphere
Where the wish to be kind, and being so,
Are the same thing. A small annuity
From your o'erflowing hoards, a nook of land
Clipped from the boundless round of your domains,
Would ne'er be felt "a monstrous cantle out;"
But you would be repaid with usury;
Your gold, my lord, with prayers of grateful joy;
Your fields would be o'erflowed with thankful tears,
Ripening the harvest of a grateful heart."

It is almost needless to say, what every body knows, that the duke at once granted the prayer of the actor's petition.

780. THE INSANE ACTOR.

Mr. Taylor thus relates the cause of the madness of Reddish: "His insanity took place soon after an unlucky occurrence at Covent Garden, the first night of his engagement. He appeared in the part of Hamlet, and in a fencing scene between him and Laertes, Whitefield, who performed the latter character, made so clumsy a lunge, that he struck off the bag-wig of Hamlet, and exposed his bald pate to the laughter of the audience. In conversing with him in Bedlam, I soothed him by telling him that I was present at the scene, and that though the accident had a risible effect, the audience knew the fault was to be wholly ascribed to the awkwardness of his competitor. The mortification, however, made so strong an impression on his mind, that he never appeared on the stage again, and, I heard, ended his days in the infirmary at York. He was the second husband of Mrs. Canning, the mother of our late eminent statesman, Mr. George Canning. He distinguished himself chiefly in the characters of Edgar, Posthumous, and Henry the Sixth in the play of Richard III. Poor Reddish!"

781. THE HALF-STARVED ACTOR.

Colley Cibber relates that a poor, half-starved actor, who used to play the apothecary, in *Romeo and Juliet*, to the life, and with great applause, received an augmentation of salary in consequence of his popularity. Unfortunately, an increase of wealth led him to increase his fare, until he gradually assumed a plumpness which unfitted him for the worn-out pharmacopoliist; and not being able to perform in any other line, the poor man was discharged. However, poverty once more brought him down to his original condition, when he reappeared upon the boards as triumphantly as ever.

§ 87. INFLUENCE OF IMAGINATION.

782. MISS SHERRIFF'S PERFORMANCE OF CLARI.

An audience at the National Theatre, in 1839, were electrified by a scene, which offered a curious instance of the effect of imaginary woes in producing a display of actual passion and distress. It occurred in Miss Sherriff's personation of Clari, in John Howard Payne's pathetic drama of the *Maid of Milan*. In the last scene of the play, the penitent Clari, who has been seduced from her humble but happy home by Vivaldi, a proud young nobleman, returns and seeks her parents. She first en-

counters her mother, to whom she is soon reconciled. But the father, who is of sterner stuff, spurns her from his path. It was in the midst of his terrible imprecation upon his child, that Miss Sherriff, as Clari, rapt by the cunning of the scene, and by a sensitive imagination, full into hysterics, and uttered the most piercing shrieks. The curtain was immediately dropped upon the scene, the effect of which upon the audience was that which might have been naturally awakened by an actual occurrence of an intensely tragic nature. Many instances of a similar kind have been mentioned. Mrs. Sloman, in *Philadelphia*, was agitated in a like manner while

personating the part of Mrs. Beverly, in the *Gamester*.

783. MOLIERE AND ANOTHER ACTOR.

Molière, the celebrated comedian, and styled by Voltaire "the best comic poet that ever lived in any nation," was seized with death while acting in the character of a sick man, in *Le Malade Imaginaire*, one of his own plays. According to another account, his death is attributed to performing in ill health. The same part, it is said, proved fatal to the actor who succeeded him.

784. MADAME MALIBRAN.

"A few details will prove that dramatic genius arises in a great measure from deep feeling; and this great tragic actress, Malibran, having, in the pursuit of her avocation, accompanied by great private sorrows, over-excited her nervous system, was subject to fits of hysteria, akin to epilepsy, and to attacks of catalepsy, such as I have never seen elsewhere, and hope never to see again. For example: having been one day informed, falsely as it proved, that her brother was killed at Algiers, her whole frame became immovable, and as suddenly as if she had been converted into a statue by the wand of an enchanter. She remained standing for two hours, neither hearing nor seeing any external object. Waking from her trance, when her attendants were off their guard, she unconsciously precipitated herself down a flight of stone stairs, cutting herself severely in her fall. Being taken up, she remained inanimate and motionless, until, in the middle of the night, she was seized by an automatic movement, when she began to roll over and over, from right to left; such a motion as Magendi, if I remember rightly, describes as taking place when the cerebellum was pierced in a certain place.

"The day afterwards Madame Malibran insisted upon fulfilling her duties at the King's Theatre; was lifted into her carriage, not being able to stand; was taken out in the same manner; was dressed, while sitting, for her part in the *Semiramide*; and when the moment came that she was to appear, to the unutterable astonishment of her friends, she rushed on the stage, and drew down thunders of applause by her unrivalled acting and singing. Every time she came off the stage, she retched violently, until the blood came, and, soon after the performance was over, relapsed into her insensibility. On other occasions, when other persons would have required bleeding, she recovered without it; and on all occasions of illness, her frame required artificial support to a most unusual extent."

785. AN AMATEUR.

Charles Hulet, a comedian of some celebrity in the early part of the last century, was an apprentice to a bookseller. After reading plays in his master's shop, he used to repeat speeches in the kitchen, in the evening, to the destruction of many a chair, which he substituted in the room of the real persons in the drama. One night, as he was repeating the part of Alexander, with his wooden representative of Clitus, (an elbow-chair,) and coming to the speech where the old general is to be killed, this young mock Alexander snatched a poker, instead of a

javelin, and threw it with such strength against poor Clitus, that the chair was killed upon the spot, and lay mangled on the floor. The death of Clitus made a monstrous noise, which disturbed the master in the parlor, who called out to know the reason, and was answered by the cook below, "Nothing, sir, but that Alexander has killed Clitus."

786. BETTERTON.

The assumption of a variety of characters by a person of irritable and delicate nerves has often a tragical effect on the mental faculties. We might draw up a list of actors who have fallen martyrs to their tragic characters. Betterton, although his countenance was ruddy and sanguine when he performed Hamlet, at the appearance of the ghost, through the violent and sudden emotion of amazement and horror in the presence of his father's spectre, instantly turned as white as his neckcloth, while his whole body seemed to be affected with a strong tremor. Had his father's apparition actually risen before him, he could not have been seized with more real agonies. This struck the spectators so forcibly, that they felt a shuddering in their veins, and participated in the astonishment and the horror so apparent in the actor.

787. THE FICTITIOUS AND THE REAL

It is certain that the constant simulation of infirmities on the stage sometimes leads to real sufferings of the same kind, and even to death. Molière, the comedian, died in Paris, in 1673, while acting the character of a sick man in *La Malade Imaginaire*. The same part also proved fatal to the actor who succeeded him.

Mr. Bond, the translator of Buchanan's History, so yielded himself up to the force and impetuosity of his imagination, when acting the character of Lusignan, in the tragedy of Zara, that, on the discovery of his daughter, he fainted away, and soon closed his eyes in death.

Pliny relates a story of an actor who imitated the gout so naturally as at length to bring that disorder upon him.

Madame Clarion, the celebrated French actress, accounted for her prematurely growing old in appearance by the influences of the grief and distresses with which she had been constantly overwhelmed on the stage. This celebrated woman, however, had her life protracted far beyond the usual period of existence, and, in the eighty-first year of her age, she delighted John Kemble, who paid her a complimentary visit, with a most energetic recitation of one of the scenes of *Phædra*.

788. JOHN KEMBLE.

Perhaps no man ever acted so completely up to a character as Kemble. For the time, he almost imagined himself to be the very thing he represented. The following example to the above rule happened one night at a provincial theatre, when John performed the character of Brutus. The unfortunate wight, who that evening represented Mark Antony, fatigued by his exertions, sought, behind the scenes, refreshment from a tankard of cool porter. John, making an exit from the stage, caught the noble Antony in the very act. He shrank aghast from

the horrid sight! Mark Antony drinking porter! Kemble struck the offending pewter pot from the luckless actor's hands, ran to his tiring-room, threw himself on a sofa, and much time elapsed before his brother actors could prevail upon him to continue the performance.

789. THEATRICAL QUACKERY OF MISS CHESTER.

On the quackery of her system of doing tragedy, a most whimsical and generally accredited anecdote is on record.

While Miss Chester was at York, one evening, having to perform a serious scene of Lady Townley, in the comedy of the Provoked Husband, she was

observed, between the fourth and fifth acts, in a rather retired part behind the wings, sobbing and moaning, and beating her bosom in a most unusual manner for an actress not *en scène*.

One of the actors very kindly asked her the cause of the grief so painfully expressed. She replied not in words, but motioned him to be gone, and then sighed and moaned more enthusiastically and vociferously than before. The good-natured actor, alarmed at a pretty woman's grief, entreated her to retire to her dressing-room, and let the other ladies assist to console her; on which she suddenly suspended her tones of grief, and snappishly exclaimed, —

"Go along, sir, — leave me, — for I am working up my feelings for the last scene."

This became a by-word and a jest among the frequenters of the greenroom.

§ 88. SELF-ESTEEM, ENVY, AND SIMILAR TRAITS.

790. MRS. CLIVE AND GARRICK.

The celebrated Mrs. Clive was an actress of considerable repute in London long before Garrick appeared upon the stage. When his genius broke forth in the metropolis, every other performer sunk at once into the shade, and Mrs. Clive, as well as the rest, with all her original merit, fell into comparative insignificance. Her temper was violent, and her manners coarse. She always vented her spleen, without restraint, upon Garrick, and even affected to deny his merit as an actor. One night, while he was performing *Lear*, she stood behind the scenes attending to his performance. Unable, with all her masculine roughness of character, to resist the pathetic touches of his skill, she remained fixed on the spot, sobbing and abusing him at the same moment. At length, after repeated alternations of tears and curses, wholly overcome by the affecting powers of the great actor before her, she hastily rushed from the place, with the following strange, but expressive tribute to the universality of his skill: "*I believe he could ACT A GRIDIRON.*"

791. GARRICK AND FIELDING.

Garrick's parsimony has been a subject of much discussion. He gave a dinner, at his lodgings, to Fielding, Macklin, Havard, Mrs. Cibber, and some others. Vails (presents) to servants being then much in fashion, most of the company gave Garrick's man, David, (a Welshman,) something at parting, some a shilling, some half a crown, &c., whilst Fielding very formally slipped a piece of paper in his hand, with something folded up in it. When the company were all gone, David seeming to be in high glee, Garrick asked him how much he got.

"I can't tell you, sir," said Davy; "here is half a crown from Mrs. Cibber, — Got pless her! — here is a shilling from Mr. Macklin, here is two from Mr. Havard, and here is something from the poet — Got pless his merry heart!"

By this time David had unfolded the paper, when, to his great astonishment, he saw that it contained no more than one penny! Garrick felt nettled at this, and next day spoke to Fielding about the impropriety of jesting with a servant.

"Jesting!" said Fielding, with seeming surprise; "so far from it, I meant to do the fellow a real piece of service; for had I given him a shilling or half a crown, I knew you would have taken it from him! but by giving him only a penny, I knew he had a chance of calling it his own!"

792. MACREADY'S DYING SPOT.

Mr. Macready was never popular with stock actors. He annoyed them exceedingly at rehearsals, by giving every man his particular place on the stage, so that in the picture presented he should be the centre. This actor must stand here, that actor there — it was his will.

On one of the nights of his last engagement in New Orleans, when he was to play *Hamlet*, he was very particular, at rehearsal, in the disposition of characters at the fall of the curtain. He had selected the most commanding place on the stage, well down to the lights, and declared that there he intended to die. It so happened, that as the fatal moment was approaching, just after *Hamlet* had stabbed the king, his majesty took it into his head to die on the spot selected by the philosophic Dane. The poison was burning in *Hamlet's* veins; he was in the agonies of death; but still he found time to say, *sotto voce*, to his step-father, —

"Back — back — I'm going to die there."

The blood of outraged royalty was up, and the stabbed monarch replied, —

"I'm king, and I'll die where I please — pick out a place for yourself." And *Hamlet* was compelled to let his soul out farther up the stage.

793. COLLEY CIBBER.

Colley Cibber, known for some years by the name of Master Colley, made his first appearance on the stage in a very subordinate situation. After waiting impatiently for the prompter's notice, he by good fortune obtained the honor of carrying a message on the stage to one of the principal actors of that day, whom he greatly disconcerted by his awkwardness. Betterton, in anger, inquired who it was that had committed such a blunder. Drones, the prompter, replied, "Master Colley." "Then forfeit

him," rejoined Betterton. "Why, sir, he has no salary." "No! then put him down ten shillings a week, and forfeit him five." To this good-natured adjustment of rewards and punishments Cibber owed the first money he received from the dramatic treasury.

Cibber, in a conversation with Mrs. Bracegirdle on the subject of Garrick's performance of Bays in the Rehearsal, spoke of the Roscius with affected derogation, saying, "To be sure, Garrick was well enough, but not superior to his son Theophilus." Mrs. Bracegirdle replied, "Come, come, Cibber, tell me if there is not something like envy in your character of this young gentleman? The actor who pleases every body must be a man of merit." The old man felt the force of this sensible rebuke, and frankly replied, "Why, faith, Bracy, I believe you are right; the young fellow is clever."

794. THE RULING PASSION.

R., who in his earlier days had been the hero of a barn, was for some years playing a humble line of business at the Liverpool theatre; his dignity was hurt, but the salary was consolatory. On the night that Palmer had expired on the stage, R. was smoking a pipe in an adjoining tavern. One of the performers suddenly rushed in, pale and agitated, exclaiming, "John Palmer has dropped down dead in the third act!" "Aha!" said Mr. R., after a pause of surprise, "and who have they sent for to finish the part?"

795. JOHNSON AND GARRICK.

Dr. Johnson said one day to Hawkins, "Garrick, I hear, complains that I am the only popular author of his time who has exhibited no praise of him in print; but he is mistaken. Akenside has forborne to mention him. Some, indeed, are lavish in their applause of all who come within the compass of their recollection; yet he who praises every body praises nobody; when both scales are equally loaded, neither can preponderate."

796. MISS POPE'S WAIST.

Miss Pope was rallied one evening in the green-room, by a certain actress, more noted for her gallantries than professional talents, on the largeness of her waist; on which she observed, "I could only wish it, madam, as *slender* as your reputation."

797. MACREADY SUBSTITUTING KEMBLE.

A benefit for the Philanthropic Society being in hand, Mr. C. Kemble, who was to have performed on that occasion the character of Romeo, (though too old for it,) in the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, being taken ill, the committee of members appointed to superintend the performance found it necessary to apply to Mr. Macready, who it was by no means certain would become the substitute for Mr. C. Kemble. They accordingly waited on Mr. Macready, who received them politely, but with a great portion of that superabundant importance for which he is so much distinguished. On the committee communicating to him the nature of their mission, the hero of the buskin, prudently consider-

ing that it might not redound to his credit to refuse assisting a public charity, replied with lofty condescension, "I will certainly act for the benefit of the Philanthropic Society; but I see how it is—as you cannot have the corporal, you now apply to the general!"

798. COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

The French revolution, among its illustrations of the worst human passions, exhibits one in Collet d'Herbois. When this wretch was tossed up, in the storm, to the summit of power, a monstrous imagination seized him; he projected razing the city of Lyons, and massacring its inhabitants. He had even the heart to commence, and to continue this conspiracy against human nature: the ostensible motive was royalism, but the secret one was literary vengeance! As wretched a poet and actor as a man, he had been hissed off the theatre in Lyons; and his dark, remorseless genius resolved to repay that ignominy by the blood of its citizens and the very walls of the city. Is there but one Collet d'Herbois in the universe?

799. KEAN'S EXPENDITURES.

From the January of 1814 to that of 1833, Kean was the star of the British stage, and his individual talents drew more, and for the exertion of these talents he himself received more, than any *three* performers that coëxisted with him. His books show a sum nearly averaging £10,000 a year for eighteen years. How, with his active life, so vast a sum could have been expended—for he never gambled—is one of the things which those who knew him best can never cease to wonder at. He had some silly habits of display, such as travelling on all occasions in a carriage and four; but his household expenses were always on a moderate scale; yet a few days before his death he was in danger of an arrest for a sum not exceeding 100l.

800. SHAKSPEARE'S GHOST.

"Shakspeare haunts me night and day," said a stage-strutting hero. "That he is so eternally haunted is not to be wondered at," said a bystander, "at all; for he has *most cruelly murdered him*, to my certain knowledge, in every character of that author he ever attempted to represent."

801. KEAN AND THE BULLY.

Kean got into a quarrel one night with a powerful fellow at a house in Clare market, and was at last stripped and fighting with his superior in strength, size, and science. His friends got him away to the Bedford, and they sat down to supper, during which one of the party said, "I am glad we were there; the fellow you were fighting with was —, who had a hard contest with the Gas Light Man." Soon after, Kean was missed, and it ultimately appeared that he had left the Bedford, sought out his antagonist, and fought with him in the street, and that in consequence the guardians of the night conveyed them to St. Dunstan's watch-house, from whence they were bailed by Mrs. Butler, of Covent Garden market. It is to be noted that Kean insisted on his adversary being bailed by *his* (Kean's) friends, with

the express intent of going to fight it out in a room, to see if he could beat this terrible fellow from Oxford; but he was at length pacified.

802. MUNDEN AND THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

It is related of Munden, the actor, that he was once, at a dinner, placed behind a haunch of venison, and requested to carve it. "Really, gentlemen," said he, "I know very little about anatomy; I dare say, now, there is some particular cut in the haunch—some favorite *bon morceau*; I dare say there is; but, I assure you, I am quite ignorant where to pick for it." A dozen knives instantly started up from the cloth, and Munden was instructed where the favorite piece lay. Joe uttered a whole string of thanks, working out the prime slice, loaded it with sauce and jelly, and then, with the plate in his hand, looked through his glasses round the table. Every mouth watered, every hand was raised, and every tooth prepared. "I wish I could please you all; but if I give the titbit to one, I shall offend all the rest; so, egad," added he, "I'll keep it myself, and every gentleman can help himself to what he likes best."

803. GARRICK'S VANITY.

The vanity of David Garrick was insatiate; and, being so visible to all, they had but to administer to this weakness, and they achieved their point. Mallet, who wrote the Life of the Duke of Marlborough, wishing to have his tragedy of Elvira brought forward, adopted this mode: Having waited upon him one day, after the common salutation, Mr. Garrick asked him what then employed his studies. "Why, upon my word," said Mallet, "I am eternally fatigued with preparing and arranging materials for the Life of the Great Duke of Marlborough. My nights, my days are occupied with that history; and you know, Mr. Garrick, that it is a very bright and interesting period in the British annals. But hark ye, my friend; do you know that I have found out a

very pretty, snug niche in it for you?" "Hey! how's that? a niche for me!" said the manager, turning quickly upon him, his eyes sparkling with unusual fire. "How could you bring me into the history of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough?" "That's my business, my dear friend," rejoined Mallet, "but I tell you I have done it." "Well, Mallet, you have the art of surprising your friends in the most unexpected and the politest manner; but why won't you now, who are so well qualified, write something for the stage? You should relax, you know; for I am sure the theatre is a mere matter of diversion, a pleasure to you." "Why," said the other, "to tell you the truth, I have, whenever I could rob the duke of an hour or so, employed myself in adapting La Motte's *Ines de Castro* to the English stage; and here it is." The manager embraced Elvira with rapture, and brought it forward with all expedition.

A gentleman of the law, who could not miss such an opportunity of laughing at Mr. Garrick's preposterous vanity, met him one day, and told him he had been applied to by the booksellers to publish an edition of the Statutes at Large, and he hoped he should find a snug niche in them to introduce him.

804. G. F. COOKE IN AMERICA.

Shortly after Cooke arrived in America, he was one evening in company with a number of actors, whom he bored outrageously. "Mr. H.," said he, "what do you know of the stage? You are no actor, although the applause you receive from the Yankees makes you think yourself one." From the woe-begone appearance of the young Thespian, the tragedian thought he had proceeded too far, and, endeavoring to heal the wound he had inflicted, rose with tears in his eyes, and observed, "What I said was in jest. I hold your professional talents in high estimation, and now freely make the acknowledgment." H. burst out in a loud laugh, exclaiming, "You old quiz, will you again say that I am no actor?"

§ 89. POWERS OF IMITATION.

805. TALMA AND THE OFFICER.

When Talma was once performing Hamlet at Arras, in the fifth scene, where he is about to stab his mother, a military stranger was so overcome by the tragic powers of the actor, that he was carried out of the theatre. His first words on recovery were, "Has he killed his mother?"

806. FOOTE'S MIMICRY.

Foote, the Aristophanes of the day, was a frequent visitor to the shop of Davies, at that time the resort of so many of the great literati of the age. His broad face was ever beaming with fun and wagery, and his satirical eye was ever on the lookout for characters and incidents for his farces. He was struck with the odd habits and appearance of Johnson and Goldsmith, now so often brought together in Davies's shop. He was about to put on the stage a farce called the *Orators*, intended as a hit at the Robin Hood debating club, and

resolved to show up the two doctors in it for the entertainment of the town.

"What is the common price of an oak stick, sir?" said Johnson to Davies. "Sixpence," was the reply. "Why, then, sir, give me leave to send your servant to purchase a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means to take me off, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity."

Foote had no disposition to undergo the criticism of the cudgel wielded by such potent hands, so the farce of the *Orators* appeared without the caricatures of the lexicographer and the essayist.

807. GARRICK SITTING FOR A PORTRAIT.

David Garrick sat many times to Sir Joshua Reynolds for different portraits. At one of those sittings he gave a very amusing account of his having sat once for his portrait to an indifferent painter, whom he wantonly teased; for when the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it

very correctly, as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity, whilst the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression, when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture, and make it like what he then saw; and when Garrick perceived that it was thus altered, he seized another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character, which, when the poor tantalized artist perceived, he, in a great rage, threw down his pallet and pencils on the floor, saying he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture.

808. GARRICK AND MADAME CLAIRON.

When the great actor, Garrick, was at Paris, he visited the celebrated Madame Clairon. In the course of his conversation with her, he asked her if she had ever heard of the Gamut of the Passions. She expressed her ignorance of what he meant; he immediately, with his voice and countenance, ran over the whole scale and compass of them, beginning with the most simple, and gradually proceeding to the most complex.

A friend of Garrick asked him why a whisper of his was heard throughout the whole theatre, whilst the loud acclamations of many of his colleagues were occasionally completely unintelligible. "The blockheads," replied he, "have no idea of distinctness in their speaking; they know not how to acquire

"A temperance that may give it smoothness."

809. MATHEWS.

"Mathews, the comedian," says Leigh Hunt, "I had the pleasure of seeing at Mr. Hill's several times, and of witnessing his imitations, which, admirable as they were on the stage, were still more so in private.

"The reasons why Mathews's imitations were still better in private than in public, were, that he was more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience, ('fit, though few,') and able to interest them with traits of private character, which could not have been introduced on the stage. He gave, for instance, to persons who he thought could take it rightly, a picture of the manners and conversation of Sir Walter Scott, highly creditable to that celebrated person, and calculated to add regard to admiration. His commonest imitations were not superficial. Something of the mind and character of the individual was always insinuated, often with a dramatic dressing, and plenty of *sauce piquante*. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom found fault with another for some defect or excess of his own, Kemble objecting to stiffness, Munden to grimace, and so on. His representation of Incedon was extraordinary; his nose seemed actually to become aquiline. It is a pity I cannot put upon paper, as represented by Mr. Mathews, the singular gabblings of that actor, the lax and sailor-like twist of mind, with which every thing hung upon him; and his profane pieties in quoting the Bible; for which, and swearing, he seemed to have an equal reverence. He appeared to be charitable to every body but Braham.

"As Hook made extempore verses on us, so Mathews one day gave an extempore imitation of us all around, with the exception of a young theatrical critic,—*videlicet*, myself,—in whose appearance and

manner he pronounced that there was no handle for mimicry; and no harm would have come of it.

"One morning, after stopping all night at this pleasant house, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest might, for aught I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obstreperous proofs, however, of the existence of a boy with a dirty face could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating; the cries of the child snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and at intervals old came his voice, bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being pitted, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathizing in perfect good faith, when Mathews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he."

810. THE ADMIRER PANTOMIME.

An ambassador from the King of Pontus, who was present in Rome at the representation of a pantomime, was so satisfied with the intelligence of the actor, that he asked the Emperor Nero to give him to him as a particular favor. "Do not be astonished at my request," said the ambassador; "I have savages for neighbors, whose language no one understands; nor can we make them comprehend what we mean; but this man, who knows how to speak by gestures, will easily make them comprehend our wishes."

Another stranger who was present at the performance of this pantomime, was so astonished at seeing one man execute an entire piece, that in his admiration he addressed these words to the actor: "*In one body thou hast more than one soul.*"

811. GARRICK AND THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

Mr. West's justly admired picture, the Death of General Wolfe, at once raised the painter to a summit of reputation unattained before, and, by affording an ample subject for the talents of Woollet, laid that foundation of an English school of engraving, which brought the art to its present perfection in that country. When this affecting picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, Mr. Garrick went one morning early, that he might review the exhibition uninterrupted by the crowd, which constantly attended at the fashionable hours. A considerable party was in the room, drawn there, at that hour, by the same motive. Of this number was a young lady, whose personal beauty appeared not to be her only accomplishment. The remarks she made on many of the pictures showed a delicate taste, and considerable knowledge of the arts. They were attended to with pleasure by her friends; and Mr. Garrick, then unknown to most of the company, paid some handsome compliments to her judgment. The Death of Wolfe drew the highest encomiums from every spectator. The young lady was particular in her commendation, but thought the expression not absolutely perfect; there was a something wanting in the general's countenance, which she could not easily describe; there was in that countenance a languor too happily portrayed. The company were dissatisfied with this opinion, and her friends appeared concerned on her account. Garrick, who had listened

attentively, and viewed the picture with acute penetration, begged leave to offer something in support of the lady's opinion, which he hoped to convince the company was not altogether erroneous. The lady, he observed, had remarked that there was something wanting in the general's countenance : of that something he would endeavor to supply an idea. He immediately placed himself in the attitude so judiciously chosen by the painter, supported by two gentlemen of the company ; and displayed, in his own face, the exact countenance depicted by the artist. He then assumed a most animated expression of that transient rapture which history records the dying hero to have felt at the joyful words, "They run!" "Who run?" "*The French!*" He maintained the representation a sufficient length of time for every one present to compare, and feel, the astonishing effect of his inimitable performance. A burst of applause followed, which, he politely declared, was justly due to the discernment of the lady, who had suggested, perhaps, the only improvement of which that masterly work was susceptible.

812. FOOTE AND GEORGE FAULKNER.

When Foote was acting in Dublin, he introduced into one of his pieces, called the *Orators*, the character of George Faulkner, the celebrated printer, whose manner and dress he so closely imitated, that the poor fellow could not appear in public without meeting with the scoffs and jeers of the very boys in the streets. Enraged at the ridicule thus brought upon him, Faulkner one evening treated to the seat of the gods all the *devils* of the printing office, for the express purpose of their hissing and hooting Foote off the stage. Faulkner placed himself in the pit to enjoy the actor's degradation ; but when the objectionable scene came on, the unfortunate printer was excessively chagrined to find that, so far from a groan or a hiss being heard, his gallery friends partook of the comical laugh. The next morning he arraigned his inky concave, inveighed against them for having neglected his injunctions, and on demanding some reason for their treachery, was lacerated ten times deeper by the simplicity of their answer. "Arrah, master," said the spokesman, "do not be after tipping us your blarney : do you think we did not know you ? Sure 'twas your own sweet self that was on the stage, and shower light upon us if we go to the playhouse to hiss our worthy master."

Failing in this experiment, Faulkner commenced an action against Foote, and got a verdict of damages to the amount of three hundred pounds. This drove Foote back again to England, where he resumed his mimicry, and humorously took off the lawyers on his trial, and the judges who had condemned him.

813. GARRICK AND Mlle. CLAIRO.

Not long before Mr. Garrick left Paris, in 1765, several persons of the first distinction, of both sexes, English and French, met by appointment at the Hotel de ———.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and Mademoiselle Clairon, were of the party. The conversation turned for some time on the belles-lettres, in which the merits of several eminent writers were discussed with equal judgment and candor. Many critical observations were made on the action and eloquence of the

French and English theatres ; and at the request of this very brilliant circle, La Clairon and Garrick consented to exhibit various specimens of their talents, which produced much entertainment. This friendly contest lasted a considerable time, with great animation on both sides ; the company loudly declared their approbation, in the strongest terms, of the two exhibitors. It was remarked that the French gave the preference to Mr. Garrick, and that the English, with equal politeness, adjudged the victory to Mademoiselle Clairon. But, as the greater part of the former were but little acquainted with the English language, Mr. Garrick was induced to relate a fact, and afterwards to exhibit it by action, which happened at one of the provinces of France, at a time he was there, and of which he had been an eye-witness. A father, he said, was fondling his child at an open window, whence they looked into the street. By one unlucky effort the child sprang from its father's arms, fell upon the ground, and died upon the spot. What followed, he said, was a language which every body understands, for it was the language of nature. He immediately threw himself into the attitude in which the father appeared at the time the child leaped out of his arms. The influence which the representation of the father's agony produced on such a company, and exhibited by this darling son of nature, in the silent but expressive anguish of unutterable sorrow, is easier to be imagined than expressed. Let it suffice to say, that the greatest astonishment was succeeded by abundant tears. As soon as the company had recovered from their agitation, Mademoiselle Clairon caught Mr. Garrick in her arms and kissed him ; then turning to Mrs. Garrick, she apologized for her conduct by saying it was an involuntary mark of her applause.

814. GARRICK AND PREVILLE.

When Garrick was in France, he made a short excursion from the capital with the celebrated Parisian performer Previle. They were on horseback, and Previle took a fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him he wanted one thing which was essential to complete the picture ; he did not *make his legs drunk*. "Hold, my friend," said he, "and I shall show you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of Port, mounts his horse in a summer evening to go to his box in the country." He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication. He called to his servant that the sun and the fields were turning round him ; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared and wheeled in every direction. At length he lost his whip, his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropped from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Previle gave an involuntary cry of horror ; and his terror greatly increased when he found that his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt. Garrick, whose eyes were closed, half opened one of them, hiccupped, and with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Previle was astonished ; and when Garrick started up and resumed his usual demeanor, the French actor exclaimed, "My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master,

and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him!"

815. MATHEWS'S DECEPTIVE POWERS.

A true tale is told of the late Charles Mathews, that, personating an eccentric old gentleman, a family friend, he drank tea with his mother without her finding out the cheat.

816. FOOTE AND GENERAL BLAKENEY.

Foote, whose talent lay in mimicry, even in his early days, had a knack of imitating General Blakeney in the shrug of his shoulders and the lisping of his speech, for which the general was remarkable, so that it grew a common topic among his acquaintances, who used to say, "Come, Sam, let us have the general." A friend at length acquainted Blakeney, who sent for Foote. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and, among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule." "O sir," said Foote, with great pleasantry, "I take all my acquaintance off at times, and what is more particular, I often take myself off." "Gad so," said the other, "pray let us

have a specimen." Foote, on this, put on his hat and gloves, took his cane, and, making a short bow, left the room. The general waited some time for his return; but at length, on inquiry, found he had really *taken himself off*, by leaving the house.

817. MACREADY'S COLLOQUIAL MANNER.

Mr. Macready's colloquial manner of delivering some of his most striking passages furnishes the subject matter for a brace of amusing anecdotes in Wemyss's book.

"In rehearsing the play of *Virginus*, at Baltimore, an occurrence took place which caused a hearty laugh at the expense of Mr. William Forrest, (brother to the tragedian,) who was the *icilius*. Caught by the natural tone and manner of Mr. Macready, who, turning suddenly, said, 'Will you lead *Virginia* in, or do you wait for me to do it?' 'Whichever you please, Mr. Macready,' was the ready answer. He even deceived the acting manager, Mr. Cowell, old and experienced as he was, in a similar manner in *William Tell*. When speaking to young Wheatley about his shoe being untied, Cowell said, rather pettishly, 'Don't keep us here all day, Mr. Macready, about the boy's shoe,—go on with the rehearsal.'"

§ 90. HUMOR AND WIT.

818. GARRICK'S RHYME.

Garrick was on a visit at Hagley, when news came that a company of players were going to perform at Birmingham. Lord Lytleton said to Garrick, "They will hear you are in the neighborhood, and will ask you to write an address to the Birmingham audience." "Suppose, then," said Garrick, without the least hesitation, "I begin thus:—

Ye sons of iron, copper, brass, and steel,
Who have not heads to think nor hearts to feel.

"O," cried his lordship, "if you begin thus, they will hiss the players off the stage, and pull the house down." "My lord," said Garrick, "what is the use of an address, if it does not come home to the *business* and *bosoms* of the audience?"

819. GARRICK.

Having occasion to go into the city with his friends Mr. Windham, the father of Mr. Windham member for Norfolk, and Dr. Monsey, a well-known character of that time, Garrick suddenly separated from his companions, as they were returning through St. Paul's Churchyard, and, walking into the middle of the road to a place where there was no danger of interruption from carriages, he directed his views towards the sky, and remained fixed in a musing posture, uttering, at times, "I never saw two before." This strange appearance naturally induced people to approach him, and to inquire what was the object of his attention. More, of course, followed, until a large crowd was collected. Garrick continued to repeat the same words, but made no answer to any questions. Various were the conjectures of the people, but no satisfactory solution occurred. At length, a man observed, that the gentleman was certainly

looking at two storks, as it was an extraordinary circumstance for more than one bird of that species to be seen at a time. This explanation was well received, until somebody asked, who, but the gentleman himself, saw even a single stork. The multitude was at last so great, that Dr. Monsey and Mr. Windham, apprehending they might be taken for confederates in a plot to make fools, thought proper to retreat from the scene of action. Garrick did not practise this whimsical trick for the mere purpose of wanton merriment, as he contrived, in the midst of his apparent abstraction, to turn his quick and penetrating eyes in all directions, and in the multitude that surrounded him, saw a variety of attitudes and expressions of character, which he treasured in his pregnant mind, in order to render them subservient to his art.

Another time, as he was going down the Strand, near Somerset House, with his friend Monsey, a porter was tripping along and whistling, with every indication of careless good spirit. Garrick told his friend that he would draw a crowd round the man before he reached Temple Bar. For this purpose he went forward and contrived to attract the notice of the lively porter, and gave him such a marked look with his expressive features, that the man's disposition was changed in a moment. He followed Garrick with eyes attentively fixed. Garrick found means to stop till the man came near him, when he looked at him again with a new expression, and proceeded in this manner, hastily departing every time the man approached. At length the poor fellow twisted and turned himself in all directions, in order to see if there was any thing attached to his dress that excited attention, pulling off his wig with the same view, and asking all persons near him, if any thing was the matter with him, that induced the gentleman before him to notice him in so extraordinary a manner, till, at length, Garrick had fully

effected his purpose, in seeing a crowd about the man.

§20. FOOTE AND THE SCOLD.

Foote, being scolded by a lady, said, "I have heard of *tartar* and *brimstone*: you are the *cream* of the one and the *flower* of the other."

§31. COOKE PAWNED.

The celebrated tragedian Mr. Cooke was always fond of a frolic on his benefit night, declaring that he never took liberties with his friends at any other time. It once happened, during an engagement at Philadelphia, that on such an occasion he was short of money, and at a loss to raise the wind for the accustomed breeze. In this dilemma he started up town in a speculative mood, determined to inspirit himself in some way or other. Having reached the corner of Callowhill and Eighth Streets, he cast his eye towards the Delaware, and perceived one of those enticing signs of three golden balls. He turned the corner, and, entering the fatal door, addressed the man behind the counter thus: "My name is Cooke. This is my benefit night. The manager can't do without me, as I am up for Richard III. I want some liquor. I have no money. Now I propose to hypothecate my royal person for ten dollars, and you may lay me up on one of your shelves." The joke was a queer one, and the master of ceremonies paid the ten dollars, and Cooke was laid up.

The theatre that night was crowded, and at seven o'clock the manager came forward to apologize, stating that with the permission of the audience the performance would commence with the farce. He had sent in different directions, but was unable to find Mr. Cooke in the city. He presumed the tragedian would be forthcoming in the course of the next half hour. As the manager retired, he was informed that a boy wished to see him in the greenroom. He found the lad, who presented a note, written in ciphers, which he at length translated thus:—

"My dear —, I am in pawn for ten dollars; send and redeem me, or it will be impossible for Richard to be himself to-night. Yours, Cooke."

The manager started immediately after the fixed star, and found him nicely shelved, with a plate of crackers and cheese, and a bottle of brandy by him. In the button hole of his coat was a piece of paper marked "No. 1473," pawned for ten dollars. The amount was paid, a hack called, and Mr. Cooke and manager rallied to the theatre, where the former had just time to dress, and commence "Now is the winter of our discontent," &c. It is said he never played Richard better, or received greater applause.

§32. GARRICK AND THE DOCTOR.

Dr. Thomson, who was a celebrated physician in his day, was remarkable for two things, viz., slovenliness of his person, and his dislike to muffins, which he always reprobated as being very unwholesome. On his breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcomb's, when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins being introduced, the doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently exclaimed, "Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, and looking significantly at the doctor, "take away the ragamuffins!"

§33. CLEVER PUN.

An actor named Priest was playing at one of the principal theatres. Some one remarked, at the Garrick Club, that there were a great many men in the pit. "Probably clerks, who have taken Priest's orders," said Mr. Poole, one of the best punsters, as well as one of the cleverest comic satirists of the day.

§34. QUIN AND THE LORD.

Quin, like Foote, associated with the best company, and both were also distinguished for a certain contempt for a portion of the society they courted, viz, the more noble, but less intelligent. During one day, at a party in Bath, Quin uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not distinguished for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed,—

"What a pity 'tis, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!"

Quin fixed and flashed his eyes upon the person, with this reply: "What would your lordship have me be? — a lord?"

§35. QUIN AND THE "SCOUNDREL."

Some person whom Quin had offended met him one day in the street, and stopped him.

"Mr. Quin," said he, "I—I—I understand you have been taking away my name."

"What have I said, sir?"

"You—you—you called me a scoundrel, sir."

"O, then keep your name, sir," replied Quin, and walked on.

§36. WITTY TRAGEDIAN.

"Don't you think my execution of Othello a capital performance? It is in my line, is it not?" asked an eminent tragedian of Cooke.

"Why, yes," replied the provoking punster; "all *executions* may be considered *capital* performances; and your performance of Othello is certainly one of that class, for you *execute* him, in your *line*, so effectually, that as soon as you lay hands upon him, he is *no Moor*."

§37. QUIN ON ANGLING.

Quin thought angling a very cruel diversion; and on being asked why, gave this reason: "Suppose some superior being should bait a hook with venison, and go a *Quinning*. I should certainly bite; and what a figure I should make dangling in the air!"

§38. FOOTE AND O'BRIEN.

Foote, the dramatist, having, in one of his entertainments, caricatured an actor named O'Brien, that gentleman waited upon the mimic, and indignantly complained of the injury his character had sustained through his being taken off upon the stage. The comedian, having vainly endeavored to laugh his visitor into good humor, at length observed,—

"Well, as you seem displeased at my taking you off, you shall immediately see me take *myself* off!"

"The enraged actor was pacified; and Foote, taking up his hat, walked out of the room. O'Brien

waited an hour before he saw the joke! and found that he would have to wait longer still before he saw the joker. So he, too, "took himself off."

"How is it possible that there can be such wretched, unhappy people among you?"

To which Le Maitre replied,—
"Madame, they are the Irish of France."

829. ANECDOTE OF SPILLER.

Spiller, the actor, one day, at Drury Lane Theatre, complaining of a violent toothache, the company's barber offered to take it out.

"No, not now," replied the pupil of Thespis, "but on the 10th of next June, when the theatre closes, you may take them all out, for I shall have no further use for them."

830. FOOTE'S REMARK ON GOLDSMITH.

One of the performers at the Haymarket Theatre was observing to Foote what a humdrum sort of a man Dr. Goldsmith appeared to be in the greenroom, compared with the figure he made in his poetry. "The reason of that," said he, "is because the *Muses* are better companions than the *players*."

831. SUCCESSFUL REPARTEE OF WESTON, THE ENGLISH ACTOR.

Weston, before his comic fame was established, appeared as a substitute for Shuter in the part of Sharp. Shuter's name was in the play-bills; and, when Weston appeared, the galleries vociferated "Shuter! Shuter!" Mrs. Clive played the part of Kitty Pry, and was no less a favorite than the other. The uproar continued, and nothing could be heard but "Shuter! Shuter!" As soon as it was possible to be heard, Weston, in his own inimitable and humorous manner, asked aloud, in a seemingly stupid amazement, and pointing to Mrs. Clive, "*Shoot her! Shoot her!* Why should I shoot her? I am sure she plays her part very well." Good humor was instantly restored, and he met with universal applause.

832. LEGRAND'S DEFENCE.

Legrand, who was both an actor and an author, but a man of a short and disagreeable figure, after playing some tragic part in which he had been ill received, came forward to address the house, and concluded his speech thus: "And in short, gentlemen and ladies, you must see that it is easier for you to accustom yourselves to my figure than for me to change it."

833. REYNOLDS AND MARTIN.

Reynolds, the dramatist, observing to Martin the thinness of his house at one of his own plays, added, he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied Martin, "I should judge it is owing to the *piece*."

834. THE QUEEN AND THE ACTOR.

The Sunday Mercury says that, after Frederic Le Maitre had played before Queen Victoria some scenes of a new role he is about to play at the Port St. Martin, called the Rag Picker, her majesty, who had become very much interested, said to the artiste,

835. THE GIMLET EYE.

Miss Pope was one evening in the greenroom, commenting on the excellences of Garrick, when, amongst other things, she said he had the most wonderful eye imaginable — an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that would penetrate through a deal board. "Ay," cried Wewitzer, "I now understand what they call a gimlet eye."

836. MATHEWS AT WAKEFIELD.

Mathews once went to Wakefield, then, from commercial failures, in a dreadful state. In vain did he announce his inimitable *Youthful Days*: the Yorkshireman came not. When he progressed to Edinburgh, a friend asked him if he made much money in Wakefield. "Not a shilling," was the reply. "Not a shilling," reiterated his astonished acquaintance; "why, didn't you go there to star!" "Yes," replied Mathews, with mirthful mournfulness, "but they spell it with a *ve* in Wakefield."

837. MATHEW'S LAST JOKE

Mathews's attendant, in his last illness, intended to give the patient some medicine; but, a few moments after, it was discovered that the medicine was nothing but ink, which had been taken from the vial by mistake, and his friend exclaimed, —

"Good Heavens! Mathews, I have given you ink."

"Never — never mind, my boy — never mind," said Mathews, faintly — "*I'll swallow a bit of blotting paper.*"

This was the last joke Mathews ever made.

838. TAYLOR'S FUN.

"My best pun," says Taylor, "was that which I made to Sheridan, who married a Miss Ogle. We were supping together at the Shakspeare, when, the conversation turning on Garrick, I asked him which of his performances he thought the best.

"O," said he, "the *Lear*, the *Lear*."

"No wonder," said I, "you were fond of a *Leer*, when you married an *Ogle*."

839. FIRE AND WATER.

A farce was performed in Bannister's time, under the title of *Fire and Water*. "I predict its fate," said he. "What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side. "What fate!" said Bannister; "why, what can fire and water produce but a *hiss*?"

840. JEW DAVIS.

Bashfulness was not the badge of his tribe, and it certainly formed no part of his character: he had a sort of celebrity for non-payment. One of his

creditors, thinking to shame him out of the money he owed, stood up in the pit of Sadler's Wells, and said, "Mr. Davis, I said I would expose you; you owe me seventeen and sixpence." "So I do," said Davis, "perfectly cool, and advancing to the foot-lights; "oblige me with half a crown, and it will make an even pound." We need not add that the creditor took nothing by his motion.

§41. SAVING A PENNY.

M. B., of Frankfort, who was married to an actress, and was also engaged as a writer for a journal called *La Nouvelle de Conversation*, was sent for by the principal editor.

"My dear sir," said the latter, "some one has sent me five louis, on condition that I write an article against your wife. There is the letter—read it."

M. B., having perused the letter, said, with the utmost gravity,—

"Well, five louis is too much to throw away; and as nobody knows a wife's faults so well as her husband, give me the money, and I will write the article."

The bargain was made; and in the next number of the journal a most severe article appeared against the lady.

§42. THE TRAGIC BARBER.

A hair-dresser, in a considerable town, made an unsuccessful attempt in tragedy. To silence an abundant hissing, he stepped forward, and delivered the following speech: "Ladies and gentlemen: yesterday I *dressed* you; to-night I *Address* you; and to-morrow, if you please, I will *redress* you. While there is virtue in powder, pomatum, and horse-tails, I find it easier to make an actor than to be one. *Vive la bagatelle!* I hope I shall yet shine in the capital part of a beau, though I have not the felicity of pleasing you in the character of an emperor."

§43. FOOTE AND THE SILVER SPOON

Foote, being on a visit at Lord Townshend's, at Raynham, happened one morning to look into the pig-sty, and saw a silver spoon among the pig's victuals. One of the housemaids coming by, and perceiving Mr. Foote, cried out, "Plague on the pigs, what a noise they make!" "Well they may," said Foote, "for they have but one silver spoon between them."

§44. STAKE *versus* STEAK.

On one occasion, Garrick dined in the beefsteak room at Covent Garden, ready dressed in character for the part of Ranger, which he was to perform the same night at the other theatre. Ranger appears in the opening of the comedy; and as the curtain was not drawn up at the usual time, the audience began to manifest considerable impatience, for Garrick had not yet arrived. A call-boy was instantly despatched for him, but he was unfortunately retarded by a line of carriages that blocked up the whole of Russell Street, which it was necessary for him to cross. This protracted still further the commencement of the piece; and the house evinced considerable dissatisfaction, with cries of

"Manager, manager!" When Garrick at length reached the greenroom, he found Dr. Ford, one of the patentees, pacing backwards and forwards in great agitation. The moment the doctor saw him, he addressed him in a strong tone of rebuke. "I think, David, considering the stake you and I have in this theatre, you might pay more attention to its business." "True, my good friend," returned Garrick; "I should have been in good time; but I was thinking of my *steak* in the other." The appearance of their favorite soon pacified the audience, and Garrick went through the character with more vivacity than ever.

§45. FOOTE AND GARRICK.



Samuel Foote.

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together, at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former, pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter what he should do with a light guinea he had. "Fshaw, it's worth nothing," says Garrick; "fling it to the devil." "Well, David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go *further* than any other man."

§46. FOOTE'S WIT.

Foote's wit was quick, sometimes coarse. Being asked by a lady to translate a physician's motto, which was "*A numine salus*"—Health comes from God,—he quickly replied, "God help the patient."

Being at table next a gentleman who had taken a very large piece of bread, he took it up and cut a piece off. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg pardon, sir," said Foote, "I protest I took it for the loaf."

Foote's wit in many cases is hardly worthy of imitation. There is, as in this instance, too much

of the sting of the scorpion about it. It is poor policy, when a man, to display his wit, hurls sarcasms that creates him enemies or alienates his friends.

847. FOOTE'S OPINION OF GARRICK.

When Foote was in Paris, in the course of an evening's conversation with some English gentlemen, the subject turned on Mr. Garrick's acting, when some of the company expressed their fears of that great performer's relinquishing the stage.

"Make yourselves easy on that head," replied the wit, "for he'd play Richard before a kitchen fire in dog days, provided he was sure of getting a sop in the pan."

848. MATHEWS'S PROVISION FOR HIS SON.

Mathews being asked what he was going to do with his son, (the young man's profession was to be that of an architect,) "Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to *draw houses*, like his father."

849. VISITING BEDLAM.

Foote, Garrick, and Johnson once went together to Bedlam. Johnson, who was much affected at the sight of so much human misery, got into a corner to meditate, and, in the progress of this, threw himself into so many strange attitudes, and drew his face into such odd shapes, that Foote whispered Garrick, to know *how they should contrive to get him out*.

850. FOOTE AND JEMMY WRIGHT.

As Foote was one day passing by the King's Bench, his attention was attracted by a barber's shop, the owner of which, not being able to pay for several panes of glass, which were broken when he entered the house, he had substituted paper ones for them, and over the shop door was written this inscription:—

"Here lives Jeremy Wright—
Shaves as well as any man in England, almost,
Not quite."

Foote was so much convinced in his own mind that the owner was an eccentric fellow, that he was determined to ascertain it immediately; so, putting his head through one of the paper panes, he exclaimed, "Is Jemmy Wright at home, pray?" On which the facetious barber immediately thrust his head through another, and replied, "*No, he is just popped out.*" Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

851. FOOTE AND THE PLAIN WOMAN.

A gentleman, having introduced his wife, who was very plain, to Foote, observed, that, though his Helen could not boast of much beauty, she was an excellent housewife. "I have no doubt of it, my good friend," said Foote; "I was only thinking it was a thousand pities that the Grecian Helen was not more like her, for if she was, Troy certainly would never have been burnt."

852. FOOTE'S FUN ON PARTRIDGE

When Foote was at Salt Hill, he dined at the castle; and when Partridge produced the bill, which was exorbitant, Foote asked him his name. "Partridge, an't please you," said he. "Partridge," returned Foote, "it should have been Woodcock by the length of your bill."

853. FOOTE AND THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

When the Duke of Norfolk was Mr. Howard, he published a book, called his *Own Thoughts*, of which he promised a second part. Being in company with Foote, some time after this, at the Bedford Coffee-house, he pressed our hero to give an opinion of his book, which the other at first declined; but at length, being at a loss for an excuse, he replied, "I will wait for your next book, sir; *second thoughts are the best.*"

854. FOOTE AND CORK.

Foote praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips from the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in Cork. "No, sir," said he, quickly, "but I have seen a great many *drawings* of it."

855. KEMBLE AND THE BEGGAR.

The late John Kemble met a man in the street, who appeared extremely distressed, and asked charity; he gave him something, observing, "Either that man must be in actual distress, or he is a first-rate actor."

856. WILLIAM FRANCIS AND MR. S.

A gentleman once attempted to avoid the late Mr. William Francis, of the Philadelphia Theatre. (for whose society he expressed a particular relish in the evening parties,) by crossing the street to avoid the necessity of addressing him *en passant*. Mr. Francis, perceiving the inattention, attracted the notice of every person within hearing by loudly calling him by name, thus: "Don't trouble yourself to cross, Mr. S——; upon my honor, sir, I had no intention of speaking to you."

It is needless to say this just rebuke prevented any second insult. Mr. S—— was always most happy to shake Francis by the hand, wherever they met.

857. KEMBLE AND MR. SHAW.

On the first production of Gretry's *Richard Cœur de Lion*, at Drury Lane, on the 20th of October, 1786, John Kemble himself played Richard, and sang the songs. At one of the rehearsals of this piece, it appeared that Kemble had acquired the *time* of the principal song pretty correctly, but that he was sadly deficient in the *time*; on which Mr. Shaw, the leader, exclaimed with impatience, "Mr. Kemble, that really won't do; you *murder* the time." "Well, Mr. Shaw," said Kemble, with his usual solemnity, "it is better to murder time outright, than to be always *beating* it, as you are."

588. KEMBLE'S COSTUME AS CORIOLANUS.

When Kemble retired from the stage, he distributed his costume of Coriolanus amongst his brethren. To Mathews he gave his sandals, upon which the comedian exclaimed, "I'm glad I've got his sandals, though I am sure I could never tread in his shoes."

589. WILSON'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Richard Wilson happening to be in the printing office whilst the compositor was setting the types for the advertisement in a newspaper, he made him put the whole advertisement upside down; and telling me of this stratagem of his, I could not comprehend the purpose. "Why," said he, "a person looking at the paper would say, 'What's this? an advertisement reversed! O, Wilson's benefit!' And without this hum," added Wilson, "perhaps my ad-

vertisement might prove a *malefit*."

590. GOOSE'S HEAD ON THE STAGE.

A person threw the head of a goose on the stage of the Bellville Theatre. Cotru, advancing to the front, said, "Gentlemen, if any one amongst you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it at the conclusion of the performance."

591. FINN'S MORCEAU.

The celebrated comedian Finn issued the following *morceau* the day previous to one of his benefits, at the Tremont Theatre, in the city of Boston:—

"Like a grate full of coals I burn
A great, full house to see;
And, if I prove not *grateful* too,
A great fool I shall be."

§ 91. AMUSING DETAILS OF ACTORS.

592. GEORGE FREDERIC COOKE.

The following anecdote of Cooke was told by Mathews, the mimic, to a company of friends in a steamboat, among whom was William Dunlap, author of the History of the American Theatre, from which the extract is taken.

Seated in the captain's cabin, and freed from all annoyance, Mathews became, as usual, the fiddle of the company, and story, anecdote, imitation, and song poured from him with the rapidity and brilliancy of the stars which burst from a rocket on a rejoicing night. To make himself still more agreeable to the senior, he introduced the memoirs of George Frederic with that flattery which is delicious to all men, and peculiarly so to an author. "The story of Cooke and Mrs. Burns," he added, "you have told remarkably well, and when I have introduced it in my Youthful Days, I have always taken your words; but Tom Cooper, from whom, as I understand, you had it, forgot the termination of the story,—the real *dénouement*,—which makes it infinitely more dramatic." All joined in the request that Mathews would tell the story in his own way, and he, nothing loath, began:—

"I was a raw recruit in the Thespian corps, and it was my first campaign to Dublin. Chance made me a fellow-lodger with Cooke, at the house of Mrs. Burns. I had looked at the great actor with an awful reverence, but had not yet been honored by any notice from him.

"In getting up Macklin's *Love à la Mode*, I had been cast for a Beau Mordecai; and assuredly a more unfit representative of the *little Jew* can scarcely be imagined. As tall as I now am, I had then all the rawboned awkwardness of a *hobbledehoy*, and no knowledge of the world or of the stage. But Mr. Cooke must be shown to the Dublin public in Sir Archy, and there was no other Mordecai to be had. I was, however, perfect in the words; and if I murdered the Jew, I did it impartially; I murdered him 'every inch.'

"After the farce, I *tarried*, as you Yankees say, a considerable time at the theatre, rather choosing to linger among the almost expired dripping candles of the dressing rooms, than to seek, through mist and

mud, my lofty, but comfortless abode in Mrs. Burns's garret, but the property man gave me my cue to depart, by putting out the lights; and I was slowly mounting to my bed, when, as I passed the room of the great man, I saw him (the door being open) sitting with a jug before him, indulging after the labors of the evening. I was stealing by, and had already one foot on the flight of stairs which led to my exalted apartment, when I was arrested by a loud, high-pitched voice, crying, 'Come hither, young man.' I could scarcely believe my senses: I hesitated. 'Come in,' was repeated. I advanced. 'Shut the door and sit down.' I obeyed. He assumed an air of courtesy, called upon Mistress Burns for another tumbler, and filled for himself and me.

"You will be so kind, my good Mistress Burns, as to bring another pitcher of whiskey punch in honor of our friend.' 'To be sure and I will, Mr. Cooke.' The punch was brought, and a hot supper, an unusual luxury then to me. After supper, the veteran, quite refreshed and at ease, chatted incessantly of plays and players,—lashing some, commending others,—while I, delighted to be thus honored, listened, and laughed; thus playing naturally and sincerely the part of a most agreeable companion. After the third jug of punch, I was sufficiently inspired to ask a few questions, and even to praise the acting of the veteran.

"To use your words, as I have often before done," said Mathews, addressing himself to the biographer, "'one jug of whiskey punch followed the other,' and Cooke began to advise his young companion how to conduct himself on the real, and on the mimic scene of life. 'You are young, and want a friend to guide you. Talent you have; but talent without prudence is worthless, and may be pernicious. Take my word for it, there is nothing can place a man at the head of his profession but industry and sobriety. Mistress Burns!—Shun ebriety as you would shun destruction. Mistress Burns! another jug of whiskey punch, Mistress Burns.'

"O, Mr. Cooke!—
"You make it so good, Mistress Burns; another jug!"

"Yes, Mr. Cooke."

"In our profession, my young friend, dissipation

is the bane of hundreds; villanous company, low company, leads to drinking; and the precious time is lost which should have been employed in gaining that knowledge which alone can make men respectable. Ah! thank you, Mistress Burns; this has the true Hibernian smack!

"You may say that, Mr. Cooke."

It is needless to remind the reader, that with the aid of Mathews's powers of imitation, sometimes called ventriloquism in this humbugging world, all this and much more would be extremely pleasant, and the more especially as the company had repeated supplies of the same inspiring beverage from the steward, and almost as good, certainly as strong, as that of Mrs. Burns.

Mathews went on to describe the progress of Cooke's intoxications, during which his protests against drunkenness became stronger with each glass. He then undertook to instruct the tyro in the histrionic art, and especially in the manner of exhibiting the passions. Here it would be in vain to endeavor to follow Mathews. Cooke's grimaces and voice, while his physical powers, under the government of whiskey, rebelled at every effort against the intention of the lecturer, were depicted by the mimic in a manner beyond the conception of even those who have seen the public exhibition of his talents: here all was unrestrained gig and fun, and the painting truly *con amore*, and glowing from heart and glass.

"It must be remembered," continued Mr. Mathews, "that I was but a boy, and Cooke in the full vigor of manhood, with strength of limb and voice herculean. I had the highest reverence for his talents, and literally stood in awe of him; so that when he made his horrible faces, and called upon me to name the passions he had depicted, I was truly frightened, overwhelmed with the dread of offending him, and utterly at a loss to distinguish one grimace from another, except as one was *more* and another *most* savage and disgusting."

"Now, sir—observe—what's that?"

"Revenge."

"Revenge, you booby! Pity! pity!"

"Then, after making another hideous contortion of countenance, he cries,—

"What is that, sir?"

"Very fine, sir, very fine indeed."

"But *what* is it, sir?"

"Forced to answer, and utterly unable to guess the meaning of the distorted face which he then again thrust before me, I stammered out,—

"Anger, sir."

"Anger!"

"Yes, sir, anger, to be sure."

"To be sure you are a blockhead! Look again sir—look again! It's fear, sir—fear. You play! you a player!"

Mathews then exhibited the face of Cooke as he distorted it to express the tender passion,—a composition of satanic malignity and the brutal leering of a drunken satyr,—and imitating Cooke's most discordant voice,—

"There, sir, that's love."

"This," continued Mathews, "was more than I could bear; even my fears could not restrain my laughter: I roared. He started at first, but immediately assuming a more serious aspect, he cried,—

"What do you laugh at, sir? Is George Frederic Cooke to be made a laughing-stock for a booby? What, sir!"

"Luckily, at that moment Mrs. Burns stood with the door partly opened, and another jug in her

hands. 'You must pardon me, sir,' I said, with a quickness which must have been the inspiration of whiskey, 'but you happened to turn your soft and languishing look towards the door just as Mrs. Burns opened it, and I could not but think of the dangerous effect of such a look upon her sex's softness.'

"He laughed, and embracing the jug as the good woman put it down, he looked at Mrs. Burns, and with some humor endeavored to sing, '*How happy could I be with either, were I other great charmer away!*' but with a voice which defies art and nature for a comparison."

"Mistress Burns now protested against any more punch; but, after some time, agreed, upon Cooke's solemn promise to be satisfied with one more jug, to bring it."

"But remember your honor, Mister Cooke; and that is the jewel of a gentleman; and sure you have pledged it to me, you have."

"I have, my good Mistress Burns; and it is 'the immediate jewel of the soul,' as you say."

"I said no such thing; but I'll be as good as my word, and one more jug you shall have, and the devil a bit more, jewel or no jewel."

"I was heartily tired by this time, and placed my hope on Mrs. Burns's resolution. The last jug came, and was finished; and I wished him good night."

"Not yet, my dear boy."

"It's very late, sir."

"Early, early: one jug more."

"Mrs. Burns will not let us have it, sir."

"She will not? I'll show you that presently."

Then followed a fine specimen of imitation; Mathews, as Cooke, calling upon Mrs. Burns. (who was in the room below and in bed.) and then giving her answers as coming up through the floor, in the manner called ventriloquism.

"Mistress Burns! Do you hear, Mistress Burns?"

"Indeed and I do, Mr. Cooke!"

"Bring me another jug of whiskey punch, Mistress Burns."

"Indeed and I won't, Mr. Cooke!"

"You won't?"

"Indeed and indeed so I won't!"

"Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?" (smashing the jug on the floor.)

"Indeed and I do, and you will be sorry for it to-morrow."

"He then regularly took the chairs, one by one, and broke them on the floor immediately over Mrs. Burns's head, after every crash crying, 'Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?' and she as regularly answering, 'Indeed and I do, Mr. Cooke.' He next opened the window, and threw the looking-glass into the street."

"I stood," continued Mathews, "in a state of stupid amazement during the scene, but now attempted to make my escape, edging towards the door, and making a long stride to gain the garret stairs."

"Come back, sir! Where are you going?"

"To bed, sir."

"To bed, sir! What, sir! desert me! I command you to remain on your allegiance! Desert me in time of war! Traitor!"

"I now determined to make resistance; and feeling pot-valiant, looked big, and boldly answered,—

"I will not be commanded! I will go to bed!"

"Aha!" cried the madman, in his highest key. Aha! do you rebel? Catiff! wretch! murderer!"

"He advanced upon me, and I shrank to nothing before his flashing eye. 'Murderer!' seizing me

by the collar with herculean gripe, 'you will go? I will send you to the place you are fittest for! Murderer, I'll drag you to your doom! I'll give you up to Fate! Come along, caitiff!' and he dragged me to the open window, vociferating, 'Watch! watch! murder! murder!' in his highest and loudest key.

"Immediately the rattles were heard approaching in all directions, and a crowd instantly collected. He continued vociferating 'Watch! watch! murder!' until the rattles and exclamations of the watchmen almost drowned his stentorian voice.

"What's the matter? who's kilt? who's murdered? Where's the murderer?"

"Silence!" screamed Cooke; 'hear me!' All became hushed. Then holding me up to the window, the raving tragedian audibly addressed the crowd: 'In the name of Charles Macklin, I charge this culprit, Charles Mathews, with the most foul, cruel, deliberate, and unnatural murder of the unfortunate Jew, Beau Mordecai, in the farce of *Love à la Mode*.' Then, pulling down the window, he cried, 'Now go to bed, you booby! go to bed! go to bed! go to bed!'"

The steamboat party remained together until near morning, and then retired to rest. Let it not be supposed that they imitated the folly of the hero of the above tale because whiskey punch has been mentioned. The evening, or night, was one of real interchange of mind, heightened by the peculiar powers and habits of the very extraordinary histrionic artist who gave this instance of Cooke's eccentric and pernicious propensities.

863. MACREADY AND THE BLUNDERING ACTOR.

It is well known that Macready is one of the most particular persons on the stage, and that he always goes through the business of the rehearsal as carefully as if performing before an audience. Occasionally, in the country, it has been his fate to meet with some extraordinary idiots, whose ignorance has sometimes led to mistakes of a very ludicrous character. One morning he was rehearsing *Virginius*, in many passages of which his colloquial style threw the provincials off their guard, and they imagined he was addressing them in familiar conversation, instead of rehearsing his part in the tragedy. Among other passages which he delivers in a very natural and colloquial style is that ending in the first act:—

"Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in;
Or will you do so?"

The actor who played *Icilius*, thinking Macready merely wished to know his pleasure on the matter, coolly responded, with an air of importance, "Whv, really, my dear sir, I don't care; just as you do it in London."

Another anecdote of the same kind is related respecting that part of *William Tell* wherein Macready asks the question,—

"Do you shoot?"

"A little," was the reply; "but, strange to say, I never had a go with one of them cross bows."

864. A BURDEN TAKEN OFF.

A ludicrous scene was unintentionally played at the Surrey Theatre. A Mr. D., a check tailor, took a benefit. Mr. D. might enact *Falstaff* without the usual ingredients which go to what is called "the making up" of that character. As he had been an

actor in his *thin* days, Mr. D. thought it would be a treat to his benefit-makers if he showed them what he could do in his more palmy and fleshy days. Accordingly, "for this night only," by no particular desire but his own, he made not his first, but his *fat* appearance, and enacted, in proper *Bradley* style, some brigand part, in which, after running, or rather waddling, through his career of villany in the most approved manner, he was, of course, shot in the end. But there was not an end; for a difficulty arose—how was he to be got off the stage?—he of all men else—a twenty stone man. Two underlings were ordered by the stage manager to bring him off somehow; but they stared aghast at the daring of such an exploit, and flatly refused. "But he must be brought off," said the manager. They perspired (on a cold night) at the thought, swore, turned pale, and again refused. "I'll bring him off," said a tall, thin, Don Quixote-like supernumerary, who looked as if he could not have carried a lady's lapdog to church without resting it on a porter's pitching-block by the way. Accordingly, he advanced up to the fat bandit, stood over him a moment, as if he compassionated the fall of so much man, and then very coolly picking him up, tucked the entire twenty stone of D. under his right arm, and walked off the stage as deliberately as if he had but placed his Sunday umbrella there. The shout of laughter that arose from the whole audience was such as might have waked *Elliston* from under his Latin inscription, to wonder what could be the cause of so much mirth at the Surrey, and *he* not there in *Rover* or *Fat Jack*.

865. JOKES ON DYER.

Mr. Dyer does not mind a joke at himself. "On one occasion," says he, "we played *Lovers' Vows*; and when *Frederic* inquired, 'Is there a doctor in the village?' a matter-of-fact countryman replied, in a tone of sympathy, 'O, yes, sur; there's old Parfit, the horse doctor, lives up in town.'

"On my first performance of *William*, in *Black-eyed Susan*, my musical powers being rather deficient, I sang the verse,—

'All in the Downs the fleet was moored,' &c.

to the tune of the *Storm*; when a kind, weak-hearted creature, dissolved in tears at my supposed sorrows, sobbed aloud, 'Poor fellow! he's so cut up, he's forgot the tune.'

866. GAG IMPROMPTU.

An actor in Baltimore, some years ago, having to play the Duke, in *Othello*, and not being *au fait* in his part, found himself at fault when he came to this passage: "Take up this mangled matter at the best;" and, not wishing to call forth the goose from the audience, spoke it in this wise: "Take up the star-spangled banner, and bear it to the west!" which drew down a patriotic burst of applause *instantly*.

867. DYER AT PLYMOUTH.

Playing *Der Freischütz* at Plymouth, Mr. Dyer says,—

"Mine was triumphant success, and a loud call was raised for my appearance at the end of the play. Out of this circumstance arose a ludicrous mistake.

Dyer and *fire*, are similar in sound; and, when my admirers cried *Dyer*, several persons became dreadfully apprehensive of *fire*, and an elderly lady betrayed such violent agitation, that, to quiet her, a friend of mine shouted aloud, from his place in the boxes, 'It's false, madam, it's false! there is not a spark of *fire* in the house.'

568. GARRICK AND THE BUTCHER'S DOG.



David Garrick.

One very sultry evening in the dog days, Garrick performed the part of Lear. In the first four acts, he received the accustomed tribute of applause. At the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion. It was not tragic; it was evidently an endeavor to suppress a laugh. In a few seconds, the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beautiful Cordelia, who was lying extended on a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from the sofa, and, with the majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage.

The audience could not account for this strange termination of a tragedy in any other way, than by supposing that the *dramatis personæ* were seized with a sudden frenzy. But their risibility had a different source. A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the front bench of the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who, being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally supposed that he might here enjoy the like privilege. The butcher sat very far back, and the dog, finding a fair opening, got on the seat, and, fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orchestra, peered the performers with as upright a head and as grave an air as the most sagacious critic of the

day. Our corpulent slaughter-man was made of melting stuff, and, not being accustomed to the heat of a playhouse, found himself oppressed by a large and well-powdered Sunday periwig, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of the mastiff. The dog, being in so conspicuous a situation, caught the eye of Mr. Garrick and the other performers. A mastiff in a church warden's wig was too much. It would have provoked laughter in Lear himself at the moment of his deepest distress. No wonder, then, that it had such an effect on his representative.

569. POWELL AND HIS DRESSER.

The first season of performing the *Fair Penitent*, Mr. Powell represented the part of Lothario. He had a dresser called Warren, who claimed a privilege which at that time existed, though not always observed, of performing the dead part of the hero in the fifth act. Powell, being ignorant of the station his man had taken, called aloud for him, behind the scenes, in the middle of the last act. The sad representative of death, hearing his master's voice, and knowing that he was passionate, instantly replied, "Here am I, sir." Powell, being still ignorant of the situation of his servant, again called, "Come here this moment, you son of a —, or I will break all the bones in your skin!" Warren could no longer delay or resist, and jumped up, hung with sables, which, as it were to heighten his embarrassment, were tied to the handles of the bier. This, added to the roar in the house, urged his speed so earnestly, that, with the bier in his rear, he ran against and threw down Calista, (Mrs. Barry), overwhelming her with the table, lamp, book, bones, and all the dread lumber of the charnel-house, till at length he liberated himself, and precipitately took flight. The play ended abruptly, but not without leaving the audience in high good humor.

570. FORGETFULNESS.

Lessing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to the test, and left a handful of gold on the table. "Of course you counted it," said one of his friends. "Counted it!" said Lessing, rather embarrassed; "no, I forgot that."

571. HOOLE, THE TRANSLATOR OF TASSO. THE GHOST PUZZLED.

Hoole was born in a hackney coach, which was conveying his mother to Drury Lane Theatre, to witness the performance of the tragedy of *Timon*, which had been written by her husband. Hoole died in 1839, at a very advanced age. In early life he ranked amongst the literary characters that adorned the last century; and, for some years before his death, had outlived most of the persons who frequented the *conversazioni* of Dr. Johnson. By the will of the doctor, Mr. Hoole was enabled to take from his library and effects such books and furniture as he might think proper to select, by way of memorial of that great personage. He accordingly chose a chair in which Dr. Johnson usually sat, and the desk upon which he had written the greater

number of the papers of the Rambler; both these articles Mr. Hoole used constantly, until the day of his death.

Hoole was near-sighted. He was partial to the drama; and, when young, often strutted his hour at an amateur theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Upon one occasion, whilst performing the ghost, in Hamlet, Mr. Hoole wandered incautiously from off the trap-door through which he had emerged from the nether world, and by which it was his duty to descend. In this dilemma he groped about, hoping to distinguish the aperture, keeping the audience in wonder why he remained so long on the stage after the crowing of the cock. It was apparent from the lips of the ghost, that he was holding converse with some one at the wings. He at length became irritated, and "Alas! poor ghost!" ejaculated, in tones sufficiently audible, "I tell you I can't find it." The laughter that ensued may be imagined. The ghost, had he been a sensible one, would have walked off; but no, he became more and more irritated, until the perturbed spirit was placed by one of the bystanders on the trap-door, after which it descended, with due solemnity, amid roars of laughter.

872. UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECT.

"Our fat and jolly friend Isherwood, of the Front Street Theatre," says the Baltimore Clipper, "of sleek rotundity, and contented, good-humored phiz, gave us, on Saturday evening, a practical illustration of what we asserted when we were infant philosophers, that 'what goes up must come down,' while enacting Philip Franklin, in the Convict's Child. His daughter Martha, after a long separation, is presumed, on their union, to experience all those filial yearnings natural on such occasions, usually exhibited on the stage, by such exclamations, as 'Ha! 'tis my lost child!' 'My father!'—a start by papa—a rush towards each other—embrace—kiss on the forehead—and 'thy poor mother lives again in thee,' generally conclude the affecting scene. Now, Mrs. Lewis is no lightsome fairy, no unsubstantial vision; and in the *furor* of acting, rushing to her new-found father's arms, whose strength was not, apparently, equal to his affection, both father and daughter, amid smiles and tears, like some huge oak uprooted, tumbled over, ludicrously enough, on the bosom of our common mother, earth, 'amid,' as the newspapers have it, 'the shouts of a delighted audience!' Had the lean and hungry Cassius been there, he might well have exclaimed, 'What a fall was there, my countrymen!'"

873. MARRIAGE OF MR. AND MRS. KEELEY.

This matrimonial alliance originated in a joke, but proved a very pleasing earnest to both the parties. There was a conspiracy, entered into by some wags in the theatre, (both male and female,) to bring about a marriage between our hero and little Miss Goward. It was a sort of Benedict and Beatrice affair. The little couple had generally to act together as man and wife, or *buffo* lovers; he was the *comic* serving man, and she the *soubrette*; they were always bickering and quarrelling about trifles when off the stage, each seeming absolutely to dislike the other: this attracted notice, when the lady wags contrived to persuade the little gentleman that the poor girl was almost dying for him, yet

would not declare her love. In the mean time, the gentlemen were equally busy in convincing the little lady that she alone could wean him from dissipation, and thereby save his life, insinuating that her cruel indifference, nay, her apparent dislike, had driven him to seek with Bacchus consolation for the frowns of Venus; and, strange as it may appear that two experienced actors should be so acted upon, yet it is a fact known and often spoken of by the waggish conspirators, that they actually married, each believing that by so doing it was to save the other's life; and it was a salvation to one party, for it certainly reformed the little gentleman, who immediately deserted his bacchanalian companions for the joys and cares of a domestic fireside, and was willingly transformed into a most exemplary husband.

874. AN ACTOR AT FAULT.

Foote's Othello, it is said, was a masterpiece of burlesque; but it fell very far short of the Hamlet which he attempted in the early part of his life, for his benefit. He went through the play tolerably well until he came to the last; but in the scene where he quarrels with Laertes,—

"What is the reason you use me thus?
I loved you ever;—but 'tis no matter,
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day,"—

stimulated by a desire to distinguish himself, he entered so much into the quarrel as to throw him out of the words, and he spoke it thus: "I loved you ever; but it's no matter. Let Hercules himself do what he may, the dog will mew—no, that's the cat; the cat will bark—no, that's the dog; the dog will mew—no, that's the cat; the cat will—no, the dog, the cat, the dog—pshaw!—pho!—it's something about mewing and barking; but, as I hope to be saved, ladies and gentlemen, I know nothing more of the matter."

875. POPE, THE ACTOR.

Pope, the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art, received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the intended fare—a small turbot and a boiled edge-bone of beef. "The very thing, of all others, that I like," exclaimed Pope; "I will come with the greatest pleasure." And come he did, and eat he did, till he could literally eat no longer; when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in, fit to be made the subject of a new poetical epistle,—

"—for finer or fatter
Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter.
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white and the lean was so ruddy."

Poor Pope divined at a glance the nature of the trap that had been laid for him; but he was fairly caught, and after a puny effort at trifling with a slice of fat, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to a hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming, "A friend of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner."

876. KEAN QUOTING LATIN.

Poor Kean, probably imagining that, with the multitude, it might favor the fiction of his Etonian

education, was prone to the quotation of classical commonplaces; and a story told of R. Phillips, his secretary, shows how much this weakness was remarked by his associates. Kean was at some nocturnal vigil, and Phillips waiting for him, when this colloquy arose:—

Time, two in the morning.

Phillips.—Waiter, what was Mr. Kean doing when you left the room?

Waiter.—Playing the piano, sir, and singing.

Phillips.—O, come, he's all right, then.

Quarter past two.

Phillips.—What's Mr. Kean doing now?

Waiter.—Making a speech, sir, about Shakspeare.

Phillips.—He's getting drunk; you'd better order the carriage.

Half past two.

Phillips.—What's he at now?

Waiter.—He's talking Latin, sir.

Phillips.—Then he is drunk. I must get him away.

877. MRS. SIDDONS.

Not many years before Mrs. Siddons's retirement, this celebrated actress went down to Bath, to play a few of her favorite characters. One morning, coming from rehearsal, she called in at a shop to purchase some article of dress. Wholly absorbed in the part she was to perform, whilst the shopman was displaying his muslins, &c., Mrs. S. took one in her hand, and fixing her eyes full on the man, exclaimed in a solemn voice, "Did you say, sir, this would wash?" The poor fellow, in great alarm, began to think the intellects of his customer were not right; but Mrs. Siddons, recalled to recollection by his astonishment, with a smile, apologized for her absence of mind, and repeated the question in a voice better suited to the occasion.

878. COOKE AND KEMBLE'S BLUNDER.

Cooke, after rehearsing the *Gamester* with Mr. Cooper, in America, said to Mr. Dunlap, his manager, and afterwards biographer, "I'll tell you what: Tom and I were not very clear at rehearsal this morning. I hope we shall not do to-night as Kemble and I did in this same play. We played a scene of the third act in the second. I was frightened out of my wits. 'We're wrong,' says I. 'Go on,' says he; and we went through it. 'When we came off, I exclaimed, 'Do you know what we have done? We have played a scene of the third act.' 'I know it,' says John, very coldly.—'And what shall we do in the third act?'—'Play the second.' And so we did. But the best of the joke was, that the papers never found it out."

879. JOHNSTONE'S FORGETFULNESS.

The following curious circumstance took place at the Lyceum Theatre: During the performances, the galleries thought proper to call for their favorite song of the "Sprig of Shillelah," though not announced in the bills. Mr. Johnstone, however, came forward, with his usual alacrity and good humor, to comply with the wishes of the house: accordingly the music played; but when Mr. Johnstone was to

have begun, he stood silent, and apparently confused. Again the music played the symphony, but the same silence and confusion took place in rather an increased degree. A third time the music played the symphony, but to no purpose. At last Mr. Johnstone came forward, and thus addressed the house: "Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you that I have sung this song so often that I forget the first line." A universal roar of laughter ensued, and about two hundred voices began at once to prompt the actor, who immediately sung it with the usual applause.

880. THE ACTOR STOPPED SHORT.

One of the principal actors at the *Comédie Française* stopped short in a tragedy at this passage, "I was in Rome—." It was in vain that he began the passage several times; he never could get farther than Rome. At last, seeing there was no help for it, and that the prompter, as embarrassed as himself, was unable to find the place, or to give him any assistance, he turned his eyes coolly upon him, and said, with an air of dignity, "Well, sir, what was I doing in Rome?"

881. THE TWO LIONS.

In the days of Addison, animals divided the honors with, if they did not bear away the palm from, the biped histrions, insomuch that it became necessary for rival establishments who had not the real lions to make them, out of such materials as they possessed. A sketch of two of these manufactured actors is amusing enough. The first lion, at one playhouse, was a candle snuffer, who, being a choleric fellow, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed without too violent a tussle for his life: besides, he grew more surly every time he came out of the lion, being vexed that he had not fought his best, and that he had suffered himself to be thrown on his back in the scuffle; and hinting significantly that he would fight his antagonist out of his lion's skin, for what he pleased. He was considered a dangerous animal, and was discharged, on the plea that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion. The second lion was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the theatre, and was a mild and peaceable man in his profession. He was too sheepish altogether. After a short, modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of his two-legged adversary, without grappling him, and enabling him to make his melo-dramatic points. This lion was in the practice also of giving him a rip in his flesh-colored "tights," to make work for himself in his private capacity of tailor; and these defects, we are told, occasioned his dismissal.

882. ELLISTON'S ABSENCE OF MIND.

Wemyss, in his *Life of an Actor*, relates the following reminiscence of Elliston: "So completely turned was his brain by the honors extended to him by the nobility, and particularly by the king, that he frequently imagined himself invested with royalty, and, on one occasion, even so far forgot himself, in a pageant in which he personated the monarch, as to exclaim, in reply to the applause with

which he was greeted by the audience, '*Bless you, my people!*' "

883. MADEMOISELLE RACHEL AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Mademoiselle Rachel, when giving one of her readings before the Duke of Wellington, perceived that all her audience were ignorant of the French language except the duke himself. She went on, however, with her reading and spouting, consoling herself with the idea that the duke at least understood her. After it was over, the duke approached the great actress, and said, "Mademoiselle, our guests have had a great advantage over me; they have had the happiness of hearing you; I am as deaf as a post."

884. PRIGMORE AND THE WIDOW.

There was a very benevolent widow living in Plymouth, in respectable circumstances, who frequently went to the theatre, and was kind enough to inquire into the private situations of various members of the company. Among others, she asked about Prigmore, and was told that he had but a small salary, and made a very poor appearance. Hearing this, she remembered that she had a pair of her late husband's indispensables in the house, which she resolved to offer him. A servant was, accordingly, despatched to the object of her charity, who meeting one of the actors, and partly disclosing her business, he went in search of Prigmore, and, finding him, exclaimed, "Prigmore, my boy, here's your fortune made at last; here's a rich widow in the town has fallen in love with you, and wants to see you." Prigmore, not suspecting his roguery, was led to the servant in a state of bewildered rapture, and by the latter was informed that the widow would be glad to see him any morning it was convenient. He appointed the following, and went home to his lodgings to indulge in a day dream of golden independence. His friend, in the mean time, whispered the truth through the green-room, where there were two or three others wicked enough to join in the conspiracy, by walking to Prigmore's house to tender their congratulations. Prigmore, as will be supposed, passed a sleepless night, and spent an extra hour at his toilet the next morning, in adorning himself with a clean chin and neckcloth. He then sallied forth, and, on reaching the widow's, was shown into her parlor, where, casting his eyes around on the substantial sufficiency of its furniture, he began to felicitate himself on the aspect of his future home. The lady at length appeared: she was upon the verge of forty—a very fashionable age, which, resting upon the shoulders of a very comely-looking woman, seemed to be in character with her very comfortable dwelling. Prigmore's satisfaction and her benevolence operated equally in producing some confusion: at length a conversation commenced. She acquainted him that she had heard his situation was not so agreeable as he could wish,—that his income was a confined one; she was, therefore, desirous to do him all the service that lay in her power. Prigmore, considering this an express declaration of her affection, was about to throw himself at her feet, when she suddenly summoned the servant, and exclaimed, "Rachel, bring the breeches!" These words astounded him, and he stared in her face like a block of marble; the widow, as suspicious as

himself of the hoax, could not interpret his wonder, but, on receiving the habiliments, folded them carefully up, and remarking that they were as good as new, (her husband having caught his fatal cold in them the first time he put them on,) begged Prigmore's acceptance of the same. "And was it for this you wanted me, madam?" exclaimed Prigmore, rising from his chair, his tone and countenance bespeaking a mixture of surprise and disappointment. "Yes, sir." He put on his hat, and walked to the door in silent indignation. The good woman, as much astonished as himself, followed him, and said, "Won't you take the breeches, sir?" "No, madam," he replied, pausing at the door to make some bitter remark; "wear them yourself!" For the remainder of the season, his life was far from being enviable.

885. SHAKSPEARE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth condescended sometimes to a little flirtation. Shakspeare was performing the part of a king; Queen Elizabeth's box was contiguous to the stage; she purposely dropped her handkerchief upon the boards, at the feet of Shakspeare, having a mind to try whether her poet would stoop from his assumed majesty. She was mistaken. "Take up our sister's handkerchief," was his prompt and dignified order to one of the actors in his train.

886. ANTI-TEMPERANCE PLAY.

In Dryden's time, Mr. Henry Higden wrote a play called the Wary Widow, on the first representation of which the audience were dismissed at the end of the third act, the author having contrived so much drinking of punch in the play, that the actors all got drunk, and were unable to finish it.

887. UNLUCKY PAUSE.

A country actor, performing the part of Richmond the other day, in the tragedy of Richard III., had the misfortune to find his memory completely fail when he had reached the words, "Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment." After having repeated these words several times, the audience testified their displeasure by a general hiss, when, coming forward, he thus addressed them: "Ladies and gentlemen, thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment, and I declare I cannot get any farther."

888. ABBOT.

On the first night of the Hunchback, Abbot, from over-anxiety, said, in the last scene, "I'll marry no man but my cousin Ellen." His brethren joked and warned him against repeating it, and hardly a night passed that he did not consequently incur the danger of saying the same thing.

889. AN INCIDENT.

Not long since, in England, a large, fat man enacted the ghost in Hamlet. His ghostship, of Falstaff proportions, placed himself, with truncheon in hand, on the trap-door, for the purpose of vanishing.

The bolt was withdrawn, and he slowly descended. The legs soon disappeared, but his round corporation was too capacious, and he stuck fast by the middle. No squeezing or drawing in of his body would permit his exit, and there he remained for some time, the house convulsed in laughter, the gods uproarious, and the actors endeavoring to force him through the aperture. He was at length lifted out by the stage attendants.

890. SINCLAIR.

It was some years ago the fashion to attribute bulls to Sinclair, in consequence of his having once made a singular perversion of the text in Rob Roy. The language is, "Rashleigh is my cousin; but, for what reason I am unable to divine, he is my bitterest enemy." Sinclair said, "Rashleigh is my cousin, but for what reason I am unable to divine." The jokes he endured on this account made him nervous and uncertain, and in Guy Mannering, when Dinmont says he sees "two lights dancing bonnily yon," instead of replying, "Two! I see but one, and that seems pretty steady," he said, "Two! I see but a couple, and they are pretty steady."

891. QUEER DEFENCE.

The gentleman who once played Jaffier at the Pittsburg Theatre, publishes a communication in the Advocate of that city, in which he notices a bitter criticism that appeared in another Pittsburg paper on his performance. He acknowledges the justice of the critique, and owns very frankly that he did murder the part most unmercifully; but he insists upon it that *Venice Preserved* was as well performed as the bills for the evening were printed at the office where the criticism issued. This is what we call carrying the war into Africa, a sort of special pleading perfectly justifiable in the premises. It is *argumentum ad hominem*, in an honest sense of that term.

892. HOW TO GET CLEAR OF A CRYING INFANT.

Tom Dibdin relates, in his *Reminiscences*, that a pompous actor, by the name of Newton, playing one evening at Tunbridge Wells, was very much annoyed by the crying of an infant in the pit. Walking forward to the front of the stage, he gravely took off his hat, and with great solemnity addressed the astonished mother as follows: "Madam, I assure you, upon the veracity of a man and a gentle-man, that unless you instantly adopt some method of keeping the play quiet, it will be morally impossible for the child to proceed." The mistake set the house in a roar of laughter, which frightened the unhappy infant into a scream

"so loud and dread"

that the disappointed mother was of necessity obliged to retire with her offspring, and resign the expected pleasure of the evening.

893. MRS. BILLINGTON.

Of this very celebrated English singer Mrs. Merry (who at that time performed in Covent Garden, in a tragedy) related to the writer the following

curious anecdote: On the occasion of one of her benefit nights, a lady of quality sent to her dressing-room a note of compliment, accompanied by a splendid *diamond sprig*, for the head, hinting that she would be pleased to see her gift honored by the singer wearing it during the evening. It so happened that she was to appear as Rosina, in the beautiful comic opera of that name; and accordingly Mrs. Billington appeared *gleaning* the harvest field and gathering up, by permission, the stray ears of grain, with the diamond sprig in her hair!

894. GARRICK'S LOST LOVER.

When in the early part of his life, Garrick performed *Ranger* with a most uncommon spirit, and so well looked the part, that a young lady, of great family and fortune, fell violently in love with him: her friends, finding it in vain to reason with her, and dreading her forming a matrimonial connection with a player, took her to see him play *Scrub*, and the very contemptible appearance he made in that part wrought a perfect cure. Garrick was himself so conscious of the pitiful figure he made in that character, and so thoroughly ashamed of it, that he gave directions to the box-keeper, that "if any of Lord Burlington's family came to take places, he must say the boxes were all taken."

895. MRS. PRITCHARD.

The celebrated actress Mrs. Pritchard, having retired with her family, during the summer, into a country village, took a fancy to see a play that was to be acted in a barn. She and her company engaged one of the best and most conspicuous seats in the little theatre. The scenes were made of pasteboard, and the clothes such as the manager could borrow or purchase. The orchestra was filled with one single crowdero. The actors were uncelebrated, it is true, but did their best. Mrs. Pritchard, instead of putting up with such fare as the country afforded, laughed so loudly and incessantly at the business of the scene, that the country audience were offended. Somebody present happened to know the great actress, and the fiddler, asking her name, was told she was the great Mrs. Pritchard, of the Theatre Royal in London. "I'll give her a hint presently," said crowdero, and immediately played the first tune in the Beggar's Opera:—

"Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbor abuses his brother," &c.

"Come, let's be gone," said Mrs. Pritchard; "we are discovered; that fiddler is clever." And as she crossed over the stage to the entrance, she dropped crowdero a courtesy, and thanked him for his admonition.

896. COOKE AND THE TAILOR.

George Frederic Cooke, once performing in a country town, became indebted to a tailor for a suit of clothes. Shears offered to give him a receipt if Cooke would allow him to play *Catesby* to his Richard. Cooke, of course, was "O be joyful" at this easy mode of settling. Richard, in the tent scene, started from his knees and shouted, "Who's there?" and the lord of the goose and cabbage rushed on with the determination of making a hit. But Cooke

looked so fiercely that the debutant was fairly frightened, and stammering out the beginning of his answer, unfortunately, in the middle, " 'Tis I, my lord ; the early village cock," the audience was in a roar. Cooke surveyed the speechless offender for some time as if enjoying his agony, and then growled out, in an audible tone, "Why in the mischief don't you crow then ?"

897. A LOSS.

Soon after Garrick's appearance on Drury Lane stage, an elderly gentlewoman called at his apartments and desired to speak with him on earnest business. She acquainted him that a young lady

of great beauty and fortune, having seen him act Chamont and Lothario, and several other characters, had been so charmed with his performance, that she was willing to give him her hand, with her portion, which was at her own disposal. "But are you sure, Mr. Garrick, that you can prove yourself a good husband ?" He answered, he did not doubt of proving such a husband as the young lady would wish to have. "I beg to have the honor of waiting on her." She promised to call in less than a fortnight, and fix a day of meeting. In vain did Garrick wait for the performance of her promise. A considerable time after, he met her by chance in the street, and asked her the reason of her not keeping her appointment. "O, dear !" said the old woman, "it is all over ; the young woman has seen you play Abel Druggar, and her love is all gone."

§ 92. REAL CHARACTER AND ASSUMED CONTRASTED.

898. ABERNETHY AND LISTON.

With all his power of creating mirth and provoking laughter in others, Liston was, when at home, the dullest man imaginable, and a prey to low spirits, which frequently threatened his reason. By the persuasion of his wife, he went to the celebrated Abernethy, so well known for the *brusquerie* of his manner. Liston was ushered into the surgeon's room, and was received with a slight bow by the old cur, who was unacquainted with the name or person of his visitor.

"Sit down, sir. What ails you ?" said the doctor.

Liston stated his complaint with gravity and deliberation.

"Is that all ?" inquired Abernethy. "There's nothing the matter with you. Low spirits ! Pooh ! pooh ! Go to Covent Garden to-night, and see Liston perform ; if that has no effect, go again to-morrow : that will do it. Two doses of Liston will restore a melancholy madman. There—go—go."

Liston was taken aback—tipped his guinea—and made a most theatrical exit.

899. UNREMITTING KINDNESS.

An English comedian went to America, and remained there two years, leaving his wife dependent on her relatives. Mrs. F———t expatiating, in the greenroom, on the cruelty of such conduct, the comedian found a warm advocate in a well-known dramatist.

"I have heard," says the latter, "that he is the kindest of men ; and I know he writes to his wife every packet."

"Yes, he writes," replied Mrs. F., "a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence, but he has never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness ?"

"Decidedly," replied the author, "unremitting kind-

900. MR. AND MRS. J.

Mr. and Mrs. J., when in the Glasgow company, lived, unfortunately, very much after the fashion in which Mr. and Mrs. Milton, Dr. and Mrs. Sherlock,

and many other great personages, are said to have existed ; with the exception that Mr. J. adopted the permission accorded by Judge Buller, and generally silenced Mrs. J. by the *argumentum baculum*. One evening, after certain fastigatory performances at home, Mr. and Mrs. J. performed the duke and duchess in Toby's Honeymoon, in one of the scenes of which Juliana has to say that she presumes, if she disobey his orders, he will beat her ; to which the duke replies, —

"I'll talk to you ; but I'll not beat you.
He that lays his hand upon a woman,
Fave in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward."

Mr. J. had scarcely begun this commonplace clap-trap, when his spouse, dismissing the recollection of her scenic character, and smarting with her wrongs, darted a look at him, accompanied by an undercurrent exclamation, thus : —

Mr. J. as Duke. — He that lays his hand upon a woman —
[Mrs. J. gives an indescribable glance, and exclaims, — Ugh !
you brute !]

Mr. J. [Proceeding.] — Save when she richly deserves it — is a wretch,
Whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward.

901. THE POULTERER AND KING LEAR.

About the time when Murphy so successfully attacked the stage-struck heroes, in the pleasant farce of the Apprentice, an eminent poulterer went to a *spouting club* in search of his servant, who, he understood, was that evening to make his *début* in Lear ; and, entering the room at the moment Dick was exclaiming, "I am the king—you cannot touch me for coining," "No, you dog," cried the enraged master, catching the mad monarch by the collar, "but I can for not picking the ducks !"

902. A HUSBAND'S SPITE.

The French actors have generally, both in comedy and tragedy, the great defect of looking at the audience, rather than each other ; but this arises from their little disagreements ; and, besides, from their living so much together, it is very natural that they should wish to see other faces. Madame Belmont long quarrelled with her husband ; and, being

in great vogue and very affluent circumstances, she often took the liberty of treating the poor man with great contempt. Unfortunately, however, as he was the lover of the *troupe*, and she what is called the *premiere amoureuse*, they generally acted in the same piece, and were very often obliged to appear smitten with each other. He was, upon one of these occasions, so enraged with her, for having refused that very morning to be his security for a gaming debt, that, instead of kissing her hand in the part required, he bit it, to the no small discompo-

sure of the lady's smiles, and the laughter of the audience.

903. FAWCETT AND COOKE.

"How are you this morning?" said Fawcett to Cooke. "Not at all myself," says the tragedian. "Then I congratulate you," replied Fawcett; "for be whoever else you will, you will be a gainer by the bargain."

§ 93. MISCELLANEOUS.

904. MRS. SIDDONS AND THE BAS BLEU.

At the time when Mrs. Siddons had just reached her high theatrical fame, and had acted some of her principal characters to the admiration of all who beheld her, a formal assembly of learned ladies, consisting of Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and sundry other members of the *bas bleu*, met, and prevailed upon Mrs. Siddons to be of the party. Their object was to examine her, and to get from her the secret how she could act with such wonderful effect. Mrs. Montague was deputed to be the prolocutress of this female convocation. "Pray, madam," said she to Mrs. Siddons, addressing her in the most formal manner, "give me leave to interrogate you, and to request you will tell us, without duplicity or mental reservation, upon what principle you conduct your dramatic demeanor. Is your mode of acting, by which you obtain so much celebrity, the result of certain studied principles of art? Have you investigated, with profound research, the rules of elocution and gesture, as laid down by the ancients and moderns, and reduced them to practice? or do you suffer nature to predominate, and only speak the untutored language of the passions?"

"Ladies," said the modern Thalia, with great diffidence, but without hesitation, "I do not know how to answer so learned a speech; all I know of the matter, and all I can tell you, is, that I always act as well as I can."

905. A GREAT MAN IN DISGUISE.

Many years ago, it happened that the elder Vernet, the painter, was travelling from Marseilles to Paris in the *Coché voiturin*, an extra-heavy diligence, which performed the journey in three weeks. Among the passengers packed up in its ample cavities, Vernet took particular notice of a fat man, with a red and vulgar face, whose wits seemed as thick as his body; and, resolving to amuse himself with this grotesque creature, he showed him a great deal of politeness, which the fat man returned awkwardly, but good-humoredly. They soon came to a hill; and as the poor jades would have been totally unable to drag up the *Coché voiturin*, with its fat and lean cargo, the passengers got out. As they were walking, they passed near a ditch of no great width, and Vernet, who was a good leaper, offered to bet that he would clear it.

"What!" cries the fat man, much surprised, "could you clear that?"

"To be sure I could; it is not wide."

"I should like to see you set about it."

"Why so?" says Vernet, clearing it.

"You have done it, sure enough," said the fat man; "I should like to try it, too; you have put me in spirits, and I think I could get over it."

"You!" cried the painter, bursting into a loud laugh; "I should like to see you set about it. I will bet our dinner that you tumble in."

"Come, now, don't frighten me beforehand! Let me see; our dinner—that comes to a good deal."

"Three francs, I believe."

"That's a good bit of money; never mind, I'll try it. Done."

After cutting half a dozen queer faces, the fat man leaped, and plumped down a foot further than Vernet had gone.

"I must have revenge," cries Vernet, rather piqued; "you won't refuse me, I hope."

"O, no! It was a mere chance, and may not happen again; at any rate, people must play fairly, and to-morrow we will leap for our dinner once more."

The next day another opportunity of trying their agility presented itself, and the fat man won, by a trifle, as he had done the day before, and was again delighted with his astonishing luck; while Vernet, more and more mortified at the triumph of his antagonist, renewed the contest every day, and lost every day, without exception. But every thing must have an end, and our travellers had arrived at their last stage, on which the fat man went up to Vernet, and said, "Sir, I owe you a thousand thanks for your kindness in paying for my dinner almost all the way from Marseilles here; and I wish to show you my gratitude. If you should like to have orders for Nicolet's Theatre, I shall be happy to present you with them; for I am engaged as clown there, and am to come out in two days, which may console you for being beaten. You leap beautifully; but if you did it twice as well, I should have won just the same, for I have some master strokes in reserve, which I should have made use of to exemplify the proverb (which, of course, you know) that says, 'From good to better, as they do at Nicolet's.'"

906. A FINANCIER.

Gilfert, the actor, like Sheridan, was in the habit of borrowing money from every body, very little of which was ever paid back; but he always intended to return it at the time he promised. He was a visionary man, and did not make the best calculations in the world. We heard of his meeting a friend in the Bowery, one day, when the following conversation took place: "Ah," said Gilfert, "you are the very man I wanted to see; lend me two hundred

dollars." "I would in a moment," replied his friend, "but it is impossible. I have a note to pay, and I don't know where to get the money." "A note?" said Gilfert; "so have I. Let me see your notice." The gentleman produced it from his pocket-book. "Well, how much are you short?" "About two hundred dollars," said his friend. To his utter surprise, Gilfert handed him the money. "There," said he, "go and pay your note. I'll let mine be protested, as they can't be both taken up. If your note laid over, it might hurt your credit; but with me it don't matter, as I am used to that sort of business."

907. GARRICK AND GOLDSMITH.

In his Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning, Goldsmith had given offence to David Garrick, at that time the autocrat of the drama, and was doomed to experience its effect. A clamor had been raised against Garrick for exercising a despotism over the stage, and bringing forward nothing but old plays, to the exclusion of original productions. Walpole joined in this charge. "Garrick," said he, "is treating the town as it deserves and likes to be treated; with scenes, fireworks, and *his own writings*. A good new play I never expect to see more; nor have seen since the Provoked Husband, which came out when I was at school." Goldsmith, who was extremely fond of the theatre, and felt the evils of this system, inveighed in his treatise against the wrongs experienced by authors at the hands of managers. "Our poet's performance," said he, "must undergo a process truly chemical before it is presented to the public. It must be tried in the manager's fire, strained through a licenser, suffer from repeated corrections, till it may be a mere *caput mortuum* when it arrives before the public." Again: "Getting a play on even in three or four years is a privilege reserved only for the happy few who have the arts of courting the manager as well as the muse; who have adulation to please his vanity, powerful patrons to support their merit, or money to indemnify disappointment. Our Saxon ancestors had but one name for a wit and a witch. I will not dispute the propriety of uniting those characters then; but the man who, under present discouragements, ventures to write for the stage, whatever claim he may have to the appellation of a wit, at least has no right to be called a conjurer." But a passage which perhaps touched more sensibly than all the rest on the sensibilities of Garrick was the following:—

"I have no particular spleen against the fellow who sweeps the stage with the besom, or the hero who brushes it with his train. It were a matter of indifference to me, whether our heroines are in keeping, or our candle-snuffers burn their fingers, did not such make a great part of public care and polite conversation. Our actors assume all that state off the stage which they do on it; and, to use an expression borrowed from the greenroom, every one is *up* in his part. I am sorry to say it; they seem to forget their real characters."

These strictures were considered by Garrick as intended for himself, and they were rankling in his mind when Goldsmith waited upon him and solicited his vote for the vacant secretaryship of the Society of Arts, of which the manager was a member. Garrick, puffed up by his dramatic renown and his intimacy with the great, and knowing Goldsmith only by his budding reputation, may not have con-

sidered him of sufficient importance to be conciliated. In reply to his solicitations, he observed that he could hardly expect his friendly exertions after the unprovoked attack he had made upon his management. Goldsmith replied that he had indulged in no personalities, and had only spoken what he believed to be the truth. He made no further apology nor application, failed to get the appointment, and considered Garrick his enemy. In the second edition of his treatise he expunged or modified the passages which had given the manager offence; but though the author and actor became intimate in after years, this false step at the outset of their intercourse was never forgotten.

908. SCHILLER'S ROBBERS.

In 1781, Schiller published his *Robbers*, composed, it is said, some years before, at the age of nineteen, but concealed, for fear of offence, until he had completed his studies. This juvenile effort is, in every point of view, a wonderful production. Considered as a specimen of precocious genius, it is one of the most remarkable extant. Moreover, it stands decidedly at the head of that class of writings to which it belongs—a class characterized by stormy force and passionate extravagance of sentiment and diction, "a savageness of unreclaimed blood." The "Satanic school," it is denominated by Mr. Carlyle. Most of Byron's works rank in this rubric. Even the Sorrows of Werter, though with some latitude of interpretation, has been thus classed. Schiller's drama stands preëminent among works of this description, surpassing every thing of the sort in that peculiar power of fervid declamation which constitutes one of its distinguishing features. The Corsair and Giaour are milk-and-water idyls compared with it. The *Robbers* forms an era in literature. It was soon translated into most of the languages of Europe, and every where welcomed as the word which all men were waiting to hear. Not only did the pent volcano in the author's own breast find vent in those "power words," but he appeared as the spokesman of his time—the voice of that muttered uneasiness and impatience of existing institutions which marked the epoch immediately preceding the French revolution. In strong and terrible accents it spoke the hoarded wrath of long centuries of misrule and oppression. It was an angry scream which pierced every soul from the Rhine to the Baltic, and startled the eagles of dominion on their ancient sceptres—a prophecy of that tempest which soon after burst upon the world and changed the face of empires. Popular as it was with the public, and on the stage, it is doubtful if the real merits of the *Robbers*, to this day, have been duly appreciated by the critics. Its extravagances and puerilities, unhappily but too prominent, have thrown a shade over its great excellences, and biased the judgment of less mature and inflammable readers. It is not, as sometimes represented, a new farrago of power, words, and rhodomontade. It is far more than that. It is a genuine work of genius, a work unsurpassed, with the exception of *Faust*, by any thing since Shakespeare, in imaginative power, in the vivid delineation of vice and passion, and in tragic interest. Schiller has produced many things far superior to the *Robbers*, as works of art, but nothing that equals it in vigor and effect. The promise implied in this first effort, which the author himself has stigmatized as a "monster born of the unnatural union of

Genius with Thralldom," was never quite realized in his subsequent productions.

Meanwhile the publication of this tragedy was attended with some disagreeable consequences to the author. He drew down upon himself the wrath of the people of the Grisons by an offensive allusion, aspersing the reputation of that district; he incurred the suspicion of the grand duke by becoming an author, as well as by the specific character of his drama; and finally subjected himself to repeated arrests for going to Manheim "without leave" to witness its performance in the theatre in that city. The result was, that Schiller made his escape from surgery and persecution at Stuttgart, and fled to Manheim, where he found a temporary support by writing for the stage. After a short residence in this city, he went to Mayence, then to Dresden, then to Leipzig. He also resided for a while at the estate of the Frau Von Wolzogen. In 1784 he was made counsellor by the Duke of Weimar, and in 1787 took up his residence in that city. At Weimar, about 1787, Schiller and Goethe, the two great poets of their age, first met. After some hesitation and coyness, and overcoming of prejudice on both sides, Schiller became acquainted and finally intimate with Goethe, whose nature, in most respects the antipodes of his own, acted with decisive effect on Schiller's genius and destiny. Indeed, his acquaintance with Goethe seems to have been the most powerful influence to which his riper years were subjected. Goethe has given an account of the formation of this acquaintance, from which it appears how difficult it was for these two spirits, the idealist and the realist,—each so determined in his way,—to amalgamate or even to converse. The unbroken friendship subsisting between them for nearly twenty years is a rare and beautiful passage in literary history, and highly creditable to both parties. In Goethe it required a severe struggle with fixed views and purposes, and some magnanimity, to make the first advances to the young poet, whom, on his return from Italy, he found in full possession of the popular ear and heart, and threatening to reinduce a style and tendency which he, for his part, had laid aside with the crudities of his youth, and was every way endeavoring to counteract and supplant. Schiller himself thought they should never come together, and writes thus of their first interview: "Though it did not at all diminish the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe, I doubt if we shall ever come into close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him; his whole nature is from its very origin otherwise constructed than mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different." Goethe, on the other hand, relates that Schiller, during this interview, in which the conversation turned on the metamorphosis of plants, said many things which pained him excessively, but that he determined to take no notice of them, and to discover, if possible, something which was common to both, and which might serve as the basis of an harmonious relation. Long after Schiller's death, he remarks of their intimacy, "There was something providential in my connection with Schiller; it might have happened earlier or later without so much significance; but that it should occur just at this time, when I had my Italian journey behind me, and Schiller began to be weary of his philosophical speculations, led to very important consequences for both." Mr. Carlyle remarks, "If we regard the relative situation of

the parties, and their conduct in this matter, we must recognize in both of them no little social virtue; at all events, a deep disinterested love of worth. In the case of Goethe, more especially, who, as the elder and every way greater of the two, has little to expect in comparison with what he gives, this friendly union, had we space to explain its nature and progress, would give new proof that, as poor Jung Stilling also experienced, 'the man's heart, which few know, is as true and noble as his genius, which all know.'"

909. A STAR GONE OUT.

The Parisian *monde dramatique* has just lost one of its stars, which, some twenty years ago, shone with peculiar lustre, soon after declined from its zenith, and whose light is now forever extinguished in death.

Perlet was an actor little known to the youth of the present day. An excellent man he was, gifted with finesse, taste, and *sang froid*; full of heart and soul, but cursed with a serenity so delicate, and a disposition so shy, that he became suddenly, in the very meridian of his success, a misanthrope, in comparison to whom Alceste was a mere Roger Goodfellow.

Gloomy and taciturn, musing incessantly on the miseries of mankind, and the deceptions of life, Perlet, notwithstanding, took it into his head to marry, and fixed his misanthropic eyes on the daughter of Tiercelin, the famous comic actor of the *Variétés* who was as melancholy, morose, and eccentric as himself.

An interview between the young actor and the old comedian was arranged by some mutual friends. Tiercelin invited Perlet to dinner. There were but two covers. The actors seated themselves at table, and dinner was served.

Tiercelin didn't open his lips; neither did Perlet. The repast continued in silence; at dessert neither had yet uttered a word. Tiercelin folded his napkin, arose from table, and extending his hand to Perlet, said to him,—

"You are just the son-in-law I want."

910. GOLDSMITH'S GOOD-NATURED MAN.

After making all arrangements for its performance, Goldsmith's comedy of the Good-natured Man was doomed to experience delays and difficulties to the very last. Garrick, notwithstanding his professions, had still a lurking grudge against the author, and tasked his managerial arts to thwart him in his theatrical enterprise. For this purpose he undertook to build up Hugh Kelly, Goldsmith's boon companion of the Wednesday Club, as a kind of rival. Kelly had written a comedy called *False Delicacy*, in which were embodied all the meretricious qualities of the sentimental school. Garrick, though he had decried that school, and had brought out his comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage* in opposition to it, now lauded *False Delicacy* to the skies, and prepared to bring it out at Drury Lane with all possible stage effect. He even went so far as to write a prologue and epilogue for it, and to touch up some parts of the dialogue. He had become reconciled to his former colleague, Colman, and it is intimated that one condition in the treaty of peace between these potentates of the realms of pasteboard (equally prone to play into

each other's hands with the confederate potentates on the great theatre of life) was, that Goldsmith's play should be kept back until Kelly's had been brought forward.

In the mean time, the poor author, little dreaming of the delictious influence at work behind the scenes, saw the appointed time arrive and pass by without the performance of his play; while *False Delicacy* was brought out at Drury Lane, (January 23, 1768,) with all the trickery of managerial policy. Houses were packed to applaud it to the echo; the newspapers vied with each other in their venal praises, and night after night seemed to give it a fresh triumph.

While *False Delicacy* was thus borne on the full tide of fictitious prosperity, the Good-natured Man was creeping through the last rehearsals at Covent Garden. The success of the rival piece threw a damp upon author, manager, and actors. Goldsmith went about with a face full of anxiety; Colman's hopes in the piece declined at each rehearsal; as to his fellow-proprietors, they declared they had never entertained any. All the actors were discontented with their parts, excepting Ned Shuter, an excellent low comedian, and a pretty actress named Miss Walford, both of whom the poor author ever after held in grateful recollection.

Johnson, Goldsmith's growling monitor and unsparing castigator in times of heedless levity, stood by him at present with that protecting kindness with which he ever befriended him in time of need. He attended the rehearsals; he furnished the prologue according to promise; he pished and pshawed at any doubts and fears on the part of the author, but gave him sound counsel, and held him up with a steadfast and manly hand. Inspired by his sympathy, Goldsmith plucked up new heart, and arrayed himself for the grand trial with unusual care. Ever since his elevation into the polite world, he had improved in his wardrobe and toilet. Johnson could no longer accuse him of being shabby in his appearance; he rather went to the other extreme. On the present occasion there is an entry in the books of his tailor, Mr. William Filby, of a suit of "Tyrian bloom, satin grain, and garter blue silk breeches, £8 2s. 7d." Thus magnificently attired, he attended the theatre, and watched the reception of the play, and the effect of each individual scene, with that vicissitude of feeling incident to his mercurial nature.

Johnson's prologue was solemn in itself, and, being delivered by Brinsley in lugubrious tones suited to the ghost in *Hamlet*, seemed to throw a portentous gloom on the audience. Some of the scenes met with great applause, and at such times Goldsmith was highly elated; others went off coldly, or there were slight tokens of disapprobation, and then his spirits would sink. The fourth act saved the piece; for Shuter, who had the main comic character of Croaker, was so varied and ludicrous in his execution of the scene in which he reads an incendiary letter, that he drew down thunders of applause. On his coming behind the scenes, Goldsmith greeted him with an overflowing heart; declaring that he exceeded his own idea of the character, and made it almost as new to him as to any of the audience.

On the whole, however, both the author and his friends were disappointed at the reception of the piece, and considered it a failure. Poor Goldsmith left the theatre with his towering hopes completely cut down. He endeavored to hide his mortification, and even to assume an air of unconcern while among his associates; but, the moment he was

alone with Dr. Johnson, in whose rough but magnanimous nature he reposed unlimited confidence, he threw off all restraint, and gave way to an almost childlike burst of grief. Johnson, who had shown no want of sympathy at the proper time, saw nothing in the partial disappointment of overrated expectations to warrant such ungoverned emotions, and rebuked him sternly for what he termed a silly affectation, saying that "no man should be expected to sympathize with the sorrows of vanity."

When Goldsmith had recovered from the blow, he, with his usual unreserve, made his past distress a subject of amusement to his friends. Dining one day, in company with Dr. Johnson, at the chaplain's table at St. James's Palace, he entertained the company with a particular and comic account of all his feelings on the night of representation, and his despair when the piece was hissed; how he went to the literary club; chatted gayly, as if nothing had been amiss; and, to give a greater idea of his unconcern, sang his favorite song about an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon. "All this while," added he, "I was suffering horrid tortures, and, had I put a bit in my mouth, I verily believe it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill. But I made more noise than usual to cover all that; so they never perceived my not eating, nor suspected the anguish of my heart; but, when all were gone except Johnson, here, I burst out a-crying, and even swore that I would never write again."

The Good-natured Man was performed for ten nights in succession; the third, sixth, and ninth nights were for the author's benefit; the fifth night it was commanded by their majesties; after this, it was played occasionally, but rarely, having always pleased more in the closet than on the stage.

911. FAVOR AND SODORINI.

Soon after M. Favor was appointed first ballet master of the Opera, (towards the conclusion of the last century,) Signor Sodorini, another performer there, came one day upon the stage, after the rehearsal, and said to him, "Allow me, my dear sir, to introduce myself to you. You are the dearest friend I have on earth. Let me thank you a thousand times for the happiness you have conferred upon me by coming amongst us. Command me in any way; for whatever I do for you, I can never sufficiently repay you." The ballet master, who had never seen or heard of Sodorini before, was astounded. At last he said, "Pray, sir, to what peculiar piece of good fortune may I attribute the compliments and professions with which you favor me." "To your unparalleled ugliness, my dear sir," replied Sodorini; "for before your arrival, I was considered the ugliest man in Great Britain." The ballet master, strange to say, took this joke in good part; and the two were ever after warm friends.

912. DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF MRS. SIDDONS.

When Mrs. Siddons visited Dr. Johnson, he paid her two or three very elegant compliments. When she retired, he said to Dr. Glover, "Sir, she is a prodigious fine woman." "Yes," replied Dr. Glover, "but don't you think she is much finer on the stage, when she is adorned by art?" "Sir," said Johnson,

"on the stage art does not adorn her; *nature adorns* her there, and *art glorifies* her."

913. FOOTE'S WOODEN LEG.

George Colman the younger notes, "There is no Shakspeare or Roscius upon record who, like Foote, supported a theatre for a series of years by his own acting, in his own writings, and for ten years of the time upon a wooden leg! This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bedside, ready dressed in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner's getting up; it had a kind of tragic, comical appearance, and I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a Foote in bed, and a leg out of it. The proxy for a limb thus decorated, though ludicrous, is too strong a reminder of amputation to be very laughable. His undressed supporter was the common wooden stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. I remember following him after a shower of rain, upon a nicely-rolled terrace, in which he stumped a deep round hole at every other step he took, till it appeared as if the gardener had been there with his dibble, preparing, against all horticultural practice, to plant a long row of cabbages in a gravel walk."

914. HAMLET AND GUILDENSTERN.

On one occasion, when John Kemble played Hamlet in the country, the gentleman who acted Guildenstern was, or imagined himself to be, a capital musician. Hamlet asks him, "Will you play upon this pipe?" "My lord, I cannot." "I do beseech you." "Well, if your lordship insists on it, I shall do as well as I can." And to the confusion of Hamlet, and the great amusement of the audience, he played "*God save the King*."

915. TILLOTSON'S INQUIRY OF BETTERTON.

Archbishop Tillotson was very well acquainted with Betterton, and continued that acquaintance even after he was in that high station. One day when Betterton came to see him at Lambeth, that prelate asked him how it came about that after he had made the most moving discourse that he could, was touched deeply with it himself, and spoke it as feelingly as he was able, yet he could never move people in the church near so much as the other did on the stage. "That," says Betterton, "I think is easy to be accounted for; it is because you are only telling them a story, and I am showing them facts."

916. MATHEWS AND THE KING.

Previous to Mathews's leaving England for America, he exhibited a selection from his popular entertainments, by command of his majesty, at Carlton Palace. A select party of not more than six or eight persons were present, including the Princess Augusta and the Marchioness of Conyngham. During the entertainment, (with which the king appeared much delighted,) Mathews introduced his imitations of various performers on the British stage, and was proceeding with John Kemble, in the Stranger, when he was interrupted by the king, who, in the most affable manner, observed that his

general imitation was excellent, and such as no one who had ever seen the characters could fail to recognize; but he thought the comedian's portrait of John Kemble somewhat too boisterous. "He is an old friend, and, I might add, tutor of mine," observed his majesty: "when I was Prince of Wales, he often favored me with his company. I will give you an imitation of John Kemble," said the good-humored monarch. "May I request your attention," said the king to his attendants, peers and lords, who stood near the sofa on which he and the ladies were seated. Mathews was electrified; the lords of the bed-chamber eyed each other with surprise. The king rose, and prefaced his imitations by observing, "I once requested John Kemble to take a pinch of snuff with me, and for this purpose placed my box on the table before him, saying, 'Kemble, oblige (obleege) me by taking a pinch of snuff.' He took a pinch, and then addressed me thus: [here his majesty assumed the peculiar carriage of Mr. Kemble:] 'I thank your royal highness for your snuff; but in future do extend your royal jaws a little wider, and say *oblige*.'" The anecdote was given with the most powerful similitude to the actor's voice and manners, and had an astonishing effect upon the party present. It is a circumstance equally worthy of the king and scholar. Mathews, at the conclusion, requested permission to offer an original anecdote of Kemble, which had some affinity to the foregoing. Kemble had been for many years the intimate friend of the Earl of Aberdeen. On one occasion he had called on that nobleman during his morning ride, and left Mrs. Kemble in the carriage at the door. John and the noble earl were closely engaged on some literary subject a very long time, while Mrs. Kemble was shivering in the carriage at the door, it being very cold weather. At length, her patience being exhausted, she directed her servant to inform his master that she was waiting, and feared the cold weather would bring on an attack of the rheumatism. The fellow proceeded to the door of the earl's study, and delivered his message, leaving out the final letter in rheumatism. This he had repeated several times, at intervals, by directions of his mistress, before he could obtain an answer; at length Kemble, roused from his subject by the importunities of the servant, replied somewhat petulantly, "Tell your mistress I shall not come; and, fellow, do you in future say *tism*!"

917. ANECDOTE OF FINN.

Finn was once a witness for the prosecution in a case before the Common Pleas, in Boston, and his testimony was so direct and conclusive that the counsel for the defence thought it necessary to discredit him. The following dialogue ensued:—

"Mr. Finn, you live in — Street; do you not?"

"Yes; I do."

"You have lived there a great while?"

"Several years."

"Does not a female live there under your protection?"

"There does."

"Does she bear your name?"

"She is certainly known in the neighborhood by the name of Mrs. Finn"

"Is she your wife?"

"No; we were never legally married."

"That will do, sir; I have no more to ask."

"But I have something more to answer, sir," replied Finn, with spirit. "The Mrs. Finn, of

whom you have been pleased to speak with such levity, is my *mother*; and I have known but *one man* base enough to breathe aught against her. You, sir, can guess who he is. True, she is under my protection. She protected me through my infancy and childhood, and it is but paying a small part of the debt I owe her to do as much for her in her old age."

The baffled counsellor had not another word to say.

918. HARRY SIMPSON AND MEDICINE.

Harry Simpson would never take any medicine; and his medical man was often obliged to resort to some stratagem to impose a dose upon him. There is a piece—I do not recollect the name—in which the hero is sentenced, in prison, to drink a cup of poison. Harry Simpson was playing this character one night, and had given directions to have it filled with Port wine; but what was his horror, when he came to drink it, to find it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his persecutors he had drained every drop of it. Simpson drank the medicine with the slowness of a poisoned martyr; but he never forgave his medical man this trick, as was fully proved at his death, for he died without paying him his bill.

919. ESTIMATES OF KEAN.

Kean once played young Norval to Mrs. Siddons's Lady Randolph. After the play, as Kean used to relate, Mrs. Siddons came to him, and patting him on the head, said—

"You have played very well, sir, very well. It's a pity, but there's too little of you to do any thing."

Coleridge said of this "little" actor, "Kean is original; but he copies from himself. His rapid descents from the hyper-tragic to the infra-colloquial, though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable. To see him act is like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning. I do not think him thorough-bred gentleman enough to play Othello."

920. AUTHORS TURNING ACTORS TO GIVE LEIGH HUNT A BENEFIT.

"About a dozen years ago," says Leigh Hunt, "in consequence of disappointments, some friends renewed an application to Lord Melbourne, which they had made in the reign previous. It was thought that my sufferings in the cause of reform, and my career as a man of letters, rendered me not undeserving a pension. His lordship received both the applications with a courtesy which he does not appear to have shown in quarters where the interest might have been thought greater; but the pension was not granted. Perhaps the courtesy was on that account. Perhaps he gave my friends these and other evidences of his good will towards me, knowing that he should advise nothing further; for I had twice during his administration received grants from the royal bounty fund of two hundred pounds each, once during the reign of King William, and the second after the accession of her majesty. It subsequently turned out that Lord Melbourne considered it proper for no man to have a pension

given him by one sovereign, who had been condemned in a court of law for opposing another. I will not say 'libelling,' for Lord Melbourne's friends, and perhaps himself, when a young wit, had plentifully libelled sovereign people. The reason, in fact, was so futile, and, indeed, so dangerous to royalty itself, and its hold upon the affections, considering that a man may oppose one sovereign out of the very feelings which render him the devoted subject of another, (which was the case in this very instance,) that a more reflecting minister did not choose to abide by it, and the pension was subsequently given me.

"Simultaneous with the latest movement about the pension was one on the part of my friend Dickens and others, who, combining a kindly purpose with an amateur inclination for the stage, had condescended to show to the public what excellent actors *they* could have been, had they so pleased; what excellent actors, indeed, some of them *were*. They were of opinion that a benefit for myself at one of the metropolitan theatres would be a dishonor on neither side. A testimonial of a different sort, which had been proposed by some other friends, was superseded by this form of one; and preparations were being accordingly made, when the grant of the pension seemed to render it advisable that the locality of the benefit should be transferred from London to a provincial stage, in acknowledgment to the superior boon, and for the avoidance of all appearance of competing with it. The result was still of great use to me, and my name was honored in a manner I shall never forget, by an address from the pens of Mr. Sergeant (now Justice) Talfourd, and Sir Edward Bulwer, and the plaudits of Birmingham and Liverpool. If any thing had been needed to show how men of letters include actors, on the common principle of the greater including the less, these gentlemen would have furnished it; and this, too, to a negative as well as positive extent, of which they were probably not aware; for where they failed most, except from pure inexperience, was in the imitation which they condescended to make of actors themselves; while, in their own peculiar merits, they not only equalled the best reigning actors, but sometimes surpassed them. Part of Mr. Dickens's Bobadil had a spirit in it of intellectual apprehension beyond any thing the existing stage has shown; his farce throughout was admirable—quite rich, and filled up; and Mr. Forster delivered the verses of Ben Jonson with a musical flow, and a sense of their grace and beauty, absolutely unknown to existing stage recitation. At least, I have never heard any thing like it since Edmund Kean's. The lines came out of his lips as if he loved them—not hacked and hewed into fragments, in order to conceal insensibility to their beauty with shows of passion. I allude particularly, in this instance, to his performance of the Younger Brother. But he did it always, when sweet verse required it."

921. KEAN'S LAST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

"I was," says James H. Hackett, "in one of the boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday, the twenty-fifth of March, 1833, the last night that great actor, Edmund Kean, appeared on the stage. His health, for months, had been so rapidly declining, and his physical energies become so visibly impaired by those long-indulged irregularities,

which had broken down a naturally vigorous but abused constitution, that his acting was rendered generally feeble, unsatisfactory, and often painful; and even his inability to appear at all when announced was by no means a rare occurrence. The last effort he made, at all worthy of his former fame, was in the early part of the winter, when the importance of having his Othello brought, for the first time, in conjunction with the rival talents of Macready, in Iago, gave a stimulus to his powers of body and mind, sufficient to sustain him throughout the character. It was universally admitted, that never did his genius display itself more triumphantly. On this occasion, however, he was advertised for the same favorite part, to the Iago of his son Charles, who, having never before acted with him on the London boards, was warmly greeted on his *entrée* by a tolerably numerous audience; but when, in the second scene, the father entered, as Othello, followed by the son, as Iago, the house rung with reiterated acclamations. The father continued bowing for a considerable time, without producing any diminution in the enthusiastic and loud cheering which prevailed, when, as if suddenly awakened to a sense of the circumstance, he turned, and taking his son by the hand, led him a step or two forward, and, with a graceful bow, and one of his most fascinating and characteristic smiles, presented him to the audience. The waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the doubly-redoubled plaudits which ensued, checked, for an unusually long period, every attempt made by them to proceed with their parts. There was nothing distinguishable in Kean's performance of the first and second acts from his usual personification of Othello, except a more than ordinary feebleness in his voice, action, and gait; which, as he had not many weeks previous broken down in the midst of the part, was imputed to a designed reservation, or perhaps the fear of too early exhausting what physical strength he might otherwise be enabled to call up in order to sustain the third and latter acts: when, however, he came to that memorable apostrophe, 'Now, forever, farewell!' &c., the whole of it was breathed forth with all that melodious melancholy so noted in his brighter days, and so happily described by the critic Hazlett, as 'striking upon the heart and imagination like some divine music,' only mingled with a far greater degree of feeling than I had ever before observed; in fact, so deeply affecting were his tones, that, as he half sobbed out the last line, 'Farewell! — Othello's — occupation's — gone!' I remarked to a friend near me, 'Poor fellow! I fear that a consciousness of Othello's despairing moans, being applicable to himself personally, has touched his own feelings.' I seldom remember Kean's failing, in this particular point, to elicit less than three hearty rounds on ordinary occasions; but on *this*, they were increased in number and duration. He remained abstracted and motionless, his chin resting on his breast, and his eyes fixed on the ground for many seconds after every murmur of applause had subsided; then raising his head from his chest, as from a forgetful slumber, he seemed partially roused into a sense of his situation with the audience, and the necessity of proceeding; but instead of that sudden and infuriate alternation, — that towering passion which used to threaten the destroyer of his peace with irresistible and immediate annihilation, — he turned slowly and feebly, tottered a few steps towards Iago, (who, seeing his sinking state, approached him,) and leaning on his arm for support, and unable to seize him by the throat, he uttered in

disjointed accents, only audible to those quite near him, "Villain — be — sure — you — prove;" then throwing himself upon his son's neck, in a faint and faltering voice, added, '*O God! I am dying! speak to them, Charles!*' The house, though somewhat prepared for a result of the kind, did not anticipate such a decided prostration of his faculties, and kept up their applause for nearly a minute, endeavoring to cheer him by showing every mark of indulgence. At length Charles made an attempt to assist his father forward, when, his look and manner indicating the most pitiable helplessness, it became evident he could no longer stand alone, and the audience, with one accord, rose and cried, '*Take him off!*' whereupon one of the performers came on from the wing, and poor Kean, who was trying to bow, was borne off, and carried to a house in the vicinity for the night, and the next day removed to his own residence at Richmond, where he lingered about six weeks before he expired. Thus terminated the fitful career of an actor. Take him for all in all, 'we ne'er shall look upon his like again!'"

922. GARRICK'S COMPLAINT AGAINST FOOTE.

When Garrick once complained to Sir Joshua Reynolds of the daily sarcasms with which he was annoyed from Foote, the comedian, Sir Joshua answered, that Foote, in so doing, gave the strongest proofs possible of sensibly feeling his own inferiority; as it was always the lesser man who condescended to become malignant and abusive.

923. BARRY, THE ACTOR.

It was said of Barry, the player, that he had a voice which might lure a bird from a tree, and, at the same time, an address and manner the most prepossessing and conciliating. Of the justice of the latter remark, the subsequent anecdote is a testimony. The Dublin Theatre, of which Mr. Barry was then proprietor, failed, and he was considerably indebted to his actors, musicians, &c. Among others, the master carpenter called at Barry's house, and was very clamorous in demanding his money. Barry, who was ill at the time, came to the head of the stairs, and asked what was the matter.

"Matter enough," replied the carpenter; "I want my money, and can't get it."

"Don't be in a passion," said Barry. "Do me the favor to walk up stairs, if you please, and we will speak upon the business."

"Not I, Mr. Barry!" cried the carpenter, "you owe me a hundred pounds already, and, if I come up, you will owe me two before I leave you."

924. ROYAL PERFORMERS.

Once, at Marie Antoinette's private theatre, the little comic opera of *Rose and Colas* was performed by the royal family and court. The queen had a part in it; and, just as she finished one of the songs, a sharp *hiss* was heard. The spectators looked at each other in surprise; but Marie Antoinette, who felt at once that in all the crowd of grandes and courtiers there was but *one* person who would venture to take such a liberty, came forward to the front of the stage, and, addressing herself to the king, after saluting the audience, —

"Sir," said she, "since you are not satisfied with my acting, if you will take the trouble to step out, your money will be returned at the entrance."

A thunder of applause greeted this sally, in which the king joined most heartily.

925. EDMUND KEAN AT PORTSMOUTH.

During the recess which followed Kean's first triumphant season at Drury Lane, he accepted an offer to play at Portsmouth. He had then become the "great Kean," travelled in his own chariot, gave splendid dinners, and was an honored guest at the board of every manager. On the morning of the day on which he was to make his appearance at the Portsmouth Theatre, the manager and two or three friends invited Mr. Kean to take a glass of Madeira and a biscuit at one of the principal hotels. The party entered the hotel and seated themselves. The wine and biscuit were brought, and the landlord (albeit "a great man") could not do less for such a guest as Mr. Kean than to await upon him in person. Kean had no sooner perceived the landlord, than, darting upon him one of those soul-searching looks for which he was so celebrated, he exclaimed,—

"Stop! Is not your name ——?"

"Yes, sir," said the landlord, astonished at the tone in which he addressed him.

"Then," said Mr. Kean, "I will not eat or drink in your house. Eight years ago I went into your coffee-room, and modestly requested a glass of ale. You surveyed me from top to toe, and, having done so, I heard you give some directions to your waiter, who presented me with the glass in one hand, holding the other for the money. I paid it, sir, and then he relinquished his hold of the glass. I am better dressed now; I can drink Madeira; I am waited upon by the landlord in person; but I am the same Edmund Kean that I was then. And had not Edmund Kean then the same feelings that he has now? Away with you, sir! Away! your sight pains me!" And, having said this, he took his hat, and hastily left the apartment.

"Now," said Kean, when they had quitted the house, "I will take you to an honest fellow, who was kind to me in my days of misfortune."

They entered a third-rate house, and, having ordered some wine desired to see the landlord. He came; but it was not the host of Kean's recollection. He was dead. There was, however, a sort of half waiter, half pot-boy, who had lived at the house when Kean frequented it, and was a great favorite of his master. Kean, with a tear in his eye, inquired about the family of the deceased landlord; and, on leaving the house, asked the waiter what o'clock it was.

"I will see, sir," running to the stairs, at the head of which stood a clock.

"Have you a watch?" said Kean.

"No, sir."

"Take that, and buy one, and, whenever you look at it, think of your late master."

The noble-hearted actor put five pounds in the hands of the waiter, who remained mute with astonishment.

926. ELKANAH SETTLE.

Elkanah Settle, in the latter part of his life, was so reduced as to attend a booth at Bartholomew

Fair, the keepers of which gave him a salary for writing drolls. He also was obliged to appear, in his old age, as a performer in these wretched theatrical exhibitions; and in a farce called *St. George of England* acted a dragon, enclosed in a case of green leather of his own invention. To this circumstance Dr. Young refers in the following lines in his epistle to Mr. Pope:—

"Poor Elkanah! all other changes past,
For bread, in Smithfield dragons his'd at last;
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape," &c.

In the end, he obtained admission into the Charter-house, where he died.

927. EXPRESSION.

Hylas, the scholar of Pylades, and almost sufficiently advanced in his art to rival his master, one day played in a piece of which the last words were, "the great Agamemnon." Hylas, to express the idea of greatness, stretched out his whole body, as if he meant to indicate the measure of a very great man. Pylades, placed in the middle of the audience, could not contain himself, but cried aloud, "You represent *length*, not *grandeur*." The people, excited by this critique, insisted that Pylades should get upon the stage, and act the same part *himself*. Pylades obeyed; and, when he came to the passage in question, he represented Agamemnon as pensive; since nothing, in his opinion, was so characteristic of a great king as *thought* for all.

928. THE ORIGINAL BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Gay wrote the well-known ballad, called *Black-eyed Susan*, upon Mrs. Montford, a celebrated actress, contemporary with Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love, and the ingratitude of a bosom friend, deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a receptacle for lunatics. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told that it was *Hamlet*. In this tragedy, whilst on the stage, she had ever been received with rapture in *Ophelia*. The recollection struck her; and, with that cunning which is often allied to insanity, she eluded the care of her keepers, and got to the theatre, where she concealed herself under the scene in which *Ophelia* enters in her insane state. She then pushed on the stage, before the lady who had performed the previous part of the character could come on, and exhibited a more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could effect. She was, in truth, *Ophelia* herself, to the amazement of the performers, and the astonishment of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her. On going off, she exclaimed, "It is all over!" She was immediately conveyed back to her late place of security, and in a few days after,—

"Like a lily drooping,
Bowed her head and died."

929. THE ACTOR'S RETORT.

A bad actor, who had been accustomed to be hissed in every town he played in, finding himself

one day even worse treated than usual, turned quietly round, as he made his exit, and said to the pit, "Gentlemen, you will tire by and by, as others

have." The coolness and *natveté* of the remark occasioned a laugh, and the actor in future was favorably received.

§ 94. DRAMATIC MANAGEMENT AND MANAGERS.

930. FEEDING ON RAIN.

A manager of a company of strolling players found himself in a woful predicament. His pieces would not draw in the quiet New England village where he had temporarily set up shop; he and his company were literally starving; the men moodily pacing the stage; the women, who had kept up their spirits to the last, sitting silent and sorrowful; and the children, little sufferers! actually crying for food. "I saw all this," says the manager, "and I began to feel suicidal. It was night, and I looked about for a rope. At length I spied just what I wanted; a rope dangled at the prompt-side, and near a steep flight of stairs, which led to a dressing-room. 'That's it,' said I, with gloomy satisfaction. 'I'll mount those stairs, noose myself, and drop quietly off in the night; but let me see if it is firmly attached. I accordingly approached, gave a pull at the rope; when, *whisk!* I found I had set the rain a-going. And now a thought struck me. I leaped, danced, and shouted madly for joy! 'Where did you get your liquor?' growled some. 'He's gone mad,' said Mrs. —. 'Poor fellow! hunger has made him a maniac! Heaven shield us from a like fate!' 'Hunger!' shouted I, 'we shall be hungry no longer. Here's food from heaven, manna in the wilderness, and all that sort of thing! We'll feed on rain!' I seized a hatchet, and mounting by a ladder, soon brought the rain box tumbling to the ground. My meaning was now understood. An end of the box was pried off, and full a bushel of dried beans and peas were poured out, to the delight of all. Some were stewed immediately, and, though *rather* hard, I never relished any thing better. But while the operation of cooking was going on below, we amused ourselves with parching some beans upon the sheet iron, (the thunder of the theatre.) set over an old furnace, and heated by rosin from the lightning bellows. Thus we fed upon rain, cooked by thunder and lightning!"

931. SHERIDAN AND THE PLAYWRIGHT.

A playwright had sent a comedy to Mr. Sheridan for perusal, and of course approval, and afterwards heard nothing of his comedy. He waited six months patiently; the season was then over, and he therefore resolved to wait on till the next season began: he did so; he then called at Mr. Sheridan's, who at that time lived in George Street, Hanover Square — not at home, of course; he then despatched a note — no answer; another — ditto; another call — still the same result. At last, however, the author hit upon the expedient of posting himself in the hall on a day in the evening of which there was to be an important debate in the House of Commons. This was a blockade which even the ingenuity of the wit could not evade; the author was therefore admitted.

His inquiries were respectful, but earnest.

"My comedy, Mr. Sheridan — I —"

"Yes — to be sure — clearly — the —"

"Fashionable Involvements, in five acts," said the author, helping his great friend to the name of his work, which he hoped might recall the name of his recollection — a hope most vain.

"Upon my word," said Sheridan, "I — I'm in a great hurry — I really don't remember — I am afraid your play has been somehow mislaid."

"Mislaid," exclaimed the anxious parent of the lost bantling. "My dear sir, if it is, I am ruined — I have no copy of it."

"It is very unfortunate," said Mr. Sheridan, "very — I'm sure I regret — I —"

"But what can I do, sir?" said the author.

"I tell you what, my dear friend," replied Mr. Sheridan, "I cannot promise you your own play back, because I don't know where any of the last year's pieces are; but if you will open that table drawer, you will find a great number that have been sent me this year: you may take any three of those in exchange, and do what you like with them."

932. WHITELY'S EPISODE.

Mr. Whitely, manager of a country theatre, having constantly an eye to his *interest*, one evening, during the performance of Richard III., gave a tolerable proof of that being his leading principle. Representing the "crook-backed tyrant," he exclaimed, —

"Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain! Conscience, avaunt! (That man in the brown wig there has got into the pit without paying!) Richard's himself again!"

933. SHERIDAN AND LEWIS.

Sheridan never gave Lewis any of the profits of the Castle Spectre. One day, Lewis, being in company with him, said, "Sheridan, I will make you a large bet." Sheridan, who was always ready to make a wager, however inconvenient he might find it to pay, if lost, asked eagerly, "What bet?" "All the profits of my Castle Spectre," replied Lewis. "I will tell you what," said Sheridan, who never found his match at repartee, "I will make you a very small one — what it is worth."

934. A SHARP-WITTED SHAVER.

A grand melo-dramatic spectacle was being rehearsed in the Park Theatre a few years since, in which a magnificent car, drawn by horses, was to make its appearance on the stage through a trap door. Mr. Manager S. supervised in person the rehearsal. The period arrived when the horses should appear dragging the gilded car — the stage was detained — the actors impatient — the manager wrathful, demanding in a loud voice of the boy whose business it was to see all right below, in the regions of mystery and enchantment, why he delayed the car.

"Somebody is cut the traces, sir."

"Cut the traces?" asked the manager. "Why, nobody's had access there to-day but yourself."

"They wasn't cut with axes, sir; they vas cut with a knife!"

935. SHERIDAN AND HIS DUNS.

There was a singular plan, first adopted by Sheridan, of getting rid of untimely visitors; but then his visitors were creditors. They came early, at seven in the morning, to prevent the possibility of being tricked with the usual answer, "Not at home," and of course they would not go away. One was shut up in one room, and another in another. By twelve o'clock in the day there was a vast accumulation; and at that hour the master of the house would say, "James, are all the doors shut?" "All shut, sir." "Very well, then open the *street* door softly." And Sheridan walked quietly out between the double line of closed doors.

936. SEYMOUR AND THE BEER BOTTLE.

"Seymour, the stage manager at Worcester," says Dyer, the actor, "was on the scene with me at a time when some jovial fellows in the pit attempted to open a bottle of ginger-beer without disturbing us or the audience. Our energies were somewhat damped by hearing a suppressed titter, and whizzing accompaniment, with a distinct whisper of 'It's coming.' I very hastily passed over my scene, and left Seymour on the stage, when the whizzing increased, and a voice said, 'Now!' which Seymour thought a signal for disapprobation against him; and stepping forward, to the amazement of the public, he said, 'Why do you hiss me, ladies and gentlemen? I have served you to the best of my ability, and it grieves me that my efforts should end in —' At this moment the cork, impatient of coaxing, flew up with a loud explosion, and Seymour's speech ended in 'Pop!'"

937. AN ANSWER.

Sheridan, scholar, wit, and spendthrift, being dunned by a tailor to pay at least the interest on his bill, answered, that it was not his *interest* to pay the *principal*, nor his *principle* to pay the *interest*.

938. SHERIDAN IN THE COAL CELLAR.

Sheridan is reported to have once fallen into a coal cellar on his way home after a good supper at Drury Lane; and his abuse of the vender for not keeping a light at the cellar door was warmly retorted by the wife. "Hang it," cried Sheridan, who was not much hurt, "do you think I want to pocket your coals?" "No," retorted the wench, "but your nose may set the coals on fire."

939. DECLINING A CHALLENGE.

At one time Gilfert owed Conrad, the printer, a bill. Conrad grew tired of dunning him for it, and one day wrote Gilfert a letter, which put the manager in a towering fury. Down he sat, and challenged Conrad to fight, declaring that if he refused, he would horsewhip him in the public streets the next day. Conrad returned for answer that he would not fight

until his bill was paid, as no man in his senses would go out to shoot at his own money. Some few weeks after this occurrence, Gilfert had an unexpected windfall. Conrad received a letter from him, couched in something like the following terms:—

"My dear Conrad: I was wrong, but you had no right to insult me. Yet I ought to have paid you the money before. I enclose it to you now, principal and interest. Come and dine with me. *Tout à vous.* GILFERT."

940. HOPKINS OBJECTED TO BY GARRICK.

When Hopkins, the Drury Lane prompter, once recommended a man to be a mechanist in preparing a new pantomime, Garrick made the following objections to employing him: "This man will never answer the purpose of the theatre. In the first place he cannot make a *moon*; I would not give him three-pence a dozen for all the *moons* he showed me to-day. His *suns* are, if possible, worse; besides, I gave him directions about the *clouds*, and such *heavy clouds* were never seen since the *flood*. Desire the carpenter to knock the *rainbow* to pieces, and roll up the *blue sky*, for we cannot hang it up in our *firmament*."

941. MADAME LINGUET.

Madame Linguet was an actress of the Italian Theatre in Paris. Her husband, who was cashier of the theatre, employed a party to hiss every actress but Madame Linguet, and to applaud her to the skies. This went on famously for some time, till the secret was found out by a sad mistake. Linguet, in his instructions to the men, said, "To-morrow night you must hiss the first actress that appears, and applaud the second; now mind you make no mistake: hiss the first, and applaud the second." They obeyed orders, but, unfortunately for Madame Linguet, the play was changed, and in the new piece she appeared first, when she was completely hissed, to the great amusement of all the audience. M. Linguet, to be revenged, ran off with all the money of the theatre in his hands, and took refuge in the Temple, then an asylum where a person could not be arrested.

942. A USELESS CLAQUEUR.

The *Claqueur* of the French theatre receives a ticket on condition that he will leave at the end of the first act, that his check may be sold for the benefit of the *entrepreneur de succès*, (the undertaker of success.) Perdition to the individual that dares to infringe this obligation! The whole Roman legion would precipitate him to the bottom of the Tarpeian rock. There was, on one occasion, much laughter at the opera about a trick played upon the *chef de claque*.

A person enveloped in a cloak presented himself at the *Café de la Place Fuvart*, and asked for a ticket to see *Guillaume Tell*.

"Will you applaud Duprez!" he was asked.

"As well as I am able."

He is enrolled—he is well made—they put him in the middle of the pit. But our man does not compromise himself. Vain is it for them to attempt to stimulate him; he applauds not—not even once. On leaving, they apostrophize him:—

"You did not applaud!"

"Yes, I did, as well as I was able."

"How's that?"

Here the *claqueur*, showing his arms, made a late revelation — there were no hands at the ends of them.

943. BEHIND THE SCENES.

The following amusing picture of the manner in which poetical illusion may be "murdered" worse than any play, by going behind the scenes of a playhouse, is from the *World we Live in*. The writer is on his way to the greenroom of a London theatre.

"Saluting with profound respect a group of gentlemen with pallid and rather sallow faces, in whom we thought we saw kings, ghosts, bandits, conspirators, and what not, in undress, we entered the house. Groping our way through a series of dark, labyrinthine passages, sprinkled with sawdust, and draped with festoons of cobwebs, fancifully disposed, we came at length upon a strange, portentous vault, fitted with racks, wheels, pulleys, hawsers, and divers instruments of torture. 'Surely,' thought we, 'these are the Tartarean shades of the theatre, which ghosts, dramatic and melo-dramatic, sprites, bottle and other imps, are condemned to inhabit.' While pondering upon the uses of the intricate machinery, an ethereal being, clothed in white, who, we were informed, represented an attendant spirit, entered, engaged in conversation with a gnome in a blue pasteboard head-piece, with saucer eyes, who was engaged busily in eating bread and cheese, with radishes, of which the attendant spirit readily partook. Going up stairs, we were detained by a violent altercation between Jupiter, who was gorgeously dressed with a magnificent gilt-paper crown and gems of real paste, and one of the carpenters, charged with having fastened a bunch of shavings to the Thunderer's rear, thereby exposing the majesty of Olympus to the mockery of vulgar mortals. The culprit, to our unfeigned horror, addressed the father of the gods in a most irreverent manner, inviting him to proceed immediately to a certain place which we had till now understood was tenanted, not by the gods, but by gentlemen of the opposite benches! At the top of the stair stood Mercury, his *caduceus* in one hand, and a pot of porter in the other. We have heard of

"—— the herald Mercury,
Now lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;"

but Mercury with a pot of porter was a novelty. Endeavoring to pass between the messenger of Jove and the wall, we happened to strike against the thunder, a thin plate of sheet iron hanging to a nail in the wall, emitting at our touch an awful sound; close by, an imp was grinding a white substance, which we were told was powdered lightning. Passing towards the *flat*, by which you are to understand the scene crossing the middle of the stage, those at either side being termed *wings*, a carpenter tapped our shoulder, expressing his pleasure at our arrival, and intimating his readiness to accept the customary 'footing,' as he called it, of a gallon of beer."

944. DEALING WITH A SINGER.

The original Zerlina of the opera was Signora Bondini, daughter of the manager. In rehearsing that part of the finale of the first act where she is seized by Don Giovanni, there was some difficulty

in getting her to scream in the right manner and place. It was tried repeatedly, and failed. At length, Mozart, desiring the orchestra to repeat the piece, went quietly on the stage, and, awaiting the time that she was to make the exclamation, grasped her so suddenly and so forcibly, that, really alarmed, she shrieked out in good earnest. He was now content.

"That's the way," said he, praising her; "you must cry out just in that manner."

945. RICHMOND PLAYED BY KING.

When Charles Kean was playing Richard, a Mr. King played Richmond; the audience did not like him, and so hissed every night. Bunn remarked that he had Shakspeare's authority for putting him in the part, —

"Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be King."

946. BOYS MAKING BILLOWS.

In a certain theatre there were sixty boys, who stood on the stage under a very large canvas, painted to represent the sea. Now, these boys were placed alternately, and were to rise and fall, first gradually, and then violently, to represent the motion of the waves in a storm; and in the first three nights of the piece it had a powerful effect; but, after that, the manager reduced the water rate, that is to say, he lowered the salary of each wave to sixpence per night. The boys took their places under the canvas sea; and when the prompter gave the signal for the storm, the water was stagnant: instead of the ship striking, it was the waves that struck. The sub-manager, in a fury, inquired the cause, when the principal billow said, "We won't move a peg unless you pay us a shilling a night for it wears out our corduroys so."

947. THE MANAGER'S APOLOGY.

On the last night of Kean's performance, previous to his departure for America, Richard was the play, Elliston acting Richmond. Before the fifth act, both were in a state almost as bad as that of Clarence in his butt of malmsey. Elliston, as he was going on in the last scene, said, "Bring me a battle-axe." "Here's your sword, sir; you don't want a battle-axe." Elliston was peremptory, and the battle-axe was brought, with which he rushed on the stage, and struck at Kean in a style by no means consistent with the laws of chivalry. The blow brought them both to the ground, where the contest was very unceremoniously continued, the manager vociferating, "You shan't go to America — I'll give you fifty pounds a night," and the other, more weakened with previous exertion, responding at intervals, "Don't be a fool!" The audience hissed from every part of the theatre, when Elliston, suddenly recovering himself, rose, staggered to the front of the stage, assumed his usual attitude, glanced round the house, and, as if nothing at all had happened, proceeded to address the audience, now silently awaiting the apology. This was the speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, as proprietor of this magnificent establishment, I have the honor to announce to you that it is my intention to appropriate the entire receipts of to-morrow evening's

entertainments in aid of the widows and orphans of the gallant sufferers at Waterloo."

Of course, nobody heard a word about Waterloo and its widows, the next morning; but the audience went away in raptures with his generosity.

948. THE "MAKING UP" OF AN ACTRESS.

An amusing theatrical case was decided in the city of Paris. The manager of a royal theatre was summoned by an actress, who prayed that he might be ordered to put up two gas burners in her dressing-room.

"I cannot do without two lights," exclaimed the fair one, who was her own counsel; "I must have one on each side of the glass before which I make my arrangements for the stage. There is only one at present, so that I can only see the effect on a single side, and this subjects me to all manner of annoyances. Sometimes I have one cheek too pale, while the other is too red; at others, the left eyebrow is darker than the right; then I have one

shoulder whiter than the other; I make myself twenty years old on one side, and thirty on the other; on the right I look like a boarding-school miss, while I am a finished coquette on the other cheek. This is insufferable."

The court ordered the manager to supply the nymph with the two gas burners she petitioned for.

949. YANKEE THEATRICAL REVENGE.

At a small theatre in Vermont, the *Forty Thieves* was being performed to an audience of seven. The pit took offence at the miserable acting of a performer, and hissed him energetically; whereupon the manager brought his company of "thieves" on the stage, and out-hissed the visitors. Silence succeeding the hubbub, the manager held up a cowhide to the audience. Said he, "I have given to each of my thieves one of these."

The manager retired, and the drop curtain was lowered. In about five minutes it was drawn up, and the manager found, as he had expected, that the audience had all scampered.

§ 95. DRAWING.

950. A FOX'S SANG FROID.



IN Cottle's reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey is the following anecdote —

"When Charles Fox's house was on fire, he found all efforts to save it useless; and being a good draughtsman, he went up the next hill to make a drawing of the fire! — the best instance of philosophy of which I ever heard." Such a peculiar act of an artist may well be illustrated by his own art.

We know of no good reason why the virtue of heroism should be denied to artists more than to other men, nor why philosophy should be denied to a *Fox*. The anecdote, however, is a good one — too good to be lost, in a world where heroism, philosophy, and presence of mind are all rare virtues.

entered the kitchen, walked up stairs, where, as he expected, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless. "I am sorry to see you in such a situation," said the rogue; "you cannot move, and the servant is out." The gentleman started. "It is excessively careless of you to leave yourself so exposed; for, behold the consequences! I take the liberty of removing this watch and seals off the table, and putting them into my own pocket, and as I perceive your keys are here, I shall unlock these drawers, and see what suits my purpose." "Pray, help yourself," replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him. The rogue did so accordingly: he found the plate in the sideboard, and many other things that suited him; and in ten minutes, having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a low bow and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle; he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with his pencil; and, on his servant's returning, soon after, he despatched him immediately to Bow Street, with the drawing and an account of what had happened. The likeness was so good, that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman two hours afterwards, identified, the property found on him sworn to, and in six weeks was on his way to Botany Bay.

951. A ROGUE OUTWITTED.

A curious incident occurred some time back, in which a rascal was completely outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draughtsman and caricaturist, was laid up in his apartments with the gout in both feet. He could not move, but sat in an easy-chair, and was wheeled in and out of his chair to the sitting-room. A well-known vagabond, ascertaining the fact, watched till the servant was sent upon a message. The area door communicating with the kitchen, down went the vagabond,

952. HOGARTH AND BISHOP HOADLY.

Upon pulling down the bishop's palace at Chelsea, many years ago, a singular discovery was made. In a small room, near the north front, were found, on the plaster of the walls, nine figures as large as life, three men and six women, drawn in outline, with black chalk, in a bold and animated style. Of these correct copies have been published. They display much of the manner of Hogarth, who, it is well known, lived on intimate terms with Bishop Hoadly, and frequently visited his lordship

at this palace; and it is supposed that these figures apply to some incident in the bishop's family, or to some scene in a play. His lordship's partiality for the drama is well known. His brother, who resided in Chelsea, at Cremorne House, wrote one of the best comedies in the English language.

953. STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN GENEVA.

M. Decandolle, professor of botany at Geneva, but whose reputation is European, made use, in a course of lectures, of a very valuable collection of drawings of American plants, intrusted to him by a celebrated Spanish botanist, who, having occasion for this collection sooner than was expected, sent to have it returned. M. Decandolle having communicated the circumstances to his audience, with the expression of his regrets, some ladies, who attended the lectures, offered to copy, with the aid of their friends, the whole collection in a week, and the task was actually performed. The drawings, eight hundred and sixty in number, and filling thirteen folio volumes, were executed by one hundred and fourteen female artists; one of the ladies, indeed, did forty of them. In most cases, the principal parts only of each plant are colored, the rest only traced with accuracy. The execution in general was very good, and in some instances quite masterly. There is not, perhaps, another town of twenty-three thousand souls, where such a number of female artists,

the greater part, of course, amateurs, could be found. Notwithstanding the wide dispersion of the drawings, there were not any lost; and one of them, having been accidentally dropped into the street, and picked up by a girl ten years old, was returned to M. Decandolle, copied by the child, and is no disparagement to the collection. On another occasion, several drawings were carried to the same house, but they found artists able and willing to do their part. This taste for the arts, and for knowledge in general, is universal in Geneva.

954. ABBE MALOTRIO AND M. DE LASSON.

A Norman priest, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, named the Abbé Malotrio, was remarkably deformed in his figure, and ridiculous in his dress. One day, while he was performing mass, he observed a smile of contempt on the face of M. de Lasson, which irritated him so much, that the moment the service was over, he instituted a process against him. Lasson possessed the talent of caricature drawing; he sketched a figure of the ill-made priest, accoutred, as he used to be, in half a dozen black caps, over one another, nine waistcoats, and as many pairs of breeches. When the court before whom he was cited urged him to produce his defence, he suddenly produced his Abbé Molotrio, and the irresistible laughter which it occasioned insured his acquittal.

§ 96. DULNESS, JUVENILE.

955. LUDOVICO CARRACCI AND TINTORETTO.

What has been told of others happened to Ludovico Carracci, the great artist, in his youth; he struggled with a mind tardy in its conceptions, so that he gave no indications of talent, and was apparently so inept as to have been advised, by two masters, to be satisfied to grind the colors he ought not otherwise to meddle with.

Tintoretto, from friendship, exhorted him to change his trade. "This sluggishness of intellect did not proceed," observes the sagacious Lanzi, "from any deficiency, but from the depth of his penetrating mind."

956. DOMENICHINO, GOLDSMITH, FARQUHAR, AND OTHERS.

Domenichino, the great painter, was at first heavy and unpromising, and the young painters, to ridicule the persevering labors of Domenichino in his youth, honored him by the title of "the great ox;" and Passeri expresses his surprise at the accounts he received of the early life of this great artist. "It is difficult to believe," he says, "what many assert, that from the beginning this great painter had a ruggedness about him which entirely incapacitated him from learning his profession, and they have heard from himself that he quite despaired of success. Yet I cannot comprehend how such vivacious talents, with a mind so finely organized, and accompanied with such favorable dispositions for the art, would show such signs of utter incapacity. I rather think that is a mistake in the proper knowledge of genius, which some imagine indicates itself

most decisively by its sudden vehemence, showing itself like lightning, and like lightning passing away."

Goldsmit passed through an unpromising youth; he declares that he was never attached to the belles-lettres till he was thirty, that poetry had no peculiar charms for him till that age, and indeed to his latest hour he was surprising his friends by productions which they had imagined he was incapable of composing.

Hume was considered, for his sobriety and assiduity, as competent to become a steady merchant.

Johnson, it was said, would never offend in conversation.

Of Boileau it was said, that he had no great understanding, but would speak ill of no one.

Farquhar at college was a heavy companion, and afterwards combined with great knowledge of the world a light, airy talent. Even a discerning parent or master has entirely failed to develop the genius of the youth who has afterwards ranked among eminent men; and we ought as little to infer from early unfavorable appearances as from inequality of talent.

The great Isaac Barrow's father used to say, that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, as the least promising; and during the three years Barrow passed at the Charter-house, he was remarkable only for the utter negligence of his studies and his person.

The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary female, pronounced early that he was the dullest and most hopeless of her sons.

Bodmer, at the head of the literary class in Switzerland, who had so frequently discovered and animated the literary youths of his country, could never

detect the latent genius of Gesner : after a repeated examination of the young man, he put his parents in despair with the hopeless award that a mind of so ordinary a cast must confine itself to mere writing and accounts.

957. WALTER SCOTT.

Walter Scott carried with him to school such knowledge as we may suppose a youth of seven years of age capable of acquiring from a father entirely devoted to his little favorite. In fact, he could read well, and had such a propensity for drawing that all his books were scribbled over with rude figures of men, houses, and trees, whenever he could get a pen or pencil. At this early age we may mark this fact as the dawning of this poetical genius : poetry and painting are as closely allied as music and love. This taste for drawing did not advance with his advancing years, though we have seen his sketch of the port of Loch Lomond, taken from the west side, in 1803, very well executed ; it is done on a blank leaf of Hector Macneill's poems, and is now in Captain Fullerton's possession. Like Milton, Swift, and other great geniuses, he was, as the latter said of himself, at school "very justly celebrated for his stupidity." Perhaps much of his stupidity was owing to he want of talent in his master, or rather his want of method in the art of teaching. Be that as it may, young Scott certainly did not shine in his early career as a scholar. He learnt to read, write, and attained a tolerable knowledge of mathematics. In Latin he did not advance far until his tenth year, when Dr. Paterson, a clergyman of the church of Scotland, succeeded to the school at Musselburgh, and he progress of young Scott became rapid. Dr. Blair, on a visit at Musselburgh shortly after Dr. Paterson took charge of the school, accompanied by some friends, examined several of the pupils ; he paid particular attention to young Scott. Mr. Paterson thought it was the youth's stupidity that occupied the doctor's mind, and said, "My predecessor tells me that boy has the thickest skull in the school." "May be so," replied Dr. Blair, "but enough that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of future genius."

958. AQUINAS, DRYDEN, AND OTHERS.

St. Thomas Aquinas exhibited little liveliness or genius in his youth, but he afterwards shone as a star of the first magnitude.

St. Augustine, as a lad, had no inclination for learning.

Dryden never wrote poetry until he was a man. Winckelman, the author of the History of Art, lived in ignorance and obscurity until the prime of his life, when he became eminent.

959. SHERIDAN.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan gave almost no promise, in his childhood, of those splendid talents by which he was afterwards distinguished. When about seven years of age, he was committed, along with his brother, to the care of Mr. Samuel Whyte, who with these two boys commenced an academy which afterwards became celebrated. When Mrs. Sheridan carried the boys to the house of Mr. Whyte, she took occasion to advert to the necessity of patience in the arduous profession which he had embraced ; add-

ing, "These boys will be your tutors in that respect. I have hitherto been their only instructor, and they have sufficiently exercised mine ; for two such impenetrable dunces I never met with."

It was the illustrious Samuel Parr, who, when under twenty years of age, and an undermaster at Harrow School, first discovered the latent genius of Sheridan, and by judicious cultivation ripened it into maturity.

960. GOLDSMITH'S CHILDHOOD.



Oliver Goldsmith.

Oliver Goldsmith's education began when he was about three years old, that is to say, he was gathered under the wings of one of those good old motherly dames, found in every village, who cluck together the whole callow brood of the neighborhood, to teach them their letters and keep them out of harm's way. Mistress Elizabeth Delap — for that was her name — flourished in this capacity for upwards of fifty years ; and it was the pride and boast of her declining days, when nearly ninety years of age, that she was the first that had put a book (doubtless a hornbook) into Goldsmith's hands. Apparently he did not profit much by it, for she confessed he was one of the dullest boys she had ever dealt with, inasmuch that she had sometimes doubted whether it was possible to make anything of him ; a common case with imaginative children, who are apt to be beguiled from the dry abstractions of elementary study by the picturings of the fancy.

961. CLAVIUS.

There was once a boy put under the care of the Jesuits, who was noted for nothing but his stupidity. These teachers tried him abundantly, and could make nothing of him. How little did they think that the honor of having instructed him was to raise their order in view of the world ! At length one of the fathers tried him in geometry, which so suited his genius, that he became one of the first mathematicians of his age. This was Clavius, who died 1612, aged seventy-five.

§ 97. EDITING AND EDITORS.

962. THE TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL OF JOHN BOYLE.

One of the most remarkable personages in Cork, for a series of years, was a sharp-witted little fellow named John Boyle, who published a periodical called the *Freeholder*. As Boyle did not see that any peculiar dignity hedged the corporation of Cork, his *Freeholder* was remarkable for severe and satirical remarks upon its members, collectively and personally. Owing to the very great precautions as to the mode of publication, it was next to impossible for the corporation to proceed against him for libel: if they could have done so, his punishment was certain; for in those days there were none but corporation juries, and the fact that Boyle was hostile to the municipal clique was quite enough for these worthy administrators of justice. It happened on the occasion of a crowded benefit, that Boyle and one of the sheriffs were coming out of the pit of the theatre at the same moment. A sudden crash drove the scribe against the sheriff, and the concussion was such that the latter had two of his ribs broken. There could be no doubt that the whole was accidental; but it was too lucky not to be taken advantage of. Mr. Boyle was prosecuted for assault. O'Connell (who was personally inimical to the corporation) scarcely cross examined a witness, and called none in defence. He proceeded to reply. After some hyperbolical compliments on the "well-known impartiality, independence, and justice of a Cork jury," he proceeded to address them thus:—

"I had no notion that the case is what it is; therefore I call no witnesses. As I have received a brief, and its accompaniment, a fee, I must address you. I am not in the vein for making a long speech; so, gentlemen, instead of it, I shall tell you a story. Some years ago, I went specially to Clonmell as-sizes, and accidentally witnessed a trial which I never shall forget. A wretched man, a native of that county, was charged with the murder of his neighbor. It seemed that an ancient feud existed between them. They had met at a fair, and exchanged blows: again that evening, they met at a low pot-house, and the bodily interference of friends alone prevented a fight between them. The prisoner was heard to vow vengeance against his rival. The wretched victim left the house, followed soon after by the prisoner, and was found next day on the roadside, murdered, and his face so barbarously beaten in by a stone, that he could only be identified by his dress. The facts were strong against the prisoner; in fact, it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with. As a form,—of his guilt there was no doubt,—the prisoner was called on for his defence. He called—to the surprise of every one—the murdered man. And the murdered man came forward. It seemed that another man had been murdered—that the identification by dress was vague, for all the peasantry of Tipperary wear the same description of clothes—that the presumed victim had got a hint that he would be arrested under the White Boy act—had fled, and only returned with a noble and Irish feeling of justice, when he found that his ancient foe was in jeopardy on his account. The case was clear; the prisoner was innocent. The judge told the jury that it was unnecessary to charge them. They requested permis-

sion to retire; they returned in about two hours, when the foreman, with a long face, handed him the verdict 'guilty.' Every one was astonished. 'Good God!' said the judge, 'of what is he guilty? Not of murder surely!' 'No, my lord,' said the foreman, 'but if he did not murder that man, sure he stole my gray mare three years ago.'

The Cork jurors laughed heartily at this anecdote; ere the mirth had time to cool, O'Connell continued, with marked emphasis, "So, gentlemen of the jury, if Mr. Boyle did not wilfully assault the sheriff, he has libelled the corporation: find him guilty by all means!" The application was so severe, that the jury, shamed into justice, instantly acquitted Mr. Boyle.

963. EDITORS' MISFORTUNES.

During the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign, fifty-seven journals were obliged to discontinue publication. Their writers and contributors were sentenced, in the aggregate, to an imprisonment of 3141 years.

964. EDWARD MILLIGAN.

"By a note now before us," says the *Athenæum*, "we see, with sorrow, that a self-taught and very able man, Edward Milligan, is dead. When we tell our learned readers that he was the editor of the last, and best edition of Celsus, they will know how to estimate his loss; and, when we add, that twelve years ago he was a country shoemaker, and made shoes for the peasantry of the Scottish dales, they will feel that he could be no common person. Like Gifford and Bloomfield, he grew weary of the last and the awl; he then went to Edinburgh, attended the college, became an instructor in his turn, amassed some property, and was distinguished among the learned and polite. When last in London, we had the pleasure of his company; he was lively and entertaining, and, like most of his countrymen, knew a vast deal more than what belonged to his immediate duties. He was a native of the parish of Kirkbean, on the Solway Firth, and died in the fiftieth year of his age."

965. WHAT'S GOING ON?

One sunny morning, a quidnunc and a bore was sauntering down Regent Street, seeking whom he might devour with his interminable twaddle. At length he espies, approaching in hot haste, the witty and no less busy Douglass Jerrold. He stops and fastens on him. The quidnunc puts his usual question, "Well, my dear Jerrold, what's going on?" Releasing himself, the wit strides hastily away, exclaiming, "I am."

966. A SEVERE CUT.

A young would-be poet, with more pretensions than genius, happened to meet in a large party, one evening, an editor who had rejected a number

of his contributions. The witling was exceedingly disposed to sneer and run the editor upon his sapient criticism, until at length the latter, in perfect good humor, cut him short with, "Look here, my fine spark, if you carry your joking much further upon me, I will take ample revenge by publishing one of your pieces of poetry, without altering or correcting it!" The shout of laughter that followed was terrific.

967. EDITORIAL PERPLEXITY.

During the *dead* season, the editor of a country paper, being much distressed for matter, ransacked every hole and corner for intelligence, and, after having, as he thought, completed his task, sat down to dinner with what appetite he might. In the middle of it he was interrupted by the entrance of his familiar, *alias* "the devil," demanding "more copy." "The vexing fellow! More copy!" said he. "Why, have you put in the story of the tremendous mushroom found in Mr. Jones's field?" "Yes, sir." "And the account of the prodigious crop of apples gathered from Mr. Timms's tree?" "Yes, sir." "And about Mr. Thompson's kitten being suckled by a hedgehog?" "Yes, sir." "And Mr. Smith's dreadful accident with his one-horse chaise as he passed down Holborn Hill?" "Yes, sir." "About the men who stole the corn out of the stacks in the farm-yard?" "Yes, sir, it is all up, but there is still a line and a half wanting." "Then add," said he, with the utmost dignity, "*that they most audaciously took and threshed it out on the premises!*"

968. EDITORIAL PERTINACITY.

The following dialogue once occurred in an editor's sanctum in England. A distinguished editor was in his study. A long, thin, and ghostly visaged gentleman was announced. With an asthmatic voice, but in a tone of civility, — for otherwise the editor would have transfixed him with a fiery paragraph the next morning, — the stranger said, —

"Sir, your journal of yesterday contained false information."

"Impossible, sir. But tell me to what you allude."

"You said that Mr. M. had been tried."

"True."

"Condemned."

"Very true."

"Hung."

"Most true."

"Now, sir, I am the gentleman himself."

"Impossible."

"I assure you it is a fact; and now I hope that you will contradict what you have alleged."

"By no means, sir."

"How, what do you mean? You are deranged."

"I may be so, sir, but I will not do it."

"I will complain to a magistrate."

"As you please; but I never retract. The most that I can do for you, is to announce that the rope broke, and that you are now in perfect health. I have my principles, sir; I never deceive."

969. SIBBALD, EDITOR OF CHRONICLES OF SCOTTISH POETRY.

Mr. James Sibbald, editor of the *Chronicles of Scottish Poetry*, was a man of eccentricity and

humor. For three or four years he resided in London, without ever letting his Scotch friends know any thing of his proceedings, or even where he lived. At last, his brother, a Leith merchant, found means to get a letter conveyed to him, the object of which was to inquire into his circumstances, and to ask where he resided. Sibbald sent the following laconic reply: —

"Dear Brother:

"I live in So-ho, and my business is so-so.

"Yours,

"JAMES SIBBALD."

970. AN EDITOR'S CUNNING.

When the *John Bull* newspaper was first issued, many gentlemen felt offended with the freedom of its remarks. A gallant colonel, a near relation of an illustrious house, taking amiss some freedom of the editor, determined to curb his wit by a smart application of the horsewhip. Well, the colonel, full of martial fury, walked himself off to the *John Bull* office, in Fleet Street, burning with revenge. grasping in his right hand the riding-master's whip of the regiment. Intimating his wish to see the editor, he was politely shown into a room, and informed that the editor would wait on him instantly. Like a chafed lion he walked up and down the room during the interval, flourishing his weapon of vengeance; when the door opened, and in marched an individual of the Brobdingnag species, clad in a thick white fuzzy great-coat, his chin buried in a red cotton handkerchief, with a broad oil-skin hat upon his head, and a most suspicious looking oak stick under his arm. "What might you want with me, sir?" asked this engaging-looking individual. "I wished to see the editor." "I am the editor, sir, at your service," said the Brobdingnag, taking from his vest his stick of about the thickness and size of a clothes prop. "Indeed!" ejaculated the colonel, edging away towards the door; "O, another time." "Whenever you please, sir." And the parties separated.

971. BENJAMIN RUSSELL.

The worthy editor of the *Columbian Centinel* was always a model of enterprise and industry. For years after the publication of that paper, he not only acted as the sole editor and reporter, but also worked considerably at case, in setting type, and performed a goodly share of the press work. It is related of him, that once having published an article which was considered personal, and highly offensive, by a certain individual of high standing in the community, the aggrieved person visited the unfortunate printer, armed with a cowskin, and fully determined to give him a sound threshing. According to the custom of the time, he was arrayed in white kerseymere small clothes, white silk stockings, and white vest. Mr. Russell was at the time busily engaged, with his coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up, in handling the press balls for distributing ink — rollers were not known in those days — and his astonishment may be easily imagined when he saw a well-dressed gentleman enter the office abruptly, in a towering passion, and aim a blow at him with a cowskin.

The printer fronted his antagonist, and very naturally made a pass at him with his press balls, which took effect, one on his snowy vest, the other on his left cheek and forehead. Another blow with the cowskin — another thrust with the balls — which

served admirably well the purpose of both sword and shield. In a few minutes the advocate of Lynch law, who, when he entered the office, looked as neat and trim as if he had just been taken from a band-box, was covered with ink—printer's ink—black and oily from head to foot—his hat was knocked off in the *mêlée*, his gay costume was transformed into a suit of mourning, and his face was as black and glossy as a native citizen of Tombuctoo. He soon found he was playing a losing game, and beat a retreat, followed by the printer, who had now got his hand in, and gave his assailant a last furious push between the shoulders, as he sprang into the street, mentally resolving never again to molest a printer when engaged in his calling.

972. DIGNITY OF THE PRESS.

"Some of our contemporaries," says the Columbian, of Cincinnati, "are just finding out that a work advertised by a publisher in Boston, and a stereotyped puff of which has appeared in almost every paper in the Union, is an imposture, and with great seeming indignation exposing the fraud and cautioning the public against being gulled by it.

"It is a great pity that they had not made the discovery earlier, thus not only saving their own credit, but the dear people's money. The puff alluded to was published as editorial in almost every paper with which we exchange; in many of the leading literary papers appearing prominently among their book notices, or otherwise conspicuously displayed.

"Now, our object in noticing the affair at all is not to join in the hue and cry against the poor publisher, for we are not of those who aided to give the production its notoriety, but simply to condemn the newspaper press for debasing itself by the insertion of any thing in the shape of a literary notice, or patent medicine puff, and giving it the editorial sanction without examination into the merits of the article, and simply because it is accompanied by a dollar note or two.

"The whole system of throwing open the editorial columns of a public print to any one disposed to employ them at ten or twenty cents a line is a disgrace to the American newspaper press, and we hope the present exposition may have some effect in correcting the evil.

"The system of praising books and other articles beyond their merit, or when ignorant of their merits, for money, is a most censurable one, and calculated to bring the press into well-merited contempt."

"For our own part," says the Saturday Evening Post, "we look upon the offers of advertisers to pay us for commending articles of which we know nothing, or for praising them beyond their due merits, as so many insults. Our advertising columns are open to all advertisements not of an immoral character, but our editorial columns are our own, and we speak in them only what we know or believe to be true."

973. FLOGGING AN EDITOR.

Some years ago, a populous town, located towards the interior of Mississippi, was infested by a gang of blacklegs, who amused themselves at times, when they could find nobody else to pluck, by preying upon each other. A new importation of these sporting gentry excited some alarm among the inhabitants lest they should be completely overrun: they deter-

mined, therefore, on their expulsion. A poor wretch of a country editor, who was expected, by virtue of his vocation, to take upon himself all the responsibilities from which others might choose to shrink, was peremptorily called upon by his "patrons"—that is, those who paid him two dollars a year for his paper, and therefore presumed they owned him, soul and body—to make an effort towards the extermination of the enemy. The unfortunate editor, like most editors, being gifted with just about as much brains as money,—skull and purse both empty,—said at once that he would indite a "flasher," one that would undoubtedly drive the obnoxious vermin into some more hospitable region. And when his paper appeared, it was a "flasher" sure enough. In the course of his observations he gave the initials of several of the fraternity, whom he desired to leave town as speedily as possible, if they had the slightest desire to save their bacon.

The next morning, while the poor scribe was comfortably seated in his office, listlessly fumbling over a meagre parcel of exchanges, he heard footsteps on the stairs; and presently an individual, having accomplished the ascent, made his appearance. His first salutation was slightly abrupt.

"Where is the editor of this dirty, lying paper?"

Now, aside from the rudeness of this opening interrogatory, there were other considerations that induced the editor to believe there was trouble on foot. The personage who addressed him bore a cowhide in his hand, and, moreover, seemed to be exceedingly enraged. This was not all; he recognized in him a distinguished leader of the sporting fraternity, with whose cognomen he had taken very irreverent liberties. It was without the slightest hesitation, therefore, that he replied to the introductory query,—

"I don't know."

"Do you belong to the concern?"

"No, indeed, but I presume the editor will soon be"

"Well," said the visitor, "I will wait for him." And suiting the action to the word, he composedly took a chair, picked up a paper, and commenced reading.

"If I meet him," said the frightened knight of the scissiors and quill, "I will tell him there is a gentleman here wishes to see him."

As he reached the foot of the stairs, in his hasty retreat, he was accosted by another person, who thus made himself known:—

"Can you tell me where I can find the sneaking rascal who has charge of this villanous sheet?" producing the last number of "Freedom's Echo and the Battle Axe of Liberty?"

"Yes," replied the editor, "he is up there in the office now, reading, with his back to the door."

"Thank you," exclaimed the stranger, as he bounced up stairs.

"I've got you, have I?" ejaculated he, as he made a grasp at his brother in iniquity and they came crashing to the floor together.

As the combatants, notwithstanding the similarity of their vocation, happened to be unacquainted with each other, a very pretty quarrel ensued. First one was at the top, then the other; blow followed blow, kick followed kick, and oath followed oath, until bruised, exhausted and bloody, with faces and features resembling Deaf Burke after a two hours' pugilistic encounter, there was by mutual consent a cessation of hostilities. As the warriors sat on the floor contemplating each other, the first comer found breath enough to ask,—

"Who are you? What did you attack me for?"

"You abused me in your paper, you scoundrel."

"Me! I'm not the editor. I came here to flog him myself!"

Mutual explanations and apologies ensued, and the two mistaken gentlemen retired to "bind up their wounds." As the story comes to us, the distinguished individual whose vocation it was to enlighten the world by the aid of that great engine, the public press, escaped scot free.

"We can beat this," says the Louisiana Traveller, "in the south. Two weeks ago, the famous Parson Howe, of the Mississippi Pine Knot, was in this city. On his return home, Mrs. Howe issued a number of the Pine Knot, remarkably racy and piquant, having acted in the capacity of editor, compositor, publisher, pressman, and carrier, with only the assistance of a young daughter, and a promising little typo, her son, eight years old. This is a wife worth bragging about."

974. LADY EDITORS.

"Mrs. C. H. J. Nichols," says the Vermont Register, "her husband being in ill health, is officiating as editress of the Brattleboro' Democrat. She wields the pen editorial with force, and at the same time attends to her domestic duties."

975. MEANS TAKEN TO SECURE A SITUATION.

In 1849, a man in New York, who wished to obtain office under the government, sent to the New York Courier and Enquirer a puff of himself, with a promise of fifty dollars in case he succeeded. The editors of the paper very properly *published both puff and promise*.

EDUCATION.

§ 98. DIFFICULTIES MASTERED.

976. WILLIAM POSTEL

William Postel, a celebrated French writer of the sixteenth century, was only eight years of age when he lost his father and mother, who died of the plague. Want and misery driving him from his native village, La Dolorie, at this early age he commenced the profession of schoolmaster in the village of Pontoise. Here he continued until his fourteenth year; when, fired with a passion for letters, which neither thirst, hunger, nor fatigue could subdue, he collected the little money he had been able to save, and set out for Paris in the pursuit of knowledge. On his arrival in the capital, he almost wished himself back in the circle of the rustics he had deserted, whom he now looked upon as the happiest people upon earth. He could read nothing but avarice, dissipation, and hypocrisy, in every countenance he met. Young as he was, however, he knew that he would be laughed at if he returned, by those who deemed themselves wiser than others, because they happened to be more fortunate in the enjoyment of the good things of this life. He was resolved, at all events, that the malice and pride of that sordid race of beings should not be gratified at his expense. He hired a garret, and as every day made his little less, he passed his moments in digesting plans to recruit the consumption of his slender purse. One morning, when he thought he had hit on one that would immediately snatch him from the jaws of despair, he started in a transport of pleasure out of bed; but this transport was of momentary duration; for, alas! some unrelenting thief had stolen his clothes, and all the money he possessed along with them. He was going to throw himself out of the window; but an early sense of religion arrested the impulse of the moment, and admonished him, that, if deserted by man, he was not deserted by Heaven. He sank into his wretched bed. The sudden transition from the bright hope he had indulged, to the most dreadful misfortune and disappointment, brought on a dysentery, and he was obliged to be conveyed to the hospital, where

he remained two years before he recovered his strength. As soon as he was able to walk, he quitted Paris. Poverty, which chased him full in view, drove him to the necessity of gleaning during the harvest time in Beauvais. His industry furnished him with the means of purchasing a plain suit of clothes, and he hastened back to Paris. He now became a *servitor* in one of the colleges of the university; and so rapid was his progress, that he had soon acquired almost universal knowledge. Francis I., touched with hearing that so much merit was struggling with indigence, sent him to the East, whence he brought many valuable manuscripts; and on his return he was rewarded with the chair of professor of mathematics and languages, with several other considerable appointments.

977. SKETCH OF HORNE.

Bishop Horne, when a student, was very desirous of purchasing the Hebrew Concordance of Marius de Calasio; but, not knowing how to purchase it out of his allowance, or to ask his father, in plain terms, to make him a present of it, he told him the following story, and left the moral of it to speak for itself:—

In the last age, when Bishop Walton's Polyglot was first published, there was at Cambridge a Mr. Edwards, passionately fond of Oriental learning, who afterwards went by the name of Rabbi Edwards. He was a good man, and a scholar; but, being rather young in the university, and not very rich, Walton's great work was far above his pocket. Nevertheless, not being able to sleep well without it, he sold his bed and some of his furniture, and made the purchase; in consequence of which he was obliged to sleep in a large chest, originally made to hold his clothes. But getting into his chest one night, rather incautiously, the lid of it, which had a bolt with a spring, fell down upon him, and locked him in, past recovery; and there he lay well nigh smothered to death. In the morning, Edwards, who was always an exact man, not

appearing, it was wondered what had become of him; till, at last, his bedmaker, or the person who in better times, had been his bedmaker, being alarmed, went to his chambers in time to release him; and, the accident getting air, came to the ears of his friends, who soon redeemed his bed for him.

This story Mr. Horne told his father, and it had the desired effect. His father sent him the money, for which he returned him abundant thanks, promising to repay him in the only possible way, viz. that of using the books to the best advantage. They were, without question, diligently turned over while he worked at his Commentary on the Psalms and yielded him no small assistance.

978. SAMUEL LEE.

The early life of Professor Lee will be read by the young with interest. The following account is abridged from a statement furnished by himself:—

He received the first rudiments of learning at a charity school, at Longnor, in Shropshire, where he was born. Here he remained till he was twelve years old, when he was placed apprentice to a carpenter and joiner, in which situation he endured great hardships.

About the age of seventeen he formed a determination to learn the Latin language, to which he was instigated by the following circumstances:—

He had been in the habit of reading such books as happened to be in the house where he lodged but, meeting with Latin quotations, he found him self unable to comprehend them. Being employed about this time in the building of a Roman Catholic chapel for Sir Edward Smith, of Actonburnel, where he saw many Latin books, and frequently heard that language read, his resolution was confirmed. He immediately bought Ruddiman's Latin Grammar, at a book stall, and learned it by heart throughout. He next purchased Corderius's Colloquies, by Logan, which he found a very great assistance to him, and afterwards obtained Entick's Latin Dictionary; also, soon after, Beza's Testament, and Clarke's Exercises. There was one circumstance, however, which, as it had some effect on his progress, we shall mention in this place. He one day asked a priest, who came frequently to them, to give him some information of which he was then in want, who replied, that charity began at home. This was very mortifying, but it only served as a stimulus to his endeavors; for, from this time, he resolved, if possible, to excel even the priest. There was another evil, however, more powerful in opposing him, and that was poverty. He had at that time but six shillings a week to subsist on, and to pay the expenses of washing and lodging; out of this small sum he spared something to gratify his desire for learning, though it was not done without curtailing himself of proper support. His wages were, however, soon after raised one shilling a week, and the next year a shilling more; during which time he read the Latin Bible, Florus, some of Cicero's Orations, Cæsar's Commentaries, Justin, Sallust, Virgil, Horace's Odes, and Ovid's Epistles. He never had all these books at once, but generally read one, and sold it; the price of which, with a little added to it, enabled him to buy another, and this, being read, was sold to procure the next.

He was now out of his apprenticeship, and determined to learn Greek. He bought, therefore, a Westminster Greek Grammar, and soon afterwards

procured a Greek Testament, which he found not very difficult, with the assistance of Schrevelius's Lexicon. He bought next Huntingford's Greek Exercises, which he wrote throughout; and then, in pursuance of the advice laid down in the Exercises, read Xenophon's Cyropædia, and soon after Plato's Dialogues, some part of the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, Pythagoras's Golden Verses, with the Commentary of Hierocles, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, and some of the Poetæ Minores, with the Antigone of Sophocles.

He now thought he might attempt the Hebrew, and accordingly procured Bythner's Grammar, with his *Lyra Prophetica*; and soon after obtained a Psalter, which he read by the help of the *Lyra*. He next purchased Buxtorf's Grammar and Lexicon, with a Hebrew Bible; and now he seemed to be drawing fast towards the summit of his wishes, but was far from being uninterrupted in these pursuits. A frequent inflammation in his eyes, with every possible discouragement from those about him, were certainly powerful opponents; but habit, and a fixed determination to proceed, had now made study his greatest happiness; and he every day returned to it as a source of rest from manual labor; and though he felt many privations in consequence, it amply repaid him in that solitary satisfaction, which none but a mind actuated as his was could feel. Chance had thrown in his way the *Targum* of Onkelos; and he had a Chaldaic Grammar in Bythner's *Lyra*, with the assistance of which, and of Schindler's Lexicon, he soon read it. He next proceeded to the Syriac, and read some of Gutbir's Testament, by the help of Otho's Synopsis and Schindler's Lexicon. He had also occasionally looked over the Samaritan; but as the Samaritan Pentateuch differs little from the Hebrew, except in a change of letter, he found no difficulty in reading it in quotations, wherever he found it; and only in quotations could he read it, as books in that language were then entirely out of his reach.

After many difficulties and changes, he became a schoolmaster, and was ultimately called to fill the very important station he now (1839) occupies in the University of Cambridge, (England.)

979. CHIEF JUSTICE SAUNDERS.

Roger North gives the following curious account of Sir Edmund Saunders, chief justice of the King's Bench: "His character and beginning were equally strange. He was at first no better than a poor beggar boy, if not a parish foundling, without known parents or relations. He had found a way to live by obsequiousness, in Clement's Inn, as I remember, and courting the attorney's clerks for scraps. The extraordinary observance and diligence of the boy made the society willing to do him good. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write; and one of the attorneys got a board knocked up at a window on the top of a staircase, and that was his desk, where he sat and wrote after copies of court and other hands the clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a writer that he took in business, and earned some pence by hackney writing. And thus, by degrees, he pushed his faculties, and fell to forms, and, by books that were lent him, became an exquisite entering clerk, and, by the same course of improvement of himself, an able counsel, first in special pleading, and then at large. And after he was called to the bar, he had practice in the King's Bench Court equal with any there."

980. ALEXANDER MURRAY.

Alexander Murray was born in the parish of Minnigaff, in the shire of Kirkcudbright, Scotland, on the 22d of October, 1775. His father was at this time nearly seventy years of age, and had been a shepherd all his life, as his own father, and probably his ancestors for many generations, had also been. It was from his father that Alexander received his first lessons in reading. This was in his sixth year, and he gives an amusing account of the process. The old man, he tells us, bought him a catechism, which in Scotland is generally printed with a copy of the alphabet, in a large type, prefixed; but "as it was too good a book," he proceeds, "for me to handle at all times, it was generally locked up; and he, throughout the winter, drew the figures of the letters to me in his written hand, on the board of an old wool card, with the black end of an extinguished heather stem, or root snatched from the fire. I soon learned all the alphabet in this form, and became a writer as well as reader. I wrought with the board and brand continually. Then the catechism was presented, and in a month or two I could read the easiest parts of it. I daily amused myself with copying, as above, the printed letters. In May, 1782, he gave me a small psalm-book, for which I totally abandoned the catechism, which I did not like, and which I tore into two pieces, and concealed in a hole of a dike. I soon got many psalms by memory, and longed for a new book. Here difficulties arose. The Bible used every night in the family I was not permitted to open or touch. The rest of the books were put up in chests. I at length got a New Testament, and read the historical parts with great curiosity and ardor. But I longed to read the Bible, which seemed to me a much more pleasant book; and I actually went to where I knew an old, loose-leaved Bible lay, and carried it away in piecemeal. I perfectly remember the strange pleasure I felt in reading the histories of Abraham and David. I liked mournful narratives, and greatly admired Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Lamentations. I pored on these pieces of the Bible in secret for many months, but I durst not show them openly; and as I read them constantly, and remembered them well, I soon astonished all our honest neighbors with the large passages of Scripture I repeated before them. I have forgotten too much of my biblical knowledge, but I can still rehearse all the names of the patriarchs, from Adam to Christ, and various other narratives seldom committed to memory."

981. EXAMPLE OF LITERARY SUCCESS.

The literary career of Rev. Edward Hitchcock, LL. D., the distinguished president of Amherst College, like that of his venerable predecessor, affords an illustrious, though entirely unassuming example to all young men, without property, aspiring to usefulness. As the result of quiet, persevering effort, without the advantage of a college course, he has, in his varied spheres of professional duty, shown himself eminent in every department of literature and science, as well as theology; has been awarded the highest honors of Harvard and Yale; and for his publications has frequently received the grateful testimony of the learned in other countries, as well as our own. The *example* of such men is the common property of the human family, the appropriate "light of the world," not, surely, from a false delicacy, to be "put under a bushel," or re-

served for posterity, but to be distinctly held forth, for enlightening and quickening the selfish and indolent, and stimulating the wise to become still wiser and better. Did the youth of our land generally know and feel their power, their privilege, their *duty*, instead of here and there one such rising above the mass, and adorning his age, we should soon see many thousands steadily aiming at the same elevation of character, daily enlarging their sphere of knowledge, enjoyment, and usefulness, blessing their country, and becoming, in the best sense, in every profession, "princes in all the world."

982. SKETCH OF WINCKELMANN.

The celebrated Winckelmann, one of the most distinguished writers on classic antiquities and the fine arts that modern times have produced, was the son of a shoemaker. His father, after vainly endeavoring for some time, at the expense of many sacrifices, to give him a learned education, was at last obliged, from age and ill health, to retire to a hospital, where he was, in turn, supported for several years, in part by the hard labors of his son, who, aided by the kindness of his professors, contrived to keep himself at college, chiefly by teaching some of his younger or less advanced fellow-students.

983. A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, a humble, conscientious boy was to be seen; and it was evident to all that his soul was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him put forth on foot to settle in a remote town in this state, and pursue his fortunes there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time, he is busied in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the state. Before he is twenty-five years old, we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an almanac, published in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-fitted lawyer. Now he is found on the bench of the Superior Court. Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress. Then he is a member of the committee of six to frame the Declaration of Independence. He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest counsellors of the land. At length, having discharged every office with a perfect ability, and honored in every sphere the name of a Christian, he dies regretted and loved by his state and nation. This man was Roger Sherman.

984. OLIVER EVANS.

Oliver Evans, "*the Watt of America*," was born in Newport, Delaware, some time in the year 1755 or 1756. Little is preserved of his early history. His parents were agriculturists of respectable standing, who gave their son the advantages common to people in their station. At the age of fourteen, Evans was apprenticed to a wheelwright or wagon-maker. An anecdote is preserved which displays in his character, even at this period, that ardent desire for knowledge, and that determination ever evinced not to let any obstacle interfere with

the object of his pursuits. His master, an illiterate man, observing his apprentice employing his leisure evenings in study, through motives of parsimony forbade him using candles; but young Evans was

not to be discouraged; for, collecting, at the close of each day, the shavings made from his work, he would take them to the chimney corner, and, by their uncertain light, pursue his evening studies.

§ 99. PARENTAL FAITHFULNESS.

985. HORACE, VITRUVIUS AND GIBBON.

If Horace was dear to his friends, he declares they owed him to his father,—

“*purus et insons*
(*Ut me collaudem*) *si vivo et curus amicis,*
Causa fuit pater his.”—Lib. i. Sat. vi. v. 79.

“If pure and innocent, if dear (forgive
These little praises) to my friends I live,
My father was the cause.”—*Francis.*

This intelligent father, an obscure tax-gatherer, discovered the propensity of Horace's mind; for he removed the boy of genius from a rural seclusion to the metropolis, anxiously attending on him to his various masters.

Vitruvius pours forth a grateful prayer to the memory of his parents, who had instilled into his soul a love for literary and philosophical subjects.

The father of Gibbon urged him to literary distinction, and the dedication of the *Essay on Literature* to that father, connected with his subsequent labor, shows the force of the excitement.

986. MR. PHILLIPS.

Many years since, when the late Lieutenant Governor Phillips, of Andover, Massachusetts, was a student at Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak, he left the university, and went home. His father was a very grave man, of sound mind, strict judgment, and of few words. He inquired into the business, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast he said, speaking to his wife, “My dear, have you any cloth in the house suitable to make Sam a frock and trousers?” She replied, “Yes.” “Well,” said the old gentleman, “follow me, my son.” Samuel kept pace with his father, as he leisurely walked near the common,

and at length ventured to ask, “What are you going to do with me, father?” “I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith,” replied Mr. Phillips. “Take your choice, return to college, or you must work.” “I had rather return,” said the son. He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became a respectable man. If all parents were like Mr. Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a plentiful supply of blacksmiths.

987. JOHN ADAMS.

John Adams, father of John Quincy Adams, says, “When I was a boy, I had to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer; and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. ‘Well, John,’ said he, ‘if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps that will: my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin, and dig.’ This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went, but soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug the next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner, but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night, toil conquered pride, and I told my father—one of the severest trials of my life—that if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to my two days’ labor in that abominable ditch.”

§ 100. EDUCATION NEGLECTED.

988. YOUTHFUL NEGLECT.

Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth:—

“If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such readers remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune

to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science.”

989. LOUIS XIV.

Louis XIV, when, in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiencies, often upbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction, exclaiming, “Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainebleau?”

101. HAPPY EFFECTS.

990. THE BISHOP AND THE BIRDS.

A bishop, who had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" thus explains the matter to an intimate friend:—

"Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at the village near Dillingen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up some sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to a neighboring distiller, who wanted them for making Hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys, of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He was quite aware it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, whilst he was gathering the juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird trap; and he asked one what it was for. The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

"The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present, my good boy!' cried the schoolmaster; 'you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides.'

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please,' said the boy.

"The schoolmaster looked at the boy, who stood before him with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers that reached only half way down his naked legs.

"You are a very singular boy,' said he; 'but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there any thing I can do for you?'

"O, yes,' said the boy, trembling with delight, 'you can do for me what I should like better than any thing else.'

"What is that?' asked the schoolmaster, smiling. "Teach me to read,' cried the boy, falling on his knees. 'O, dear, kind sir, teach me to read.'

"The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at his leisure hours, and learned so rapidly that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman residing in the neighborhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in mind as in birth, patronized the poor boy, and sent him to school at Katisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities; and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honors, he adopted the two fieldfares as his arms.

"What do you mean?' cried the bishop's friend. "I mean,' returned the bishop, with a smile, 'that the poor boy was *myself*.'

991. CURRAN'S EARLY LIFE.

Mr. Curran used thus to relate his first introduction into life: "I was then," he said, "a little ragged apprentice to every kind of idleness and mischief, all day studying whatever was eccentric in those older, and half the night practising it, for the amusement of those who were younger than myself. Heaven only knows where it would have ended. But, as my mother said, I was born to be a great man. One morning I was playing at marbles in the village ball alley, with a light heart and a lighter pocket. The gibe, and the jest, and the plunder went gayly round; those who won laughed, and those who lost cheated; when suddenly there appeared amongst us a stranger of a very venerable and very cheerful aspect. His intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage; on the contrary, he seemed pleased, and even delighted; he was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all, the happiest we shall ever see) perhaps rose upon his memory. God bless him! I see his fine form at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little ball alley, in the days of my childhood! His name was Boyse; he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and was full of waggers, thinking every thing that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to share them, and I had plenty to spare, after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics; he taught me all he could, and then he sent me to the school at Middleton: in short, he made a man of me. I recollect, it was about five and thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, and a good house in Ely Place, on my return one day from court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in the drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the ball alley! I rushed instinctively into his arms. I could not help bursting into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed. 'You are right, sir; you are right; the chimney-piece is yours, the pictures are yours, the house is yours: you gave me all I have, my friend—my father!' He dined with me, and in the evening I

caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw his poor Jacky, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honorable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone! and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the court above."

992. THE LOG-ROLLER.

"That fellow had better staid and rolled logs a little longer," said a gentleman, as he saw one of our rough-looking Green Mountain boys approaching a literary institution. The remark produced a smile at the time; but I consoled myself by saying, let us "judge nothing before the time." The young man entered the institution, and was soon put to the task with his companions. What his particular history was there I pretend not to know, but I presume he proved himself worthy of his origin.

Two years had passed away, and the yearly examination had arrived. Passing into the large room where the classes were displayed, I found a large number of pupils assembled, with their blackboards suspended from the wall, and ready to proceed to the demonstration of the various knowledge which

they had acquired. The class exhibited a high degree of animation; and a numerous and highly-respectable auditory witnessed with deep interest and repeated tokens of approbation the scene transpiring before them. "Who," said a gentleman that sat by, "is this teacher?" "Why," said I, "this is Mr. —, the young man of whom it was remarked, two years ago, that he had better have staid and rolled logs a little longer." Such indeed had been his proficiency, and such his ability not only to acquire but to impart knowledge, that he had been raised to the office of a teacher, and was then conducting his class with singular skill through some of the more difficult propositions in algebra.

Now, how many tough and hardy sons of our mountains are there detained at home to roll logs just because they are not considered capable of that mental cultivation which is necessary in order to preach the gospel! There are many sad mistakes in this matter. There are many young men in our churches who might be rendered useful in the ministry, if they were only encouraged to come forward. Let the churches see to it. The field is the world. The harvest is great. The laborers are few. That youth who is now rolling logs may yet thunder in the senate, or hold a world in rapture upon the theme of redeeming love.

§ 102. EDUCATORS AND THEIR PUPILS.

993. DR. PARR.

While Parr wielded the ferule, his invariable rule was, never to punish lads of stunted capacity, nor try to extort from mediocrity of talent treasures which nature had not been prodigal enough to bestow. No, the really talented he attacked; to those nature had been bountiful, and resolute Parr was to make her gifts be cultivated. There is a distinguished divine of the day, justly respected for his attainments and merits, who was mainly indebted to Parr's instruction for his celebrity. For some time after he entered the seminary, over which the great scholar ruled, the lad was classed as a "*mediocre*," and enjoyed in consequence the comparative amnesty extended to that grade. It happened, however, that one evening, after school hours, the head assistant called to acquaint Parr with the momentous discovery, from some recent observations, he was to conclude * * * was a lad of genius. "Say you so?" roared out Parr in one of his delighted chuckles, "then begin to flog to-morrow morning!" The distinctive birch was not forgotten. The eclipse of genius speedily wore off.

994. HUMOR.

Professor C—, of — College, says, "I once called upon a pupil for a recitation in logic, and asked a question. The nonplused student stammered and hemmed, and at last said, 'I have forgotten that part, sir.' Professor C. stroked his nose, as was habitual with him, and then replied, '*We forget that which we once knew.*'"

At another time he had run a line down the side of an entire page of the composition of a student, whom we will call Williams. When the piece was examined, Williams said, "I didn't exactly understand the meaning of that line, but presume it was made be-

cause you found fault with the *idea*." "I den!" answered the professor, dryly laughing, "*there's no idea there, Williams.*"

On another occasion, a student had written his composition in blank verse. It was Professor C.'s custom to mark all mistakes, and criticize the piece when they had been corrected by the student. In this case, the composition was brought up, and the professor said, "Don't you know that you shouldn't begin every line with a capital letter?" "That is blank verse poetry," answered the student. "O, ho!" exclaimed the professor, with apparent surprise, "poetry! ah—I didn't notice that."

995. THE SECRET EXPLAINED.

Dr. Bushy was asked how he contrived to keep all his preferences, and the head mastership of Westminster school, through the successive but turbulent reigns of Charles I. Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., and James. He replied,—

"The fathers govern the nation, the mothers govern the fathers, the boys govern the mothers, and I govern the boys."

996. NO EXCUSE.

A few years since there was a professor at a neighboring college, with whom punctuality formed a part of his religion. Among other things, he was particular that every member of his class should be present at the recitation of every term; and if any were absent, he called upon their classmates to state, if they could, the cause thereof. It once happened that one of his pupils had died during the vacation, of which the old man was not aware; and noticing that his seat was vacant, when the class had assembled, he inquired after his whereabouts. Being a

little deaf, he misunderstood the person who answered, "He is dead, sir," and proceeded with his customary remark:—

"Not a sufficient excuse, sir; and I am astonished that any student should render such a one in my recitation-room."

997. A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

The master of the grammar school in a burgh in the central district of Scotland, about seventy years ago, was a worthy Trojan of the name of Hacket, a complete specimen of the threshing pedagogues of the last age. Modern ears would scarcely credit the traditional stories which are told of this man's severity, or believe that such merciless punishments could have been allowed to take place in a country so far civilized as ours then was. Heavy and repeated applications of a striped thong called the taws, to the open hands of delinquents, were matters of familiar occurrence. Skulds, as these were called, were nothing. But Hacket would also, twenty times a day, lay victims across the end of the table, and thresh as long as he could hold with the one hand, and *lap on* with the other. Horsing was one of his highest indulgences or luxuries, and he had an ingenious mode of torture peculiar to himself, by causing the boy to stride between two distant boards, while he endeavored to excite the thinking faculties by bringing a force to bear from behind. Thomas Lord Erskine, and his brother Henry, were brought up at this school, and remembered Hacket's severity through life, complaining particularly that it was all one whether you were a dull or a bright boy; for if the former, you were threshed for your own proper demerits; and if you were bright, you had a monitorial charge assigned to you over the rest, and suffered for all the shortcomings of your inferiors. We wonder at all this now; but the wonder is very superfluous. The whole system was based on a prevalent notion that severity to children was salutary and beneficial, nay, indispensable, and that, if you loved your son or your pupil, it was your first and most solemn duty towards him, to give him a sound chastising on all possible occasions. Flogging was simply one of the bigotries of our grandfathers.

Amongst Hacket's pupils was a boy who had come from a distance, and who boarded with a family in the town. His name for the present is Anderson. This youth, placed far from his friends, felt the ruthless severity of Hacket very bitterly, and, as he was by no means a genius, he was both well punished himself, and probably the cause of much punishment to others. Naturally of a reserved and reflecting character, he said little of his sufferings to any of his companions; but the stripes sunk into his very soul, and, secretly writhing under a sense of the injustice and indignity with which he was treated, he conceived the most deadly sentiments of revenge against his master. To get these executed in present circumstances was impossible; but he determined to take the first opportunity that occurred, and in the mean time to nurse his wrath, so that time should not interfere in favor of a tyrant, who seemed to him to deserve the utmost vengeance that could be inflicted.

Anderson, like many other Scottish youth, was drafted off at an early age to India, where he served for twenty-five years, during which he was not able to revisit his native shores. Having now attained a competency, and settled his affairs, he returned to

Scotland, in order to spend there the remainder of his life. It will scarcely be believed that he still cherished his scheme of vengeance against Hacket; but the fact is, that he did so, and this indeed is what gives any value to the anecdote we are relating; it is curious only as a genuine instance of a feeling persevered in much beyond the term usually assigned to human passions. He came home; he journeyed to the town where he had been educated, and, establishing himself in the inn, sent a polite message to Hacket, (who was still in the vigor of life, though retired from active duty,) inviting him to dine that afternoon with a gentleman who had once been his pupil. All seemed now in train for a retributory visitation upon the epiderm of the old gentleman; and the reader may be trembling for the consequences of a revenge so much beyond the limit of all common resentments.

Old Hacket dressed himself that day in his best, — ruffles at the wrists, and silver buckles in his shoes, — expecting, from the appearance of the man servant who delivered the message, an entertainment of a *recherché* kind from one who, no doubt, felt a difficulty in expressing his gratitude for the unspeakable benefits of a sound flagellatory education. He was ushered into a room where he saw a table prepared for dinner. A gentleman presently entered, and, to his surprise, turned and deliberately locked the door, putting the key into his pocket. Then, taking down a whip from the mantel-piece, this gentleman came sternly up to the venerable schoolmaster, and asked if he had any recollection of him. "No," said the teacher. "Then, sir, I shall insure that you remember me forever after. Do you recollect a boy at your school, twenty-five years ago, of the name of Walter Anderson?" "I dare say I do." "Then, sir, I am that Walter Anderson. I have now come to punish you for the many unmerited threshings which you gave me at school. They were savage, sir, and only something of the same kind can expiate them. All the time I was in India, I never allowed this design to lie dormant for a moment, and now the time for its execution is come. Strip, sir, this moment, and let me do full justice upon you. Resistance is altogether in vain, for the people here are all in my pay. Entreaty is equally vain, for nothing on earth could induce me to let you escape."

Hacket, it may well be believed, was in a dreadful panic, for he saw that he was in the hands of a man not to be trifled with. He was, however, shrewd in human nature, and possessed plenty of presence of mind. "Well, well," said he, "this is a bad business; but I suppose it is true that I was rather severe long ago with my boys, and so I must submit. I see, however, that preparations have been made for dinner, and as I believe you to be a gentleman, I cannot suppose that you invited me here to that meal without intending to give it me. Now, if it is the same thing to you, I should much prefer having dinner first, and the licking afterwards. Come, shall it not be so?"

The man of vengeance was taken by surprise, assented, though inwardly resolving that nothing should in the long run balk him of his purpose. They sat down, and the dinner and wine proved excellent. Hacket began to talk of old times, and of other boys who had been fellow-pupils with his host; also of many sports and frolics in which Anderson, amongst others, had indulged. He told what he had learnt of the subsequent fortunes of many of these youths, and gradually engaged Anderson into a relation of his own history. The

whole bearing of the old man was so cheerful, so sympathizing, and so entertaining, that Anderson, like the gloomy sultan, felt himself gradually dispossessed of the spirit which so long animated him. It became evidently an absurdity to think of lashing a neatly-dressed old gentleman, who seemed to be the very pink of good humor. Once or twice he spasmodically endeavored to reawaken the flagging emotions of destructiveness, but it would not do; another droll chatty story from the pedagogue stilled them down again at once. By and by he gave way entirely to the spirit of the hour, and ceased to think of his whip, or its intended performances.

Hackett got home that night in perfect safety, for Mr. Anderson insisted upon escorting him to his own door.

998. THE RULING PASSION.

We scarcely know of a more touching instance of "the ruling passion strong in death" than is afforded in the last words of a schoolmaster who had gone in and out before successive little flocks in

the same place for upwards of thirty years. When the film of death was gathering over his eyes, which were soon to open in the presence of Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them, he said, — "It is getting dark—the boys may go out—school's dismissed!"

999. DR. JEGGON.

When Dr. Jeggon, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, was master of Benedict College, Cambridge, he punished all the under-graduates for some general offence; and because he disdained to convert the penalty money into private use, it was expended on new whitening the hall of the college. A scholar hung the following lines on the screen:—

"Dr. Jeggon, Bene't College master,
Broke the scholars' heads, and gave the walls a plaster."

The doctor, perusing the paper, wrote underneath, *ex tempore*,—

"Knew I the wag that writes these lines in bravery,
I'd commend him for his wit, but whip him for his knavery."

§ 103. MISCELLANEOUS,

1000. PILGRIM FATHERS.

Within ten years after our Pilgrim Fathers first stepped upon the rock at Plymouth, they made an appropriation, out of their scanty funds, for the establishment of a college, "*Christo et ecclesie*," (for Christ and the church.)

1001. EDUCATION TO BE ADAPTED TO THE INDIVIDUAL.

The great secret of education is to develop the faculties of the individual; for it may happen that his real talents may lie hidden and buried under his education. A decided character, however, is repugnant to a particular pursuit, delighting in another; talents, languid and vacillating in one profession, we might find vigorous and settled in another; an indifferent lawyer might be an admirable architect. At present all our human bullion is sent to be melted down in a university, to come out, as if thrown into a burning mould, a bright physician, a bright lawyer, a bright divine; in other words, to adapt themselves for a profession, preconceived by their parents. By this means we may secure a titular profession for our son; but the true genius of the avocation, the bent of the mind, as a man of great original powers called it, is too often absent. Instead of finding fit offices for fit men, we are perpetually discovering, on the stage of society, actors out of character.

A laughing philosopher, the Democritus of our day, once compared human life to a table pierced with a number of holes, each of which has a pin made exactly to fit it, but which pins being stuck in hastily, and without selection, chance leads inevitably to the most awkward mistakes. "For how often do we see," the orator pathetically concluded,—"how often, I say, do we see the round man stuck into the three-cornered hole!"

Tobie Matthews, Archbishop of York in James I.'s reign, met with a great disappointment in the

disposition of his sons. The cause, indeed, is not uncommon, as was confirmed by another great man, to whom the archbishop confessed it. The old Lord Thomas Fairfax one day found the archbishop very melancholy, and inquired the reason of his grace's pensiveness. "My lord," said the archbishop, "I have great reason of sorrow with respect of my sons; one of whom has wit and no grace, another grace but no wit, and the third neither grace nor wit." "Your case," replied Lord Fairfax, "is not singular. I am also sadly disappointed in my sons: one I sent into the Netherlands to train him up a soldier, and he makes a tolerable country justice, but a mere coward at fighting; my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a mere dunce at divinity; and my youngest I sent to the Inns of Court, and he is good at divinity, but nobody at the law." The relater of this anecdote adds, "This I have often heard from the descendant of that honorable family, who yet seems to mince the matter because so immediately related."

1002. AIDS IN CHOOSING AN EMPLOYMENT.

The difficulty of discerning the aptitude of a youth for any particular destination in life will, perhaps, even for the most skillful parent, be always hazardous. Many will be inclined, in despair of anything better, to throw dice with fortune; or adopt the determination of the father who settled his son by a whimsical analogy which he appears to have formed of their dispositions or aptness for different pursuits. The boys were standing under a hedge in the rain, and a neighbor reported to the father the conversation he had overheard. John wished it would rain books, for he wished to be a preacher; Bezaleel, wool, to be a clothier, like his father; Samuel, money, to be a merchant; and Edmund, plums, to be a grocer. The father took these wishes as a hint; and we are told, in the Life of John Angier, the eldest son, a Puritan minister, that he chose for them these differ-

ent callings, in which it appears that they settled successfully.

1003. EARLY INSTRUCTION.

Dr. Johnson was extremely adverse to the present foppish mode of educating children, so as to make them what foolish mothers call "elegant young men." He said to some lady who asked him what she should teach her son in early life, "Madam, to read, to write, to count; grammar, writing, and arithmetic; three things which, if not taught in early life, are seldom or never taught to any purpose, and without the knowledge of which no superstructure of learning or of knowledge can be built."

1004. "HE DIDN'T MEAN TO BE MEAN."

A writer in the Burlington Sentinel says that in one of the back towns of a neighboring state, where it is the custom for the district school teacher to "board round," the following incident occurred, and is vouched for by the highest authority. A year or two ago, an allotment being made in the usual manner for the benefit of the schoolmistress, it happened that the proportion of one man was just two days

and a half. The teacher sat down to dinner on the third day, and was beginning to eat, when the man of the house addressed her as follows: "Madam, I suppose your boarding time is out when you have eaten half a dinner; but as I don't want to be mean about it, you may eat, if you choose, *about* as much as usual."

1005. ROUTINE EDUCATION.

It is related by Miss Edgeworth, that a gentleman, while attending an examination of a school, where every question was answered with the greatest promptness, put some questions to the pupils which were not exactly the same as found in the book. After numerous ready answers to their teacher on the subject of geography, he asked one of the pupils where Turkey was. She answered rather hesitatingly, "*In the yard, with the poultry.*"

1006. READING AND EATING.

Lord Brougham hoped to see the day when every man in the United Kingdom could read Bacon. "It would be much more to the purpose," said Cobbett, "if his lordship could use his influence to see that every man in the kingdom could *eat* bacon."

§ 104. ELOCUTION.

1007. IMPORTANCE OF RIGHT EMPHASIS.

A stranger from the country, observing one of Carpenter's Roller Counting-house Rules, lifted it, and, inquiring the object, was answered, "It is a rule for *counting* houses." Too well bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired, "How in the name of nature do you *count* houses with this?" There is another good story on the subject of emphasis. "Boy," said a visitor at the house of a friend to his little son, "step over the way and see how *old* Mrs. Brown is." The boy did the errand, and on his return reported that Mrs. Brown did not know how *old* she was, and that she said he might find out by his own learning.

1008. SERMON TWICE PREACHED.

A young man in New England had pursued a regular course of preparation for the ministry. But he had passed through the college and theological seminary, deeply absorbed in the pursuit of the regular routine studies; and though destined for a public speaker, he had paid little attention to elocution. And thus, at the close of his studies, though possessed of a mind copiously furnished, well disciplined, and wielding an able pen, yet he labored under the great deficiency of an awkward and uninteresting delivery.

Some time after leaving the seminary, he married the daughter of an able and eloquent clergyman, in one of our eastern cities.

On a certain occasion his father-in-law invited him to occupy his pulpit a part of the Sabbath. He accepted the invitation; but though his father-in-law was delighted with the great excellences of the dis-

course, the congregation soon grew dull and listless, and seemed glad when the preacher had done. This the senior clergyman saw; and sundry hints from the hearers convinced him that his son-in-law had made a perfect failure. He solicited of the young man the loan of his sermon, and, several weeks afterwards, delivered it, with all his elocutionary excellences, to the same congregation. They did not *recognize* it; and they listened with the highest interest and gratification. They pronounced it one of the best sermons their pastor had ever preached.

1009. CORRECT AND GRACEFUL PRONUNCIATION.

Hooke read some passages of his Roman History to Onslow, the speaker of the House of Commons, who piqued himself upon his reading, and begged him to give his opinion of the work. The speaker answered, as if in a passion, "I cannot tell what to think of it; it may be nonsense, for any thing I know, since your manner of reading has bewitched me."

The same must have been the case with the celebrated singer Senesino; for those who had no knowledge of the Italian language, nor the least relish for music, were fascinated with his recitations, his modulated tones, and his expressive gestures.

Mrs. Oldfield, whose excellent taste and discernment, and whose long acquaintance with the stage, rendered her well able to discriminate, used to say, the best school she had ever known was hearing Rowe read her part in his tragedies. And the late Isaac Hawkins Brown declared, that he never felt the charms of Milton until he heard his exordium read by Sheridan.

Virgil pronounced his own verses with such an enticing sweetness and enchanting grace, that Julius

Montanus, a poet who had often heard him, used to say that he could steal Virgil's verses, if he could steal his voice, expression, and gesture; for the same verses, that sounded so rapturously when he read them, were not always excellent in the mouth of another.

Pliny the younger, writing to a friend, who entreated him carefully to examine whether a certain poem was worth publishing, says that, without opening it, he is sure it is beautiful from what he had heard him read; "provided," he adds, "your pronunciation hath not imposed upon me; for you do, indeed, read with exquisite sweetness and art; yet I trust I am not so far led aside by my ears, that the charming *cadence* has entirely blunted the edge of my judgment."

1010. WELL-TIMED SPEECH BY A MECHANIC.

At the time when Sir Richard Steele was preparing his great room in York Buildings for public orations, he happened to be pretty much behindhand in his payments to the workmen; and coming one day among them to see what progress they made, he ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounted, and, scratching his poll, told Sir Richard that he knew not what to say, for he was no orator. "O," cries the knight, "no matter for that; speak any thing that comes uppermost." "Why, then, Sir Richard," says the fellow, "here have we been working for your honor these six months, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?" "Very well, very well," said Sir Richard, "pray come down. I have heard quite enough. I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't much admire your subject."

1011. CLEARNESS AND DISTINCTNESS OF SPEECH.

Mr. Jones, in his Life of Bishop Horne, speaking of Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, says, that in the pulpit he spoke with the accent of a man of sense, such as he really was in a superior degree; but it was remarkable, and, to those who did not know the cause, mysterious, that there was not a corner of the church in which he could not be heard distinctly. The reason which Mr. Jones assigned was, that he made it an invariable rule to *do justice to every consonant, knowing that the vowels would speak for themselves*. And thus he became the surest and clearest of speakers; his elocution was perfect, and never disappointed his audience.

1012. THE POWER OF CALM DELIVERY.

A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassioned mode of delivery. One of his brethren, observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered, "When I was young, I thought it was the *thunder* that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the *lightning*; so I determined in future to thunder less, and lighten more."

1013. EFFECT OF MANNER.

"The Duke of Argyle," says Lord Chesterfield, "though the weakest reasoner, was the most pleasing speaker I ever heard in my life. He charmed, he warmed, he forcibly ravished the audience; not by his matter, certainly, but by his manner of delivering it. A most genteel figure, a noble air, an harmonious voice, an elegance of style, and a strength of emphasis, conspired to make him the most affecting, persuasive, and applauded speaker I ever heard. I was captivated like others; but when I came home, and coolly considered what he had said, stripped of all those ornaments in which he had dressed it, I often found the matter flimsy, the arguments weak, and I was convinced of the power of these adventitious concurring circumstances, which it is ignorance of mankind to call trifling."

1014. WHITEFIELD'S "O."

Garrick said he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "O!" as Whitefield did.

1015. PECULIARITIES OF GREAT SPEAKERS.

A Washington letter-writer, in describing the peculiarities of some distinguished public men, says, —

"It is interesting, sometimes, to see the different ways in which different individuals get out of the same dilemma. Mr. Calhoun is not often at a loss for a word, but occasionally one sticks in his throat, in the pronunciation, like Macbeth's '*Amen*.' In such a case, he gives a petulant twitch or two at his shirt collar, and runs his bony fingers through his long gray hair, till it fairly bristles again. Webster, when bothered for a word, or snarled up in a sentence, almost invariably scratches the inner corner of his left eye, carefully, with the third finger of his right hand. Failing in this, he rubs his nose quite fiercely with the bent knuckle of his thumb. As a *dernier resort*, he springs his knees apart until his legs resemble an ellipsis, then, plunging his hands deep into his pockets, he throws the upper section of his body smartly forward, and the word is '*bound to come*.' General Cass, in a similar predicament, passes his hand rapidly along the lower edge of his vest. Mr. Benton sinks his voice, so that the remainder of his sentence is unintelligible. Mr. Mangum is violent, and the obdurate word is supplied by '*Oeck-hock-shoo!*' Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, Crittenden, and Mr. Hannegan, are never bothered; they '*speak right on*,' and their drafts upon the president's English are never dishonored."

1016. RAPIDITY OF SPEAKING.

Some of the reporters state that Daniel Webster speaks at the rate of from eighty to one hundred and ten words per minute; Gerrit Smith, from seventy to ninety; Dr. Tyng, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty; Mr. Botts, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty; Mr. Clay, one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty; Mr. Choate and Mr. Calhoun, from one hundred and sixty to two hundred. We know a public speaker who can double any of these numbers, and still not tire *himself*.

ELOQUENCE, ORATORY, AND ORATORS

§ 105. POWER OF ELOQUENCE DEMONSTRATED.

1017. DEMOSTHENES'S PERSEVERANCE.



DEMOSTHENES was extremely affected with the honors which he saw paid to the orator Callistratus, and still more with the supreme power of eloquence over the minds of men; and not being able to resist its charms, he gave himself up to it. From thenceforth he renounced all other studies and pleasures, and during the continuance of Callistratus at Athens, he never quitted him, but made all the improvement he could from his precepts. The first essay of his eloquence was against his guardians, whom he

obliged to refund part of his fortune. Encouraged by this success, he ventured to speak before the people, but with very ill success. He had a weak voice, a thick way of speaking, and a very short breath: notwithstanding which, his periods were so long, that he was often obliged to stop in the midst of them for respiration. This occasioned his being hissed by the whole audience. As he withdrew, hanging down his head, and in the utmost confusion, Satyrus, one of the most excellent actors of those times, who was his friend, met him; and having learned from himself the cause of his being so much dejected, he assured him that the evil was not without remedy, and that the case was not so desperate as he imagined. He desired him to repeat some of the verses of Sophocles or Euripides to him, which he accordingly did. Satyrus spoke them after him, and gave them such graces, by the tone, gesture, and spirit with which he pronounced them, that Demosthenes himself found them quite different from what they were in his own manner of speaking. He perceived plainly what he wanted, and applied himself to the acquiring of it.

His efforts to correct his natural defect of utterance, and to perfect himself in pronunciation, of which his friend had made him understand the value, seemed almost incredible, and proves that an industrious perseverance can surmount all things. He stammered to such a degree, that he could not pronounce some letters; among others, that with which the name of the art he studied begins; and he was so short breathed that he could not utter a whole period without stopping. He overcame these obstacles at length, by putting small pebbles into his mouth, and pronouncing several verses in that manner without interruption; and with walking, and going up steep

and difficult places, so that at last no letter made him hesitate, and his breath held out through the longest periods. He went also to the seaside; and whilst the waves were in the most violent agitation, he pronounced harangues, to accustom himself, by the confused noise of the waters, to the roar of the assembly, and the tumultuous cries of the people.

Demosthenes took no less care of his actions than his voice. He had a large looking-glass in his house, which served to teach him gesture, at which he used to declaim, before he spoke in public. To correct a fault which he had contracted by an ill habit of shrugging up the shoulders, he practised standing upright in a kind of narrow pulpit, or rostrum, over which hung a halbert, in such a manner, that if, in the heat of the action, that motion escaped him, the point of the weapon might serve at the same time to admonish and correct him.

His application to study was no less surprising. To be the more removed from noise, and less subject to distraction, he caused a small room to be made for him under ground, in which he shut himself up sometimes for whole months, shaving, on purpose, half his head and face, that he might not be in a condition to go abroad. It was there, by the light of a small lamp, he composed the admirable orations which were said, by those who envied him, to smell of the oil, to imply that they were too elaborate.

"It is plain," replied he, "yours did not cost you so much trouble." He rose very early in the morning, and used to say that he was sorry when any workman was at his business before him. We may further judge of his extraordinary efforts to acquire excellence of every kind, from the pains he took in copying Thucydides's History eight times with his own hand, in order to render the style of that great man familiar to him.

His pains were well bestowed; for it was by these means that he carried the art of declaiming to the highest degree of perfection of which it was capable; whence it is plain he well knew its value and importance. As to Demosthenes, Cicero tells us that his success was so great, that all Greece came in crowds to Athens to hear him speak; and he adds, that merit so great as his could not but have the desired effect.

1018. SUCCESSFUL ORATORY OF ZENO ELEATES.

The report of the miserable state of slavery into which the Agrigentines had fallen under the tyrant Phalaris so affected Zeno Eleates, that he resolved to leave his native country, and make a journey to Agrigentum, in order to try whether he could not by his counsels effect some amelioration in its condition. The philosopher made his first overtures to Phalaris himself; but finding the ear of the despot deaf to all wholesome counsel, he turned his attention to the patrician youth, whom he endeavored by every effort to animate with a love of liberty, and a determination to free their country from bondage. Phalaris, being informed of the proceedings of

Zeno, ordered him to be arrested, and calling the people together into the forum, he put the philosopher into the rank before their faces, and repeatedly called upon him to point out who among those around him had lent a favorable ear to his counsels. Zeno observed on this point the most obstinate silence; but turning to the citizens, he began to reproach them, in such glowing terms, with their abject submission to such a tyrant, that all at once they were filled with an impulse of indignation not to be repressed, and stoned the tyrant Phalaris on the very spot which he had designed for the martyrdom of a philosopher and friend of liberty.

1019. CARACTACUS, THE BRITISH GENERAL.

His army being defeated, Caractacus fled to Cartesmandua, Queen of the Brigantes, who, jealous of the glory he had acquired, treacherously delivered the unfortunate monarch into the hands of the Romans. Claudius, being desirous of beholding a prince of whom such extraordinary exploits had been rumored, ordered him to be conducted into his presence, when, according to Tacitus, he delivered the following memorable oration:—

“If, in my prosperity, the moderation of my conduct had been equal to my birth and fortune, I should have entered this city rather as a friend than a prisoner; nor would you, Cæsar, have disdained the alliance of a prince descended from illustrious ancestors, and ruler over many nations. My present fate is to me dishonorable; to you magnificently glorious. I once had horses, I once had men, I once had arms, I once had riches; can you wonder that I should part with them reluctantly? Though you, as Romans, may aim at universal empire, it does not follow that all mankind must tamely submit to be your vassals. If I had yielded without resistance, neither the perverseness of my fortune, nor the glory of your triumph, would have been famous. Punish me with death, and I shall soon be forgotten; suffer me to live, and I shall remain a perpetual monument of your clemency.”

This magnanimous but heart-rending speech affected the whole assembly, and Claudius himself shed tears. The emperor immediately ordered the chains of Caractacus and his family to be taken off, and they were restored to the possession of perfect liberty. Caractacus in viewing the city of Rome, and captivated in the splendor of that imperial city, exclaimed, “How astonishing that the Romans, who have such magnificent palaces of their own, should envy the wretched huts and cabins of the Britons!”

1020. JULIUS CÆSAR.

When Quintus Ligarius was prosecuted for bearing arms against Cæsar, and Cicero had undertaken to plead his cause, Cæsar is reported to have said, “Why may not we give ourselves a pleasure which we have not enjoyed so long,—that of hearing Cicero speak,—since I have already taken my resolution as to Ligarius, who is clearly a bad man, as well as my enemy?” But he was greatly moved when Cicero began; and his speech, as it proceeded, had such a variety of pathos, so irresistible a charm, that his color often changed, and it was evident that his mind was torn with conflicting passions. At last, when the orator touched on the battle of

Pharsalia, he was so extremely affected, that his whole frame trembled, and he let fall some papers out of his hand. Thus conquered by the force of eloquence, he acquitted Ligarius.

1021. HORTENSIA.

The daughter of Hortensius inherited the eloquence of her father; and when the Roman women were required to render an oath on account of their property, preparatory to a heavy tax, she pleaded the cause of her sex with such force, that the decree was annulled.

The harangue which she delivered on this occasion before the triumviri, Anthony, Octavius, and Lepidus, was extant in the time of Quintilian, who speaks of it with great applause.

1022. ELOQUENCE OF THE PASSIONS.

Cromwell was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady on the subject of oratory, in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early youth, and their practice afterwards. The lord protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was an eloquence which sprang from the heart; since, when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression, which would, in the comparison, render vapid the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators. It happened, some days after, that this lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the Tower as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the lord protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and, with the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she had expressed them, paused; then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile, and, extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said, “I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in a dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart is far above that mechanically acquired by study.”

1023. MR. SHERIDAN.

In the debate on the articles of impeachment against Warren Hastings, in the House of Commons, on the 7th of February, 1787, Mr. Sheridan spoke on the fourth or Oude charge, for the space of five hours and forty minutes. His speech, on that occasion, united the most convincing closeness and accuracy of argument with the most luminous precision and perspicuity of language, alternately giving force and energy to truth, by solid and substantial reasoning, and enlightening the most extensive and involved subjects with the purest clearness of logic, and the brightest splendor of rhetoric. It will be a permanent record of Mr. Sheridan's unrivalled abilities, that on this trying occasion, which of all others had divided not only the House of Commons, but the nation at large, into a variety of parties, this memorable speech produced almost universal union. When he described the sufferings of the Begums of

Oude, an indescribable emotion was perceived to agitate the feelings of the audience. Alluding to the factious parties in the house, "But," said he, "when inhumanity presents itself to their observation, it finds no division among them; they attack it as their common enemy; and, as if the character of this land was involved in their zeal for its ruin, they leave it not till it is completely overthrown. It was not given to that house to be told the objects of their compassion and benevolence in the present extensive consideration, as it was to those officers who relieved, and who so feelingly describe the ecstatic emotions of gratitude in the instant of deliverance. They could not behold the workings of the hearts, the quivering lips, the trickling tears, the loud and yet tremulous joy of the millions whom their vote of this night would forever save from the cruelty of corrupted power. But though they could not directly see the effort, was not the true enjoyment of their benevolence increased by the blessing being conferred unseen? Would not the omnipotence of Britain be demonstrated to the wonder of nations, by stretching its mighty arm across the deep, and saving, by its fiat, distant millions from destruction? And would the blessings of the people thus saved dissipate in empty air? No! If I may dare," said Mr. Sheridan, "to use the figure, we shall constitute heaven itself for our proxy, to receive for us the blessings of their pious gratitude, and the prayers of their thanksgiving."

On the conclusion of Mr. Sheridan's speech, the whole assembly, members, peers, and strangers, involuntarily joined in a tumult of applause, and adopted a mode of expressing their approbation, new and irregular in that house, by loudly and repeatedly clapping their hands. A motion was immediately made and carried for an adjournment, that the members who were in a state of delirious insensibility from the talismanic influence of such powerful eloquence might have time to collect their scattered senses for the exercise of a sober judgment. The motion was made by Mr. Pitt, who declared that this speech "surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed every thing that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind."

1024. THELWALL'S LECTURES.

The years 1793, '4, and '5 presented to the British metropolis the phenomenon of Thelwall's political lectures, in a large room on the east side of Beaufort Buildings. The admission was one shilling, and such were the powers of the orator, that his auditory of twelve or fifteen hundred persons was complete in a few minutes after the opening of the doors. His topics were the necessity of reform, and the abuses of power; and these he handled with such effect, that it was deemed necessary to pass an act of Parliament for the special purpose of shutting up his rooms. His lectures were altogether *ex tempore*, and the powers of oratory were, perhaps, never carried to higher perfection, or exerted with more effect, on a continued succession of audiences.

1025. THE ROMANCE OF ROMANCE.

The history of the liaison of Mirabeau, the French revolutionist, with the Marchioness de Monnier, is more romantic than romance. The parties "saw, and looked, and loved."

Mirabeau seduced and carried her off; she was seized and thrown into a convent; he escaped into Switzerland; he was tried and convicted of contumacy, and sentenced to lose his head. The lady escaped and rejoined him; they passed into Holland; there, after a time, they were seized; she was again immured in a convent, and he was consigned to the Castle of Vincennes, where he remained three years and a half. After his liberation, he obtained a new trial; pleaded his own cause; produced a lock of her hair steeped in poison, of which she was in possession of a counterpart, for their mutual destruction should he fail; and, by the impassioned power of his all-commanding eloquence, he terrified the court and his persecutors, melted the audience into tears, obtained a reversal of his sentence, and even threw the cost of the suit upon the plaintiff.

1026. PATRICK HENRY AND THE REVOLUTION.



Patrick Henry.

Patrick Henry was the son of Colonel John Henry, a native of Aberdeen, in Scotland, and born at Studley, in the county of Hanover, and state of Virginia. In his youth he gave no signs of future greatness. No persuasions could induce him either to read or work; but he ran wild in the forest, and divided his time between the uproar of the chase and the languor of inaction.

When the question first came to be agitated concerning the rights of the British to tax America, he gave, as it has been truly remarked, "the first impulse to the revolution." Men who were on other occasions distinguished for intrepidity and decision hung back, unwilling to submit, yet afraid to speak out in language of open and bold defiance. In this hour of despondency, suspense, and consternation, Henry arose to cheer the drooping spirits of his countrymen, and to call forth all the energies of the Americans to contend for their freedom. When the House of Burgesses was within three days of its expected close, Henry produced and carried the far-famed resolutions concerning the stamp act, which formed the first firm opposition to the scheme of taxing America by the British Parliament.

1027. PATRICK HENRY AND JOHN HOOK.

The versatility of talent for which Patrick Henry, the American orator and patriot, was distinguished, was happily illustrated in a trial which took place soon after the war of independence. During the distress of the republican army consequent on the invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, Mr. Venable, an army commissary, took two steers for the use of the troops from Mr. Hook, a Scotchman, and a man of wealth, who was suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. The act had not been strictly legal, and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have conducted himself in a manner much to the enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook of course excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience: at one time he excited their indignation against Hook; vengeance was visible in every countenance: again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distress of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? There he stands; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury, by the power of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence: the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriotic face; they heard the shouts of victory, the cry of "Washington and liberty!" as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river. "But, hark!" continued Henry; "what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, 'Beef! beef! beef!'"

The court was convulsed with laughter; when Hook, turning to the clerk, said, "Never mind, you mon; wait till Billy Cowan gets up, and he'll show him the la." But Mr. Cowan was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant.

A striking example of the witchery of Henry's eloquence, even on common subjects, is related by the late Major Joseph Scott.

This gentleman had been summoned, at great inconvenience to his private affairs, to attend as witness at a distant court, in which Mr. Henry practised. The cause which had carried him thither

having been disposed of, he was setting out in great haste to return, when the sheriff summoned him to serve on a jury. This cause was represented as a complicated and important one—so important as to have enlisted in it all the most eminent members of the bar. He was therefore alarmed at the prospect of a long detention, and made an unavailing effort with the court to get himself discharged from the jury. He was compelled to take his seat. When his patience had been nearly exhausted by the previous speakers, Mr. Henry rose to conclude the cause; and having much matter to answer, the major stated that he considered himself a prisoner for the evening, if not for the night. But, to his surprise, Mr. Henry appeared to have consumed not more than fifteen minutes in the reply; and he would scarcely believe his own watch, or those of the other jurymen, when they informed him that Mr. H. had, in reality, been speaking upwards of two hours! So powerful was the charm by which he would bind the senses of his hearers, and make even the most impatient unconscious of the lapse of time.

1028. LORD THURLOW

Charles Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, thus mentions a speech of Lord Thurlow's in reply to an attack of the Duke of Grafton, during the inquiry into Lord Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital: "His grace's action and delivery, when he addressed the house, were singularly dignified and graceful; but his matter was not equal to his manner. He reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission into the peerage. Particular circumstances caused Lord Thurlow's reply to make a deep impression on the remnant. His lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil but visible impatience. Under these circumstances he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. He rose from the wool-sack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor generally addresses the house; then, fixing on the duke the look of Jove, when he has grasped the thunder, 'I am amazed,' he said, in a level tone of voice, 'at the attack which the noble duke has made upon me. Yes, my lords,' considerably raising his voice, 'I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in this profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more; I can say, and will say, that as a peer of Parliament,—as speaker of this right honorable house,—as keeper of the great seal,—as guardian of his majesty's conscience,—as lord high chancellor of England,—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered,—but which character none can deny me,—as a man, I am at this moment as respectable,—I beg leave to add,—I am at this time as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.' The effect of this speech, both within the walls of Parliament and out of them, was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the house which

no chancellor had ever possessed ; it invested him, in public opinion, with a character of independence and honor ; and this, although he was ever upon the unpopular side of politics, made him always popular with the people."

1029. STRIKING EFFECT OF A BRIEF SPEECH.

When Mr. Anthony Astley Cooper was member for Pool, in Dorsetshire, he gave a very singular instance of his humanity and integrity. Before the revolution, and for some time after, prisoners accused of high treason were not permitted to be heard by counsel, unless a special matter of law was stated to the court. A bill was at length presented to the House of Commons to abolish this prohibition ; and, notwithstanding the equity of such an intended law, it met with great opposition.

When the bill was brought into the house, Mr. Cooper had prepared a speech in support of it ; but when he stood up to read it, he was so agitated that he was unable to proceed. The speaker, observing his confusion, recommended him to take time, and not be discouraged ; upon which encouragement Mr. Cooper recovered himself, and spoke as follows :—

"Mr. Speaker: If I, who rise only to give my opinion upon the bill now depending, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least part of what I proposed to say, what must be the condition of that man, who, without any assistance whatever, is obliged to plead for his life, whilst under the dreadful apprehension of being deprived of it?"

This emphatic speech had such an effect upon the house, that the bill passed without opposition.

1030. ORATORY RENDERED EFFECTIVE BY A JEST.

Pitt and Fox were listened to with profound respect, and in silence broken only by occasional cheers ; but from the moment of Sheridan's rising, there was an expectation of pleasure, which, to his last days, was seldom disappointed. A low murmur of eagerness ran round the house ; every word was watched for, and his pleasantry set the whole assemblage in a roar. Sheridan was aware of this, and has been heard to say, that if a jester would never be an orator, yet no speaker could expect to be popular in a *full house*, without a jest ; and that he always made the experiment, good or bad ; as a laugh gave him the country gentlemen to a man.

1031. SHERIDAN AND THE TAX BILLS.

In prefacing a motion for the printing of a tax bill, a practice which, though not long adopted, has

been of infinite service in preventing the blunders which formerly occurred, Mr. Sheridan proceeded to illustrate the style of a bill to remedy the defects of some bills already in being, by comparing it to the plan of a simple, but very ingenious, moral tale, that had often afforded him amusement in his early days, under the title of the House that Jack Built. "First, then, comes in a bill imposing a tax ; and then comes in a bill to amend that bill for imposing a tax ; and then comes in a bill to explain the bill that amended the bill ; next a bill to remedy the defects of a bill for explaining the bill that amended the bill ; and so on, *ad infinitum*." After parodying the story in this way to a still greater length, Mr. Sheridan entered upon a comparison of tax bills to a ship built in a dock-yard, which was found to be defective every voyage, and consequently was obliged to undergo a new repair : first it was to be calked, then to be new planked, then to be new ribbed, then again to be covered ; then, after all these expensive alterations, the vessel was generally obliged to be broken up and rebuilt.

The orator next pointed out several absurdities in the tax bills which had been recently passed, and which, he contended, might have been avoided, if the bills, by being printed, had undergone a full and public discussion. "In the horse-tax bill, for instance, there was a clause which required a stamp to be placed, not, indeed, on the animal, but on some part of the accoutrements. The clause, however, on a little consideration, was abandoned ; but another was inserted, so absurd, that it never was carried into execution ; namely, the one by which it was enacted, that the numbers and names of all the horses in each parish should be affixed on the church door. The church-wardens were also required, by the same act, to return lists of the windows, within their districts, to the commissioners of stamps, for the purpose of detecting those who had not entered their horses. Now," said Mr. Sheridan, "if horses were in the habit of looking out at windows, this might possibly have been a wise and judicious regulation ; but under present circumstances, there is some little occasion for wonder, how such ideas came to be associated in the minds of those who framed the bill, unless it was that they wished to sink the business of legislation into utter contempt."

1032. TRUE ELOQUENCE.

The following anecdote is told of an individual who listened to the splendid argument of Sheridan against Warren Hastings. At the expiration of the first hour, he said to a friend, "All this is mere declamation ;" when the second was finished, "This is a wonderful oration ;" at the close of the third, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably ;" at the fourth, "Mr. Hastings is an atrocious criminal ;" and at the last, "Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings."

§ 106. ELOQUENCE OF VARIOUS ORATORS DESCRIBED OR EXEMPLIFIED.

1033. PROPER ADAPTATION OF ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence must be adapted to occasions and persons, or it is good for nothing. It may be judged by its effects. "What a charming speech have we heard!" said the Romans on leaving the forum where Cicero had been haranguing them. "What flowing periods! what brilliant images!" "Let us march instantly, and fight the invading tyrant," said the Athenians, immediately after Demosthenes had been thundering in their ears against Philip of Macedon. "That rhetoric," says Selden in his *Table Talk*, "is best, which is most seasonable and most catching." An instance we have in that blunt old commander at Cadiz, who showed himself a good orator. Being under the necessity of saying something to his soldiers which he was not used to do, he made them a speech to this purpose: "What a shame it will be to you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and drink strong beer, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons!" and so put more courage into his men than he could have done with a learned oration.

1034. ELOQUENCE OF HANNIBAL.

From the speech for peace which Livy makes Hannibal deliver to the senate of Carthage, he must, as Mr. Fox once observed, have been as eloquent a man as ever spoke. The figure which he made on that occasion was extraordinary. After all the warlike declarations he had made, he felt the singularity of his situation, and thus shortly expressed it: "*Ego Hannibal, peto pacem!*"

1035. PETER THE HERMIT.

It is difficult to fix limits to human achievements, when superstition or enthusiasm is aided by the power of eloquence. The celebrated Peter the Hermit, having made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, towards the close of the eleventh century, was deeply impressed with the oppression sustained by the Christians from the Turks, and resolved to make an effort to rouse the western nations to arms in their behalf. The appearance of Peter was mean, his stature small, his body meagre, and his countenance shrivelled; but, with these disadvantages, he had a keen and lively eye, and a ready eloquence. Being encouraged by Pope Urban II., he travelled as a missionary through the provinces of Italy and France. He rode on an ass; his head and feet were naked, and he bore a weighty crucifix. He prayed frequently, fed on bread and water, gave away in alms all that he received, and, by his saintly demeanor and fervid address, drew innumerable crowds of all ranks to listen to his preaching. When he painted the indignities offered to the true believers at the birthplace and sepulchre of the Savior, every heart was melted to compassion, and animated to revenge. His success was such as might be expected from the rude enthusiasm and martial spirit of the age; and Peter soon collected an army of sixty thousand followers, with which he proceeded towards Jerusalem.

1036. RODOLPH AGRICOLA.

Rodolph Agricola, who died in the flower of his age, in 1485, was a prodigy in literature and science. Vossius says he was a great philosopher; that he understood Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and was a great musician; Walther, that he not only set to music, in four parts, many hymns in his mother tongue, but played on the lute, and sung admirably. Erasmus, in a pompous eulogium, places him among the first of mortals. But Agricola himself thought little of his fame, and published none of his own works, which were, however, very numerous. Cardinal Bembo regarded him as the first man of his age; and Paul Jovius expressly says, that Agricola shamed the Jews for Hebrew, and the Athenians and Romans by his Greek and Latin. He was born at Baslon, a small town in Friesland, near Groningen, and died at forty-three. Melchoir Adam extends his praises so far as to say, that in eloquence he had the cadence of Lactantius, the period of Pliny, the penetration of Socrates, the richness and variety of Cicero, the points and subtility of Quintilian, and the vehemence and prejudices of St. Cyprian.

1037. FIRST SPEECH OF MR. PITT.

On the 26th of February, a circumstance of a very remarkable nature occasioned Mr. Pitt to make his first speech in the House of Commons. The subject of debate was Mr. Burke's bill for economical reform in the civil list. Lord Nugent was speaking against the bill; and Mr. Byng, member for Middlesex, knowing Mr. Pitt's sentiments upon the measure, asked him to reply to his lordship. Mr. Pitt gave a doubtful answer; but in the course of Lord Nugent's speech, he determined not to reply to him. Mr. Byng, however, understood that Mr. Pitt intended to speak after Lord Nugent; and the moment his lordship sat down, Mr. Byng and several of his friends, to whom he had communicated Mr. Pitt's supposed intention, called out, in the manner usual in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt's name, as being about to speak. This probably prevented any other person from rising; and Mr. Pitt, finding himself thus called upon, and observing that the house waited to hear him, thought it necessary to rise. Though really not intending to speak, he was, from the beginning, collected and unembarrassed; he argued strongly in favor of the bill, and noticed all the objections which had been urged by the noble lord who immediately preceded him in the debate, in a manner which greatly astonished all who heard him. Never were higher expectations formed of any person upon his first coming into Parliament, and never were expectations more completely answered. They were, indeed, much more than answered: such were the fluency and accuracy of language, such the perspicuity of arrangement, and such the closeness of reasoning, and manly and dignified elocution,—generally, even in a much less degree, the fruits of long habit and experience,—that it could scarcely be believed to be the first speech of a young man not yet two and twenty.

"On the following day, Mr. Pitt, knowing my

anxiety," says Bishop Tomline, "upon every subject which related to him, with his accustomed kindness, wrote to me at Cambridge, to inform me, that 'he had heard his own voice in the House of Commons,' and modestly expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which his first attempt at parliamentary speaking had been received. Before Mr. Pitt had a seat in Parliament, he had been a constant attendant in the gallery of the House of Commons, and near the throne in the House of Lords, upon every important debate; and whenever he heard a speech of any merit on the side opposite to his own opinions, he accustomed himself to consider, as it proceeded, in what manner it might be answered; and when the speaker accorded with his own sentiments, he then observed his mode of arranging and enforcing his ideas, and considered whether any improvement could have been made, or whether any argument had been omitted. To this habit, and to the practice, already mentioned, of reading Greek and Latin into English, joined to his wonderful natural endowments, may be attributed his talent for reply, and that command of language for which he was from the first so highly distinguished. At whatever length he spoke, he avoided repetition; and it was early and justly observed of him, that "he never failed to put the best word in the best place."

1038. EARL OF CHATHAM.

When Mr. Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, made his *début* in the House of Commons, he was, as every one knows, a cornet in the army. A country gentleman, who had been struck with his eloquence, told Sir Robert Walpole that he thought it would be to his interest to make young Pitt a captain. "My dear sir," said Sir Robert, "to let you see how much I think of you, if you will make him my friend, I will give him a regiment."

Sir William Young having once interrupted Mr. Pitt, while speaking, with the cry of "Question, question," he paused; then, fixing on Sir William a look of ineffable contempt, he exclaimed, "Pardon me, Mr. Speaker, this agitation, but whenever that honorable member calls for the question, I fancy I hear the knell of my country's ruin."

On another occasion, immediately after Mr. Pitt had finished a speech in the house, he walked out, as usual, with a very slow step. Silence continued, until the door was opened to let him into the lobby, when a member started up, saying, "I rise to reply to the right honorable member." Mr. Pitt immediately turned back; when the orator instantly sitting down, he hobbled to his seat, repeating the verses of Virgil, —

*"Ast Danaum progenies, Agamemnonique phalanges
Ut videré virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu, — pars vertere retro,
Seu quondam petere rate, — pars tollere v. com.
Exiguam, — succus ei mori frustratur hiantes."*

Then, placing himself on his seat, he exclaimed, "Now let me hear what the honorable member has to say to me, or to the house." The member was silent; and the house, instead of laughing at his embarrassment, were awed into pity.

When the Prussian subsidy, an unpopular measure, was discussed in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt justified it with infinite address, insensibly subduing his audience, until a murmur of approbation was heard from every part of the house. Availing himself of this moment, he placed himself in an attitude of stern defiance, but perfect dignity, and

exclaimed, in his loudest tone, "Is there an Austrian among you? If so, let him stand forth, and reveal himself."

Mr. Moreton, the chief justice of Chester, speaking in the House of Commons, made use of the phrase, "King, Lords, and Commons, or," directing his eyes towards Mr. Pitt, "as that right honorable member would call them, 'Commons, Lords, and King.'" Mr. Pitt rose with great deliberation, and called to order. "I have," he said, "frequently heard in this house doctrines which have surprised me; but now my blood runs cold. I desire the words of the honorable member may be taken down." The clerk of the house wrote down the words. "Bring them to me," said Mr. Pitt, in a voice of thunder. By this time, Mr. Moreton was frightened out of his senses. "Sir," he said, addressing himself to the speaker, "I am sorry to have given offence to the right honorable gentleman, or to the house. I meant nothing. King, Lords, and Commons; Lords, King, and Commons; Commons, Lords, and King; *tria juncta in uno*. I meant nothing! Indeed, I meant nothing." Mr. Pitt then rose, and said, "I do not wish to push the matter further; the moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honorable member, and, as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice — that whenever he means nothing, he will say nothing."

Lord Chatham, when minister, was so delicate on the subject of his measures, that his nearest friends frequently went down to the House of Commons, ignorant of the question to be proposed. On being remonstrated with on this subject, he said, he always trusted to the utility of his measures, and if his friends did not see it in that light, he did not want their support.

Indeed, Lord Chatham was so conscious of his own independence as a minister, that being one day told, in the House of Lords, of the strength of his majorities, he vehemently replied, "I know of no majority, but what the sense of the house occasionally gives me. If there are any other majorities, they belong to the Duke of Newcastle, and I trust he has come honestly by them."

1039. LORD YARBOROUGH'S REPLY TO BURKE.

The celebrated Edmund Burke was one of the members appointed by the House of Commons to enforce the charges of crime against Warren Hastings, and one day, when he had been pouring out all his splendid talents in a rich display of oratory against the accused, he addressed the splendid assembly of peers, ladies, and gentlemen before him, in the following language: "When I look round this glorious circle, bright with all that is high in rank, all that is powerful in talent, all that is amiable in virtue, all that is brilliant in beauty, and then turn my eyes to the criminal at the bar, my mind is convulsed with horror, and I sicken at the sight." The orator then placed his hands on the table before him, and dropped his head into them, as if overwhelmed with the dreadful contemplation. On coming out of Westminster Hall, after this splendid oration, Burke could not find his carriage, and Lord Yarborough's having just drawn up, the peer offered to take him home. The ebullition of Burke's mind had not subsided, and on the way, without considering the indelicacy of appealing to one who was ultimately to pronounce judgment in the case, he

proceeded to reurge the arguments of his speech on his noble auditor, concluding with the eager inquiry, "Do you not think this man is a great criminal?" Lord Yarborough, whose correctness of intellect was known to all who had the opportunity of knowing him, immediately replied, "Burke, all I can say at present is, that either you or Hastings deserves to be hanged; but I cannot now tell which of the two."

1040. BURKE AT THE TRIAL OF HASTINGS.



Edmund Burke.

When the trial of Mr. Hastings commenced, in Westminster Hall, the first two days were taken up in reading the articles of impeachment against him; and four more were occupied by Mr. Burke in opening the case, and stating the grounds of the accusation. Never were the powers of that great man displayed to such advantage as on this occasion. The contrast which he drew between the ancient and the modern state of Hindostan was sketched with the hand of a master, and wrought up in a manner that could not fail to fix the attention, and to command admiration. When, at length, he came to speak of Mr. Hastings, no terms can describe the more than mortal vehemence with which he uttered his manifold accusations against him. He seemed, for the moment, as if armed to destroy with all the lightning of all the passions. The whole annals of judicial oratory contain nothing finer than his conclusion:—

"I impeach Warren Hastings," said he, "in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has abused.

"I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

"I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

"I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has so cruelly outraged, injured,

and oppressed. And I impeach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws of justice, which ought equally to prevail in both sexes, every age, condition, rank, and situation in the world."

The agitation produced by this speech was such, that the whole audience appeared to have felt one convulsive emotion; and when it was over, it was some time before Mr. Fox could obtain a hearing.

Amidst the assemblage of concurring praises, which this speech excited, none was more remarkable than the tribute of Mr. Hastings himself. "For half an hour," said that gentleman, "I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder; and during that space I actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth." Had the sentiment concluded here, our readers would not believe that it was in the language or manner of Mr. Hastings. "But," continued he, "I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness which consoled me under all I heard, and all I suffered."

1041. SHERIDAN'S ELOQUENCE INFLUENCED BY EXCITING DRAUGHTS.

In the year 1805, on the day when the very animated debate took place upon the celebrated Tenth Report of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry, the attention of a gentleman, who happened to enter a coffee-house near the House of Commons, was instantly fixed by another gentleman, whom he observed at one of the tables, with tea, and pen, ink, and paper before him. For some time the latter sat alternately drinking tea and taking down memoranda, and then called to the waiter to bring him some brandy; when to the observer's great surprise, a half pint tumbler full was brought. The gentleman placed it by him, continuing a while alternately to write and drink tea; when, at length, collecting his papers together, he put them in his pocket, and swallowing the half pint of brandy as if it had been water, went out of the coffee-house. The stranger was so much struck by all he had observed, particularly at the facility with which such a quantity of spirits was taken, that he could not forbear to ask the waiter who that gentleman was? The man replied, "Pshaw! don't you know him? Why, that's Sheridan; he's going now to the House of Commons." It will be remembered that in the course of this debate Mr. Sheridan made one of the finest speeches ever delivered by him, alike remarkable for keenness of argument and brilliancy of wit, and this under the influence of a potion that would wholly have deprived most men of their faculties.

1042. CURRAN'S ANSWER TO ROBINSON.

As an example of powerful, unpremeditated eloquence, may be given a short answer of Curran, the Irish orator, to a certain Judge Robinson, "the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets," and by his demerits and servility raised to the eminence which he thus disgraced, who, upon one occasion, when the barrister was arguing a case before him had the brutality to reproach Curran with his poverty, by telling him that he suspected "his law library was rather contracted."

"It is true, my lord," said Curran, with dignified respect, "that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library: my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope

they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good works than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained reputation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible!"

1043. COLERIDGE A UNITARIAN PREACHER.



Samuel Taylor Coleridge

During his residence at Nether Stoney, Coleridge officiated as Unitarian preacher at Taunton, and afterwards at Shrewsbury. Mr. Hazlitt has described his walking ten miles, on a winter day, to hear Coleridge preach. "When I got there," he says, "the organ was playing the one hundredth psalm, and, when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text: 'He departed again into a mountain himself alone.' As he gave out his text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfume; when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey. The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war—upon church and state; not their alliance, but their separation; on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity; not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore! He made a poetical and pastoral excursion; and, to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy driving his team a-field, or sitting under the hawthorn,

piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood.

'Such were the notes our once-loved poet sung;'

and, for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres."

1044. PATRICK HENRY AND THE BAPTISTS

The following very interesting narrative was drawn up by the Rev. J. M. Peck, from papers furnished to him by the Rev. Thomas S. Hinde, of Mount Carmel, in the State of Illinois:—

"It is known to our readers that the ecclesiastical hierarchy of Virginia, before the revolution, was exceedingly despotic and oppressive. A branch of the English Episcopal hierarchy was first established in the colony of Virginia in 1623. Each plantation or settlement was to have a house for the worship of God, and support by tithes a priest. In 1631, the legal stipend was ten pounds of tobacco and a bushel of corn from each taxable inhabitant, with every twentieth calf, kid, and pig. To preserve 'purity of doctrine, and unity of the church,' it was enacted that all ministers should conform to the church of England, and no other persons were allowed to teach or preach publicly or privately. All 'nonconformists' were required to depart from the colony.

"In 1665, a levy was made of fifteen pounds of tobacco on each poll, and provision was made for 'glebes' and 'parsonages.' No minister was allowed to preach unless he had received ordination from some bishop in England. In 1721, the colonial legislature enacted that every minister received into any parish by the vestry should have an annual salary of sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco, and glebes of not less than two hundred acres were to be provided in each parish. In 1757, a season of unusual failure in the tobacco crop, the staple of the colony, it was further enacted that the clergyman should receive, at his option, a substitute in cash, equal to eighteen shillings per hundred weight. This gave rise to the celebrated lawsuit in which Patrick Henry made his *début* at the bar.

"Most of the parish priests who occupied the glebes, and enjoyed the profits of the tobacco law, were any thing rather than ministers of the gospel of Christ. Many of them were lamentably immoral. They were frequently the second and third sons of decayed English and Irish families, who, in talents and moral character, were unfitted for a place in the army or navy, but, through the influence of their friends and some accommodating bishop, could obtain 'holy orders' on condition of becoming chaplains in the colonies, and accepting of the tobacco stipend. We need only refer to their own talented and impartial historian, in the Contributions to Ecclesiastical History, for proof of the character of a large proportion of these colonial clergy.

"The Baptists were the most numerous class of dissenters, and the first to resist the established hierarchy. Their ministers were generally poor men, warm-hearted, and affectionate, and spent much time in gratuitous services in promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men. It is not certain that there was ever an existing law in the

colony of Virginia that authorized the imprisonment of any person for preaching the gospel. The law for preserving peace and order, and to 'preserve the purity of doctrine and unity of the church,' was so construed, and whenever preachers were apprehended and imprisoned, it was done by virtue of a peace warrant.

"The first conviction and actual imprisonment under this construction of law was in Spotsylvania county, on the 4th of June, 1768, when John Waller, Lewis Craig, James Childs, and others were dragged before the magistrates, and bound over for trial. Three days after they were put on their trial as 'disturbers of the peace.' The prosecuting attorney made this formidable charge: 'May it please your worships, these men are great disturbers of the peace; they cannot meet a man in the road but they must ram a text of Scripture down his throat.' Elder Waller made an ingenious and able defence, and perplexed the judges to know what to do with these singular criminals. They offered to release them, if they would pledge themselves to preach no more in that county. Of course they refused this pledge, and were sent to jail, and closely imprisoned forty-three days, and finally liberated by the authority of the deputy governor, Hon. John Blair. Others were imprisoned in other counties, and at various times, from 1768 to 1775. From the time that Patrick Henry drove the clergy from the court house in Hanover, to the revolutionary war, he was not only the friend of liberty and foe to every form of oppression, but also a firm friend of the persecuted Baptists. Mr. Hinde, in his sketches, says, 'The parsons' case had but recently been disposed of, when Henry discovered that others also felt the heavy hand of oppression; that the rights of conscience, as well as of property, had been invaded by those who held the authority of law; that the Baptists (called by others *Anabaptists*) were afflicted; and that, for preaching the gospel contrary to the regulations of the established church, many were persecuted, arrested, imprisoned, and some almost starved to death on bread and water.'

"Mr. Hinde did not learn from his informers whether the successful defence of Mr. Henry was at the liberation from prison of Waller, Craig, and Childs, before referred to, or on another similar occasion. Mr. Ficklin's account, who lived near Fredericksburg, and was present on the occasion, gives the names of 'Lewis Craig, Joseph Craig, and Aaron Bledsoe.' Mr. Bennett, who also was present, and gave from memory the 'speech,' did not give the names of the persecuted preachers, but states 'three Baptist preachers.' Be this as it may, an indictment had been issued against them for '*preaching the gospel of the Son of God*,' contrary to the statute in that case provided, and therefore disturbers of the peace. The clerk was reading the indictment in a slow and formal manner, and as he pronounced the crime with emphasis, 'for preaching the gospel of the Son of God,' a plain-dressed man, who had just rode up to the court house, entered and took his seat within the bar. He was known to the court and lawyers, but a stranger to the mass of spectators who had gathered on the occasion. This was Patrick Henry, who, on hearing of this prosecution, had rode some fifty or sixty miles from his residence in Hanover county, to volunteer his services in their defence. He listened to the further reading of the indictment with marked attention, the first sentence of which, that had caught his ear, was, 'for preaching the gospel of the Son of God.' When it was

finished and the prosecuting attorney had submitted a few remarks, Henry arose, reached out his hand, and received the paper, and addressed the court:—

"May it please your worships: I think I heard read by the prosecutor, as I entered this house, the paper I now hold in my hand. If I have rightly understood, the king's attorney of this colony has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraigning and punishing by imprisonment the three inoffensive persons before the bar of this court, for a crime of great magnitude—as disturbers of the peace. May it please the court, what did I hear read? Did I hear it distinctly, or was it a mistake of my own? Did I hear an expression, as if a crime, that these men, whom your worships are about to try for a misdemeanor, are charged with—what? and continuing in a low, solemn, heavy tone, 'for preaching the gospel of the Son of God.' Pausing amidst the most profound silence and breathless astonishment, he slowly waved the paper three times around his head, when, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, with peculiar and impressive energy, he exclaimed, 'Great God!' The exclamation, the action, the burst of feeling from the audience, were all overpowering. Mr. Henry resumed:—

"May it please your worships: In a day like this, when truth is about to burst her fetters; when mankind are about to be aroused to claim their natural and inalienable rights; when the yoke of oppression that has reached the wilderness of America, and the unnatural alliance of ecclesiastical and civil power, are about to be dissevered.—at such a period, when liberty—liberty of conscience—is about to awake from her slumberings, and inquire into the reason of such charges as I find exhibited here to-day in this indictment!' Another fearful pause, while the speaker alternately cast his sharp, piercing eyes on the court and the prisoners, and resumed: 'If I am not deceived, according to the contents of the paper I now hold in my hand, these men are accused of "*preaching the gospel of the Son of God*."—Great God!' Another long pause, while he again waved the indictment around his head, while a deeper impression was made on the auditory. Resuming his speech, 'May it please your worships, there are periods in the history of man, when corruption and depravity have so long debased the human character, that man sinks under the weight of the oppressor's hand, and becomes his servile, his abject slave; he licks the hand that smites him; he bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despot, and in this state of servility he receives his fetters of perpetual bondage. But, may it please your worships, such a day has passed away! From that period, when our fathers left the land of their nativity for settlement in these American wilds—for liberty—for civil and religious liberty—for liberty of conscience—to worship his Creator according to his conceptions of Heaven's revealed will; from the moment he placed his foot on the American continent, and in the deeply-imbedded forests sought an asylum from persecution and tyranny—from that moment despotism was crushed; her fetters of darkness were broken, and Heaven decreed that man should be free—free to worship God according to the Bible. Were it not for this, in vain have been the efforts and sacrifices of the colonists; in vain were all their sufferings and bloodshed to subjugate this new world, if we, their offspring, must still be oppressed and persecuted. But, may it please your worships, permit me to inquire once more, For what are these men about to be tried? This paper says, for preaching the gospel of the Son of God!" Great

God! for preaching the gospel of the Savior to Adam's fallen race.' And in tones of thunder he exclaimed, '*What law have they violated?*' while the third time, in a slow, dignified manner, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and waved the indictment around his head. The court and audience were now wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement. The face of the prosecuting attorney was pallid and ghastly, and he appeared unconscious that his whole frame was agitated with alarm; while the judge, in a tremulous voice, put an end to the scene, now becoming excessively painful, by the authoritative declaration, '*Sheriff, discharge those men!*'"

The descendants of Patrick Henry are now members of Baptist churches.

1045. DANIEL WEBSTER'S CELEBRITY.



Daniel Webster.

The following anecdote of Daniel Webster is from a source on which may be placed the most implicit reliance:—

"In calling up the memory of that great civilian," (Judge Story.) "I am reminded of an interesting anecdote he related. It was in 1835. I was attending the Circuit Court in Portland, and boarded at the same hotel with Judge Story and some of the bar. One day after dinner, as we sat listening to his rich conversation, some one spoke of the Dartmouth College question, when Judge Story described to us the first appearance of the power of Mr. Webster, as evinced in that celebrated case. He spoke of him as a stranger, but little known at that time. The trial came on in March, 1818. The court room was crowded. Many distinguished spectators were present. The case was of no common kind; it touched the happiness, the preservation, the glory of our common country; for every college and seminary of learning in the Union was interested in the result. Mr. Webster felt the magnitude of his cause, and the great responsibility resting upon his shoulders. He rose up to address the court. Every eye was fixed upon him—every ear was open. He began slowly and in a low voice. His nerves were slightly tremulous, and the papers shook in his hand. His face looked troubled; the deep anxiety portrayed in his features excited the sym-

pathy of the kindest feelings of the court for one who stood before them, a modest, unassuming man, a stranger, and with an overwhelming brow and look of no common care. But he went on, step by step, with arguments, with authorities, with appeals to the supreme tribunal before him; each step his voice rose into energy and power; his face brightened up, his eye kindled, and, ere long, the attention became so profound, and the interest of the whole assembly so great, from the magnitude of the question and the manner in which he presented it, that not merely a breathless silence prevailed, but even tears started in many an eye, and some were seen to fall from members of the bench. He won his case. It was his *début*; and from that moment Daniel Webster stood invincible, and took a stand in eloquence which has seldom been surpassed.

"Such is a feeble and impotent sketch of a most impressive anecdote, to which I listened with interest as it fell from the lips of a man who was himself a model of elegance, and a guide to eloquence in his judicial life."

1046. PATRICK HENRY HUNTING AND PLEADING.

After Patrick Henry's removal to Louisa, he has been known to hunt deer, frequently for several days together, carrying his provision with him, and at night encamping in the woods. After the hunt was over, he would go from the ground to Louisa court, clad in a coarse cloth coat, stained with all the trophies of the chase, greasy leather breeches, ornamented in the same way, leggings for boots, and a pair of saddle-bags on his arm. Thus accoutred, he would enter the court house, take up the first of his causes that chanced to be called, and, if there was any scope for his peculiar talent, throw his adversary into the background, and astonish both court and jury by the powerful effusions of his natural eloquence.

1047. CHALMERS IN LONDON.

When Dr. Chalmers first visited London, the hold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood alone by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions, neither in the choicest language, nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on—the shuffling of the conversation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy, and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Mr. Canning; "we have no preaching like that in England."

1048. DISPLAY OF ELOQUENCE IN DANGER.

General Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, was not only possessed of great eloquence, but the most undaunted courage.

Both were finely illustrated on the delivery of his second anniversary oration, on the 6th of March, 1775. Some British officers of the army then in Boston had publicly declared that it should be at the price of life of any man to speak of the event of March 5, 1770, on that anniversary. Warren's soul took fire at such a threat, so openly made, and he wished for the honor of braving it. This was readily granted, for at such a time a man would probably find but few rivals. Many, who would spurn the thought of personal fear, might be apprehensive that they would be so far disconcerted as to forget their discourse. It is easier to fight bravely than to think clearly or correctly in danger. Passion sometimes nerves the arm to fight, but disturbs the regular current of thought. The day came, and the weather was remarkably fine. The Old South Meeting-house was crowded at an early hour. The British officers occupied the aisles, the flight of steps to the pulpit, and several of them were within it. It was not precisely known whether this was accident or design. The orator, with the assistance of his friends, made his entrance at the pulpit window by a ladder. The officers, seeing his coolness and intrepidity, made way for him to advance and address the audience. An awful stillness preceded his exordium. Each man felt the palpitations of his own heart, and saw the pale but determined face of his neighbor. The speaker began his oration in a firm tone of voice, and proceeded with great energy and pathos.

Warren and his friends were prepared to chastise contumely, prevent disgrace, and avenge an attempt at assassination.

The scene was sublime; a patriot in whom the flush of youth and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined, stood armed in the sanctuary of God, to animate and encourage the sons of liberty, and to hurl defiance at their oppressors. The orator commenced with the early history of the country, described the tenure by which we held our liberties and property, the affection we had constantly shown the parent country, and boldly told them how, and by whom, these blessings of life had been violated. There was in this appeal to Britain, in this description of suffering, agony and horror, a calm and high-souled defiance, which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour has seldom happened in the history of man, and is not surpassed in the records of nations. The thunders of Demosthenes rolled at a distance from Philip and his host, and Tully poured the fiercest torrents of his invective when Catiline was at a distance, and his dagger no longer to be feared; but Warren's speech was made to proud oppressors resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight.

1049. AN INDIAN'S TOUCHING ELOQUENCE.

At the battle of Freehold, during the first American war, a young English officer, closely pressed by two Abenakis Indians with upraised hatchets, no

longer hoped for life, and only resolved to sell it dearly. At the moment when he expected to sink beneath them, an old Indian armed with a bow, approached him, and prepared to aim an arrow; but having adjusted it, in an instant he dropped his bow, and ran to throw himself between the young officer and his assailants, who immediately retired with respect.

The old man took his prisoner by the hand, encouraged him by caresses, and conducted him to his cabin. It was winter, and the Indians were retiring home. Here he kept him for some time, treating him with undiminished softness, and making him less his slave than his companion. At length he taught him the Abenakis language, and the rude arts in use among that people. They became perfectly satisfied with each other, and the young officer was comparatively happy—except at times when his heart was wrung to perceive the old man intently fix his eyes on him and shed tears.

At the return of spring, the Indians returned to arms, and prepared for the campaign. The old man, yet sufficiently strong to support the fatigues of war, set out with them, accompanied by his prisoner. The Abenakis made a march of more than two hundred leagues across the desert, till at length they arrived within sight of an English camp; the old Indian pointed it out to the young officer, at the same time contemplating him wistfully. "Behold thy brothers!" said he to him; "behold where they wait to give us battle! Hear me. I have saved thy life; I have taught thee to make a canoe, bows, and arrows; to obtain the means to make them from the forest; to manage the hatchet, and to take off the scalp of an enemy. What wert thou when I took thee to my cabin? Thy hands were those of a child; they neither served to nourish nor defend thee; thy soul was in night; thou knewest nothing; thou owest me all! Wilt thou, then be ungrateful enough to join thy brothers, and raise the hatchet against us?"

The young Englishman vowed he would rather lose a thousand lives than spill the blood of one Abenakis. The Indian looked on his prisoner with earnestness, and, in a mingled tone of tenderness and sorrow, inquired, "Hast thou a father?" "He was alive," answered the young man, "when I left my country." "O, how miserable he must be!" cried the Indian; and after a moment of silence, he added, "Knowest thou that I have been a father? I am so no more! I saw my child fall in the battle; he was at my side. I saw him die like a warrior; he was covered with wounds, my child, when he fell. But I have avenged him. Yes, I have avenged him." The Indian, at pronouncing these words, was much agitated; then turning to the east, where the sun was just rising, he said to the young Englishman, "Seest thou that beauteous sun, resplendent of brightness? Hast thou pleasure in seeing it?" "Yes," answered he, "I have pleasure in seeing that beautiful sky." "Ah, well! I have it no more," said the Indian, shedding a torrent of tears. A moment after, he showed the young officer a flowering shrub. "Seest thou that fine tree?" said he to him; "and hast thou pleasure in looking upon it?" "Yes, I have," he answered. "I have it no more," returned the Indian, with precipitation; "but as for thee—go, return to thy country, that thy father may again with pleasure mark the rising sun, and behold the springing flower."

§ 107. APPEARANCE, STYLE, HABITS, PECULIARITIES.

1050. DEMOSTHENES.

When Harpalus, one of Alexander's officers, after betraying his master, and purloining his treasures, made his escape to Athens, it became a question with the Athenians whether they should give the traitor-robber shelter. Demosthenes, to whose opinion the people looked up with reverence, declared, at first, that they ought on no account to disgrace the character of the republic by affording refuge to one so infamous. A day was appointed for the solemn decision of the matter. In the mean time, Harpalus, sensible how much his success depended on gaining over "the prince of orators" to his side, sought and obtained an opportunity of showing Demosthenes the precious store of goodly things of which he had robbed his royal master. The orator was particularly struck with the sight of a massy golden cup, and, poisoning it in his hand, he asked Harpalus what was its weight. Harpalus replied, "To you it shall weigh twenty talents." When Demosthenes had departed, the cup was accordingly sent after him to his house, along with twenty talents in money. Next day, when the cause of Harpalus came on for consideration, Demosthenes appeared in the assembly with his throat muffled up, and when called on to speak, he made signs that he had lost his voice.

To the honor of Athens, this act of abominable venality was not allowed to pass unpunished. It was the cause of a fine of fifty talents being imposed on the orator, to avoid the payment of which he fled to Ægina, where he remained in exile, until an emergency in the affairs of the republic produced his recall.

Demosthenes once observed to Phocion, who was at the head of a party of orators whom Philip had bribed over to his interest, that the Athenians would one day murder him in a mad fit. "Take care," replied Phocion, "that they do not murder you in a sober one."

The warning was prophetic. The Athenians, as the price of their reconciliation with Antipater, were obliged to pass a decree condemning Demosthenes to death. The orator fled for refuge to the temple of Neptune at Celaura; but, inwardly convinced that no place could afford him a sanctuary from such vengeance as pursued him, he drank of poison and died.

1051. PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF LORD CHATHAM.

In figure, Lord Chatham was eminently dignified and commanding. "There was a grandeur in his personal appearance," says a writer, who speaks of him when in his decline, "which produces awe and mute attention; and, though bowed by infirmity and age, his mind shone through the ruins of his body, armed his eye with lightning, and clothed his lip with thunder." Bodily pain never subdued the lofty daring, or the extraordinary activity, of his mind. He even used his crutch as a figure of rhetoric. "You talk, my lords," said he on one occasion, "of conquering America—of your numerous friends there, and

your powerful forces to disperse her army. I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch." Sir Robert Walpole could not look upon or listen to him without being alarmed, and told his friends, that he "should be glad, at any rate, to muzzle that terrible cornet of horse."

1052. COURAGEOUS ELOQUENCE.

The character of Isocrates presents the rare combination of a man, who, devoid of fear, is recorded to have passed through a long life without having made an enemy of a single individual by the boldness of his eloquence. When Theramenes, proscribed by the thirty tyrants, took refuge at the altar, Isocrates generously volunteered to plead in his defence at the hazard of his own life; and after the death of Socrates, when all his disciples, struck with dismay, fled into distant parts, Isocrates alone had the courage to appear in mourning in the public streets of Athens.

1053. TIMIDITY OF FAMOUS ORATORS.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition that he rarely ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to a whetstone, which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vaucanson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made.

1054. AN ORATOR'S DOMESTIC ELOQUENCE.

Mr. Pitt was a remarkably shy man. He was on terms of the greatest intimacy with Lord Camden; and being at his house on a morning visit, "Pitt," said his lordship, "my children have heard so much about you, that they are extremely anxious to have a glimpse at the great man. They are just now at dinner in the next room; you will oblige me by going in with me for a moment." "O, pray don't ask me; what on earth could I say to them?" "Give them at least the pleasure of seeing you." And half led, half pushed into the room, the prime minister approached the little group, looked from their father to them, from them to their father, remained for several minutes twirling his hat, without finding a single sentence at his disposal, and departed. So much for the domestic eloquence of an orator.

1055. BURKE'S METAPHORS

Mr. Burke, above all men, figured in a mode of metaphorical expression. On the 7th of June, 1794, when speaking on the Begum charge, on the trial of Hastings, and describing the happy situations of the provinces of Oude, Benares, and Gorruckpore,

before they were under Mr. Hastings's protection. used the following: "He is worse than Satan, for he showed the kingdoms of the world to the great Author of our sacred religion, in order that he might enjoy them; but he (turning to the bar) gave the province of Hindostan into the possession of men appointed by himself, for the purpose of destroying them." Mr. Hastings at this expression lifted up his eyes and hands. Again, when he spoke of the treasures deposited with the Begums, which Mr. Hastings seized, Mr. Burke said, "The prisoner at your bar, stepping beyond even the heathen mythology, was in his own opinion greater than Jove, who was esteemed the immortal god of the ancients; for Jove condescended to embrace a frail woman in a shower of gold; but Mr. Hastings paid more impressive adoration to the old Begums of Oude, for the purpose of seizing and stripping them of their gold. Here," said Mr. Burke, "is the distinction between the Jove of the ancients and the Jove of the East Indies. But your lordships' classical knowledge will convey to you that the first was fabulous, and I trust that the evidence adduced will convince your lordships the last is real." Mr. Burke, in his eulogium upon that extraordinary man, Mr. Charles Townshend, among other things said, "His style of argument was neither trite nor vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse: he hit the house just between wind and water."

1056. SHERIDAN'S PROCRASTINATION

Much of the inconvenience to which Sheridan was subjected arose from his procrastination; whether it was a deed to sign or a letter to frank, he would still put off doing it. Nothing was ever done in time or place. Letters containing money, or bearing intelligence of importance, remained unopened. Whether private or official business demanded his attention, still there was the same indolence, the same unwillingness to apply, which eventually led to the most serious results. Professor Smyth was waiting one morning for him in his ante-room, and happened to cast his eyes on a table that stood in the middle of the room, covered with manuscripts, plays, pamphlets and papers of every description. As he proceeded to tumble them over and look at the superscriptions, he observed that the letters were most of them unopened, and that some of them had coronets on the seal. He remarked to Mr. Westley, the treasurer of Drury Lane, who was sitting by the fire, having also for a long time danced attendance, that Mr. Sheridan treated all alike: water or coronet, pauper or peer, the letters seemed equally unopened. "Just so," was the treasurer's reply: "indeed, last winter I was occupying myself as you are doing, and for the same reason, and what should I see among these letters but one from myself, unopened like the rest — a letter that I knew contained a ten pound note within it. The history, sir, was, that I had received a note from Mr. Sheridan dated Bath, and headed with the words 'money bound,' and entreating me to send the first ten pounds I could lay my hands upon. This I did. In the mean time, I suppose some one had given him a cast in his carriage up to town, and his application to me had never more been thought of; and, therefore, there lay my letter, and would have continued to lie till the housemaid had swept it with the rest into the fire, if I had not accidentally seen it." Mr. Smyth could not help, on going down stairs, telling the story to his valet, Edwards, suggesting to him to look after the letters; to which he replied, "What

can I do for such a master? The other morning I went to settle his room after he had gone out, and, on throwing open the windows, found them stuffed with bank notes; there had been a high wind in the night — the windows, I suppose, had rattled — he had come in quite intoxicated; and in the dark, for want of something better, stuffed the bank notes into the casement! and as he never knows what he has in his pocket or what he has not, they were never afterwards missed."

1057. SHERIDAN'S VINOUS ELOQUENCE.

The following anecdote of Sheridan's vinous eloquence we had from the lips of one of the oldest surviving friends and followers of Fox, and himself a highly influential whig of the old school. This gentleman and Sheridan had dined together at Belamy's; and Sheridan, having taken his allowance, gave his accustomed signal for a move. This signal consisted of the words, "Now I shall go down and see what's doing in the house;" which in reality meant, and was always so interpreted by whoever dined in his company, "I have drank enough; my share of the business is done; now do yours; call for the bill, and pay it." On this occasion the usual course was pursued; and the bill having been settled by Sheridan's friend, the latter, hearing that Sheridan was "up," felt curious to know what he could possibly be at, knowing the "glorious" state in which he had just departed. Accordingly, he entered the house, and, to his no small astonishment, found Sheridan in a fit of most fervent oratory, thundering forth the following well-known passage: "Give them a corrupt House of Lords; give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical prince; give them a truckling court; and let me have but an unfettered press, and I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England!"

1058. DEVOTION TO THE PUBLIC TO THE NEGLECT OF SELF.

The following sentences of George Selwyn respecting Charles Fox are applicable to many statesmen and scholars of improvident personal character: —

"He can make his understanding useful to the whole world, but will not, on any account, permit it to be useful to himself. He never seems to mistake, but in his own affairs: he thinks that however involved and chaotic they may be, he can set them right any morning he chooses; and the morning never comes!"

1059. TIME TO GET UP.

Grattan, the celebrated Irish barrister, was indefatigably industrious. He was so anxious not to lose a moment in sleep, which in his opinion ought to be devoted to study, that he contrived a singular apparatus to rouse him regularly at daybreak. A small barrel filled with water was placed over a basin, which stood on a shelf immediately above his pillow, and the cock of it was sufficiently turned to fill the basin by daylight; so that if he did not then rise, the water flowed upon his person and bedding.

1060. LORD ERSKINE.

When Lord Erskine made his *début* at the bar, his agitation almost overcame him, and he was just going to sit down. "At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."

1061. POLITICAL MEANNESS.

When Lord Erskine first rose to speak in Parliament, Pitt leaned forward, as if to catch every word he should utter, and held a pen in his hand, as if to take notes. After listening to a few sentences, he flung the pen and paper on the floor with an air of supreme contempt. It was doubtless a trick of Pitt's to damage Erskine, who was in the opposition, and showed to what meanness politicians can sometimes descend.

1062. INDUSTRIOUS IDLENESS.

Curran's notions of industry were somewhat ludicrous. An hour to him was a day to another man; and in his natural capabilities his idleness found a powerful auxiliary. A single glance made him master of the subject; and though imagination could not supply him with facts, still it very often became a successful substitute for authorities. He once said, in serious refutation of what he called the professional calumnies on this subject, that he was quite as laborious as was necessary for any *nisi prius* advocate to be. "For," said he, with the utmost simplicity, "I always perused my briefs carefully when I was concerned for the plaintiff; and it was not necessary to do it for the defendant, because, you know, *I could pick up the facts from the opposite counsel's statements.*" This was what Curran considered being laborious; and, to say the truth, it was at best but an industrious idleness.

1063. CURRAN'S OPINION OF SELF-PRAISE.

Curran and Erskine had frequent opportunities of meeting, and must have looked on each other's powers with respect. On one occasion Grattan's name was mentioned; and Erskine casually asked what "he said of himself." "Said of himself!" was Curran's astonished interjection; "nothing. Grattan speak of himself! Why, sir, Henry Grattan is a great man. Sir, the torture could not wring a syllable of self-praise from Grattan; a team of six horses could not drag an opinion of himself out of him. Like all great men, he knows the strength of his reputation, and will never condescend to proclaim its march like the trumpeter of a puppet-show. Sir, he stands on a national altar, and it is the business of us inferior men to keep up the fire of the incense. You will never see Grattan stooping to do either the one or the other."

This sally may have been stimulated in some degree by one of those fits of irritability to which Curran was liable; but no man could be more entitled to the praise than the speaker himself. Of course, every man of vigorous faculties knows his own powers, and knows them better than the world can. But no popular applause, — and he was its idol, — no homage of his profession, — and he was the acknowledged meteor of the Irish bar, — and no admi-

ration of private society, — and he was the delight of the table, — could ever betray Curran into self-praise.

It must be supposed, that when he was thus scrupulous in his own instance, he demanded no less reserve from others. When Lord Byron rose into fame, Curran constantly objected to his talking of himself, as the great drawback on his poetry.

"Any subject," said he, "but that eternal one of self. I am weary of knowing once a month the state of any man's hopes or fears, rights or wrongs. I should as soon read a register of the weather, the barometer up so many inches to-day and down so many inches to-morrow. I feel scepticism all over me at the sight of agonies on paper, things that come as regular and as notorious as the full of the moon. The truth is, his lordship *weeps for the press, and wipes his eyes with the public.*"

1064. WALPOLE'S REMARK UPON FOX.

"What a man," says Walpole, "Fox is! After his long and exhausting speech on Hastings's trial, he was seen handing ladies into their coaches, with all the gayety and prattle of an idle gallant."

1065. ROBESPIERRE.

The following is a brief and striking sketch of the man who attained so sanguinary a celebrity, and reigned absolute sultan of the "reign of terror." —

"I had two private conversations with Robespierre," says Dumont; "he had a sinister aspect; he never looked one in the face; he had a twinkling, winking motion in his eyes, which was continual and painful. Once I saw him on some business relating to Geneva. He asked some explanations from me, and I pressed him to speak: he told me that he was as *timid as a child*; that he always trembled when he rose to speak in public, and from the moment he so began speaking, he could not hear his own voice."

1066. MIRABEAU.

When a certain lady, who had been charmed by his writings, but had never seen his person, wrote to Mirabeau, saying how much she longed to see him, and begged that he would describe himself to her, he complied with the request of the fair enthusiast, in these brief and self-adulatory terms: "Figure to yourself a tiger that has had the small-pox."

1067. PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF LORD BROUGHAM.

Rev. Mr. Clark, in his *Glimpses of the Old World*, thus describes the appearance of this celebrated orator: —

"Lord Brougham's appearance is rather striking. He is somewhat tall, quite thin, rather careless in his personal appearance, with a face into which, when he is speaking, is thrown infinite expression. I never saw the man who played off with so much facility and effect whole volleys of the most keen and caustic satire. When assailing an opponent, having cut off all possibility of retreat, he seems to delight to stand and wave over him in taunt his shining cimex, before it descends with merciless and exterminating power. His words do not express half the meaning that is conveyed while he is speaking. He has the habit of drawing up one side of

his face, and especially the left nostril, into such an aquiline shape, when about to utter any thing particularly caustic, that every word seems to derive immense point from the peculiar expression of his countenance.

1066. BROUGHAM AND WEBSTER.



Henry Lord Brougham.

A sketched in the New York Gazette contributes, among other interesting matter, the following anecdote of the "learned lord" whose sarcastic and severely humorous manner has become so celebrated, and who is said to be incapable of letting any opportunity pass which admits of a touch at some opponent. The annexed anecdote is illustrative of his temper and manner.

It occurred at the time Mr. Webster was last in England, and at a period when the then ministry stood in a tottering position, and were expected every hour to throw up their hands and give place to others. Lord Brougham accompanied Mr. Webster one evening to the House of Lords, and placed himself in rather a conspicuous position, and wending his way among the members, chatting to one and to another, and evidently letting them know that a distinguished visitor was present; for those he spoke to would turn and take a look at "our senator." Shortly after, a member rose, and asked the postponement of some resolutions which had been marked down for discussion that evening, and in the course of his request expressed a hope that it would meet the approbation and assent of the "learned lord."

Whereupon Lord B. nodded assent. This done, another similar request was made by another member in regard to another resolution, and also hoping it would meet the assent of the "learned lord." This drew from him a like assent, with an extra nervous twitch of his nose and cheek. And, strange to say, a third and similar request followed, with an equally *special hope* that it would also meet the assent of the "learned lord;" whereupon his learned lordship rose, and, taking his peculiar attitude, remarked that when he came down to the house that evening, he did not suppose that so much honor

and personal distinction awaited him — that he had scarcely got his seat before one noble lord made a direct appeal to him for his assent to the postponement of one question, and this followed by a second appeal from another noble lord, and now again comes a *third*, equally looking to his special acquiescence. "Why, me luds, this is strange indeed; and not less embarrassing to me. Should any distinguished stranger be now present," (and here he turned and looked towards Mr. Webster, and nearly every head turned instinctively in that direction also,) — "I say, me luds, if any distinguished stranger were here present, he would really be led to suppose that *I* was a man of some consequence here, when it is well known to your ludships that I have at this present moment no more weight or influence in this house than" (here he paused, and looking over the table that separated him from the ministerial bench, and making a bow in that direction) — "than any of her majesty's ministers."

This, of course, brought forth a general chuckle, in which the ministers themselves could scarcely refrain from joining.

1069. EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF ENDURANCE.

It is related of Lord Brougham that on one occasion, after having practised all day as a barrister, he went to the House of Commons, where he was engaged in active debate through the night, till three o'clock in the morning; he then returned home; wrote an article for the Edinburgh Review; spent the next day in court, practising law, and the succeeding night in the House of Commons; returned to his lodgings at three o'clock in the morning, and "retired, simply because he had nothing else to do."

1070. PATRICK HENRY'S BOLDNESS OF SPEECH.

Among the most prominent contributors to the foundation of our country's independence were the resolutions framed by Patrick Henry, and passed by the House of Burgesses of Virginia, in May, 1765, in opposition to the British stamp act. "By these resolutions," says Mr. Jefferson, "and his manner of supporting them, Mr. Henry took the lead out of the hands of those who had theretofore guided the proceedings of the house; that is to say, of Pendleton, Wythe, Bland, and Randolph." It was, indeed, the measure which raised him to the zenith of his glory. He had never before had a subject which entirely matched his genius, and was capable of drawing out all the powers of his mind. It was remarked of him, throughout his life, that his talents never failed to rise with the occasion, and in proportion with the resistance which he had to encounter. The nicety of the vote on his last resolution proves that this was not a time to hold in reserve any part of his forces. It was, indeed, an Alpine passage, under circumstances even more unpropitious than those of Hannibal; for he had not only to fight, hand to hand, the powerful party who were already in possession of the heights, but at the same instant to cheer and animate the timid band of followers that were trembling, and fainting, and drawing back below him. It was an occasion that called upon him to put forth all his strength, and he did put it forth, in such a manner as man never did before. The cords of argument with which his

adversaries frequently flattered themselves that they had bound him fast, became packthreads in his hands. He burst them with as much ease as the unshorn Samson did the bands of the Philistines. He seized the pillars of the temple, shook them terribly, and seemed to threaten his opponents with ruin. It was an incessant storm of lightning and thunder, which struck them aghast. The faint-hearted gathered courage from his countenance, and cowards became heroes while they gazed upon his exploits.

It was in the midst of this magnificent debate, while he was descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, that he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, — "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III." ("Treason!" cried the speaker. "Treason! treason!" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which is decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis,) "*may profit by their example! If this be treason, make the most of it!*"

The late William Wirt, alluding to the foregoing, says, "I had frequently heard the above anecdote of the cry of treason, but with such variations of the concluding words, that I began to doubt whether the whole might not be fiction. With a view to ascertain the truth, therefore, I submitted it to Mr. Jefferson, as it had been given to me by Judge Tyler, and this was his answer: 'I well remember the cry of treason, the pause of Mr. Henry at the name of George III., and the presence of mind with which he closed his sentence, and baffled the charge vociferated.' The incident, therefore, becomes authentic history."

1071. WEBSTER'S DIFFIDENCE.

Daniel Webster, when a schoolboy, succeeded very poorly in declamation. "Many a piece," he says, "did I commit to memory, and rehearse it in my own room, over and over again; but when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it."

1072. WEBSTER'S CLEARNESS OF THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.

It is related of David Crockett, that on his arrival at Washington, he heard Mr. Webster, and afterwards meeting him somewhere in the Capitol, accosted him thus: "Is this Mr. Webster?" "Yes, sir." "The great Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts?" "I am Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts." "Well, sir," continued Mr. Crockett, "I had heard that you were a great man, but I don't think so. I heard your speech, and *understood every word you said.*" There is never any difficulty in understanding Mr. Webster. Neither is there any difficulty in understanding Dr. Wayland. Mr. Webster addresses his auditors almost colloquially: thinking clearly, his words come forth the most perfect exponents of his thoughts; and when he rises to the regions of impressive grandeur, that grandeur is but the simple, unpretending expression of the grandeur which is in him.

1073. RANDOLPH.

Randolph, in dress and appearance, at the age of thirty-five years, appeared like a lad of eighteen. It

was not so much what was said, but the speaker's manner and appearance, that gave it such withering force, generally, if not always, in debate, pointing his skinny finger with ludicrous and *feeling* effect.



John Randolph.

It was during the session of the Virginia convention, of which he was a member, that a large crowd had assembled, among it many ladies, patiently waiting to hear him on a subject in which he was known to be interested. It was near five o'clock P. M. before his long, lank form was seen quickly to pop up from his seat. The hum of voices was instantly hushed, all listening for the first words of his speech. Looking around for some time, he said, —

"I do not feel, Mr. President, that this convention is a suitable place for ladies, and I must plainly tell them that I shall quickly speak that which will make them move."

It was enough: the galleries were cleared of the ladies in double quick time, when he proceeded.

A gentleman (my old and lamented schoolmaster) once told me that he had been standing some five hours in the hall, waiting to hear Randolph, and had become almost tired out; but when he commenced, his fatigue seemed suddenly to leave him, and so rich was the repast, such "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," that he would willingly have remained five hours more after its conclusion.

His sarcastic reply to John Hampden Pleasants, the editor of the Richmond Whig, is very generally known, but the circumstances attending it may not be uninteresting. During a speech in Congress, he had been so bitter and violent in his attack upon the editor of the Richmond Whig as to induce Mr. Pleasants to proceed to Washington, to give him a cowhiding. Mr. P. had barely gotten on Pennsylvania Avenue, when he beheld Randolph approaching, and, wishing to provoke him, he placed himself directly in his path, and insultingly remarked, "I never give way for a scoundrel;" when, quick as thought, and with great suavity and nonchalance of manner, Randolph passed round him, replying, "I always do, sir."

So good was the retort that it disarmed Pleasants, — who ever enjoyed a good joke, — and he stood laughing while Randolph quietly pursued his

way, as if nothing had ever happened. Pleasants told this joke as the best he ever enjoyed.

1074. GOVERNOR BISSEL.

A few years since, a large number of distinguished persons assembled at Middletown, Connecticut, to participate in the commencement ceremonies of the Wesleyan University. Among the rest, Governor Bissel was expected, and elegant rooms were provided for him at the largest and best hotel in the place. At length his excellency, the governor, arrived. He is a plain, diminutive-looking man, though of a strong, masculine mind, and great powers of oratory. He went to the hotel where quarters had been assigned him, and entered his name; but nobody was in who happened to know him, and he was not suspected of being any thing more than an every-day man, from the country. At length he asked for a room and a bed. He was told that every room in the house was occupied, and that the best thing they could do for him was to make him a temporary bed on the floor. To this he did not object, and bivouacked for the night on a blanket

spread over the carpet. The mortification of the landlord may be imagined, when he found out, on the next day, that the stately rooms prepared for his excellency were unoccupied and waiting, while the governor himself had been obliged to take quarters on the floor.

1075. RANDOLPH'S ACCURACY.

It is stated in one of the biographies of John Randolph, as an instance of his critical knowledge of the English language, that while Dr. Parrish attended him as medical adviser, during his last illness, the following scene occurred:—

Whilst the doctor was reading for Randolph, the word "impetus" occurred. Dr. P. pronounced it "impetus," laying the accent on the second syllable. Randolph, weak and dying as he was, immediately interrupted him with,—

"Wrong, doctor; *impetus*, if you please."

Shortly afterwards, while reading a chapter in the Bible, he read the word "omnipotent," accenting on the third syllable. Randolph exclaimed,—

"Wrong again, doctor; *omnipotent* is the word."

§ 108. HONORS.

1076. THE PRAISES OF THE MULTITUDE.

Phocion, the great Athenian general, having finished a speech, was applauded by the populace.

"I fear," said he, when he heard their acclamations, "I have said something foolish."

Did ever any of the modern orators, who are fond of haranguing the mob, read this anecdote?

1077. CATO OF UTICA.

It is told of this great man, that in a certain debate in the assembly of the senate, he was making a long speech, merely for the purpose of protracting the business, and preventing the adoption of a measure which he disapproved. His intention being evident, Julius Cæsar (then consul, and friendly to the measure in question) determined to put an end to his obnoxious harangue; and with that view arbitrarily ordered an officer to take him into custody, and conduct him to prison. But no sooner was the order issued, than the entire assembly at once rose from their seats to accompany him, and partake of his imprisonment; so great was the respect which his countrymen bore towards him. The effect this voluntary movement had upon Cæsar induced him, by a sense of shame, to revoke his imperious mandate.

1078. GRATAN'S PANEGYRIC ON LORD CHATHAM.

Mr. Grattan never lighted the fire of his eloquence into a more splendid blaze than when he pronounced a panegyric on the great Lord Chatham. Speaking of his lordship, Mr. Grattan said, "His eloquence was an era in the senate peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom; not like the torrents of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagra-

tion of Tully. It resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. It lightened on the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of the eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

"Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm an empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound throughout the universe."

1079. FOX AND PITT.

Those distinguished orators and rivals, notwithstanding their political hostility, entertained the utmost respect for each other's talents. After the close of the first session in which Mr. Pitt appeared in Parliament, a friend of Mr. Fox saying, "Mr. Pitt, I think, promises to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the House of Commons," he instantly replied, "He is so already." From this and other testimonies, it appears that Mr. Fox was very early impressed with a high idea of Mr. Pitt's talents. It ought to be mentioned, to the mutual credit of these great men, that in future life, when they were the leaders of two opposite parties, and the supporters of different systems of politics, they always, in private, spoke of each other's abilities with the highest respect. Mr. Fox, in addressing the electors of Westminster, soon after he had resigned the seals as secretary of state, and Mr. Pitt had been appointed chancellor of the exchequer, bore the highest testimony to the talents of his rival; and at a late period of Mr. Pitt's administration, he said, that he had been narrowly watching Mr. Pitt for many years, and could never catch him tripping once. Mr. Pitt also considered Mr. Fox as fai

superior to any of his opponents, as a debater in the House of Commons.

1080. BURKE.



Beaconsfield, Residence of Burke.

At the time when Mr. Burke was selected to be the private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, he was an author, in the service of Mr. Doddsley, the bookseller. He had conducted for that gentleman the *Annual Register*, a work of considerable reputation and merit, first established in the year 1758; and it was conducted under the direction of Mr. Burke to a very late period of his life. The political knowledge of Mr. Burke might be considered almost as an encyclopædia; every man who approached him received instruction from his stores; and his failings — for failings he had — were not visible at that time; perhaps they did not then exist; perhaps they grew up in the progress of his political life. When Mr. Burke entered into the service of the Marquis of Rockingham, he was not rich; but the munificent generosity of that nobleman immediately placed him in an affluent situation. Mr. Burke purchased a beautiful villa, at Beaconsfield, which was paid for by the Marquis of Rockingham. When Dr. Johnson, who, like Mr. Burke, had subsisted by his labors as an author, visited his friend at his new purchase, he could not help exclaiming with the shepherd in Virgil's *Eclogue*, —

"Non equidem invidio, miror magis."

But the Marquis of Rockingham's liberality was not confined to the person of Mr. Burke; he procured for Mr. William Burke, his cousin, and most confidential connection, the employment of under secretary of state to General Conway; and he gave to Mr. Edmund Burke's brother, Richard Burke, the place of collector of the customs at Grenada.

"I had lived," says Mr. Nicholls, "in habits of acquaintance with Mr. Edmund Burke. I had no prejudices against him; for he had not at that time involved my country in the crusade against French principles. Before he brought forward the charges

against Mr. Hastings, he conversed with me very fully on the subject. I put this question to him: 'Can you prove that Mr. Hastings ever derived any advantage to himself from that misconduct which you impute to him?' He acknowledged that he could not; but added, that his whole government of India had been one continued violation of the great principle of justice. Before the charges were laid on the table, I had a second conversation with Mr. Burke on the subject. When he found that I persevered in my opinion, he told me that in that case I must relinquish the friendship of the Duke of Portland. I replied, that would give me pain, but that I would rather relinquish the Duke of Portland's friendship than support an impeachment which I did not approve. We parted, and our intercourse was terminated.

"But the great injury which Mr. Burke did to his country was by preaching the crusade against French principles. He was emphatically the Peter the Hermit, who preached up this holy war. I consider this as the great measure of his life, and if I have ever spoken of him with harshness, my language has been the result of my feelings on this subject. The French revolution, at its very commencement, excited great alarm in the minds of the princes and nobles, especially of German princes. It is well known that George III. did not conceal his opinion on this head. Mr. Burke expressed his disapprobation of the French revolution at an early period; his language gradually became more violent; he professed to wish to excite all parties; not only all parties, but every religious sect in the British empire was called on to exert itself. He did not confine himself to the limits of Great Britain and Ireland; he endeavored to rouse every part of the continent. His son was sent to a meeting of princes and ministers at Coblenz. The Emperor Leopold and the King of Prussia were excited by Mr. Burke's publications. In a word, he left no means unemployed to inflame the whole of Europe to the adoption of his opinion. And the late Sir Philip Francis used to say, that if the friends of peace and liberty had at this time subscribed thirty thousand pounds to relieve Burke's pecuniary embarrassments, there would have been no war against the French revolution."

1081. SHERIDAN.

This eloquent, able, and polite man, who was the son of an actor, and without any fortune but his education, contrived, in early life, to purchase the half of Drury Lane Theatre, without a shilling of property, and to live the greater part of his life in princely splendor. But what is more extraordinary, he acquired such confidence in the princes of the blood royal, that, when the regency government was formed in 1811, and a family council was held at Carleton House, after midnight, to arrange the policy of the government, he was the only person, not of blood royal, present; and was the chief, and almost the only speaker in effecting the important arrangements.

1082. SHERIDAN'S GREAT SPEECH.

Mr. Burke, speaking of Mr. Sheridan's celebrated speech on the Begum charge, on the trial of Warren Hastings, observed, —

"He has this day surprised the thousands who

hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents. such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honor on himself, lustre upon letters, renown upon Parliament, glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded either in ancient or modern times, — whatever the dignity of the senate, the acuteness of the bar, the solidity of the judgment seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit have hitherto furnished, — nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled, what we have heard this day in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up in the one instance to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardor and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not from that single speech be culled and collected."

1083. APPLAUSE IN THE GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The well-known William Gardiner, of Leicester, relates the following story of himself, in his amusing work called *Music and Friends* : —

"I was presented with an order to the gallery of the House of Commons. That night there was a grand debate upon Mr. Grey's motion touching the seizure of Oczakow by the Empress of Russia, in which I heard all the principal speakers. Mr. Grey's style was that of sober argument; Sheridan's, playful; Burke's, imaginative and lofty; Pitt's, (what little he said,) supercilious and scornful; Fox's, powerful and eloquent. He was the last speaker, and I was so excited by his oratory, that, without reflecting where I was, I vehemently called out 'Bravo!' I was delighted to that degree that I made the house ring again. The speaker, Addington, immediately got up and said, that more unwarrantable conduct he had never witnessed than that of the person who had interrupted the proceedings. Strangers were upon sufferance in that house, and could not be permitted to applaud or disapprove any thing that was passing. It was a high breach of privilege, and a sergeant at arms was ordered to bring the offender to the bar. A tall, handsome man, sitting alone in the side gallery, approached me, and said, with a countenance almost breaking into a laugh, 'How could you be so indiscreet, young man?' 'Sir,' I replied, 'I hope you will excuse me; I am but a countryman.' By this time the officer was making his way to take me up, when this person, waving his hand, caused him to desist. It was no other than the Prince of Wales, whom the importance of the debate had brought into the house, and who, most probably, saved me from Newgate. The gallery, however, in consequence of my indiscretion, was ordered to be cleared; and as I passed through the crowd, I had the execration of the whole company. Many years afterwards, when on a journey to the south of England, I arrived late in the evening at the Single Star, in Exeter, and was shown into the travellers' room, where a merry party were discussing the merits of the different speakers in the House of

Commons. A gentleman told us that he was in the gallery one night, enjoying the debate, when he had the mortification to be turned out, in consequence of the folly of some fellow calling out, 'Bravo!' I kept my countenance, and joined in the laugh, and did not reveal to the gentleman that I was the very person who had committed this outrage, till I met him the next morning at breakfast."

1084. EZEKIEL AND DANIEL.

The following anecdote of Mr. Webster is told by a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, as an illustration of the "uncertainty of worldly fame," and the folly of making it the controlling object of life : —

A few years since, but before the great Northern Railroad passed through his farm, he was on his way to the old homestead. He took the stage at Concord, New Hampshire, and had for a companion a very old man. After some conversation, he ascertained that the old man was from the neighboring town of Salisbury, and asked him if he ever knew Captain Webster.

"Surely I did," said the old man; "and the captain was a brave and good man, sir; and nobly did he fight for us, with General Stark, at Bennington."

"Did he leave any children?" said Mr. Webster.

"O, yes; there was Ezekiel, and, I think, Daniel."

"And what has become of them?" asked Mr. Webster.

"Why, Ezekiel — and he was a powerful man, sir — I have heard him *plead* in court often; yes, sir, he was a powerful man, and fell dead while pleading at Concord."

"Well," said Mr. Webster, "and what became of Daniel?"

"Daniel — Daniel," repeated the old man, thoughtfully; "why, Daniel, I *believe*, is a lawyer about Boston somewhere."

1085. WEBSTER'S LITERARY FAME.

When Daniel Webster was in the west, some years ago, Mr. B., one of the most conspicuous citizens, on being introduced to the distinguished statesman, addressed him as follows: "I have read your *Spelling-book and Dictionary*, Mr. Webster, but I never before had the pleasure of your acquaintance."

1086. THE ELOQUENCE OF MOTION.

Every one has read of the "action, *action*, ACTION" of Demosthenes, and of what a variety of emotions and passions Roscius could express by mere gestures; let it not be supposed, however, that such perfections of art belonged to the ancients only. The following anecdote of William C. Preston is illustrative of our remarks : —

"Some years ago, among a thousand others, we were listening to one of his splendid harangues from the stump. Beside us was one, as deaf as a post, in breathless attention, catching, apparently, every word that fell from the orator's lips. Now, the tears of delight would roll down his cheeks, and now, in an ungovernable ecstasy, he would shout out applause, which might have been mistaken for the noise of a small thunder storm.

"At length Preston launched out one of those

passages of massive declamation, which those who have heard him know him to be so capable of uttering. In magnificent splendor it was what Byron has described the mountain storms of Jura. Its effects upon the multitude was like a whirlwind. Our deaf friend could contain himself no longer, but bawling into our ear, as if he would blow it open with a tempest, he cried, —

“Who’s that a-speaking?”

“‘William C. Preston!’ replied we, as loud as our lungs would let us.

“‘Who?’ inquired he, still louder than before.

“‘William C. Preston, of South Carolina!’ replied we, almost splitting our throat in the effort.

“‘Well, well!’ returned he, ‘I can’t hear a word he or you are saying; but, great Jericho! don’t he do the motions splendid?’”

§ 109. PERSONAL COLLISIONS AND CONFLICTS.

1087. PERICLES.

The eloquence of Pericles, which his countrymen were wont to designate by the attribute of “thunder and lightning,” must have mingled a wondrous share of the persuasive, in its power over the passions. When Thucydides, the Milesian, one of his great opponents in state matters, was asked by Archidamus, King of Sparta, which was the better wrestler, Pericles or himself. “It is in vain,” replied Thucydides, “to wrestle with that man. As often as I have cast him to the ground, he has as stoutly denied it; and when I would maintain that he had got the fall, he would as obstinately maintain the reverse; and so efficaciously withal, that he has made all who heard him, nay, the very spectators, believe him.”

1088. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

One day, in the House of Commons, a speaker in opposition to the ministry, and famous for his long harangues, had been upon his feet nearly two hours, inveighing against Sir Robert’s measures. He was silenced several days by Sir Robert telling the following story: “A short time ago,” said the premier, “I was travelling in the west of England with two ladies and a gentleman. Our carriage was in very good repair, the roads were very smooth, and the coachman was an expert driver. One of the ladies, however, appeared to be greatly terrified, crying out, every minute, we should be overturned, or the carriage would certainly break down. This language she held for several minutes, whilst I endeavored to prevail upon her to lay aside her apprehensions, assuring her we were in no danger whatever; that we were travelling in the greatest security imaginable, and that all her fears were entirely groundless. At length the gentleman, her brother, burst into a violent laugh, saying, his sister knew perfectly well we were safe, but having a melodious voice, and a fluency of words, she was very fond of hearing herself talk;” and Sir Robert concluded with observing, that “several gentlemen in the opposition exactly resembled the lady he had mentioned; for though they must be convinced that the state vehicle was in perfectly good repair, and was well conducted, yet they were so fond of hearing themselves make harangues, that they seized every opportunity of indulging their loquacity at the expense of their judgment.”

1089. PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

There perhaps was no period in the history of the British senate in which our senators more nearly approached the nervous eloquence of the Greeks and

Romans, than during the sitting of the Long Parliament. The language was clear and copious, and often displayed strong marks of the most animated eloquence. In one of the debates at this period, the Lord Keeper Finch having observed, that “whatever supplies had been raised from the subject had been again restored to them in fructifying showers,” to this remark Lord Digby very spiritedly answered, “It has been a frequent metaphor with these ministerial oppressors, that whatever supplies have been raised from the subject have been again restored to them in fructifying showers; but it has been in *hailstones* and *mildews*, to wither our hopes, and batter and prostrate our affections.”

1090. MELODRAMATIC HIT.

Burke’s was a complete failure, where he flung the dagger on the floor of the House of Commons, and produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan: —

“The gentleman has brought us the knife, but where is the fork?”

1091. MR. BURKE.

In speaking against Lord North, Mr. Burke quoted the Latin adage, *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*, and made a false quantity. Lord North corrected him. Mr. Burke congratulated the House of Commons on the progress the noble lord was making in knowledge, and said, “there was now some hope of his proceeding from *sound* to *sense*.”

1092. A LENGTHY SPEECH.

Burke was sometimes provoked into humor. David Hartley, who had been employed as a negotiator of the treaty with America, was remarkable for the length and dullness of his speeches. One day, when Burke was prepared to take an important part in the debate, he saw, to his infinite vexation, the house melting down under Hartley’s influence, from an immense assemblage into a number scarcely sufficient to authorize the speaker’s keeping the chair. In the course of this heavy harangue, Hartley had occasion to desire that some clause in the riot act should be read at the table. Burke could restrain himself no longer. “The riot act,” said he, starting from his seat; “my honorable friend desires the riot act to be read! What would he have? Does he not see that the mob has dispersed already?”

It was of this interminable talker against time that Jenkinson, the first Lord Liverpool, told the amusing story, that, seeing Hartley rise to speak,

he left the house to breathe a little of the fresh air. A fine June evening tempted him on. It was no more than five o'clock. He went home, mounted his horse, and rode to his villa, some miles from town, where he dined, rambled about the grounds, and then returned at an easy pace to London. But the hour was now nine o'clock; and conceiving that the division must be nigh, he sent a note to the house to inquire what had been done, and who had spoken. The answer returned was, that "nobody had spoken but Mr. Hartley, and that he was speaking still." The note, however, contained the cheering conjecture, that "he might be expected to close soon." Even that conjecture was disappointed; for, when Jenkinson at last went down to Westminster, he found Hartley on his legs, in the same position in which he had left him half a day before, pouring out the same sleepy wisdom, and surrounded by a slumbering house. The story does not tell by what means this inveterate haranguer was ever induced to conclude. But he had, by that time, been speaking five hours.

1093. BURKE AND SHERIDAN.

It is well known that the celebrated Edmund Burke, on his first *début* in life, improved himself not a little under the banners and patronage of the opposition; for which purpose he was a constant frequenter of the various debates and disputations held at the house of one Seacoeke, a baker, who, notwithstanding his situation in life, was gifted with such a vein of eloquence, that he was unanimously constituted perpetual president of the famous disputing society held at the Robin Hood, near Temple Bar. On a certain memorable occasion, in the House of Commons, Mr. Burke, exclaiming, "I quit the camp," suddenly left the opposite benches, and going over to the treasury side of the house, thundered a violent philippic against his former friends and associates. Mr. Sheridan concluded a spirited reply to that unlooked-for attack, nearly in the following words:—

"That gentleman, to use his own expression, has quitted the camp; but he will recollect that he has quitted it as a deserter, and I sincerely hope that he will never return to it as a spy. But I, for one," he continued, "cannot sympathize in the astonishment with which so flagrant an act of apostasy has electrified the house; for neither I nor that gentleman has forgotten from whom he has borrowed those weapons which he now uses against us. So far, therefore, from that gentleman's present tergiversation being a cause of wonder, I consider it not only characteristic, but consistent; for it is but natural that he who, on his first starting in life, should commit so gross a blunder as to go to a *baker's* for his *eloquence*, should conclude such a career by coming to the *House of Commons* for his *bread*!"

1094. THE LAST ARGUMENT.

Though Pitt's moral or physical courage never shrank from man, yet Sheridan was the antagonist with whom he evidently least desired to come into collision, and with whom the collision, when it did occur, was of the most fretful nature. There were a thousand instances of that "keen encounter of their wits," in which person was more involved than party.

"I leave," said Pitt, at the conclusion of an attack

of this kind,—"I leave the honorable gentleman, what he likes so well, the woman's privilege—the last word." Sheridan started up. "I am perfectly sensible," said he, "of the favor which the right honorable gentleman means, in offering me a privilege so peculiarly adapted to himself; but I must beg leave to decline the gift. I have no wish for the last word; I am content with having the *last argument*."

1095. A CUTTING RETORT.

After the younger Mr. Pitt had made his speech in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Walpole, in a sarcastic note, remarked:—

"I apprehend the young gentleman has not sown all his wild oats;" to which Mr. Pitt replied, in a rejoinder,—

"Age has its privileges, and youth may have its faults; but the gentleman affords ample illustration that I still retain food enough for geese to peck at."

1096. ACTOR OF ONE PART.

A little after Lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt) had changed his political sentiments in regard to the protection of Hanover, in the course of replying, one day, in the House of Commons, to Sir Francis Blake Delaval, he threw out some sarcastical reflections on him for appearing on the stage; upon which the other got up and acknowledged it was true: youth and whim led him once to amuse himself that way; but he could safely lay his hand on his heart and say, "*He never acted but one part.*"

1097. RESEMBLANCE AND ANALOGY.

Mr. Pitt compared the constant opposition of Sheridan to an eternal drag chain, clogging all the wheels, retarding the career, and embarrassing the progress of government. Mr. Sheridan replied, that a real drag chain differed from this imaginary drag chain of the minister in one important essential; it was applied only when the machine was *going down the hill*.

There appears to be quite as much wit exercised in finding out things that differ, as in hitting upon those that resemble.

1098. PITT AND SHERIDAN.

In February, 1783, Mr. Sheridan first came into direct contact with Mr. Pitt, who was then chancellor of the exchequer; and it is evident that the attack was premeditated on the part of Sheridan, in an ambitious aim to cope with this extraordinary young man, whose powers as an orator and a statesman were then the general theme of admiration. When the preliminaries of peace came under consideration, Mr. Sheridan levelled some strong observations against Mr. Pitt, who could not well avoid taking notice of them. Alluding to Mr. Sheridan's dramatic connections and pursuits, he said, "No man admired more than he did the abilities of the honorable gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thoughts, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, his epigrammatic points; and if they were reserved for the proper stage, they would, no doubt, receive what the honorable gentleman's

abilities always did receive — the plaudits of the audience. But this was not the proper scene for the exhibition of these elegances, and he must therefore beg leave to call the attention of the house to the serious consideration of the very important question before them."

Mr. Sheridan, in explanation, adverted in a forcible manner to this personality, saying, "he need not comment on it, as the propriety, the taste, and the gentlemanly point of it, must have been obvious to the house; but," said he, "let me assure the right honorable gentleman that I do now, and will at any time when he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good humor; nay, I will say more; flattered and encouraged by the right honorable gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if ever I again engage in the composition he alludes to, I may be tempted to an act of presumption — to attempt an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters, that of the *Angry Boy* in the *Alchymist*."

This reciprocity of sarcastic ridicule occasioned much sport at that period, and the whimsical application of Sheridan's dramatic reading fixed upon his opponent an appellation of which he did not get rid for many years.

1099. MINGAY'S RETORT ON ERSKINE.

All the London world was amused by Mingay's retort on Erskine, in one of his fits of laudation. The trial was on some trivial question of a patent for a shoe-buckle. Erskine held up the buckle to the jury, and harangued on "the extraordinary ingenuity of an invention which would have astonished and delighted past ages. How would my ancestors," said he, "have looked upon this specimen of dexterity!" From this point he started into a panegyric on his forefathers.

Mingay was counsel for the opposite side, and concluded his speech with, "Gentlemen, you have heard a good deal to-day of my learned friend's ancestors, and of their probable astonishment at his shoe-buckle. But, gentlemen, I can assure you their astonishment would have been quite as great at his shoes and stockings."

1100. HAPPINESS OF SLAVES.

Sir John Doyle, being told in the House of Commons, by those interested in keeping up the slave trade, that the slaves were happy, said it reminded him of a man whom he had once seen in a warren, sewing up the mouth of a ferret; he remonstrated with the man upon the cruelty of the act, but he answered, "Lord, sir, the ferret *likes* it above all things."

1101. COLONEL STENTOR.

Colonel Stentor was at one time a legislator in a certain legislative hall. He had been an Indian agent among the Osages, and whenever he took the floor he was exceedingly famous for making tropes and similes of buffaloes, wolves, panthers, bears, foxes, and all other voracious animals. In this way he got to be quite a *lion* himself, and his opponents all shrank in terror from his roar. But on one occasion, a young lawyer, new upon the floor, but who

knew the roaring colonel of old, got up and replied to him as follows:—

"Mr. Speaker, does the gentleman imagine he is going to frighten us down here with a menagerie of wild beasts? Though the gentleman is so anxious to let us know that he was born in the woods, can he assert that he was never scared by an owl? The honorable member may, possibly, recognize a reminiscence which may be related thus:—

"A certain valiant gentleman was once benighted, even in his native woods, and, calling aloud for assistance from his dilemma, he heard a sepulchral voice exclaim in answer, '*Hoo — hoo — hoo — hoo — who are you?*' The gentleman instantly replied, at the top of his voice, 'I am Colonel David Crockett Julius Cæsar Alexander Napoleon Stentor, formerly of Nicholas county, Kentucky, now a candidate to represent Caloway county in the lower branch of the next General Assembly in Missouri, and I am lost.' '*Hoo — hoo — hoo — hoo — who are you?*' again demanded the mysterious voice. 'I tell you,' shouted the colonel, in a still higher key, 'I am Colonel David Crockett Julius Cæsar Alexander Napoleon Stentor, formerly of Nicholas county, Kentucky, now a candidate to represent Caloway county in the lower branch of the next General Assembly of Missouri, and I am lost.' '*Hoo — hoo — ho — ho — ha — ha — ha — ha — ha — hah!*' returned the distant stranger; and, Mr. Speaker, the valiant colonel was left by the owl to find his own way out of the woods, which I presume he did, as he sits among us at present."

The speech was interrupted throughout with uproarious laughter, which echoed again and again in violent gusts for some moments after the juvenile member sat down. At length, to the surprise of every body, Colonel Stentor slowly arose with a witicism, and replied,—

"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman inquires if it is possible for me to be scared by an owl! *I confess I am!*"

1102. BROUGHAM AND LYNDBURST.

Brougham, speaking of the salary attached to the rumored appointment to the new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lyndhurst, in his dry and waggish way, remarked, "May be so, my Lord Harry; but I have a confounded strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

1103. RANDOLPH'S WIT.

Once, after the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, had been speaking in Congress, several members rose in succession and attacked him. His reply was as witty as it was prompt. "Sir," said he to the speaker, "I am in the condition of old Lear —

'—— the little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart,
See — they bark at me!'"

1104. JOHN RANDOLPH.

The celebrated John Randolph, not wishing to reply to a disagreeable question put to him in Congress, evaded it by saying, "Sir, that is a question, and I never answer questions."

1105. ROGER SHERMAN AND JOHN RANDOLPH.

Mr. Sherman was representative in Congress from Connecticut: his business had been that of making shoes. John Randolph rose, and with his usual

squeaking sounds said, "I should like to know what the gentleman did with his leather apron before he set out for Washington." Mr. Sherman replied, imitating the same squeak, "I cut it up, sir, to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas!"

§ 110. FAILURES IN ELOQUENCE.

1106. PUBLIC SPEAKING.

"I never," says Pope, "could speak in public. And I don't believe, if it was a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with pleasure. When I appeared for the Bishop of Rochester on his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain point, (how that the bishop spent his time when I was with him at Bromley,) I made two or three blunders in it, notwithstanding the first row of lords, which was all I could see, was mostly of my acquaintance."

1107. GREAT WRITERS NOT ALWAYS GREAT ORATORS.

Some good writers are incapable of addressing a public assembly. Of this sort were Gibbon and Dean Swift. The former was a member of Parliament; and although a fluent and powerful writer, he could support his party with only a silent vote.

1108. A DISCONCERTED ORATOR.

Erskine, like many characters of peculiar liveliness, had a morbid sensibility to the circumstances of the moment, which sometimes strangely enfeebled his presence of mind: any appearance of neglect in his audience, a cough, a yawn, or a whisper, even among the mixed multitude of the courts, and strong as he was there, has been known to

dishearten him visibly. This trait was so notorious that a solicitor, whose only merit was a remarkably vacant face, was said to be often planted opposite to Erskine by the adverse party, to yawn when the advocate began.

The cause of his first failure in the house was not unlike this curious mode of disconcerting an orator. He had been brought forward to support the falling fortunes of Fox, then struggling under the weight of the "coalition." The "India bill" had heaped the king's almost open hostility on the accumulation of public wrath and grievance which the ministers had, with such luckless industry, been employed during the year in raising for their own ruin. Fox looked abroad for help, and Gordon, the member for Portsmouth, was displaced from his borough, and Erskine was brought into the house with no slight triumph of his party, and perhaps some degree of anxiety on the opposite side. On the night of his first speech, Pitt, evidently intending to reply, sat with pen and paper in his hand, prepared to catch the arguments of his formidable adversary.

He wrote a word or two; Erskine proceeded; but with every additional sentence Pitt's attention to the paper relaxed; his look became more careless, and he obviously began to think the orator less and less worthy of his attention. At length, while every eye in the house was fixed upon him, he, with a contemptuous smile, dashed the pen through the paper, and flung them on the floor. Erskine never recovered from this expression of disdain; his voice faltered, he struggled through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat dispirited and shorn of his fame.

§ 111. AMUSING AND LAUGHABLE INCIDENTS.

1109. ORATORICAL PROLIXITY.

When the ambassadors of Samos came to Cleomenes, King of Sparta, with a very long and elegant oration, inviting him to assist them against Polycrates, he replied, being tired with their oratory, "The former and middle parts of your address were too long, and I have forgotten them. With regard to the latter part, being unconnected in my memory with what you said before, I do not see the propriety of it, and therefore I shall not grant your request."

1110. SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

A person having, upon one occasion, gotten Sir Philip Francis into a corner, and innocently mistaking his agitations and gestures for extreme interest in the narrative which he was administering to his patient, was somewhat confounded when the

latter, seizing him by the collar, exclaimed with an oath, that "human nature could endure no more."

1111. BREVITY DESIRABLE IN AN ORATOR.

The mayor of a town in Burgundy, hearing that the prince was to pass that way, and thinking himself to be a great orator, determined to display his abilities on this occasion. When the prince approached, the burghers were put under arms, whilst the mayor, at the head of the corporation, pulling out a long piece of parchment, began to harangue, as follows: "Of all the towns that have the honor of being within the compass of your most serene highness's government, the very least would be overjoyed to make you sensible that none has so great a zeal for your service, or affection for your person, as ours. We very well know that the certain way of pleasing the greatest warrior of the present age is to receive him with the thunderings

of numerous artillery; but for us, alas! it is impossible to fire one cannon, for eighteen reasons. The first is, that there never was any such thing as a cannon in this place since it was built. The second—"Hold, hold," said the prince, "I am so well satisfied with your first reason, that I shall excuse all the rest."

1112. WRITING AND FIGHTING.

A master read to his scholars the funeral oration of Marshal Turenne, written by the celebrated Flechier. One of the scholars said to another, "When will you be able to write as well as Flechier?" "As soon," said the other, "as you are able to fight as well as Turenne."

1113. A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A certain chief justice, on hearing an ass bray, interrupted the late Mr. Curran, in his speech to the jury, by saying, "One at a time, Mr. Curran, if you please." The speech being finished, the judge began his charge, and during its progress the ass sent forth the full force of its lungs, whereupon the advocate said, "Does not your lordship hear a remarkable *echo* in the court?"

1114. PITT AND WALPOLE.

In a debate, in which Mr. Pitt and some of his young friends had violently attacked old Horace Walpole, the latter complained of the self-sufficiency of the young men of the day, on which Mr. Pitt got up with great warmth, beginning with these words: "With the greatest reverence for the gray hairs of the honorable gentleman—" upon which Walpole pulled off his wig, and showed his head covered with gray hairs, which occasioned a general laughter, in which Pitt joined and the dispute subsided.

1115. SHERIDAN'S PARLIAMENTARY CAREER.

This distinguished wit, upon being asked by a young member of Parliament how he first succeeded to establish his fame as an orator, observed, "Why, sir, it was easily effected. After I had been in St. Stephen's Chapel a few days, I found that four fifths of the house were composed of country squires and great fools; my first effort, therefore, was by a lively sally, or an ironical remark, to make them laugh; that laugh effaced the recollection of what had been urged in opposition to my view of the subject, from their stupid pates, and then I whipped in an argument, and had all the way clear before me."

1116. WILLIAM PITT.

William Pitt was born in November, 1708. About the early part of his life little more is known than that he was educated at Eton, and that at seventeen he was entered at Trinity College, Oxford. During the second year of his residence at the university, George I. died; and the event was, after the fashion of that generation, celebrated by the Oxonians, in many very middling copies of verses. On this occasion Pitt published some Latin

lines, which Mr. Thackeray has preserved. They prove that he had but a very limited knowledge even of the mechanical part of his art. All true Etonians will hear with concern that their illustrious school-fellow is guilty of making the first syllable in *labenti* short. The matter of the poem is as worthless as that of any college exercise that was ever written before or since. There is, of course, much about Mars, Themis, Neptune, and Coeytus. The Muses are earnestly entreated to weep for Cæsar; for Cæsar, says the poet, loved the Muses—Cæsar, who could not read a line of Pope, and who loved nothing but hot punch and fat women.

1117. HOW TO RAISE A DINNER.

One evening, Sheridan, not knowing where to go for a dinner, sat down by Michael Angelo Taylor, in the House of Commons, and said, "There is a law question likely to arise presently, on which, from your legal knowledge, you will be wanted to reply to Pitt; so I hope you will not think of leaving the house." Michael sat down with no little pleasure, while Sheridan slipped out, walked over to Michael's house, and ordered up dinner, saying to the servants, "Your master is not coming home this evening." He made an excellent dinner, came back to the house, and seeing Michael look expectant, went to release him, saying, "I am sorry to have kept you, for, after all, I believe this matter will not come off to-night." Michael instantly walked home, and heard, to his no little consternation, when he rang for dinner, "Mr. Sheridan had it, sir, about two hours ago."

1118. MR. BURKE AND MR. CRUGER.

There never was a stronger contrast between two candidates upon the hustings than between Mr. Burke and Mr. Cruger, at a Bristol election. The former tired his hearers with his prolix harangues; the only speech the latter made, if speech it could be called, was, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke, I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

1119. BURKE PUT TO FLIGHT.

Mr. Burke, on one occasion, had just risen in the House of Commons, with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough-hewn member, who had no ear for the charms of eloquence, rudely started up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Mr. B. was so swollen, or rather so nearly suffocated, with rage, as to be incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the house. On this occasion, George Selwyn remarked, that it was the only time he ever saw the fable realized—a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass.

1120. A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

One morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman, travelling upon mercantile business, came running down stairs, a few minutes before the appearance of the stage coach, in which he had taken

a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the door post, with dusty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him, and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeded rather slowly; the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat, and then the trousers, with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill just as the expected vehicle arrived at the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend, the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity; but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming, "O, never mind; make no apologies; these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way. I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job. My name, sir, is John Philpot Curran; pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion, and the traveller never rejoiced more at the termination of a long journey than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of a setting sun.

1121. PARLIAMENTARY HABITS.

Some few members of our Congress, and also some of our numerous legislative bodies, if not possessing clever talents for making a speech on any mooted question, yet, not having prudence enough to keep quiet, continue to be "the observed" by some exclamation similar to these: "I cry ditto to Mr. Burke!" "Bravo!" "Hear!" &c., &c. Some time ago, in the British Parliament, there was such a would-be statesman. Mr. R. B. Sheridan then alluded to a certain notorious public character, prominently known as a rogue, and after depicting him in the startling light of one to be dreaded and avoided, exclaimed, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear, hear, hear!" bawled out that particular gentleman, amid the roar of the house.

1122. CONFIDENCE ESSENTIAL TO AN ORATOR'S SUCCESS.

Bonaventure des Periers, in his works, relates the following anecdote: "A student at law, who studied at Poitiers, had tolerably improved himself in cases of equity; not that he was overburdened with learning, but his chief deficiency was a want of assurance and confidence to display his knowledge. His father passing through Poitiers, recommended him to read aloud, and to render his memory more prompt by a continued exercise. To obey the injunction of his father, he determined to read at the ministry, (the hall of the school of equity.) In order to obtain a certain assurance, he went every day into a garden, which was a very secret spot, being at a distance from any house, and where there grew a great number of fine large cabbages. Thus for a long time, as he pursued his studies, he went to

repeat his lesson to these cabbages, addressing them by the title of *gentlemen*; and dealing out his sentences as if he had composed them to an audience of scholars at a lecture. After having prepared himself thus for a fortnight or three weeks, he began to think it was high time to take the *chair*. Imagining that he should be able to harangue scholars as well as he had before done his cabbages, he went forward; began his oration; but before he had said a dozen words, he remained dumb, and became so confused that he knew not where he was, so all that he could bring out was, '*Domini, ego bene video quod non estis cautes*;' that is to say, (for there are some who will have every thing in plain English,) 'Gentlemen, I now clearly see you are not cabbages.' In the garden he could conceive the cabbages to be scholars; but in the chair, he could not conceive the scholars to be cabbages."

1123. MR. FOX.

The celebrated orator was one day told by a lady, whom he visited, that she "*did not care three skips of a louse for him*." He immediately took out his pencil, and wrote the following lines:—

"A lady has told me, and in her own house,
That she cares not for me 'three skips of a louse.'
I forgive the dear creature for what she has said,
Since women will talk of what runs in their head."

1124. JOHN RANDOLPH AND THE IRISHMAN.

An Irishman, in the New Mirror, relates the following anecdote, illustrating the marvellous geographical knowledge of John Randolph:—

"My knowledge of Ireland," said he to me, "seems to astonish you as much as it did a servant of Mr. Canning, at Washington, the other day. He brought me a note from his master,—who, by the by, is a very superior man, sir,—and the moment he spoke, I at once detected the *Munster man*, for he had a fine richbrogue; so, thinks I, I'll have some fun."

"So, John, you're from Munster, are you not?" said I.

"I am, *plaise* your honor," replied he, surprised at my question.

"From the county Clare, I presume?" (This was a guess, on my part, as to the county.)

"Yes, sir," said he, still more astounded.

"What town did you live in?" continued I.

"The town of Ennis, sir."

"O," said I, laughing, "I know Ennis very well. Pray does Sir Edward O'Brien still live at Dromoland?"

"He does, indeed, sir."

"And Mr. Stackpoole, at Edenvale?"

"Yes, surely, sir."

"And the Knight of Glin, at Shannovale?"

"Yes, sir." And then, after a pause and a low bow, he added, "Might I make *bould* to ar, sir, how your honor lived in Clare?"

"I never was there at all," replied I, "but hope to be very soon."

"O, sir," said he, "don't be *after* fooling me, for you must be a bit of an Irishman; you have the brogue, and you know as much of the country as I do myself, and more too, I'm thinking!"

"It was in vain that I assured him I had never been in Ireland; he went away still insisting that I had lived there; which *fact* he told to Mr. Canning, who

was very much amused at the way in which I had puzzled poor John, as he told me himself next day."

1125. ISAAC HILL.

Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, used to read all his speeches in the Senate. One day, recently, he commenced a violent tirade against Mr. Webster; turning leaf over leaf as he went along. Mrs. Hill, who is quite a politician also, sat behind him on one of the sofas, watching his progress with great conubial interest. Mr. Hill went on reading his task, with great industry. On a sudden the lady started up, exclaiming, "Alas! he has turned over two leaves!" The ludicrousness of the scene excited considerable merriment.

1126. JUST "A LITTLE SPEECH."

We all know that Mr. Webster can tell a good story, at a good time. In his late southern tour, having been called upon for a speech, he replied by telling a capital story of Mr. Clay. "Mr. C.," said the well-wisher of the constitution, "was once travelling in the west, and stopped at a humble cabin for the night. Having learned who Mr. Clay was, the old man, after breakfast next morning, could not dismiss his distinguished guest without requesting him to make himself and wife a *little speech* before leaving them!"

1127. A PERTINENT REPLY.

In the course of his luminous argument in the Senate, Mr. Clay, addressing the ultras, cried out with the voice of a Stentor, "What do you want?" A tight little Irishman, who was making some noise while trying to escape from the crush near the gallery door inside, replied quite audibly, supposing that he was personally addressed, "I want to get out."

1128. WEBSTER AND HARRISON GRAY OTIS

Mr. Webster was speaking, of one occasion, some years since, in Faneuil Hall. If we remember right, he was arguing in favor of the "Maysville road" bill. Mr. Otis sat near him, on the platform. Mr. Webster proceeded as follows:—

"I am in favor, Mr. Chairman, of all roads, except—except—"

Here he stuck, and could not think of any exception. Mr. Otis saw his difficulty, and said to him, in a low voice,—

"Say, except the *road to ruin*!"

Mr. Webster heard it, and, as if he had merely stopped for the purpose of making his remark more effective, repeated the whole, as follows:—

"I repeat it, Mr. Chairman, I am in favor of all roads except—the *road to ruin*."

The wit in Otis, in this instance, was well met by the presence of mind in Webster.

1129. CONGRESSIONAL IRRELEVANCE.

Members of Congress are not always men of temperance societies, that is certain. A member once came into the house essentially fuddled: the *currency bill* was up, and he forthwith proceeded to speechify upon the *fortification bill*, which was quite natural, considering that toppers usually have less love for cash than for fighting. After proceeding about half an hour, a friend took the liberty to hand him the currency bill, hinting that *that* was the subject of discussion. The hint was kindly taken, and the mistake discovered; whereupon the *honorable* member cried out, "Mr. Speaker! I don't know as my remarks exactly hit the bill under consideration; but I think they apply as well to that *as to any thing else*." The house was in an uproar of laughter at the drunken wit, and permitted the member to finish his speech, in the extraordinary short space of one hour and a half.

1130. LEGISLATIVE ADROITNESS.

The following is an extract from a speech of Mr. Proffit of Indiana, in Congress:—

"Mr. Speaker, this passage between my colleague and the gentlemen from Pennsylvania reminds me of a circumstance which occurred in the Indiana legislature. I had made some remarks upon a subject of importance, and was followed by a gentleman in opposition, who immediately commenced misrepresenting my language. I corrected him. He received my explanation apparently in all sincerity, but continued to misrepresent me. I again, with some little warmth, corrected him, and complained of the course he seemed determined to pursue. The gentleman, after a moment's hesitation, cast an imploring look upon me, and, with much candor, said, 'Well, Mr. Proffit, I know that you did not exactly use the language attributed to you; but, sir, I have been for six weeks preparing a speech on this subject, and in order to give it effect, it is necessary for some person to use the language attributed to you. I know of no person who can stand it better than yourself, and so you must excuse me!'"

§ 112. PLEASANTRIES AND SARCASMS OF ORATORS.

1131. LIBERTY A PLANT.

During the progress of a political meeting held in the town of Cambridge, it so happened that the late Dr. Mansel, then public orator of the University of Cambridge, but afterwards master of Trinity College and Bishop of Bristol, came to the place of meeting just as Musgrave, the well-known political

tailor of his day, was in the midst of a most pathetic oration, and emphatically repeating, "Liberty, liberty, gentlemen."—" he paused—"Liberty is a plant—" "So is a cabbage!" exclaimed the caustic Mansel, before Musgrave had time to complete his sentence, with so happy an allusion to the trade of the tailor, that he was silenced amid roars of laughter.

1132. A MOVING SPEECH.

An indifferent pleader asked Catulus, "Have I not succeeded in making a very *moving* speech?" "Certainly," said he, "for some of your audience pitied you, and the rest walked out of court."

1133. MARRYING A KINGDOM.

That celebrated statesman, William Pitt, once being asked by a friend why he neglected the blandishments of a certain fair lady, who lost no opportunity of throwing herself in his way, replied, that he was already married to a *Mrs. Britain*, who took up so much of his attention, that he had little time to attend to any other fair one.

1134. MR. BURKE.

Mr. Burke remarked, "Strip majesty of its exterior, (the first and last letters,) and it becomes a *jest*."

1135. BURKE SATIRIZED.

After Burke had finished that extraordinary speech against Hastings, a friend of the latter wrote the following impromptu, which to our mind can hardly be surpassed:—

"Oft have I wondered that on Irish ground
No venomous reptile ever yet was found;
The secret stands revealed in nature's work—
She saved her venom to create a BURKE!"

1136. WIT AND FOLLY.

Burke once mentioned to Fox that he had written a tragedy. "Did you let Garrick see it?" inquired his friend. "No," replied Burke: "I indeed had the folly to write it, but the wit to keep it to myself."

1137. RIGHTEOUS REBUKE.

Dr. Robertson observed that "Johnson's jokes were the rebukes of the righteous, described in Scripture as being like excellent oil." "Yes," exclaimed Burke, "oil of vitriol!"

1138. BURKE AND SCOTT.

As Burke was declaiming with great animation against Hastings, he was interrupted by little Major Scott. "Am I," said he, indignantly, "to be teased by the barking of this jackal while I am attacking the royal tiger of Bengal?"

1139. SHERIDAN'S WIT.

It has been said that Sheridan was in the habit of manufacturing puns and other witty sayings before he went into company, and that he generally remained *silent* until a proper opportunity offered for letting off a good thing. That he and other celebrated wits may have occasionally done so, is not at all improbable; but that such was Sheridan's practice will hardly be allowed. If we give the least con-

sideration to his *practical jokes* upon those tradesmen and others who were in the habit of *dunning* him, we shall perceive that his invention was never at a stand; for on such occasions, instead of paying, he generally contrived to obtain longer time, and to run more deeply into debt; those who came to *shear* went home *shorn*. But there are a thousand proofs on record that Sheridan's wit was instantaneous and vivid. For instance, "A rich member of the lower house, but exceedingly penurious, having one day descanted for half an hour, at the Cocoa-tree, on the excellent quality and cheapness of a *waistcoat*, which, after much *bating*, he had just bought at a tailor's shop in the Strand, and which he was exhibiting in triumph to the gentlemen present, concluded by praising the high perfection of the Manchester manufactures, and saying, 'Can any thing be more reasonable? Can any one conceive how they let me have it so cheap?' 'Very easily,' replied Sheridan, raising his head from the newspaper, and heartily tired of being bored by such a subject, 'they took you for one of the *trade*, and sold it to you *wholesale*.'"

1140. SHERIDAN TAKING THE CHAIR.

The late R. B. Sheridan, being once on a parliamentary committee, happened to enter the room when most of the members of the committee were present and seated, though business had not commenced; when, perceiving there was not another seat vacant, he, with his usual readiness, said, "Will any gentleman *move* that I may *take the chair*?"

1141. THE POWER OF WIT IN DIFFICULTIES.

Sheridan never was without a reason, never failed to extricate himself in any emergency by his wit. At a country house, where he was once on a visit, an elderly maiden lady desired to be his companion in a walk. He excused himself at first, on the ground of the badness of the weather. She soon afterwards, however, intercepted him in an attempt to escape without her. "Well," she said, "it is cleared up I see." "Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not enough for *two*."

1142. LORD LOUGHBOROUGH.

Mr. Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, was once asked whether he really delivered in the House of Commons a speech which the newspapers ascribed to him. "Why, to be sure," said he, "there are many things in that speech which I did say, and there are more which I wish I had said."

1143. CURRAN AND LORD CLARE.

Curran, when opposed to Lord Clare, said that he reminded him of a chimney sweep, who had raised himself by dark and dusky ways, and then called aloud to the neighbors to witness his dirty elevation.

1144. CURRAN AND THE SHOEMAKER.

A certain member of the Irish Parliament, whose father had been a shoemaker, having, in the course

of his speech, used some language which caused him to be called to order by Mr. Curran, the gentleman complained that Mr. Curran *had broken the thread of his discourse*.

"Then *was it better* the next time," replied Curran.

1145. COUGHING DOWN.

One evening, when Mr. Hunt was speaking in the House of Commons, an honorable member was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. Mr. Hunt cured the honorable gentleman of his cough by one short sentence, which, delivered, as it was, with infinite dramatic effect, created universal laughter. Mr. Hunt put his hand into his pantaloons pocket, and after fumbling about for a few seconds, said, with the utmost imaginable coolness, that "he was extremely sorry to find that he had not a few lozenges in his pocket for the benefit of the honorable member who seemed to be so distressed with a cough, but he could assure him he would provide some for him by next night." Never did doctor prescribe more effectually; not only did Mr. Hunt's tormentor from that moment get rid of his cough, but it never returned, at least while Mr. Hunt was speaking.

1146. HALF GENTLEMEN.

Mr. Curran, happening to cross examine one of those persons known in Ireland by the significant description of half gentlemen, found it necessary to ask a question as to his knowledge of the Irish tongue, which, though perfectly familiar to him, the witness affected not to understand, whilst he at the same time spoke extremely bad English. "I see, sir, how it is: you are more ashamed of knowing your own language than of not knowing any other."

1147. CURRAN'S JOKING PROPENSITY.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That's rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

1148. A HUMOROUS RETORT.

Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the madhouse, and said, in a whining tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, "What'll never bring you, sir — too much brain."

1149. GOULBURN AND O'CONNELL.

Goulburn, when secretary of Ireland, visited Kilkeny at a time when Mr. O'Connell (then on a

circuit) happened to be there also. Both stopped at Finn's Hotel, and chanced to get bed-rooms opening off the same corridor. Mr. O'Connell's early habits called him up at cock-crowing. Finding the hall door locked, and so being himself hindered from walking outside, he commenced walking up and down the corridor. To pass the time, he repeated aloud some of Moore's poetry, and had just uttered the lines, —

"We tread the land that bore us,
The green flag flutters o'er us,
The friends we've tried are by our side;" —

at this moment Goulburn popped his night-capped head out to see what was the matter. Mr. O'Connell instantly pointed his finger at him, and finished the verse, —

"And the foe we hate before us."

In went Goulburn's head again, in a great hurry.

1150. RETORT COURTEOUS.

When a sovereign entered a town, it was formerly the custom to treat him with a long harangue. Louis XIII. was one day listening very patiently, at the gate of a small town, to a very tedious oration of this kind. Bautru, who accompanied him, thought that he should please the king by interrupting the insipid orator. "Sir," said he, "what is the price of asses in your country?" The haranguer stopped, and, after having scanned Bautru from head to foot, "When they are in as good condition and as large as yourself," replied he, "they are worth at least forty shillings," and then resumed his discourse.

1151. THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

John Randolph, in the midst of one of his splendid rhapsodies in the Senate of the United States, paused, and, fixing his eyes on the presiding officer, exclaimed, "Mr. President, I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It consists in these four plain English monosyllables, '*Pay as you go*.'"

1152. JOHN RANDOLPH AND THE APPEAL TO POSTERITY.

During the delivery of one of those tedious and interminable speeches that are often inflicted upon the House of Representatives, a member who had occupied the floor for many hours was called to order, on the ground that his remarks were not pertinent to the question before the house. "I know it," said he; "I am not speaking for the benefit of the house, but for posterity." "Speak a little longer," said John Randolph, in an under tone, "and you will have your audience before you."

§ 113. MISCELLANEOUS.

1153. A MAN OF DEEDS, AND NOT OF WORDS.

An Athenian who wanted eloquence, but who was an able and brave man, when one of his countrymen had, in a brilliant speech, promised great things, rose and said, "Men of Athens, all that he has said I will do!"

1154. SOCRATES AND HIS PUPIL.

A young man, who was a great talker, was sent by his parents to Socrates to learn oratory. On being presented to Socrates, the lad spoke so incessantly that he was out of all patience. When the bargain came to be struck, Socrates asked him double price.

"Why charge me double?" said the young fellow.

"Because," said the orator, "I must teach you two sciences; the one to hold your tongue, and the other how to speak."

1155. DOMITIUS.

The orator Domitius was once in great danger from an inscription which he had put upon a statue erected by him in honor of Caligula, wherein he had declared, that that prince was a second time consul at the age of twenty-seven. This he intended as an encomium; but Caligula, taking it as a sarcasm upon his youth, and his infringement of the laws, raised a process against him, and pleaded himself in person. Domitius, instead of making a defence, repeated part of the emperor's speech with the highest marks of admiration; after which, he fell upon his knees, and begging pardon, declared that he dreaded more the eloquence of Caligula, than his imperial power. This piece of flattery succeeded so well, that the emperor not only pardoned, but also raised him to the consulship.

1156. A CHILDS JUDGMENT OF AN ORATOR'S SPEECH.

It was in 1792, a short time after the atrocious days of September, that a distinguished advocate of the bar of Paris, deprived of his certificate of citizenship, and flying from persecution, happened to be at Blois, where he pleaded a cause against an officious defender. Let it be recollected that the Constituent Assembly, in overturning the judicial hierarchy, had begun by creating officious defenders; that is to say, had given to the first comer the right of pleading for the first comer. The officious defender, in the case in question, was a prosy individual, who wearied both judges and audience by his eloquence. The son of the advocate, a child about two years and a half old, was present with his mother, and had his patience tried more severely than any one else. At length, unable to restrain himself, he cried out in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the court, "Come, mamma, that's enough! I'm tired; let us go away." "The cause is heard," said the president, delighted with the per-

tinence of the interruption; "give in your papers; the tribunal will pronounce upon them."

Forty years afterwards, in the same town, in the same apartment, the same child, then the leader of a party, and a potent orator, defended his liberty and his life. Audience, advocates, jury, all rose respectfully on the entrance of the illustrious accused. All hearts beat at the accents of that sonorous, deep-toned voice; a few words sufficed for his triumph; he was listened to even after he had ceased to speak, and no one thought of crying, "Enough."

It may be easily guessed that the child, the great advocate, and Mr. Barryer are one and the same person.

1157. SOUND JUDGMENT *versus* ELOQUENCE.

Mr. Townsend, being offended with the Duke of Newcastle, thought fit to show his ill humor by making an attack, in the House of Commons, upon Alderman Baker's contract; and he played off all the lightning of his eloquence upon the occasion. The alderman, who was no orator, but possessed as sound a judgment as any man of the age, got up as soon as Mr. Townsend had finished his philippic, and told the house he had but two words to say by way of answer to all the gentleman's fine speech against him, — "*Proce it!*" — and sat down under a roar of applause from all parts of the house.

1158. ROYAL CANDOR.

George II., being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious king's speech, replied that he hoped the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

1159. JUDICIAL ANIMOSITY.

Mr. Curran distinguished himself not more as a barrister than as a member of Parliament; and in the latter character, it was his misfortune to provoke the enmity of a man whose thirst for revenge was only satiated by the utter ruin of his adversary. On the discussion of a bill of a penal nature, Mr. Curran inveighed in warm terms against the attorney general, Mr. Fitzgibbon, for sleeping on the bench, when statutes of the most cruel kind were enacting; and he ironically lamented that the slumber of guilt should so nearly resemble the repose of innocence. A message from Mr. Fitzgibbon was the consequence of this sally; and the parties, having met, were left to fire when they chose. "I never," said Mr. Curran, relating the circumstances of the duel, "saw any one whose determination seemed more malignant than Fitzgibbon's: after I had fired, he took aim at me for at least half a minute; and on its proving ineffectual, I could not help exclaiming to him, 'It was not your fault, Mr. Attorney; you were deliberate enough.'" The attorney general declared his honor satisfied; and here, at least for the present, the dispute appeared to terminate. Not here, however, terminated Fitzgibbon's

animosity. Soon after, he became lord chancellor and a peer in Ireland, and, in the former capacity, found an opportunity, by means of his judicial authority, ungenerously to crush the rising power of his late antagonist. Mr. Curran, who was at this time a leader, and one of the senior practitioners at the chancery bar, soon felt all the force of his rival's vengeance. The chancellor is said to have yielded a reluctant attention to every motion he made; he frequently stopped him in the midst of a speech; questioned his knowledge of law; recommended to him more attention to facts; in short, he succeeded not only in crippling all his professional efforts, but actually to leave him without a client. Mr. Curran, indeed, appeared as usual in the three other courts; but he had been already stripped of his most profitable practice; and as his expenses nearly kept pace with his gains, he was almost left a beggar; for all hopes of the wealth and honors of the long robe were now denied him. The memory of this persecution imbibed the last moments of Curran's existence; and he could never even allude to it without evincing a just and excusable indignation. In a letter which he addressed to a friend, twenty years after, he says, "I make no compromise with power. I had the merit of provoking and despising the personal malice of every man in Ireland who was the known enemy of the country. Without the walls of the court of justice, my character was pursued with the most persevering slander; and within those walls, though I was too strong to be beaten down by any judicial malignity, it was not so with my clients; and my consequent losses in professional income have never been estimated at less, as you have often heard, than thirty thousand pounds." The incidents attendant upon this disagreement were at times ludicrous in the extreme. One day, when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate argument in chancery, Lord Clare (the title of Fitzgibbon) brought a large Newfoundland dog upon the bench with him; and during the progress of the argument, he lent his ear much more to the dog than to the barrister. At last the chancellor seemed to lose all regard to decency. He turned himself quite aside, in the most material part of the case, and began in full court to fondle the animal. Mr. Curran stopped short. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare. "O," replied Mr. Curran, "I beg a thousand pardons, my lord; I really took it for granted that your lordship was employed in consultation."

1160. SPEAKING TO THE PURPOSE.

A certain member of Parliament, having heard many speeches in the house to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory, and accordingly watched for a favorable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself. It was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute, on which public-spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and, after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker, have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were these laws made?" So saying, he set himself

down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence, when another member arose, and delivered his thoughts in these words: "Mr. Speaker, did the honorable gentleman, who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?" which apropos reply set the house in such a fit of laughter as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

1161. LOUIS NAPOLEON AS AN ORATOR.

During the discussion which came up in the Assembly on article forty-five of the constitution, declaring that the president must be a native of France, and a French citizen, Prince Louis ascended the tribune, and attempted to make a speech. This effort was by no means a happy one; in fact, it proved a total failure. The government organ, which is opposed to the prince, gives the annexed version of this affair. We must take its statements with some few grains of allowance:—

"Prince Louis Napoleon, in directing his steps towards the tribune, showed that he was overwhelmed with his position. On his arrival there, he had some difficulty in commencing at all, and at length he came out, in a hesitating and unconnected manner, with the following words:—

"Citizens: I do not come before you to speak against the amendment; certainly I have been sufficiently rewarded in recovering all my rights as a citizen to entertain any other ambition. Neither do I come here to make any complaint against the calumnies of which I have been the object. It is in the name of the three hundred thousand electors who have twice honored me with their suffrages, that I disavow the appellation of 'pretender,' which is constantly brought forward against me."

"At this point the prince stopped, hesitated, and appeared inclined to go on; but at length he descended from the tribune, apparently greatly disconcerted, and amid marks of great astonishment on the part of a portion of the members, and of annoyance on the part of others. The German accent, the confusion, the vagueness and inanity of the words spoken, the absence of all the qualities of a popular orator, had done their work. Prince Louis Napoleon had been warned against the dangers of the tribune, and the warning has been thrown away upon him. He has more damaged his cause by this short attempt to speak than by all the past follies of his life. His adversaries at once saw the advantage they had gained, and profited by it. After a short consultation with M. Senard, M. Anthony Thouret rose, and in a tone of contempt, which was not even disguised, he said, that after the few short words they had heard, he was quite satisfied that his fears from the 'pretender' were exaggerated, and that his amendment was needless, and that he therefore withdrew it. The observation was received with loud plaudits from all sides of the Assembly, excepting from that upon which Prince Louis Napoleon and his friends were seated. The *Débats* says that the words spoken by the oratorical novice produced a marvellous effect, for that they set those who most feared him quite at their ease."

§ 114. ENGRAVERS AND ENGRAVING.

1162. PRINCE RUPERT'S DISCOVERY.



PRINCE RUPERT, nephew to Charles I., who devoted himself much to the prosecution of chemical and philosophical experiments, as well as the practice of mechanic arts, for which he was famous, was the inventor of mezzotinto, of which he is said to have taken the hint from a soldier scraping his rusty fusil.

The prince, going out early one morning, observed a sentinel at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The

prince was one of those men that go through the world with their eyes open, and, though not at all disposed to interfere with others' business, was naturally and properly enough inquisitive. Accordingly he approached him, and without preliminaries inquired what he was about. He replied, that the dew had fallen in the night, and made his fusil rusty, and therefore he was scraping and cleaning it. The prince, looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes closed together, like frieze work on gold and silver, part of which the soldier had scraped away. From this trifling incident Prince Rupert conceived the idea of mezzotinto. He concluded that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine pressed holes, as would undoubtedly give an impression all black, and that, by scraping away proper parts, the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his ideas to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller, cut with tools to make teeth like a file or rasp, with projecting points, which effectually produced the black grounds; those being scraped away, and diminished at pleasure, left the gradations of light. It is said that the first mezzotinto print ever published was engraved by the prince himself. It may be seen in the first edition of Evelyn's *Sculptura*; and there is a copy of it in the second edition, printed in 1755.

1163. BLAKE, THE POET, PAINTER, AND ENGRAVER.

Blake, the poetical painter, had served a regular apprenticeship in engraving; and in his first work of much note, — the *Days of Innocence*, — his triple accomplishments in poetry, painting, and engraving were displayed to fine advantage. But Blake was a great enthusiast, and believed in the reality of what his dreaming fancy painted. The pictured forms which swarmed before his eyes assumed, in his apprehension, the stability of positive revelations,

and he mistook the vivid figures, which his professional imagination shaped, for the poets, and heroes, and princes of old. Among his friends, he at length ventured to intimate, that the designs on which he was engaged were not from his own mind, but copied from great works revealed to him in visions; and those who believed that would readily lend an ear to the assurance that he was commanded to execute his performances by a celestial tongue.

Of these imaginary visitations he made good use, when he invented his truly original and beautiful mode of engraving and tinting his plates. He had made the sixty-five designs of his *Days of Innocence*, and was meditating, he said, on the best means of multiplying their resemblance in form and in hue. He felt sorely perplexed. At last he was made aware that the spirit of his favorite brother, Robert, was in the room, and to this celestial visitor he applied for counsel. The spirit advised him at once. "Write," he said, "the poetry, and draw the designs upon the copper with a certain liquid, (which he named, and which Blake ever kept a secret,) then cut the plain parts of the plate down with aquafortis, and this will give the whole, both poetry and figures, in the manner of a stereotype." The plan recommended by this gracious spirit was adopted; the plates were engraved, and the work printed off. The artist then added a peculiar beauty of his own. He tinted both the figures and the verse with a variety of colors, among which, while the yellow prevails, the whole has a rich and lustrous beauty, to which, says Cunningham, I know little that can be compared.

1164. ORIGIN OF THE ART OF ENGRAVING.

The art of engraving has this, in common with most others, that its source is involved in obscurity. Italy, Germany, and Holland have respectively put in their claims to the honor of the invention; though with what success it is almost impossible to determine.

The Italians tell us that Tomaso Finiguerra, a goldsmith of Florence, hit upon the method of printing from an engraved plate in the year 1460; taking off the impression upon a moistened paper, and rolling it gently with a roller. He communicated the discovery to Baccio Baldini, of his own profession and city, who pursued it with success, and engraved several plates, from drawings of one Alessandro Boticelli, which being seen, say they, by Andrea Mantegna, he not only assisted Baldini with designs, but cultivated and improved the new art himself. It was not long before Ugo da Carpi used different stamps for the gradations of lights and shades, and thereby added a variety of tints. From Italy, they state, the art travelled into Flanders, where it was first practised by Martin Schoon, of Antwerp.

The Germans contend that engraving was practised in their country long before the time of Finiguerra and Mantegna. Francis à Bocholt (say some of them) was the inventor of the art, and his immediate followers were Israel à Machenick, and Martin Stock.

But the Dutch will have the source of the art to be among them, and to have flowed from Holland

into Germany, and from Germany into Italy. Laurence, of Haerlem, say they, invented not only printing, but also the method of taking off impressions on wood. And Peter Schoeffer found out the art of engraving on copper, and taking impressions from plates of that metal. When Mentz was taken, in the year 1462, and Schoeffer's printing office broken up, the workmen, say they, dispersed, and along with their own art carried engraving and copperplate printing into Germany, where they became commonly practised about the year 1465. Conrad Schweynheim, of Mentz, they add, with Arnold Pannartz, imported all these arts into Italy about the same year.

Thus have these three nations contended for the invention of the art of engraving; the champions of each carrying up the antiquity of the art, in his own nation, as high as they could.

From more reasonable evidence, however, it appears that wood-cuts for books came into use about or before 1450; and the art of printing from copperplates may, perhaps, be dated as high as 1465.

The invention of *etching* seems to have been about forty years posterior to that of engraving. It appears to have been commonly practised in Germany, both at Nuremburg and Frankfort, about 1512; not long after which, it is probable, the artists found out the way of uniting etching and engraving together.

1165. ANGELO AND ALBERT DURER.

Charles V. asked Michael Angelo, in what estimation he held Albert Durer; when, with all the noble frankness of a man of genius, who knows how to appreciate superior talents, he instantly replied, "I esteem him so highly, that I would, if I were not Michael Angelo, much rather be Albert Durer than even the Emperor Charles V."

1166. COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.

The invention of copperplate engraving is believed to have been derived from Maso Finiguerra, a Florentine, who lived between the years 1400 and 1460. It is said that he impressed with earth all the things which he engraved in silver, for the purpose of filling them with *niello*, a metallic substance reduced to powder, composed of silver, copper, lead, sulphur, and borax; and having poured over the earthen impressions liquid sulphur, they became printed, and filled with smoke. "Whence," says Vusari, "being rubbed with oil, they showed the same as the silver; and this he also did with damped paper, and with the same tint, pressing it over with a round roller, smooth in every part, which not only made them appear printed, but as if drawn with a pen."

1167. WOOD ENGRAVING.

The first engraving on wood, of which there is any record in Europe, is that of the Actions of Alexander, by the two Cunios, executed in the year 1285 or 1286. The engravings are eight in number, and in size about nine inches by six. In a frontispiece decorated with fanciful ornaments there is an inscription which states the engravings to have been by "Alessandro Alberico Cunio Cavaliere, and Isabella Cunio, twin brother and sister; first reduced, imagined, and attempted to be executed in relief,

with a small knife on blocks of wood, made even and polished by this learned and dear sister; continued and finished by us together, at Ravenna, from the eight pictures of our invention, painted six times larger than here represented; engraved, explained by verses, and thus marked upon the paper, to perpetuate the number of them, and to enable us to present them to our relations and friends in testimony of gratitude, friendship, and affection. All this was done and finished by us when only sixteen years of age." This account, which was given by Papillion, who saw the engravings, has been much disputed; but Mr. Ottly, in his late valuable work, deems it authentic.

1168. COMICAL ILLUSTRATION.

In Wicrix's Bible, 1594, is an illustration of the parable of the prodigal son, from Luke xv.: "And there wasted his substance with riotous living." It represents the prodigal, after his money is spent, running away from a woman, who beats him down the steps of a tavern with her shoes, and is assisted in the assault by two men. A dog on the steps is barking at him, and a dwarf, dressed like a court fool, having dropped his mace, mocks him, by placing the thumb of his right hand upon the end of his nose, and on the little finger of that, the thumb of his left hand, spreading the fingers as far as possible.

1169. DECEPTION OF AN ENGRAVER.

Marc Antonio Raimondi raised himself into notice in the following manner: Many engravings by Albert Durer were brought to Venice for sale, and Raimondi was so much struck by the style and execution that he purchased them, and set to work to copy them, counterfeiting Albert Durer's mark, A. D. These copies appeared so similar that they were believed to be the genuine works of Albert, and, as such, were exposed to sale, and became speedily purchased. This made Albert so indignant that he quitted Flanders, and came to Venice to make a complaint against Raimondi to the government; and he was forbidden in future to make use of Albert's name or mark.

1170. IMPOSTURES.

There is a collection of engravings by that ingenious artist Bernard Picart which has been published under the title of the *Innocent Impostors*. Picart had long been vexed at the taste of his day, which ran wholly in favor of antiquity, and no one would look at, much less admire, a modern master. He published a pretended collection, or a set of prints, from the designs of the great painters, in which he imitated the etchings and engravings of the various masters; and much were these prints admired as the works of Guido, Rembrandt, and others. Having had his joke, they were published under the title of *Impostures Innocens*. The connoisseurs, however, are strangely divided in their opinion of the merit of this collection. Gilpin classes these *Innocent Impostors* among the most entertaining of his works, and is delighted by the happiness with which he has outdone in their own excellences the artists whom he copied; but Strutt, too grave to admit of jokes that twitch the connoisseurs, declares that they could never have deceived an experienced judge, and reprobates such kinds of ingenuity played

off at the cost of the venerable brotherhood of the *cognoscenti*!

1171. TRICKS OF ENGRAVERS.

The tricks of transmutation which are often played with copperplate engravings are well known. At the time when the person so justly execrated and branded with the name of "The Monster" made such a noise, the dealer in one of the catchpenny accounts of his life and adventures was very desirous of giving to the public some representation of him. Not being able suddenly to procure one, it was necessary for him to find a substitute. An old plate, which had been engraved for a magazine, and intended to pass for a likeness of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was luckily obtained, and was made to answer the purpose. As the print bore no resemblance whatever to Sir Joshua, and had, indeed, a most unprepossessing appearance, the original inscription was erased, "The Monster" substituted, and it did very well. In the ephemeral publications which daily issue from the press, similar metamorphoses are by no means uncommon.

1172. HOGARTH'S POETRY ON HIS ENGRAVINGS.

Accompanying the prints of Hogarth's favorite works appeared explanations in verse, sometimes with the names of the authors, but oftener without, and all alike distinguished by weakness and want of graphic accuracy, which marked the engravings. London was at that time infested with swarms of wandering verse-makers, who wrote rhymes on occasions of public mourning or private distress, and who supplied print-sellers with jingling commendations of the works which they published. They wrote epigrams for half a crown each — a fair price for four wretched lines. From such men Hogarth is supposed to have obtained many of the verses which are attached to his prints. But less charitable persons have ascribed them all to himself.

1173. A CURIOUS PIECE OF HISTORY.

About the year 1785, Alderman J. Boydell, of London, conceived the project of establishing a "Shakspeare Gallery," upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence which should be in accordance with the fame of the poet, and, at the same time, reflect honor upon the state of the arts in Great Britain and throughout the world. Mr. Boydell was at this time a man of great wealth and influence, and a patron of the fine arts, being an engraver himself, and having accumulated his fortune mostly by dealings in works of that character.

He advertised for designs from artists throughout Great Britain, and paid a guinea for every one submitted, whether accepted or not, and for every one accepted by the committee a prize of one hundred guineas. The committee for selecting these designs was composed of five eminent artists, Boydell himself being the president. The first painters of the age were then employed to paint these pictures, among whom were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Fuseli, Romney, Northcote, Smirke, Sir William Beechey, and Opie.

Allan Cunningham, in his *Lives of Eminent British Artists*, mentions that Sir Joshua Reynolds

was at first opposed to Boydell's project, as impracticable on such an immense scale; and Boydell, to gain his approbation and assistance, privately sent him a letter enclosing a thousand pound Bank of England note, and requested him to paint two pictures at his own price. What sum was eventually paid by Boydell for these pictures was never known. A magnificent building was erected in Pall Mall to exhibit this immense collection, called the Shakspeare Gallery, and was for a long time the pride of London.

The first engravers of England were employed to transfer these gems to copper, and such artists as Sharp, Bartolozzi, Earlom, Thew, Simon, Middiman, Watson, Fytler, Wilson, and many others exerted their talents for years in this great work. In some instances the labor of more than five years was expended on a single plate, and proof impressions were taken for subscribers at almost every stage of the work. At length in 1803, after nearly twenty years, the work was completed. The price fixed (which was never reduced) was two guineas each for the first three hundred impressions, and the subscription list was then filled up at one guinea each, or one hundred guineas a set, of one hundred plates.

Besides these subscriptions, large donations were made by many of the noblemen of England, to encourage the undertaking and to enable Boydell to meet his enormous outlay. The cost of the whole work, from the commencement, is said to have been more than a million pounds sterling; and although the projector was a wealthy man when he commenced it, he died, soon after its completion, a bankrupt, to the amount, it is said, of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

After these plates were issued, Boydell petitioned Parliament to allow him to dispose of his gallery of paintings by a lottery. The petition was granted, and the whole collection was thus disposed of. One of these finest pictures, King Lear, by Benjamin West, is now in the Boston Athenæum.

One fact in relation to these plates gives great value to them. All the principal historical characters are genuine portraits of the persons represented in the play; every picture gallery and old castle in England was ransacked to furnish these portraits.

After a certain number of copies had been taken from the plates, they were laid aside, some of them having been worn but little, while others required much labor to restore them to their original beauty. A few copies of the work have been brought to this country at different times, and are now to be found in the hands of amateurs, and in different public libraries. Many of the single prints have been sold in Boston at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars each.

1174. M'ARDELL'S PRINTS.

M'Ardell resided at the Golden Ball, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Of the numerous and splendid productions of this excellent engraver of pictures by Sir Joshua, nothing can be said after the declaration of Reynolds himself, that "M'Ardell's prints would immortalize him." However, I will venture to indulge in one remark more, namely, that that engraver has conferred immortality also upon himself in his wonderful print from Hogarth's picture of Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital. A brilliant proof of this head in its finest possible state of condition, in my humble opinion, surpasses any thing in mezzotint now extant.

1175. HOGARTH'S EXPERIMENT.

Hogarth was fond of making experiments in his profession. He resolved to finish the engraving of the first print of the Election without taking any proof to ascertain the success of his labors. He had nearly spoiled the plate, and was so affected with the misadventure, that he exclaimed, "I am ruined!" He soon, however, proceeded to repair the damage, which his haste or obstinacy had caused, and with such good fortune, that the print in question is one of the clearest and cleverest of all his productions.

1176. ENGRAVING BACKWARDS.

Picture work, or lettering by an engraver, in all plates to be printed from, is done *backwards*, that when an impression or proof is taken, it then is restored to a correct right view, or for reading. This *habit* becomes so strong, that mistakes are often made in lettering rings, silver ware, door-plates, &c.

An eminent letterer was employed to cut a motto on the inside of a splendid ring, and unconsciously lettered it *backwards*; on its being brought to him again, he observed, "How astonishing it is that I should letter this ring backwards!" continuing his exclamations to another engraver, "I can hardly conceive it possible that I should commit such a blunder;" rubbing the ring with his burnisher at the same time, to obliterate his previous work, "'Tis almost impossible, impossible, incredible, how I could do it," &c., &c.; and then, with his pointer, marked it all in again, to be cut with the graver. "Why, what are you about?" inquired the visitant engraver; "you have marked it in again *backwards*." "The — I have! So it is."

1177. AFFECTING APPEAL.

Holler, the celebrated engraver, died, as he had for the principal part of his life lived, in the greatest poverty. Within a few days of his dissolution, bailiffs were sent to seize the bed on which he lay for a small debt which he was unable to discharge. "Spare me," said the expiring artist, "my bed for a little while — only till I can find another in the grave."

1178. PATRONAGE OF GENIUS.

A young engraver just entering into life, and who afterwards rose to great eminence in his profession, applied to Alderman Boydell for employment. Having never executed any considerable work, he had only some trifling specimens of his ability to show. The alderman, however, was satisfied from them that the young artist possessed abilities worthy of encouragement, and offered him a picture, if he thought himself equal to it. The young man

undertook it, and agreed on twenty-five guineas as the remuneration. When the plate was quite finished, he waited on the alderman, finally to deliver it with a proof. Mr. Boydell examined it so long, and, as it seemed, so minutely, that the artist was apprehensive that he was not quite pleased with it, and resolved to ask him; adding, that he should be happy to make any improvement or correction Mr. Boydell might suggest. "O, no," replied the alderman; "I am extremely pleased with it, and desire no alteration. It is charming; and instead of twenty-five guineas, I shall give you thirty-five. Very charming indeed! the more I look at it, the more I like it. I shall give you fifty guineas." He went to his desk and wrote a check on his banker, which he gave to the artist, telling him to call on him in a few days, as he had further employment for him. The young man endeavored to express his gratitude for this unexpected and munificent liberality of his new patron; but his speech utterly failed him, when, casting his eyes on the check which he held in his hand, he found it to be for *one hundred guineas*. This happy event was the foundation both of his fortune and his fame.

1179. CONNOISSEURSHIP.

Sturt, a very neat writing-engraver, published a Common Prayer-book, all of which was engraved on silver plates. Unfortunately, however, it did not sell; and poor Sturt became seriously alarmed, and took every body's advice, as usual, as to what was to be done. It was at length determined to take off a number of copies privately, and then to cut the plates up publicly. After this, the hoarded copies, being brought out stealthily, one by one, as particular favors, fetched greater prizes. Such are the follies and tricks in the world of connoisseurs.

1180. LE DIABLE BOITEUX.

A curious edition of the New Testament was published in 1552, with many wood-cuts of singular character. The engraving to the 8th chapter of St. Matthew represents the devil, with a wooden leg, sowing tares.

1181. SMALL WORK

It is stated that Charles Toppan, of Philadelphia, has engraved the Lord's Prayer on a piece of metal the size only of *one tenth of a square inch*! This is probably the most wonderful instance of microscopic engraving ever executed.

We once saw the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the 10th Psalm engraved in the flowing curls of the wig of George II., in a portrait of that monarch that adorned the frontispiece of the Book of Common Prayer.

§ 115. EPIGRAMS.

1182. QUEEN ELIZABETH.

She was the most accomplished woman of her age, and often spoke with as much spirit and dignity as she acted.

She evaded giving a direct answer to a theological question respecting the sacrament of the Lord's supper, with admirable address. On being asked by a Popish priest whether she allowed the real presence, she replied, —

"Christ was the word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

1183. DR. TRAPP'S WIT.

His majesty King George I. made a present of books to the University of Cambridge, soon after the commencement of the tumults at Oxford, on which occasion Dr. Trapp wrote the following epigram: —

"Our royal master saw with heedful eyes
The wants of his two Universities:
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
That learned body wanted loyalty;
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning."

This epigram received a retort from Sir William Brown, as it is said, impromptu: —

"The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories know no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument."

1184. A SMART RETORT.

The following is from the pen of a celebrated Irish wit. Lord E. declared in a large party, that "a wife was only a *tin canister* tied to one's tail;" upon which Lady E. was presented with the following lines: —

"Lord E. at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife a 'tin canister tied to one's tail';
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison."

"But wherefore degrading? Considered aught,
A canister's polished, and useful, and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied!"

1185. METHOD IN MADNESS.

A lunatic in Raleigh, N. C., recently penned the following magnificent — ay, sublime — lines, and

sent them to the register of that place for publication: —

"Tell them I AM, JEHOVAH said
To Moses, while Earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O LORD! THOU ART!"

1186. POLITICAL WITTICISM.

The following epigram was written on a pane of glass in a tavern window at Huddersfield, England: —

"'The queen is with us,' whigs exulting say,
'For, when she found us in, she let us stay.'
It may be so, but give me leave to doubt
How long she'll keep you when she finds you out."

1187. WITTY IMPROMPTU.

Serjeant C. was of a very rubicund countenance, and sometimes rather prolix in his arguments. On one occasion, when, in the full dress costume of his court, he was delivering a very long speech, a wit by his side wrote this epigram: —

"The serjeant pleads with face on fire,
And all the court may rue it;
His purple garment comes from Tyre,
His arguments go to it."

1188. VENTILATION OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The London Times publishes the following epigram on Dr. Reid's being allowed to ventilate the houses of Parliament by alternate blasts of hot and cold air: —

"Peel's patronage of Dr. Reed
Is very natural indeed;
For no one need be told
The worthy, scientific man
Is acting on the premier's plan
Of blowing hot and cold."

1189. BOILLEAU.

Boileau used to say that the best epigrams originated in conversation; and of all his own he gave the preference to the following: —

"*Ci-gît ma femme, ah qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos, et pour le mien!*"

"Here lies my wife, and Heaven knows,
Not less for mine than her repose!"

EPITAPHS.

§ 116. APT AND APPROPRIATE.

1190. POPE'S NURSE.

There is in Twickenham Churchyard an inscription to the memory of the woman who nursed Pope, of which the following is a copy:—

"To the memory of MARY BEACH, who died November 5, 1725, aged 78.

"Alexander Pope, whom she nursed in his infancy, and whom she affectionately attended for twenty-eight years, in gratitude for such a faithful old servant, erected this stone."

1191. UNMERITED REMEMBRANCE.

Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction as to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse—confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad ones have equal durations; and Thersites is likely to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the Everlasting Register.

1192. LIFE AN EMBLEM OF A DAY.

A gentleman travelling in Europe copied the following lines from a tombstone in a graveyard, in Llangollen, North Wales:—

"Our life is but a winter day—
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are well fed:
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day:
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

1193. BURNS AND THE SICK LADY.

Burns called to see a young lady who was rather indisposed. "Well, Jessie," said he, "how do you do to-day?" "Very poorly: Mr. Burns, I want you to write my epitaph." "O, you are not likely to die yet, Jessie." "Well, he it as it may, you must write my epitaph." Getting the pen, ink, and paper at the time, he then penned these lines:—

"Say, sage, where's the charm on earth
Can turn death's dart aside?
It is not purity or worth—
Else Jessie had not died."

1194. PIRON'S SARCASM.

Piron wrote his own epitaph in a style of humility, pointed with a bitter sarcasm against the French academicians:—

"*Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même académicien.*"

1195. VOICES FROM CHURCHYARDS.

In Luton Churchyard, Bedfordshire, an uncourtly voice from the dead to the living speaks as follows:—

"Reader! I have left a world
In which I had much to do,
Sweating and fretting to get rich.
Just such a fool as you."

The following quaint epitaph is copied from a churchyard in Finsbury, near Chatham:—

"Time was I stood as thou dost now,
And viewed the dead as thou dost me:
Ere long thou'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand to look on thee."

1196. GOV. ELIHU YALE.

Governor Elihu Yale, whose name was given to the college, was born in New Haven, 1648. At the age of ten years he was taken to England, where he received his education. Subsequently he went to the East Indies, acquired a great estate, and was made governor of Fort St. George, on the coast of Malabar. After his return to England, he was chosen governor of the East India Company. President Clapp says, "He was a gentleman who greatly abounded in good humor and generosity, as well as in wealth; and his name and memory will be gratefully perpetuated in Yale College." An engraved likeness of Governor Yale is one of the first you see on entering the Trumbull Gallery, connected with the college. The following is the epitaph in the churchyard at Wrexham:—

"Under this tomb lyes interred ELIHU YALE, of Place Gronow, Esq.; born 5th of April, 1648, and died the 8th of July, 1721, aged 73 years.

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travel'd, and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived; at London dead.
Much Good, some ill he did: so hope all's even,
And that his soul through Mercy's gone to Heaven

"You that survive and read, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare.
Only the Actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

1197. THE MORNING AND EVENING OF LIFE.

The following is an inscription on a tombstone in Massachusetts. It is beautiful:—

"I came in the morning—it was spring,
And I smiled;
I walked out at noon—it was summer,
And I was glad;
I sat me down at even—it was autumn,
And I was sad;
I laid me down at night—it was winter,
And I slept."

1196. FRANKLIN'S OWN EPITAPH.

The following epitaph was written by himself many years previous to his death :—

"The body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, printer,

(like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and strip of its lettering and gilding,) lies here food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author."

§ 117. ECCENTRIC AND CURIOUS.

1199. SLIPPERS ON A MONUMENT.

In a church at Amsterdam there is a very ancient funeral monument of white marble, on which are engraved a pair of *slippers*, of a very singular kind, with this inscription, "*Effen Nyt*," which means *exactly*; and the story of this singularity is this: A man who was very rich, but who was a *bon vivant*, took it into his head that he was to live a certain number of years, and no longer. Under the impression of this idea, he calculated that if he spent so much a year, his estate and his life would *expire together*. It accidentally happened that he was not mistaken in either of his calculations; he died precisely at that time which he had presented to himself in fancy, and had then brought his fortune to such a predicament, that after the paying of his debts, he had nothing left but a *pair of slippers*. His relations buried him in a creditable manner, and had the slippers carved on his tomb, with the above laconic device.

1200. SIR WILLIAM SUTTON'S EPITAPH.

Sir William Sutton's epitaph, in Aram, or Averham Church, Notts :—

"Sir William Sutton's corpse here tombéd sleeps,
Whose happy soul in better mansion keeps.
Thrice nine years lived he with his Lady fair,
A lovely, noble, and like virtuous pair.
Their generous offspring, parents' joy of heart,
Eight of each sex: of each an equal part
Ushered to Heaven their Father; and the other
Remained behind him to attend their Mother."

1201. WHALLEY'S GRANDFATHER.

Richard Whalley, grandfather of the regicide, died in 1583, at the age of 84, and these verses were inscribed on his monument :—

"Behold his wives were number three :
Two of them died in right good fame :
The third this tomb erected she
For him who well deserved the same,

Both for his life and godly end,
Which all that knows must needs commend,
And they that know not, yet may see
A worthy Whalley, lo! was he.

'Since time brings all things to an end,
Let us ourselves apply,
And learn by this our faithful friend,
That here in tomb doth lie,
To fear the Lord, and eke behold
The fairest is but dust and mold :
For so we are, so once was he;
And as he is, so must we be."

1202. A MONUMENTAL CONCERT.

The following epitaph is on an old monument in St. Ann and St. Agnes Church :—

Qu	an	tris	di	c	um	stra
os	guis	ti	ro	c	um	vo
H	san	Chris	mi	c	mu	la

In this distich, the last syllable in each word in the upper line is the same as that of each corresponding word in the last line, and is to be found in the centre. It reads thus :—

"*Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere stravit,
Hos sanguis Christi miro cum munere lavit.*"

TRANSLATION.

"Those who have felt the serpent's venomous wound,
In Christ's miraculous blood have healing found."

1203. JOHN CABECCA IN THE CHOIR OF ANGELS.

The following epitaph is to be seen at Saragossa, in Spain :—

"Here lies JOHN CABECCA, precentor of My Lord the King. When he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish, and where he will distinguish himself by his powers of song, God shall say to the angels, 'Cease, ye calves! and let me hear John Cabecca, the precentor of My Lord the King!'"

§ 118. HUMOROUS.

1204. CHARLES II. AND ROCHESTER.

King Charles II. once said, over his bottle, in his usual lively way, that he supposed some stupid peasant would write a nonsensical epitaph on him when he was gone. "Now," says his majesty, "I should like to have something appropriate and witty, Rochester, let's have a touch of your pen on the subject."

His lordship instantly obeyed the command, and produced the following :—

"Here lies our sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

For this keen effusion Rochester remained some time in disgrace.

1205. GREENTREE'S RESURRECTION.

Upon the tomb of one Isaac *Greentree*, in Harrow Churchyard, is inscribed the following:—

"There is a time when these green trees shall fall,
And Isaac *Greentree* rise above them all."

1206. POPE'S PARODY.

"You know," says Pope, "I love short inscriptions, and that may be the reason why I like the epitaph on the Count of *Mirandola* * so well. Some time ago I made a parody on it for a man of very opposite character:—

'Here lies Lord *Coningsby*; be civil:
The rest God knows, perhaps the devil.'

1207. FULLER'S EARTH.

Fuller, the well-known author of *British Worthies*, wrote his own epitaph, as it appears in Westminster Abbey. It consists of but four words, but it speaks volumes:—

"Here lies Fuller's earth."

1208. BELOE'S PUN.

Beloe, in his anecdotes, gives a good punning epitaph on William Lawes, the musical composer, who was killed by the Roundheads:—

"Concord is conquer'd! In his urn there lies
The master of great Music's mysteries;
And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
Will Lawes was slain by men whose *Wills* were *Laws*."

1209. THE DULCE AND THE UTILE.

When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow, about the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on Nelson's monument, then just completed. The travelling knight recommended this brief record: "Glasgow to Nelson."

"True," said one of the bailies, "and as there is the town of Nelson near us, we might add, 'Glasgow to Nelson, ix. miles,' so that the column might serve both for a milestone and a monument."

1210. CUTTING REBUFF.

Louis XVI. was presented with an epitaph on Molière by an indifferent poet. "I would rather," said his majesty, "that Molière had brought me yours."

1211. JOSEPH GREEN'S HUMOR.

Joseph Green, a graduate of Harvard College of 1726, who was somewhat celebrated in his day as a

* "*Johannes jacet hic Mirandola: cetera norunt
Et Tagus, et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.*"

poet, was applied to, on all sorts of occasions, to furnish odes, epitaphs, and other poetical scraps. It is related of him that on one occasion a rather verdant specimen of humanity came into his store, and requested him to write an epitaph on a man who died in his service. Green told him that in order to write, he must know something about the character of the man; but all he could pump out of the applicant was, that the deceased beat every body but himself in raking hay. The poet, who had a vein of humor and satire in his nature, immediately took his pen, and after putting down the name, wrote,—

"He could rake hay; none could rake faster,
Except that raking dog, his master."

1212. MARRYING IN PLUTO'S REALMS.

The following is a copy of an epitaph in the churchyard at North Shields, which has been the subject of much laughter to many persons on account of its absurdity:—

"In memory of James Bell, of North Shields, who died 16th of Jan., 1763, aged 42 years. Margaret, widow of the above said Jas. Bell, died Dec. 30, aged 49 years. She was wife, after, to Wm. Fenwick, of North Shields."

The following lines were written underneath it with a pencil:—

"As in the Scriptures it is said
No marriages in heaven are made,
It seems that Margaret's ghost did go
To Pluto's dreary realms below,
Where she, poor soul, not long had tarried,
Till her friend Will and her got married."

1213. SINGULAR TASTE.

In a churchyard in Plymouth, Connecticut, at the close of a long list of virtues ascribed to an aged Christian mother, we find the following curious item:—

"She left five sons; all of them sustained the office of deacon."

1214. BYRON'S MISANTHROPY.

Byron's misanthropy vented itself in an epitaph on his Newfoundland dog, which he concluded with the following lines:—

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

1215. EPITAPH ON THE ANIMALS

Epitaphs have been written on animals by others besides Byron. The following is one of them:—

"*L'oiseau sous ces fleurs enterré,
N'enchanteit pas par son ramage,
N'étonnait pas par son plumage,
Mais il aimait, il fut pleuré.*"

§ 119. EXERCISE, PHYSICAL.

1216. SHAKSPEARE, WESLEY, BURRITT, SCOTT, AND OTHERS.



SHAKSPEARE, while composing his immortal plays, carried brick and mortar to build places for their performance.

John Wesley rode and walked a great many thousand miles, and it was this habitual exercise which prepared his gigantic intellect to put forth those mighty efforts which enabled him to do so much good, and which must immortalize his name.

Elihu Burritt, one of the greatest scholars of the age, so far as the mere study of language is concerned, was for a long course of years compelled, by

stern necessity, — that best of all merely human instructors, — to work *eight hours daily* at the anvil, in order to furnish himself with the means of prosecuting his intellectual labors; and the fact of his thus laboring daily facilitated his astonishing strides in the acquisition of knowledge.

Sir Walter Scott, after confining himself to his desk for several days, till the energies of his brain had become exhausted, would mount his horse, call out his dogs, and follow the chase for days in succession, till he had restored his prostrated energies, and then return to his study.

When Byron entered college, fearing that his tendency to corpulency would injure his personal beauty, — of which he was very proud, — he took severe exercise daily in order to reduce it, besides leading an extremely abstemious life.

Webster was a backwoodsman, born in a "log cabin," on the borders of the unbroken forest, and inured to hard labor. And often, breaking away from public life, and shouldering his gun, he ranged the forests for days in search of game, besides taking much exercise daily.

Franklin, the beacon star of his profession, was a practical printer, and a hard worker.

Patrick Henry, that unrivalled star of genius and eloquence, labored on the farm while young, and was passionately fond of music, dancing, and the chase, the latter of which he often followed for weeks together, camping out in true hunter's style.

Need we mention the father of our country, its pride and pattern? Washington, when not employed by his country, labored assiduously upon his farm, and was actually driving his plough when he received the news of his election as president.

Harrison, "the farmer of North Bend," led a life of great physical exertion and exposure.

Burns, the Scottish bard, actually composed much of his poetry when at work on the farm.

President Dwight, the great theologian and scholar, attributed much of his mental vigor to daily labor in his garden.

John Quincy Adams, one of the most learned men of the age, found much daily exercise indispensable.

1217. BEATTIE, PASCAL, BOERHAAVE.

Dr. Beattie used to work with carpenter's tools.

In the Academy of Port Royal, in France, every member was required to labor at some mechanical business, partly for the benefit of his health. The eminent Pascal was a maker of wooden shoes in this establishment.

Gardening is an excellent employment for the sedentary person. The celebrated Boerhaave was exceedingly fond of this relaxation.

1218. THE ENGLISH BURRITT

Samuel Lee, professor of Hebrew at the University of Cambridge, (England,) was seventeen years of age before he conceived the idea of learning a foreign language. Out of the scanty pittance of his weekly earnings as a *carpenter*, he purchased, at a bookstore, a volume, which, when read, was exchanged for another; and so on, by degrees, he advanced in knowledge. He had not the privilege of balancing between reading and relaxation, he was obliged to pass from bodily fatigue to mental exertion. During six years previous to his twenty-fifth year, he omitted none of the hours usually appropriated to manual labor, and he retired to rest regularly at ten o'clock, P. M. And yet at the age of thirty-one years he had actually *taught* seventeen languages.

Elihu Burritt has *read* a greater number of languages, but it is doubted whether he could *teach* half as many.

1219. WORKING FOR HEALTH.

"If we would make a well man sick," says Theodore Weld, in his Report on Manual Labor Institutions, "or kill a sick man by piecemeal, we need only require him to practise regularly some formal muscular movement, and to keep up his spirits by such a sing-song as this: —

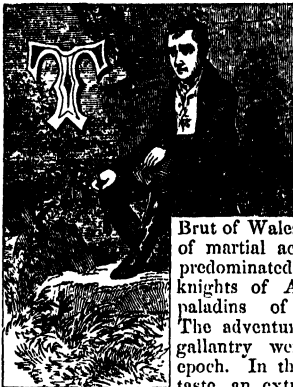
'I'm doing this for my health,
I'm doing this for my health,
For my health, for my health,
I'm doing this for my health.'"

The error alluded to consists not in laboring to promote health, but in *thinking* too much about our *ill* health.

FICTION.

§ 120. HISTORICAL ITEMS.

1220. CHARACTER OF EARLY ROMANCES.



HE earliest romances appear in a metrical form, about the middle of the twelfth century. The first was *Estoires*, or pretended chronicles, like

that of the Brut of Wales: the romances of martial achievement then predominated—those of the knights of Arthur, and the paladins of Charlemagne. The adventures of love and gallantry were of a later epoch. In the mutability of taste, an extraordinary transi-

sition occurred: after nearly two centuries passed in rhyming, all the verse was to be turned into prose. Whether voluminous rhymes satiated the public ear, or novelty in the form was sought, even when they had but little choice, the writers of romance, a very flexible gentry, who, of all other writers, servilely accommodate themselves to the public taste, with more fluent pen loitered into a more ample page; or, as they expressed themselves, “translated *de rime en prose*.”

On the discovery of the typographic art, in the fifteenth century, many of these prose romances in manuscript received a new life by passing through the press; and these, in their venerable *lettres Gothiques*, are still hoarded, for the solace of the curious, in fictions of genuine antiquity, and of invention in its prime, both at home and abroad; and in a reduced form we find them surviving among the people on the continent. It is singular that the metrical romances seem never to have received the honors conferred on the prose. These romances, in their manuscript state, were cherished objects: the mighty tomes, sometimes consisting of forty or fifty thousand lines, described as those “great books of parchment,” or the “great book of romances,” were usually embellished, by the pen and pencil, with every ornament that fancy could suggest, bound in crimson velvet, guarded by clasps of silver, and studded with golden roses; profuse of gorgeous illuminations, and decorated with the most delicate miniatures, “lined with gold of graver’s work” on an azure ground; or the purple page setting off the silvery letters;—objects then of perpetual attraction to the story-believing reader, and which now charm the eye which could not as patiently con the endless page. A collection of these romances, formed into three folio tomes in manuscript, was enriched by seven hundred and forty-seven miniatures, with the initials painted in gold and colors.

Studies for the artist, as for the curious antiquary,

we may view the plumage in a casque, curved and falling with peculiar grace, and a lady’s robe floating in its amplitude, and ornaments of dress arranged, which our taste might emulate. A French amateur, who possessed *le Roman de la Violette*, a romance of a fabulous Count of Nevers, was so deeply struck by its exquisite and faithful miniatures, that he employed the best artists to copy the most interesting, and placed them in his collection of the costume and fashions of the French nation—a collection preserved in the Royal Library of France.

In a group of figures we may observe that the heads are not mechanically cast by one mould; but the distinct character looks as if the thoughtful artist had worked out his recollections on which he had meditated. In some of the heads, portraits of distinguished persons have been recognized. Not less observable are the arabesques often found on the margins, where the playful pencil has prodigally flung flowers and fruit, imitating the bloom, or insects, which look as if they had lighted on the leaf. These margins, however, occasionally exhibit arabesques of a very different character—figures or subjects which often amused the pencil of the monastic limners, satirical strokes aimed at their brothers and sisters, the monks and the nuns! We have observed a wolf, in a monk’s frock and cowl, stretching its paw to bless a cock, bending its submissive head; a cat, in the habit of an abbess, holding a platter in its paws to a mouse approaching to lick it, alluding to the allurements of abbesses to draw young women into their convents; and a sow, in a nun’s veil, mounted on stilts. A pope appears to be thrown by devils into a caldron, and cardinals are roasting on spits. All these expressions of suppressed opinion must have been executed by the monks themselves. These reformers, before the reformation, sympathized with the popular feeling against the haughty prelate and luxurious abbot.

The great romance of Alexander, preserved in the Bodleian Library, reveals a secret of the cost of time freely bestowed on that single and mighty tome. The illuminator, by preserving the date when he had completed his own work, compared with that of the transcriber when he had finished his part, appears to have employed nearly six years on the paintings which embellish this precious volume.

To the writers of ancient romance we cannot deny a copious invention, a variegated imagination, and, among their rambling exuberances and grotesque marvels, those enticing enchantments which the Greeks and Romans only partially and coldly raised. We may often, too, discover that truth of human nature which is not always supposed to lie hid in these desultory compositions. Amid their peculiar extravagances, which at least may serve to raise an occasional smile, the strokes of nature are abundant, and may still form the studies of the writers of fiction, however they may hang on the impatience of the writers and the readers of our duodecimoes.

1221. POETICAL MONKS.

We cannot think, less than Père Hardouin, that there were no poetical and imaginative monks—Homers in cowl, and Virgils who chanted vespers—who could compose in their unoccupied day more romances than their crude legends, or the dry annals of the leger book of their abbey. Some knowledge these writers had of the mythological and even the Homeric and Virgilian fiction, for they often gave duplicates of the classical fables of antiquity. Circe was a fair sorceress, the one-eyed Polyphemus a dread giant, and Perseus bestrode a winged dragon, before they were reflected in romances. But what we discover peculiar in these works is a strange mixture of sacred and profane matters, always treated in a manner which scents of the cloister. Before he enters the combat, the knight is often on his knees, invoking his patron saint; he proffers his vows on holy relics; while ladies placed in the last peril, or the most delicate positions, by their frequent repetitions of the sign of the cross, or a vow to found an abbey, are as certainly saved: and for another refined stroke of the monachal invention, the heroes often close their career in a monastery or hermitage. The monkish morality, which sat loosely about them, was, however, rigid in its ceremonial discipline.

Lancelot de Lac leaves the bed of the guilty Genevra, the queen of the good King Arthur, at the ring of the matin bell, to assist at mass; so scrupulous were such writers that even in criminal levities they should not neglect all the offices of the church.

The subject of one of these great romances is a search after the cup which held the real blood of Christ; and this history of the *sang-real* forms a series of romances. Who but a monk would have thought, and even dared to have written it down, that all the circumstances in this romance were not only certain, but were originally set down by the hand of Jesus himself? and further dared to observe, that Jesus had never written but twice before—the Lord's prayer, and the sentence on the woman taken in adultery? Such a pious or blasphemous fraud was not unusual among the dark fancies of the monastic legends.

Some of these Homers must have left their lengthening Iliad, as Homer himself seems to have done, unfinished; tired, or tiring, for no doubt there was often a rehearsal; "the tale half told" was often resumed by some Elisha who caught the mantle his more inspired predecessor had let fall. It appears evident that several were the continuators of a favorite romance; and from deficient attention or

deficient skill, a fatal discrepancy has been detected in the identical characters—the ordinary fate of those who write after the ideas of another, with indistinct conceptions, or with fancies going contrary to those of the first inventor.

1222. ECCLESIASTIC ARTISTS.

In the history of literature we discover a whole generation of writers, authors of the Gothic romance, who, so far from claiming the honor of their inventions, or aspiring after the meed of fame, have even studiously concealed their claims, and, with a modesty and caution difficult to comprehend, dropped into their graves without a solitary commemoration.

These idling works of idlers must have been the pleasant productions of persons of great leisure, with some tincture of literature, and to whom, by the peculiarity of their condition, fame was an absolute nullity. Who were these writers who thus contemned fame? Who pursued the delicate tasks of the illuminator and the calligrapher? Who adorned psalters with a religious patience, and expended a whole month in contriving a vignette of an initial letter? Who were these artists who worked for no gain? In those ages the ecclesiastics were the only persons who answer to this character; and it would only be in the silence and leisure of the monastery that such imaginative genius and such refined art could find their dwelling-place. I have sometimes thought that it was Père Hardouin's conviction of all this literary industry of the monks which led him to indulge his extravagant conjecture, that the classical writings of antiquity were the fabrications of this sedentary brotherhood; and his "pseudo Virgilius" and "pseudo Horatius" astonished the world, though they provoked its laughter. The Gothic mediæval periods were ages of imagination, when in art works of amazing magnitude were produced, while the artists sent down no claims to posterity. We know not who were the numerous writers of these voluminous romances, but, what is far more surprising, we are nearly as unacquainted with those great and original architects who covered our land with the palatial monastery, the church, and the cathedral. In the religious societies themselves the genius of the Gothic architect was found: the bishop or the abbot planned while they opened their treasury; and the sculptor and the workmen were the tenants of the religious house. The devotion of labor and of faith raised these wonders, while it placed them beyond the unvalued glory which the world can give.

121. AUTHORS, THEIR PECULIARITIES, &c.

1223. MAGNANIMITY OF CERVANTES.

Michael Cervantes Saavedra, the author of *Don Quixote*, gave a proof that his generosity was equal to his genius. He was, in the early part of his life, for some time a slave in Algiers, and there he concerted a plan to free himself and thirteen fellow-sufferers. One of them traitorously betrayed the design, and they were all conveyed to the Dey of Algiers; and he promised them their lives on condition they discovered the contriver of the plot. "I was that person," exclaimed the intrepid Cervantes; "save my companions, and let me perish." The dey,

struck with his noble confession, spared his life, allowed him to be ransomed, and permitted him to depart home.

This writer of an incomparable romance, replete with character, incident, pleasantry, and humor, without any alloy of vulgarity, obscenity, or irreligion, which is held in admiration throughout the civilized world, starved in the midst of a high reputation, and died in penury.

As Philip III., King of Spain, was standing in a balcony of his palace at Madrid, and viewing the prospects of the surrounding country, he observed a student on the banks of the River Manzanares,

reading a book, and from time to time breaking off, and beating his forehead with extraordinary tokens of pleasure and delight; upon which the king said to those about him, "That scholar is either mad, or he is reading *Don Quixote*."

This anecdote is worth a volume of panegyric.

The history of *Don Quixote* did not wait for the tardy fame of remote ages. It was universally read, and as universally admired, as soon as published; and the most eminent painters, engravers, and sculptors vied with each other in representing the story of the Knight of *La Mancha*; yet the author had not interest enough to obtain even the smallest pension from the court. Friendless and indigent, however, as Cervantes was, he retained his incomparable humor and facetiousness to the end of his life.

M. de Boulay attended the French ambassador to Spain, while Cervantes was yet alive. He said that the ambassador one day complimented Cervantes on the reputation he had acquired by his *Don Quixote*, and that Cervantes whispered in his ear, "Had it not been for the Inquisition, I should have made my book much more entertaining."

1224. DESTITUTION OF STERNE.

Garrick lived many years in Southampton Street, at the house now known as Enstey's Hotel, exactly opposite Tavistock Street. There is a painful recollection connected with that building. Poor Sterne, a very little time before his death, being in a state of destitution, bent his steps thither to borrow five pounds of the *Roscians*. It was evening. On arriving at the house, he heard music, and knew that Garrick had a party; he was not habited for such a scene; he heard the merry laugh within, and gently replacing the uplifted knocker, turned away to struggle with his wants as he might. We never feel our miseries so keenly as when thus contrasted with the merriment and enjoyment of others; then, and then only, does the sufferer realize Wordsworth's picture:—

"And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined for food."

1225. REGALTY OF GENIUS.

Gibbon, in speaking of his own genealogy, refers to the fact of Fielding being of the same family as the Earl of Denbigh, who, in common with the imperial family of Austria, is descended from the celebrated Rodolph of Hapsburg. "While the one branch," he says, "have contented themselves with being sheriffs of Leicestershire and justices of the peace, the others have been emperors of Germany and kings of Spain; but the magnificent romance of *Tom Jones* will be read with pleasure when the palace of the *Escorial* is in ruins, and the imperial eagle of Austria is rolling in the dust."

1226. STEELE ADVERTISED. HIS ANNOYANCES.

When Steele first went up to London to reside, he was forced to quit his first lodgings by reason of an officious landlady, who would be asking him every morning how he had slept. He then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week, when his landlord, who was a jolly, good-natured fellow, took it into his head that he wanted



Steele's House at Liangunnol.

company, and would, therefore, frequently come into his chamber to keep him from being alone. This the victim bore for two or three days; but the intruder telling him one morning that "he was afraid he was *melancholy*," he thought it was high time for him to be gone, and at once took new lodgings. About a week afterwards, he found that his jolly landlord, who was an honest, hearty man, had put him into an advertisement in the daily papers, something in this wise: "Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last, in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards *Islington*, if any one can give notice of him to R. B., fishmonger, in the Strand, he shall be well rewarded for his pains."

1227. CUTTING RETORT.

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick, in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope *your* house is insured."

1228. STERNE'S HARD-HEARTEDNESS.

"What is called sentimental writing," says Horace Walpole, "though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of a very tender heart; yet I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail if the parents of the scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother."

1229. STERNE'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Some letters and papers of Sterne reveal a piece of secret history of the sentimentalist. The letters are addressed to a young lady of the name of *De Fourmantel*, whose ancestors were the *Berangers de Fourmantel*, who, during the persecution of the

French Protestants by Louis XIV., emigrated to England. They were entitled to extensive possessions in St. Domingo, but were excluded by their Protestantism. The elder sister became a Catholic, and obtained the estates; the younger adopted the name of Beranger, and was a governess to the Countess of Bristol. The paper states that Catharine de Fourmantel formed an attachment to Sterne, and that it was the expectation of their friends that they would be united; but that, on a visit, Sterne became acquainted with a lady, whom he married in the space of one month, after having paid his addresses to Miss de Fourmantel for five years. The consequence was, the total derangement of intellect of this young lady. She was confined in a private madhouse. Sterne twice saw her there, and, from observation on her state, drew the "Maria" whom he so pathetically described. The elder sister, at the instigation of the father of the communicator of these letters, came to England, and took charge of the unhappy Maria, who died at Paris. "For many years," says the writer of this statement, "my mother had the *handkerchief* Sterne alludes to." Sterne's subsequent hasty marriage was an act of which he repented at leisure.

1230. RICHARDSON'S CAREER.



Richardson's House, Parson's Green.

The early life of Richardson, as of every man of genius, determined the character of his later years. Born in very humble circumstances, with little opportunity of liberal instruction, bound to a trade, he passed through his seven years of apprenticeship with fidelity and zeal. In these years, he laid the foundation of sober, upright, exact principles, and frugal, diligent, methodical habits,—fairly realizing Hogarth's *Industrious Apprentice*,—upon which to rear an after fortune. He obtained, by these means, the sincere respect of his master, of whose interest he was so careful as even to buy the candles by the light of which he read at night. When a mere boy, he was noted for invention, and was often called upon to exert his peculiar talent for the gratification of his favorite schoolmates; and in later life he always

used to boast that he never forgot to add a good moral. Shortly after this period, he began to exhibit his strongest propensities—a love for letter writing and for the company of women. The letter was the vehicle by means of which he conducted his narratives to the conclusion, and which, doubtless, became the easiest style for him, from long practice and natural inclination. Being a modest, and perhaps rather timid, young fellow, he was encouraged, it seems, by the young women of the neighborhood to read to them some entertaining volume, when they met together for sewing. From the reader, he became the principal confidant of their love adventures, and finally their devoted scribe in all cases of emergency requiring epistolary skill and the habit of the pen. The little secrets disclosed to him, the varying conflict of duty and desire, the hopes and fears of bashful love, the tenderness and liberal charity of the passion in its most engaging state,—these pages of the book of human nature the author conned with a careful eye, and thence secured his richest stores. This was the best part of Richardson's education as an author. From one step to another, making the best honest use of opportunities, Richardson gradually became a settled tradesman, of wealth and respectability. His first published efforts were prefaces, indexes, and what he called honest dedications, for the printers. Himself a printer and publisher, he became acquainted with some of the first men of the day, though with more of a much inferior grade; with Johnson, Young, Warburton, Cibber, of the first class, and such men as Aaron Hill, who stood on a sort of middle ground between the best and worst. He was very liberal and hospitable to authors and scholars. He assisted Aaron Hill; he had the honor to bail Dr. Johnson. He was a kind master, laying pieces of money for the man first in the office of a morning. Accident led him to a proper appreciation of his powers. At the request of a number of "the trade," he undertook to write a volume of familiar letters for the youth of the lower classes, in which he would not only aim at giving them words for composition, but also infuse his own ethical code of practical duties; thus he meditated directions to young women going out to service; he intended to give his views of the parental and filial relations, and similar mutual obligations. From a letter of the first sort—a mere acorn to the oak into which it expands—sprang the history of Pamela. The way once found, and success attending the novel attempt, he was induced, once and again, to appear in the same character of fictitious writer, embodying, in his second work of *Clarissa Harlowe*, his idea of "a perfect woman, nobly planned," and in *Sir Charles Grandison*—a sort of male *Clarissa*—the abstraction of a perfect man.

Richardson's character was a good deal formed by circumstances, and undoubtedly much affected by the circle of which he was the centre. "He lived in a kind of flower garden of ladies," who were at once his models and critics. He drew the characters of his heroines from the characters he saw around him, and subjected his writing to the judgement of that body of his readers whom he thought best fitted to appreciate them. Woman he thought—not always correctly—the best judge of female character. Dr. Johnson gives another reason for his being surrounded by women—that he loved superiority, and hated contradiction; but he has left out another point—that our author really loved their society for its own sake, and for sympathy. His own nature was somewhat feminine,

and, like Marmontel, and Hume, and Cowper, he found the society of virtuous women most congenial to his mind. Wordsworth is a rare instance of a man, living for years chiefly in the society of his sister and wife, whose writings exhibit few or no traces of the influence of female conversation.

Richardson liked attention, and his correspondents indulge freely in compliments, and sometimes in extravagant praises. His works generally formed the subject of conversation when he was present. But then we are to consider the novelty of the form of writing he originated, its unprecedented success, that it was to woman he devoted his talent, and from women expected his praises.

Richardson always had about him a number of young women, whom he treated as daughters, and to whom he appears to have been more attached than to his children. He called them his girls. They were at one period Miss Mulso, afterwards Mrs. Chapone; Miss Highmore, sister to the painter, and afterwards Mrs. Duncomb, marrying a gentleman she met at Richardson's; a niece to Seeker, the bishop, to whom Pope gave "a heart;" Miss Prescott, Miss Fielding, and Miss Collier. These ladies constituted a sort of virtuous harem, where the main business done was listening to the letters fresh from the pen of Richardson, and proceeding in their criticisms as he read. When we consider the way of life of Richardson, in the midst of his admiring *coterie*, and contrast it with a Turk's seraglio, we are at once reminded of the lines of Congreve's two lovers, one of whom thus addressed the other:—

"You take her body, I her mind —
Which has the better bargain?"

Richardson seems to have resolved this question for himself, by choosing the latter.

1231. ENVIOUS MEANNESS OF RICHARDSON.

An odious feature in Richardson, and which we will dismiss very briefly, is his mean jealousies of his rivals, Fielding and Sterne: of both he speaks with great, and we hope, ignorant contempt. He speaks of that "brat," Tom Jones; of its run being over "with us;" of its not being tolerated in France, of almost every character in it with scornful disdain. Amelia comes off little better. He can read only the first volume. It is all so *low*. Parson Adams he appears to regard as a pure burlesque. He allows Fielding low humor, but nothing else. He can see nothing but indelicacies and irreligion in Sterne; to his finest strokes he is wholly indifferent.

1232. EARLY OCCUPATION OF STERNE.

The author of *Tristram Shandy* told the following story of himself:—

"I happened," said he, "to be acquainted with a young man from Yorkshire, [England.] who rented a window in one of the paved alleys near Cornhill, for the sale of stationery. I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement with wafers:—

"Epigrams, Anagrams, Paragrams, Chronograms, Monograms, Epithaphs, Epithalamiums, Prologues, Epilogues, Madrigals, Interludes, Advertisements, Letters, Petitions, Memorials on every occasion. Essays on all subjects, Pamphlets for and against ministers, with Sermons upon any text, or for

any sect, to be written here on reasonable terms, by
A. B. PHILOLOGER."

The uncommonness of the titles occasioned numerous applications, and at night I used privately to glide into the office to digest the notes, or heads of the day, and receive the earnest, which was directed always to be left with the memorandums, the writing to be paid for on delivery, according to the subject."

Sterne soon became disgusted with this employment, and the moment he had realized a small sum of money closed the scene.

1233. DESERVED REBUKE.

An Englishman, being left alone with Richardson, observed to him he was "happy to pay his respects to the author of *Sir Charles Grandison*, for at Paris and at the Hague, and in fact, at every place I have visited, it is much admired." Richardson appeared not to notice the compliment, but, when all the company were assembled, addressed the gentleman with, "Sir, I think you were saying something about *Sir Charles Grandison*." "No, sir," he replied, "I do not remember ever to have heard it mentioned." The falsehood in the case was unjustifiable, but the mortification was deserved.

1234. FLATTERY.

Soon after Dr. Johnson issued his celebrated *Rasselas*, a literary society of ladies appointed some of their number a committee to wait on him and express their approbation of his work. They accordingly waited on him, and one of their number addressed him in a long speech of fulsome praise. He calmly sat waiting the conclusion of the speech, and then, turning his face to the committee, expressed his acknowledgment by saying, "Fiddle-de-dee, my dears."

1235. WALTER SCOTT'S EARLY LIFE.

Walter Scott was twenty years of age when, in 1791, he was admitted to the Speculative Society of Edinburgh. He was chosen the librarian, and shortly afterwards the secretary and treasurer. He kept the accounts and records very faithfully, and wrote essays and joined in debates on the commonplace questions usually proposed in such clubs. The following, from the *Life of Scott* by Lockhart, lately published, relates to this part of his life:—

"Lord Jeffrey remembers being struck, the first night he spent at the Speculative, with the singular appearance of the secretary, who sat gravely at the bottom of the table in a huge woollen night-cap, and, when the president took the chair, pleaded a bad toothache as his apology for coming into that worshipful assembly in such a 'portentous machine.' He read that night an essay on ballads, which so much interested the new member, that he requested to be introduced to him. Mr. Jeffrey called on him next evening, and found him 'in a small den, on the sunk floor of his father's house, in George's Square, surrounded with dingy books,' from which they adjourned to a tavern, and supped together. Such was the commencement of an acquaintance, which by degrees ripened into friendship, between the two most distinguished men of letters whom Edinburgh

produced in their time. I may add here the description of that early den, with which I am favored by a lady of Scott's family. 'Walter had soon begun to collect out-of-the-way things of all sorts. He had more books than shelves; a small painted cabinet, with Scotch and Roman coins in it, &c. A claymore and Lochaber axe, given him by old Ivernahyle, mounted guard on a little print of Prince Charlie; and 'Broughton's saucer' was hooked up against the wall below it.' Such was the germ of the magnificent library and museum of Abbotsford; and such were the 'new realms' in which he, on taking possession, had arranged his little paraphernalia about him, 'with all the feelings of novelty and liberty.' Since those days the habits of life in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, have undergone many changes; and the 'convenient parlor,' in which Scott first showed Jeffrey his collections of minstrelsy, is now, in all probability, thought hardly good enough for a menial's sleeping-room."

1236. SCOTT AND THE BEGGAR.

While attending Dugald Stewart's lectures on moral philosophy, Scott happened to get frequently beside a modest and diligent youth, considerably his senior, and obviously of very humble condition. Their acquaintance soon became rather intimate, and he occasionally made this new friend the companion of his country walks; but as to his parentage and place of residence he always preserved total silence. One day, towards the end of the session, as Scott was returning to Edinburgh from a solitary ramble, his eye was arrested by a singularly venerable *blue gown*—a beggar of the Edie Ochiltree order, who stood propped on his stick, with his hat in hand, but silent and motionless, at one of the outskirts of the city. Scott gave the old man what trifle he had in his pocket, and passed on his way. Two or three times afterwards the same thing happened, and he had begun to consider the blue gown as one who had established a claim on his bounty; when one day he fell in with him as he was walking with his humble student. Observing some confusion in his companion's manner, as he saluted his pensioner and bestowed the usual benefaction, he could not help saying, after they had proceeded a few yards farther, "Do you know any thing to the old man's discredit?" Upon which the youth burst into tears, and cried, "O, no, sir; God forbid; but I am a poor wretch to be ashamed to speak to him; he is my own father. He has enough laid by to serve for his own old days, but he stands bleaching his head in the wind that he may get the means of paying for my education." Compassionating the young man's situation, Scott soothed his weakness, and kept his secret, but by no means broke off the acquaintance.

Some months had elapsed before he again met the blue gown. It was in a retired place, and the old man begged to speak a word with him. "I find, sir," he said, "that you have been very kind to my Willie. He had often spoke of it before I saw you together. Will you pardon such a liberty, and give me the honor and pleasure of seeing you under my poor roof? To-morrow is Saturday; will you come at two o'clock? Willie has not been very well, and it would do him meikle good to see your face." His curiosity, besides better feelings, was touched, and he accepted this strange invitation. The appointed hour found him within sight of a sequestered little cottage, near St. Leonard's, the hamlet

where he has placed the residence of his David Deans. His fellow-student, pale and emaciated from recent sickness, was seated on a stone bench by the door, looking out for his coming, and introduced him into a not untidy cabin, where the old man, divested of his professional garb, was directing the last vibrations of a leg of mutton that hung by a hempen cord before the fire. The mutton was excellent; so were the potatoes and whiskey. Scott returned home from an entertaining conversation, in which, besides telling many queer stories of his own life,—and he had seen service in his youth,—the old man more than once used an expression which was long afterwards put into the mouth of Dominie Sampson's mother: "Please God, I may live to see my bairn wag his head in a pulpit yet."

Walter could not help telling all this, the same night, to his mother, and added, that he would fain see his poor friend obtain a tutor's place in some gentleman's family. "Dinna speak to your father about it," said the good lady; "if it had been a *shoulder*, he might have thought less, but he will say the *gigot* was a sin. I'll see what I can do." Mrs. Scott made her inquiries in her own way among the professors, and, having satisfied herself as to the young man's character, applied to her favorite minister, Dr. Erskine, whose influence soon procured him such a situation as had been suggested for him, in the north of Scotland. "And theneforth," said Sir Walter, "I lost sight of my friend; but let us hope he made out his *curriculum* at Aberdeen, and is now wagging his head where the fine old man wished to see him."

1237. HABITS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

There was no feature more conspicuous in the life of the great enchanter than the economical division of his time, and the entire occupancy of it to the best account. In part second of his memoirs, Mr. Lockhart furnishes this description, by James Skene, of Rubislaw, who was very intimate with Scott.

He rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation; for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those "bed-gown and slipper tricks," as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favorite dog lay watching his eye just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough, in his own language, "to break the neck of the day's work." After breakfast a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, his "own man." When the weather was bad, he would labor incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed over night, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favor, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation, whenever the sun shone with special brightness.



Abbotsford.

It was another rule, that every letter he received should be answered that same day. Nothing else could have enabled him to keep abreast with the flood of communication that in the sequel put his good nature to the severest test; but already the demands on him in this way also were numerous; and he included attention to them among the necessary business, which must be despatched before he had a right to close his writing-box. In turning over his enormous mass of correspondence, I have almost invariably found some indication that, when a letter had remained more than a day or two unanswered, it had been so because he found occasion for inquiry or deliberate consideration.

I ought not to omit that in those days Scott was far too zealous a dragoon not to take a principal share in the stable duty. Before beginning his desk work in the morning, he uniformly visited his favorite steed, and neither *Captain* nor *Lieutenant*, nor the lieutenant's successor, *Brown Adam*, so called after one of the heroes of the Minstrelsy, liked to be fed except by him. The latter charger was indeed altogether intractable in other hands, though in his the most submissive of faithful allies. The moment he was bridled and saddled, it was the custom to open the stable door, as a signal that his master expected him, when he immediately trotted to the side of the leaping-on-stone, of which Scott, from his lameness, found it convenient to make use, and stood there, silent and motionless as a rock, until he was fairly in his seat, after which he displayed his joy by neighing triumphantly through a brilliant succession of curvettings. Brown Adam never suffered himself to be backed but by his master. He broke, I believe, one groom's arm and another's leg in the rash attempt to tamper with his dignity.

Camp was at this time the constant parlor dog. He was very handsome, very intelligent, and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. As for the more locomotive Douglas and Percy, he kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the state of the weather, that they might leap out and in as the fancy moved them.

He always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said, and the animal certainly did understand not a little of it; in particular, it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended, on all occasions, that his master considered him as a sensible and steady friend, and the greyhounds as volatile young creatures, whose freaks must be borne with.

1238. SCOTT'S REVERSES.

Sir Walter Scott was engaged, at the time of his misfortunes, in writing the *Life of Bonaparte*, taking up his new novel of *Woodstock* at intervals by way of relief. These tasks he continued, with steady perseverance, in the midst of all his distresses. Even on the day which brought him assurance of the grand catastrophe, he resumed in the afternoon the task which had engaged him in the morning. There was more triumph over circumstances here than might be supposed, for he had lately begun to feel the first touches of the infirmities of age—age to which ease, not hard work, is naturally appropriate. His sleep was now less sound than it had been; his eyesight was failing; and, above all, he felt that backwardness of the intellectual power which is inseparable from years. The will, however, was green as ever, and under the prompting of an honorable spirit, it did its work nobly. Doggedly, doggedly did the energetic old man rouse himself from his melancholy couch, and set to his task at an hour when gaiety had little more than sought his. Firmly did he keep to his desk during long hours, till he could satisfy himself that he had done his utmost. The temptations of society, the more insinuating claims of an overworked system for rest, were alike resolutely rejected. The world must ever hear with wonder, that between the third day after his bankruptcy and the fifteenth day thereafter, he had written a volume of *Woodstock*, although several of these days had been spent in comparative vacancy, to allow the imagination time for brooding. He believed, that, for a bet, he could have written this volume in *ten days*. Just a fortnight after his final

contentment and mirth of heart, the long series of difficulties and distresses with which it assailed him; and died regretted by his nation, as a forwarder of harmless pleasure, and by those that knew him better, as a truthful, unassuming, affectionate, and, on the whole, very estimable person.

1244. SAMUEL WARREN.

"Mr. Warren, author of the celebrated *Diary of a late Physician*," says a correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*, "was any thing but brilliant looking; indeed, he had that sort of face which may be called 'heavy.' Still it was of a very thoughtful cast, and the high and broad forehead indicated powers of a very superior order. He seemed to be remarkably shy and retiring; and I noticed that, during the whole morning, he seldom exchanged a word with any one but the author of *Ion*."

"It may not be generally known that Mr. Warren is a son of Dr. Warren, a Wesleyan minister of Manchester. He is by profession a barrister, and travels on the northern circuit. His profession furnishes him with abundance of material, and a late tale of surpassing interest, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled *We are all low People* there—a *Tale of the Assizes*, from his pen, is a proof of his tact in seizing on every-day topics, and converting them into subjects of deep interest."

"Mr. Warren was originally intended for the medical profession, and studied in the hospitals—a circumstance which accounts for the intimate acquaintance with professional matters which is evinced in his *Physician's Diary*. It is a curious circumstance connected with these papers, that they were offered to, and successively rejected by, nearly all the leading English magazines, and thrown aside by the author as useless. A friend of Warren's persuaded him to offer them to Professor Wilson, and he sent them anonymously. They were accepted, and at once became popular. But it was not until many papers of the series had been before the public that the editor knew his correspondent."

1245. A CLASSICAL SATIRE.

With the passion for autographs, we have a return of the album mania; and a good story is told of a certain M. Bonbelle, who, having increased his fortune by speculating in railroad stocks, determined to set up an album. The first person he sent it to was Dumas; but unfortunately, the French Walter Scott had just then cash orders for thirty volumes of romances and ten dramas, to be delivered in three months; so he had no time to write in the album. Bonbelle persisted, and finally the author seized a pen, and gave him a distich:—

"*Eh! pourquoi ces gens-là se nomment Bonbelle?
Le mari n'est pas bon, la femme n'est pas belle.*"

which, translated, runs,—

"For what are these folks called Bonbelle?

The husband is not *bon*, (good,) the wife is not *belle*, (beautiful.)

1246. DUMAS' INDUSTRY.

A gentleman was inquiring of a friend of Dumas whether it was really true that he was about to undertake the management of a theatre. "Certainly

he is," replied the friend; "He does not know what else to do with himself. *Monte Christo* is finished; the *Dame de Montsoreau* and the *Chevalier de Maisonrouge* are nearly so; the ten volumes of the *Vicomte de Bragelone* are in the hands of the publisher; his bargain with the *Constitutionnel* and the *Presse* binds him to produce hereafter only eighteen volumes of romances a year, and the *Theatre Français* confines him to five five-act comedies annually: so, you see, he must look out for some means of employing his leisure time."

1247. DUMAS' FORTUNE.

At the first news of the approaching sale of Alexandre Dumas' chateau of *Monte Christo*, says a French paper, a merchant of Lyons took the post route to Paris, and presented to the illustrious novelist in person fifty thousand francs! M. Dumas, delighted with this generosity, offered the noble merchant his friendship and a box in the *Theatre Montpensier*.

On the morrow of this event, a lady called on Dumas, and, in a tone of emotion, said, "Monsieur, I do not know *you*, but I have seen *Antony*, *Henry III.*, and have read the *Three Guardsmen* and the *Count of Monte Christo*. Here are my savings, amounting to six thousand francs. Take them; they are yours!" Dumas declined the widow's offering, and sent her his works complete.

If a subscription were opened to make up M. Dumas' deficits, adds the same journal, it would surpass that of the *Lafitte* subscription.

1248. RESULT OF HABIT AND INDUSTRY.

Bulwer worked his way to eminence—worked it through failure, through ridicule. His facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly, and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master his stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. He has practised writing as an art, and has rewritten some of his essays (unpublished) nine or ten times over. Another habit will show the advantage of continuous application. He only works about three hours a day, from ten in the morning till one, seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading, scarcely ever to writing. Yet what an amount of hard labor has resulted from these three hours! He writes very rapidly, averaging twenty pages a day of novel print.

1249. ANNE RADCLIFFE.

In the romances of Anne Radcliffe the marvellous predominates every where—in woods, in chateaux, in cloisters; we feel ourselves surrounded by apparitions returned from the other world, by spirits celestial and infernal; terror increases, omens heaped on omens till the imaginative seems like reality; but when the *dénouement* arrives, all is explained by natural causes.

But her romances met with such prodigious sale that the *Mysteries of Udolpho* were sold for one thousand pounds; and their demand was so advantageous to the bookseller, that Messrs. Cadell & Davies, who, in 1794, were at the head of the book trade, offered her fifteen hundred pounds sterling for her first romance, and actually paid that price to become the possessors of the Italian, a romance translated into French by the Abbé Morellet, who length-

ened the title with the additions, Or Confessions of Melancholy Penitents. The work sold rapidly; editions followed editions, until the English critics resolved to throw some drops of gall on her literary crown. They could not deny her success, but they could censure her public infatuation and bad taste. They pursued another mode of attack also: they ridiculed the authoress, whom no one knew; and from that moment there was no end to the malicious suppositions and calumnies about Mrs. Radcliffe, the blue-stocking, the sorceress, the Eumenide, the harpy who lived upon corpses and drank blood out of brass cups. Thus, all at once, she found herself the prey of the lowest journalists of London—not a light thing in a country where caricature, far from resembling the spear of Achilles, whose divine point wounded and healed at the same time, is like a triangular dart, which leaves its poison on every side of the wound. She had not strength to support this bitterness, and, therefore, wrote to her bookseller, vowing never to write any thing more for the public. Some time afterwards the journalists announced her death. In the mean while, a young man, one morning, went into the shop of Cadell & Davies, and addressed himself to Mr. Davies, who was standing behind the counter.

"So, Mr. Davies, poor Mistress Anne is dead."

"Alas! yes," replied the bookseller.

"A mine of gold is closed to you."

"O, no," said the bookseller, "Mrs. Radcliffe declared she would never print any more."

"But you might publish one of her posthumous works. You are certain she could not prevent it."

"That is true," said Mr. Davies. "Have you the romance?"

"Yes, sir."

It is generally very difficult to cheat a bookseller, and it was next to impossible to deceive Mr. Davies, the shrewdest editor in London; he understood perfectly that he had to deal with an audacious beginner, who wished to put off his own romance under a commendable name, and turn to his own profit the still living reputation of Anne Radcliffe.

"Sir," said he to the young man, fixing his eyes steadily upon him, "what is your name?"

"Robert Will."

"Mr. Robert Will, I will take your romance, and it shall come out under the name of the late Anne Radcliffe."

The literary piracy was begun immediately; every thing was agreed upon—the price, the number of volumes, and the time of its publication. By the management of Davies, the next day's journals announced that in a short period they would publish the Grave, a posthumous work of Anne Radcliffe.

All this time, Mrs. Radcliffe, instead of being dead, as they thought, was living very retired at Lincoln, a little village in the neighborhood of London; there, renouncing all literary occupation, she defied the malice of her enemies to reach her; she strove to forget she had ever been an authoress, and, laying aside the ogres of half-ruined cloisters, Neapolitan brigands, and the ghosts of Italian nuns, busied herself in looking after her poultry yard, and prided herself on making the most delicious puddings, and the best *keck's-captain* eaten in Lincoln. Her husband, the most patient angler in the three kingdoms, occupied himself daily in lessening the number of trout in the deep brooks which ran not far from the village. They both lived like retired grocers, enjoying good health, in the golden mediocrity recommended by Horace as the best situation conducive to happiness. After the quiet and peace-

ful day, they went to bed undisturbed by frightful apparitions of their own creating; and the only dream Mrs. Radcliffe had was about a fight between one of her rabbits and her favorite hen, and the ghosts of some weasels in the pantry where she kept her provisions. She was at that time about fifty-seven or eight years old, her stature small and thin, her movements always quick, brisk, and cheerful. She had been very pretty in her youth, and her brilliant conversation had been very *recherche*.

At the time of which we are speaking she avoided all long conversations, and was distinguished only for her laconic replies; she never related a story; all one could get from her was a word, a salutation, a benevolent smile. There was but one method to win her from her taciturnity; it was to mention puddings and gooseberry tarts; she would then talk, and with complacent pride give every imaginable receipt. She would enumerate pastries without number, and disclose the secrets of anchovy sauce, ginger, and nutmeg, indispensable ingredients in English cooking. The only thing Mrs. Radcliffe had in common with her heroines was her paleness; but the paleness of an old woman with wrinkled face, on whose forehead were seen here and there some gray hairs, offered nothing for the imagination, and had nothing but the ordinary appearance of a citizen.

One day, while leading this obscure and tranquil life, her neighbor, Mrs. Patterson, out of breath, presented herself at her house, holding a large paper in her hand.

"Ah, neighbor," said she, "here is news. Read—read for yourself."

"No, no," replied Mrs. Radcliffe, motioning the paper away with her hand.

But, whether or no, her loquacious neighbor told her it was reported in London that she was dead, and that Messrs. Cadell & Davies were going to publish a romance of hers called the Grave.

"But that would be nothing," she went on to add. "Do you know who it is has written the romance which is to bear your name? It is Robert Will, son of Lord Temple's tailor, member of Parliament. His lordship gave him his education; and now see the use he makes of it—steals the respectable name of a lady he don't know. Heavens! mistress, what would come of it if you were really dead, as they suppose?"

In vain may authors renounce writing, dream of weasels, raise rabbits, but the remembrance of their success can never be forgotten; their minds may be like a volcano, silent for a while, but they are never extinguished; there are ever among the live ashes sparks ready to burst forth in new eruptions. As usual, Mrs. Radcliffe said nothing, but hastened to rid herself of her neighbor by going to feed her chickens. It was in summer; evening was approaching; Mr. Radcliffe had just returned with some fine trout he had taken. The old couple supped, arose from the table, and Mistress Anne, instead of taking off her embroidery, took her cloak, called her servant Judith, and sent her to get a coach.

"A coach, Anne!" said her husband, as much astonished as if his line, instead of bringing up a trout, had brought up a haunch of venison. "A coach!"

"Yes, my dear; I am going to London for a few hours."

And without further explanation, she left her husband, and got into the coach.

"Soho Square," said she to the coachman, giving him the number.

During the ride, the self-love of the authoress developed itself more and more, and her anger reached a fearful height. Robert Will, a college runaway, a journalist's apprentice, who had, without doubt, spread the report of her death, in order to dupe the public under cover of her name! However, as she approached the abode of the young man, she began to look upon it in a different light, and the fumes of her self-love began to dissipate; and with her old facility of making her heroes pass from one difficulty to another, she felt her spite evaporating, and was surprised at herself for forgetting her anger; and then her situation appeared to her somewhat ridiculous. Night came on before she reached the retreat of the literary pirate. Mr. Robert Will, like young authors of all countries, lived in a garret. Anne Radcliffe ascended, step by step, very softly, until she came to the apartment, whose walls were hung in black, and decorated with relics of heraldry, bones, and death's heads; on one side of the room was a sand-glass, on an empty coffin, and on the other a table, on which were crossed a scythe and poniard.

Leaning on a table of black wood sat a young man, in a monk's dress, writing by the light of two sepulchral lamps, and the vacillating and bluish flames of the spirits of wine which were burning in a bronze vase. Anne Radcliffe smiled at the infernal phantasmagoria,—evident marks of a barren imagination, which sought to fertilize itself by the sight of external objects,—and recalled her little mahogany table and her light and cheerful cabinet in which she composed her works. She then glided noiselessly into the petty office of literary crime, silently seated herself opposite the young man, and remained some time looking at him. It seemed that Mr. Robert Will was at length likely to find a situation dark and frightful enough, and while making his heroes the prey of horrible apparitions, and striving to excite terror, they were about seizing upon the author himself. His hand trembled, the perspiration fell from his forehead on the paper, and his eyes with difficulty followed the lines, which appeared entangling themselves capriciously with one another.

"Robert Will!" said Anne Radcliffe.

At this call, the young man looked up; his hair stood on end at beholding the pale woman, fixing her eyes upon him.

"Robert Will," she repeated, "I am Anne Radcliffe. What are you doing here?"

The author, who had been trying to frighten his readers with awful apparitions, never expected the dead would come to visit him in his gloomy chambers. He opened his mouth at first, his teeth chattered, and then sunk back in his chair.

"What are you doing?" asked Anne again, at the same time stretching out her thin, bony hand towards the manuscript.

But Robert Will had lost all power to speak.

She seized the manuscript, held it suspended over the flames of the bronze vase a few moments, and then let it fall. The *Grave* became the color of wine, then crackled, caught fire, and then lighted with its flames the garret of Robert Will. When the sacrifice was ended, when the last spark was gone out on the bronze hearth, with a very serious look, she made a solemn reverence to the author, half dead with fear, and disappeared exactly like a ghost.

"Where have you been, Anne?" said her husband, when she returned.

"Making an *auto da fé*," said she, as she went to bed.

The next day Robert Will, with pale face, haggard looks, and empty hands, presented himself before Davies.

"Well, where is your copy?" asked Mr. Davies.

"Sir, the devil has gone off with it; he took it by the hands of Anne Radcliffe's ghost, and between the two they have burnt the manuscript."

Just at that moment the postman entered, and handed a letter to Mr. Davies, who opened, it and read the following:—

"Mrs. Radcliffe's compliments to her esteemed editors, Messrs. Cadell, Davies, & Co., and begs them to send her a copy of 'The Perfect Cook,' an excellent French work, recently translated and published by them.

"A thousand compliments to the honorable Robert Will."

"We are tricked," said Davies; "our market is spoiled."

However, Ann Radcliffe did not succeed in hindering all her posthumous romances; and, let us say without a pun, she was not able to avoid the *Grave*. A romance bearing that title, and falsely attributed to her, appeared afterwards at Paris: it was supposed to have been the work of Messrs. Hector, Chaussier, and Bezot.

§ 122. ORIGIN, OR ORIGINAL CHARACTERS OF WORKS OF FICTION.

1250. DR. SMOLLETT AND HIS FAMILY.

The town residence of the family of the celebrated Dr. Smollett was at the head of St. John Street, Edinburgh. The novelist's mother passed several years of her widowhood in this house. She was a proud, ill-natured looking woman; but her temper was in reality much better than her physiognomy bespoke. She was enthusiastically devoted to cards. One of the magistrates of Edinburgh, who was a tallow-chandler, paying her a visit one evening, she saluted him with, "Come awa', baillie, and tak' a trick at the cartes." "Troth, madam," says he, "I ha' na a bawbee i' my pouch." "Tut, man, ne'er mind that; let us play for a pund of can'te!" She was a shrewd, intelligent, and what

one might call a clever old lady. She had a very high nose.

During his last visit to Edinburgh,—the visit which occasioned Humphrey Clinker,—the doctor lived in his mother's house. A person who recollects seeing him there, describes him as being dressed in black clothes, tall, and extremely handsome, but quite unlike the portraits foisted upon the public at the fronts of his works, all of which are disclaimed by his relations. The unfortunate truth is, that the world is in possession of no genuine likeness of Smollett! He was very peevish, on account of the ill health to which he had been long a martyr, and used to complain much of a severe ulcerous disorder in his arm.

His wife, as we know from authority, was a Creole.

with a dark complexion, though, upon the whole, rather pretty. — a fine lady, but a silly woman. It is not true that she was the Tabitha Bramble of the novel.



Smollett's House, Chelsea.

There can be little doubt that Matthew Bramble was intended for himself. Jerry Melford was a picture of his sister's son, Major Telfer. Liddy was his own daughter, who was destined by her friends to marry the major, but died, to the inexpressible grief of her father, before that scheme was accomplished. The beautiful Miss R——n, whom Jerry admired so much in the gay circles of Edinburgh, was Miss Eleonora Renton, the daughter of Renton of Lamerton, and Lady Susan Montgomery, one of the Jacobin Countess of Eglington's pretty daughters. The object of Jerry's admiration was, therefore, a beauty by a sort of *jus divinum*, or divine right; it being just as much a matter of course for the daughters and granddaughters of old Lady Eglington to inherit her personal charms as for a legitimate male heir to succeed to an estate, a title, or a throne. A sister of Miss E. Renton married Mr. Telfer, elder brother of the major, who afterwards took the name of Smollett, in order to succeed to the estate. She herself was wedded to Mr. Sharpe, of Hoddum, and thus became the mother of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., a gentleman whose "ingenious and indefatigable" exertions in the cause of *virtu* entitle him to the designation of the Scottish Walpole.

1251. SMOLLETT'S "HUGH STRAP."

In the year 1809 was interred, in the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the body of one Hew Hewson, who died at the age of 85. He was the original of Hugh Strap, in Smollett's Roderick Random. Upwards of forty years he kept a hair-dresser's shop in St. Martin's parish: the walls were hung round with Latin quotations, and he would frequently point out to his customers and acquaintances the several scenes in Roderick Random pertaining to himself, which had their origin, not in Smollett's inventive fancy, but in truth and reality.



Birthplace of Smollett.

The meeting in a barber's shop at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the subsequent mistake at the inn, their arrival together in London, and the assistance they experienced from Strap's friend, are all facts. The barber left behind an annotated copy of Roderick Random, showing how far we are indebted to the genius of the author, and to what extent the incidents are founded in reality.

1252. THE TOMBS OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal, at Port Louis, in the Isle of France, says, that many suppose the celebrated work of Paul and Virginia is a fiction, but such is not the case. Indeed, the general outline of the story is drawn from truth, and the only embellishment may be said to be found in the graceful style of Bernardin de St. Pierre. The tombs of the hero and heroine still exist, being simple monuments of brick and plaster, now much defaced by the hands of curiosity-hunters. The old church of Pamplémousses withstands the ravages of time, and the *Morne de la Decouverte* will be a more enduring monument than all. The memory of Paul and Virginia is still cherished by the people, many of whom bear their names; and it is quite amusing to hear some of them boast of a lineal descent from this virtuous bachelor and unspotted maid! All strangers make a pilgrimage to Pamplémousses; for to stand over the graves of the lovers, and to call to mind passages of their history, can but awaken pleasing reflections.

1253. SCOTT'S IVANHOE.

As a work of art, Ivanhoe is perhaps the first of all Scott's efforts, whether in prose or in verse; nor have the strength and splendor of his imagination been displayed to higher advantage than in some

of the scenes of this romance. The introduction of the charming Jewess and her father originated in a conversation that Scott had with his friend Skene, during the severest season of his bodily sufferings, in the early part of 1819. "Mr. Skene," says that gentleman's wife, "sitting by his bedside, and trying to amuse him as well as he could, in the intervals of pain, happened to get on the subject of the Jews, as he had observed them when he spent some time in Germany in his youth. Their situation had naturally made a strong impression, for in those days they retained their own dress and manners entire, and were treated with considerable austerity by their Christian neighbors, being still locked up at night in their own quarters by great gates; and Mr. Skene, partly in seriousness, but partly from the mere wish to turn Scott's mind at the moment upon something that might occupy and direct it, suggested that a group of Jews would be an interesting feature, if he could contrive to bring them into his next novel." Upon the appearance of *Ivanhoe*, he reminded Mr. Skene of this conversation, and said, "You will find that this book owes not a little to your German reminiscence." Mrs. Skene adds, "Dining with us one day not long before *Ivanhoe* was begun, something that was mentioned to Scott led him to describe the death of an advocate of his acquaintance, a Mr. Elphinstone. 'It was,' he said, 'no wonder that it had left a vivid impression on his mind, for it was the first sudden death he ever witnessed,' and he related it so as to make us all feel as if we had the scene passing before our eyes. In the death of the Templar, in *Ivanhoe*, I recognized the very picture, I believe I may say the very words."

Mr. Lockhart says, that "some months previous to the publication of this admirable novel, he was present at a conversation which suggested, and indeed supplied, all the materials of one of the most amusing chapters. He alludes to that in which our Saxon terms for animals in the field, and our Norman equivalents for them as they appear on the table, and in one are explained and commented on. All this Scott owed to the after-dinner talk, one day in Castle Street, of his old friend, Mr. William Clerk, who, among other elegant pursuits, has cultivated the science of philology very deeply."

1254. THE ORIGINAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Colonel Sutcliffe, "the retired governor of Juan Fernandez," has recently published a volume, giving an account of that island from its discovery by Don Juan Fernandez, (after whom it was named,) in 1572; and to this volume he gives the title of *Crusoniana*, from the fact that it was the well-known abode of Alexander Selkirk on this island, which furnished Defoe with the materials of his inimitable romance of *Robinson Crusoe*. But it is not so generally known that there was, previously to Alexander Selkirk, a solitary tenant of this island, and one, too, whose sojourn there, as recorded by Dampier and Ringrose, must have been known to Defoe, as will be seen from the following extract from Colonel Sutcliffe's book, in which we trace the original of the story of *Man Friday*, and his discovery of his father, in *Robinson Crusoe*.

"At the moment of the hurried escape of a crew of buccaners from Juan Fernandez, one of their crew, a Mosquito Indian, named William, happened to be in the woods hunting goats, so that the ship was under sail before he got back to the bay. Poor

Will had only the clothes on his back, a knife, a gun, a small horn of powder, and a few shot. His situation became still more critical when the Spaniards entered the bay, took up the anchors and cables, and, having caught sight of him, made a diligent search; but he eluded their pursuit, and remained the sole human occupant of the island.



Daniel Defoe.

"Dampier, in the account which he gives of Will's sojourn, states, 'At first he could procure scarcely any food but seals, which he found but ordinary eating; some other articles he obtained by means of his powder and shot, but these were soon expended. He next made a saw of his knife, by notching it, and so, by incessant labor, cut the barrel of his gun into small pieces. He kindled a fire by striking with the gun flint against a piece of the barrel. Having heated the pieces of iron, he hammered them out, and bent them just as he pleased with hard stones, and sawed them with his jagged knife. By persevering industry, he ground them to an edge, and hardened them to a good temper as there was occasion; and thus he procured harpoons, lances, fish-hooks, and a long knife. All this may seem strange to those who are not acquainted with the sagacity of the Indians; but it is no more than these Mosquito men are accustomed to in their own country, where they make their own fishing and striking instruments without either forge or anvil, though they spend a great deal of time about them. Having obtained these conveniences, he no longer lived upon seals, nor did he afterwards ever kill any, except when he wanted lines, which he made by cutting the seal-skins into thongs. He had now a plentiful and comfortable subsistence, living upon goats, birds, or fish, as best suited his inclination; his clothes were worn out, but he supplied their place by fastening a skin round his waist. He built a house or hut, about half a mile from the sea, which he lined with goat-skins; to render it complete, his couch of sticks, raised about two feet distance from the ground, was spread with the same, and constituted his only bedding. During the period of William's residence on the island, he was often sought for by the Spaniards; and at one time, being guided by the light of his fire, they nearly surprised him. This escape, and his having frustrated, by his activity and wiles, all their endeavors to take him, made his pursuers consider him to be a supernatural

being. Will could easily distinguish his friends from the Spaniards by the rigging and appearance of their vessels and boats; and on two English ships making their appearance, he almost went frantic with joy, supposing they came on purpose to fetch him away: of such consequence is a man to himself. In order to give them a hearty welcome, he caught and killed three goats, and dressed them with the "chonta" (cabbage palm,) that he might be ready to treat the crews as soon as they came on shore. On their landing, he was recognized by a Mosquito Indian, named Robin, who was the first that leaped on shore. Will had stationed himself at the seaside, dressed in his goat-skin, to congratulate them on their arrival. The meeting of the two Indians, and old friends, was affecting. Dampier gives the following description of the scene he witnessed: 'Robin ran to his brother Mosquito-man, threw himself flat upon his face at his feet, who, helping him up and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure to behold this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides; and when their ceremonies of civility were over, we also, that stood gazing at them, drew near. Each of us embraced him we had found there, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him.' Dampier and Edmund Cook were his former shipmates. The latter was now only a private seaman, and Will found, that although his friend had not made so long a voyage merely on his account, they proved themselves not unmindful of him; for, as soon as they had anchored, they immediately got out their boat on purpose to send for him. They staid, to refit and refresh themselves, from the 23d of March to the 8th of April, 1684. Will was very useful in procuring goats, of which there was an abundance on the island; and, after having resided there alone for three years, two months, and eleven days, he embarked with his former friends, to renew the avocation of a bucca-

1255. THE AUTHOR OF QUEENHOO-HALL.

When Stutt settled in the metropolis, and studied at the British Museum, amid all the stores of knowledge and art, his imagination delighted to expatiate on its future prosperity. In a letter to a friend, he has thus chronicled his feelings:—

"I would not only be a great antiquary, but a refined thinker; I would not only discover antiquities, but would, by explaining their use, render them useful. Such vast funds of knowledge lie hid in the antiquated remains of the earlier ages; these I would bring forth and set in their true light."

Poor Stutt, at the close of life, was returning to his own first and natural energies, in producing a work of the imagination. He had made considerable progress in one, and the early parts, which he had finished, bear the stamp of genius: it is entitled *Queenhoo-hall, a Romance of Ancient Times*, full of the picturesque manners and customs and characters of the age, in which he was so conversant, with many lyrical pieces, which often are full of poetic feeling; but he was called from the work to prepare a more laborious one. *Queenhoo-hall* remained a heap of fragments at his death, except the first volume, and was filled up by a stranger hand. The stranger was Sir Walter Scott, and *Queenhoo-hall* was the origin of that series of romances

where antiquarianism has taken the shape of imagination.

1256. CINDERELLA.

The origin of the tale from which this pantomime was adopted is sufficiently curious. It was about the year 1730 that a French actor, of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris, observed upon a cobbler's stall the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time, he returned to the house; but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity, that he reappeared at the stall the next day; but the cobbler could give no other clew to the owner than that it had been left, in his absence, for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Trevenard return to his post to watch the reintegration of this slipper, which proceeded slowly; nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown fair one that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman at that day to be so) melancholy and miserable. His pain was, however, somewhat appeased by the avatar of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl in the very humblest class of life. All distinctions were levelled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the female, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

1257. JOHNSON'S MODE OF RAISING MONEY.

Johnson, being pushed for money to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and to settle some little debts she had left, sat down to his *Rasselas*, which, he afterwards informed Sir Joshua Reynolds, he composed in the evenings of a single week, having it printed as rapidly as it was written, and even not reading it over until several years afterwards, whilst travelling in company with Mr. Boswell. Yet this work, so hastily written, enabled the publisher to pay him the sum of one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

1258. SKETCH OF DANIEL DEFOE.

The name of the interesting writer of *Robinson Crusoe* was not originally *Defoe*, but *Foe*—the prefix being added by himself. He was born in London in 1663. His early education and habits were such as to promise almost any other results than works of fiction. And yet we find him, at twenty-one years of age, the author of a treatise against the Turks. He joined the insurrection of the Duke of Monmouth, but had the good fortune to escape to London unscathed, where he engaged, first as a horse factor, and then as a brickmaker. Failing in business, however, he became insolvent, and compounded with his creditors as best he could. It is to his credit, however, that when his circumstances were afterwards improved, he paid the full amount of all his obligations. In 1697, he again became an author; and more than twenty years later—when about fifty years of age—his romance of *Robinson Crusoe* appeared. His subsequent productions were very numerous; and a few of them were works of merit.

1259. LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

The history of Lady Caroline Lamb, the novelist, is painfully interesting. She was united, before the age of twenty, to the Honorable William Lamb, (afterwards Lord Melbourne,) and was long the delight of fashionable circles, from the singularity, as well as the grace of her manners, her literary accomplishments, and personal attractions. On meeting with Lord Byron, she contracted an unfortunate attachment for the noble poet, which continued three years, and was the theme of much remark. The poet is said to have trifled with her feelings, and a rupture took place. For many years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion, principally at Broomfield Hall. This was interrupted by a singular and somewhat romantic occurrence. Riding, with Mr. Lamb, she met, just by the park gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey. She was taken home insensible: an illness of length and severity succeeded. Some of her medical attendants imputed her fits, certainly of great incoherence and long continuance, to partial insanity. At this supposition she was invariably and bitterly indignant. Whatever be the cause, it is certain from that time her conduct and habits materially changed; and, about three years before her death, a separation took place between her and Mr. Lamb, who continued, however, frequently to visit, and, to the day of her death, to correspond with her. It is just to both parties to add, that Lady Caroline constantly spoke of her husband in the highest and most affectionate terms of admiration and respect. A romantic susceptibility of temperament and character seems to have been the bane of this unfortunate lady. Her fate illustrates the wisdom of Thomson's advice:—

"Then keep each passion down, however dear:
Trust me, the tender are the most severe."

1260. DICKENS IN A DILEMMA.

Having stated, in the original preface to *Nicholas Nickleby*, that the *Brothers Cheeryble* were portraits from the life, and that they yet exercised their unbounded benevolence in the town of which they are the pride and honor, Dickens thus laments over the applications to which his statement has given rise:—

"If I were to attempt to sum up the hundreds upon hundreds of letters from all sorts of people, in all sorts of latitudes and climates, to which this unlucky paragraph has since given rise, I should get into an arithmetical difficulty from which I could not easily extricate myself. Suffice it to say that I believe the applications for loans, gifts, and offices of profit that I have been requested to forward to the originals of the *Brothers Cheeryble* (with whom I never interchanged any communication in my life) would have exhausted the combined patronage of all the lord chancellors since the accession of the house of Brunswick, and would have broken the rest of the Bank of England."

1261. SCOTT'S "OLD MORTALITY."

The only occupation of the old man was wandering about the country, repairing the tombstones of the Covenanters, travelling from one churchyard to another, mounted on his old white pony, till he was found dead one day by the roadside. His family

experienced a singular variety of fortune. One of his sons went to America, and settled at Baltimore, where he made a large fortune. He had a son who married an American lady, and the latter, outliving her husband, became Marchioness of Wellesley! His daughter was married to Jerome Bonaparte, and after her separation from him, wedded Monsieur Surruer, the French consul at Baltimore. What would Old Mortality have said, as he pored among the neglected gravestones in Scotland, had he foreseen that the widow of his grandson was to become an English marchioness, sister-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, and his granddaughter Queen of Westphalia, and sister-in-law of Napoleon!

1262. THE WANDERING JEW.

We are not acquainted with any popular English ballad on the subject of the Wandering Jew, though the adventures of this extraordinary being have afforded themes to the poets of the people in almost every other country in Europe. France, especially, is rich in legends connected with this fabled personage; songs and sermons equally relate the horrors to which "the undying one" was subjected, and the heritage of woe conjoined to his unparalleled length of life. Most of the notices are announcements of his speedy appearance at some specified place, or anecdotes supposed to have been related by those who had the good fortune of meeting with him. They all agree in describing him as aged, care-worn, with a white beard of immense length, and grizzled hair. His dress, though ragged and torn, was said to retain traces of Oriental finery; but he also wore a leather apron, which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was the usual cognizance of laborers, and the lower class of mechanics. Xeniola declares that, in Spain, he appeared with a very awful mark, which is not mentioned either by the French or Germans. According to this worthy father, whom Lewis has followed in the Monk, the Jew wore a black bandage on his forehead, which concealed a crucifix of flame, ever burning a brain that grew as fast as it was consumed. It is intimated that the familiars of the Inquisition had orders to keep a sharp lookout for the Wanderer, and that the crucifix was designated as the mark by which he might be known. The Inquisitors never caught him, though they often had information of his practising as a conjurer, and exhibiting the blazing cross on his forehead in the dark—a trick often practised by schoolboys with a bit of phosphorus. They arrested, indeed, a juggler at Seville; but, on inquiry, he proved to be "no conjurer," and had the good luck to be liberated, after having endured "only the moderate torture."

While the Spaniards were taught to regard the Wandering Jew as an object of horror, the French and Brabantine legends always spoke of him as deserving the warmest sympathy and compassion.

Alasuerus was the name usually given to the Wandering Jew in the last century; but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries he was known as Isaac Lackedem, or Lackedion—names which point to an Armenian or Greek origin of the story. The Chanson, of which we are about to lay a version before our readers, as nearly in the original metre as the structure of our language will admit, is believed to have been composed in Brabant, rather earlier than the age of the reformation. The language has been softened and modernized, as it passed down the stream of tradition; but the air possesses

the psalmic character of those slow and plaintive chants, with which, in the middle ages, the relics of martyrs were venerated, and the sufferings of the saints lamented.

We have preserved in the translation some of the roughness which characterizes the original ballad, particularly in the verses spoken by the burghesses to the Wanderer.

Can life with each transaction,
From bright to darkest hue,
Show one of worse condition
Than the poor Wandering Jew?
How horrid is his state!
His wretchedness how great!

One day before the city
Of Brussels, in Brabant,
We saw, with fear and pity,
This man of comforts scant;
And ne'er before our sight
Was beard so long and white.

His garments, torn and streaming,
The winds could not withstand,
And we knew by his seeming
He came from Eastern land;
A leathern bag before
He, like some workman, wore.

We said, "Good morrow, master;
One little moment stay,
And tell us the disaster
Which has brought you this way.
Come, do not plead excuse,
Nor sympathy refuse."

Then he replied, "Believe me,
I suffer bitter woe;
Incessant travels grieve me;
No rest for me's below.
A respite I have never,
But march on, on forever!"

"Come, join us, good old father,
And drink a cup of ale;
We've come out here together
On purpose to regale.
And, if you'll be our guest,
We'll give you of the best."

"I cannot take your proffer;
I'm hurried on by fate;
But for your hearty offer
My gratitude is great.
I'll ever bear in mind
Strangers so good and kind."

"You seem so very aged,
That, looking on with tears,
We find ourselves engaged
In guessing at your years.
We'd ask, if not too bold,
Are you a century old?"

"Years more than eighteen hundred
Have rolled above my head,
Since fate has kept me Sundered
Both from the quick and dead.
I was twelve years that morn
When Christ our Lord was born."

"Are you that man of sorrow,
Of whom our authors write,
Grief comes with every morrow,
And wretchedness at night?
O, let us know — are you
Isaac, the Wandering Jew?"

"Yes; Isaac Lakedion
To me was given for name,
And the proud hill of Zion
As place of birth I claim.
Children, in me you view
The hapless Wandering Jew!"

"Good Lord, how sad, how weary,
This length of life is found!
Now, for the fifth time, hear ye,
I've paced the earth's wide round.

All else to rest have gone,
But I must still live on.

"I've cast me in the ocean —
The waves refused to drown;
I've faced the storm's commotion
In Heaven's darkest frown;
But elemental strife
Went by, and left me life.

"I've passed through fields of battle,
Where men in thousands fell,
While the artillery's rattle
Pealed forth their funeral knell.
The mangling shell and shot
Whizzed by, and harmed me not.

"Beyond the broad Atlantic
I've seen the fever spread,
Where orphans, driven frantic,
Lay dying on the dead;
I gazed with hope, not fear;
But still death came not near.

"Beneath the cross, when sinking,
He passed before my door;
From the crowd's insults shrinking,
He stepped the threshold o'er,
And made a mild request
That I would let him rest.

"I have no home to hide me;
Nor wealth can I display;
But unknown powers provide me
Five fathings every day.
This always is my store;
'Tis never less nor more."

"We used to think your story
Was but an idle dream;
But, when thus wan, and hoary,
And broken down, you seem,
The sight cannot deceive,
And we the tale believe.

"But you must have offended
Most grievously our God,
Whose mercy is extended
To all on earth who plod;
Then tell us for what crime
You bear his wrath sublime."

"'Twas by my rash behavior
I wrought this fearful seath:
As Christ, our Lord and Savior,
Was passing on to death,
His mild request I spurned,
His gentle pleading scorned.

"'Begone,' said I, 'thou vile one!
Move on, and meet thy fate;
I know it would defile one
To suffer thee to wait;
Blasphemer! haste! begone!
To death — to death move on!"

"Then Jesus, turning mildly,
Looked on my angry brow,
And said, 'Thou speakest wildly,
For onward, too, must thou.
March onward! 'tis thy doom,
And TARRY TILL I COME!'"

"A secret force expelled me
That instant from my home;
And since the doom has held me
Unceasingly to roam;
For neither day nor night
Must check my onward flight.

"Farewell, ye pitying strangers,
For I must now away;
Ye cannot know the dangers
Which menace my delay;
Farewell, ye kindly men,
We never meet again!"

Thus ends this most singular and beautiful legend, in which the simplicity, and almost ruggedness, of the style greatly enhances the miracle of the story. It is scarcely necessary to say, that there is no

historical authority for the legend; but the Wandering Jew may be regarded as an allegorical impersonation of the destiny of the Jewish nation, which, since the death of Jesus Christ, has been outcast and wandering among the nations of the earth, still subject to that fearful imprecation, "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" The words, "Tarry thou till I come," were actually addressed to the apostle John; and, as this evangelist himself informs us, they led many of the disciples to believe that John would be one of those who should be found alive at the second coming of the Messiah. Another prophetic declaration of our Lord was similarly misunderstood—"Verily I say unto you, that there be some of them which stand here, which shall not taste of death until they have seen the kingdom of God come with power." This prophecy, which the best commentators apply to the destruction of Jerusalem, was, by many Greek Christians, supposed to refer to the second advent; and the story of the Wandering Jew was probably invented to support the truth of the interpretation. This was very naturally suggested to the Greeks by their own national legend of Prometheus, whose immortality of woe, fettered to the rocks of the Caucasus, with a vulture eternally preying upon his liver, had been rendered familiar to them by the noblest poem that ever proceeded from an uninspired pen.

The first direct mention of the Wandering Jew dates in the year 1215, when his story was made known to the learned of that day by an Armenian prelate who came on a pilgrimage to the relics of the saints, which the crusaders had brought from the Levant to England. According to this episcopal pilgrim, who averred that he had seen and conversed with the Wanderer, the name of the hapless Jew was Cartophilus—a name which not a little strengthens the theory of the Greek origin of the legend. He was a subordinate officer in Pilate's court; one of the many chronicles which have repeated the story calls him "the crier;" and, when Jesus was condemned, he struck him a violent blow on the back, and pushing him towards the infuriated crowd, exclaimed, "On with thee, Jesus; wherefore dost thou tarry?" Jesus turned round, and with a severe accent, replied, "I go; but thou must tarry until I come!" The doom was no sooner pronounced than Cartophilus found himself irresistibly hurried onwards from his family and friends, compelled to be a vagabond and wanderer on the face of the earth, without ever finding any relaxation from his toils. After wandering over the whole of the East, he was converted and baptized by the same Ananias who baptized Paul, when he took the name of Joseph. Baptism, however, could not efface the curse; he still continues his erratic life, and looks daily for the second coming of the Messiah. Every hundred years he is seized with a strange malady, which brings him to the very point of death; but after remaining several days in a trance, he awakes, restored to the same condition of youth and health which he possessed when he insulted our Savior. The chroniclers of the fourteenth century, in relating this legend, changed the name of Joseph into Isaac Lackedem, or Lackedion, and omitted the fine incident of his periodical renovation. The ballad which we have translated is founded on this version of the story, which was generally received in Brabant. Indeed, he visited this country, according to the Brabantine chronicle, in 1575. Notwithstanding the meanness of his apparel, he was found to be a man of superior education, for "he spoke

better Spanish than any nobleman in the court of the Duke of Alva."

Goethe's travestie of the story is derived from an earlier appearance of the Wandering Jew in Europe. On the Easter Sunday of the year 1542, two German students encountered him in a church in Hamburg, listening to the sermon with great attention and devotion. He was a very tall man, with white hair that reached below the middle of his back, and a beard that extended to his girdle; though the weather was still cold, his feet were naked; his dress, which the chroniclers describe with edifying peculiarity, consisted of a sailor's trousers, "a world too wide for his shrunk shank," a tight-fitting vest, and a large, loose cloak. He readily entered into conversation with the students, telling them his name was Ahasuerus, and that he had been a thriving shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion. Impelled by the vulgar passion for excitement, which collects crowds to witness executions, rather than by religious bigotry, or personal rancor, he formed one of the multitude which surrounded the judgment seat of Pilate, and clamored for the release of Barabbas.

When Jesus was condemned, he hastened home to give his wife and children an opportunity of seeing the procession, which was to pass by their doors. When Jesus came up the street, he staggered under the weight of the cross, and fell against the wall of the house. Ahasuerus repulsed him rudely, and pointing to Calvary, the appointed place of punishment, which was visible in the distance, said, "Get on, blasphemer, to thy doom!" Jesus replied, "I will stop and rest; but you shall march onward until I return." He was instantly hurried forward by an irresistible impulse, and never afterwards knew rest. Ahasuerus, according to the report of the students, was a man of few words, very abstemious in his mode of living, accepting alms only for the purpose of distributing them to the poor, and at the same time soliciting their prayers, that he might be blessed with the boon of death. Twenty years later, Ahasuerus appeared in Strasburg, where he reminded the magistrate that he had passed through the place two centuries before—a fact which was verified by a reference to the police registers of the city! He inquired rather affectionately after the students with whom he had spoken at Hamburg, and declared that since his conversation with them he had visited the remotest parts of the East Indies. It is recorded that he spoke German with very great purity, and had not the slightest foreign accent.

In 1604, the Wandering Jew visited France. The true history of his life, taken from his own lips, was printed at Bourdeaux, in 1608; and his "Complaint," set to a popular air, was a very favorite ballad. The learned Louvt saw him, on a Sunday, at Beauvais, coming from mass. He was surrounded by a crowd of women and children, to whom he related anecdotes of Christ's passion in so affecting a manner as to draw tears from the most obstinate eyes, and to unloose the strings of the tightest purses. On this occasion, he asked for alms with a lofty tone of superiority, as if he were conferring, instead of receiving, a favor. His appearance excited great emotion throughout France; some being alarmed at such a portentous apparition, and others affecting to be edified by the instructing narratives he related. Indeed, for nearly twenty years, about this time, several impostors made large sums of money by personating the Wandering Jew.

Passing over some vague accounts of his being seen at Salamanca, Venice, and Naples, in which last city he was rather successful as a gambler, we find that he visited Brussels on the 22d of April, 1771, and sat for his portrait, to illustrate the ballad composed on his interview with certain of the burgesses, some centuries before. The portrait was graven on wood, and copies of it may be seen suspended in most of the cottages of Belgium, where his legend has always been more popular than any

where else. In fact, the two great objects of hero-worship among the Flemings are the Wandering Jew and Napoleon.

Dr. Southey has based the Curse of Kehama on this legend; and Dr. Croly has made it the subject of his gorgeous romance, *Salathiel*; but the fiction has never laid hold of the popular mind in England, as it has in France and Germany, though there are few superior to it in the power of captivating the imagination.

§ 123. INCIDENTS RESPECTING FICTITIOUS WORKS.

1263. THE HAPPY VALLEY.

"I looked," says Mr. Green, "over Rennell's Memoir of his Map of Hindostan. The secluded valley of Cashmere—forming, between the parallels of 34° and 35° an oval hollow, eighty miles by fifty, blooming with perennial spring, refreshed with cascades, and streams, and lakes, and enriched with mountainous ridges, towering into the regions of eternal snow—was, perhaps, Johnson's prototype for the happy valley of Amhara in 'Rasselas.'"

1264. JOHNSON'S INQUISITIVENESS.

Dr. Johnson once called upon Mr. Garrick, in Southampton Street, and was shown into his study; but unfortunately, the door being left open, he strayed into an adjoining room, which contained all the novels and lighter works which had been presented as elegant tributes to this most admired actor. Johnson read first a bit of one, then another, and threw all down; so that, before the host arrived, the floor was strewn with splendid octavoes. Garrick was exceedingly angry at finding Johnson there, and said, "it was a private cabinet, and no company was admitted there." "But," says Johnson, "I was determined to examine some of your valuables, which I find consist of three sorts,—*stuff, trash, and nonsense.*"

1265. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

This beautiful little work remained unnoticed, and was attacked by the reviews, until Lord Holland, who had been ill, sent to his bookseller for some amusing book. This was sent, and he was so pleased that he spoke of it in the highest terms to a large company who dined with him a few days after. The consequence was, that the whole impression was sold off in a few days.

1266. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The fascination of this extraordinary work is not limited to the juvenile reader. Mr. Tawney, a respectable alderman of Oxford, used to read Robinson Crusoe through every year with great delight, and thought every part of it as much matter of fact as his Bible. A friend at last asked him how he could be such a child as to credit a story so marvellous. "The original Crusoe," added he, "was Alexander Selkirk; and Daniel Defoe, an ingenious writer, embellished the plain story of his shipwreck upon

the Island of Juan Fernandez, with almost all the adventures and remarks you so much admire." "Your information," said the alderman, with a sigh, "may be correct, but I had rather you had withheld it; for by thus undeceiving me, you have deprived me of one of the greatest pleasures of my old age."

1267. FICTION MISTAKEN FOR REALITY.

When the *Utopia* was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect but visionary republic, in an island supposed to have been somewhere in the Atlantic, near these western shores. "As this was the age of discovery," says Granger, "the learned Budæus and others took it for genuine history, and deemed it expedient to send missionaries thither to convert the people," &c.

1268. RAPIDITY IN COMPOSING.



Matthew Gregory Lewis.

Lewis's *Monk*, on its first appearance, roused the attention of all the literary world of England, and even spread its writer's name to the continent. The author, "wonder-working Lewis," was a stripling under twenty when he wrote the *Monk* in the short

space of ten weeks! Sir Walter Scott, probably the most rapid composer of fiction upon record, hardly exceeded this, even in his latter days, when his facility of writing was the greatest.

1269. NARROW ESCAPE.

Bernardin de St. Pierre, the celebrated author of the *Studies of Nature*, would probably never have given his exquisite tale of Paul and Virginia to the world but for M. Vernet, the eminent marine painter. St. Pierre had one evening read this tale at the house of M. Necker, to a company, among whom were Buffon, Thomas, and the Abbé Galiani; and from the manner in which those eminent writers listened to his production, St. Pierre was convinced that it was unworthy to see the light, and even formed the idea of committing the manuscript to the flames. A short time afterwards, he received a visit from Vernet, who dissuaded him from his intention, and, by his warm commendation of the work, prevailed on him to publish it. The extraordinary success of the work confirmed the opinion of his friend, increased the popularity, and greatly improved the pecuniary resources of the author.

1270. FIELDING'S TOM JONES.



Henry Fielding.

Fielding, having finished the manuscript of *Tom Jones*, and being at the time hard pressed for money, took it to a second-rate publisher, with the view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with the trader, and called upon him next day for his decision. The bookseller hesitated, and requested another day for consideration; and at parting, Fielding offered him the manuscript for twenty-five pounds.

On his way home, Fielding met Thomson, the poet, whom he told of the negotiation for the sale of the manuscript; when Thomson, knowing the high merit of the work, conjured him to be off the bargain, and offered to find a better purchaser.

Next morning, Fielding hastened to his appoint-

ment, with as much apprehension lest the bookseller should stick to his bargain as he had felt the day before lest he should altogether decline it. To the author's great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature declined, and returned the manuscript to Fielding. He next set off, with a light heart, to his friend Thomson; and the novelist and the poet then went to Andrew Millar, the great publisher of the day. Millar, as was his practice with works of light reading, handed the manuscript to his wife, who, having read it, advised him by no means to let it slip through his fingers.

Millar now invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, after dinner, the bookseller, with great caution, offered Fielding two hundred pounds for the manuscript. The novelist was amazed at the largeness of the offer. "Then, my good sir," said Fielding, recovering himself from his unexpected stroke of good fortune, "give me your hand—the book is yours. And waiter," continued he, "bring a couple of bottles of your best Port." Before Millar died, he had cleared eighteen thousand pounds by the publication of *Tom Jones*.

1271. A TECHNICAL DISTINCTION.

The following note has made a deal of fun in London: "Dear Sir: How comes it that I have had no proofs of *Love* from you since last Saturday? I have waited with the utmost impatience?" Signed, Charlotte Burry. But the fun vanishes when the reader learns that Lady Charlotte Burry had a novel entitled *Love* in press, and that the note was to her printer.

1272. REMARKABLE FASCINATION.

A beauty of the court of Louis XVI., while dressing for a ball at Versailles, cast, by chance, her eyes on *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, which was then just out. She purposed only to read the preface. However, the toilet was finished, and she still continued reading. The last puff of powder was sprinkled on the towering hair, the last *mauche* affixed on the swelling cheek, but her eyes were as strongly rivetted on the book as ever. The diamond necklace, the bracelets, even the gloves were put on; the mantle thrown round her elegant form; the waiting-maids retired; still no sign of departure from their mistress. The carriage is announced: she would only end the chapter. The coachman sends up word that people are already returning from the ball: she must read another chapter. One, two, three, strike on the *Horloge du Palais*, with no better effect on the all-absorbed reader, whose absence, by that time, is bewailed by one half of the assembled multitude under the royal roof, and sincerely remarked upon by the other. The carriage is sent back, and another volume taken up. A new pair of bougies brought in only stimulates the rapidity of the lecture. The waiting-women are ordered to bed. Their mistress will, for the first time in her life, undress herself, take off the hoop, unlace her stays with her own "prentice hand." The morning sun, the breakfast hour, find her still poring over the glowing pages; and when, at last, the goal is reached, time does not allow her to change the dress, and obliges the fair enthusiast, with tearful eyes and a wan cheek, to sit down to dinner in her yesterday's ball attire, and to announce her weakness to her numerous guests. Rousseau

considered this, as well he might, the finest compliment ever paid to his work.

1273. SINGULAR APPLICATION FOR THE PLACE OF A POLICEMAN.

Monsieur Gisquet, prefect of the French police under Louis Philippe, in his chapter on the secret agents of the police employed under his administration, observes, "I will now cite another instance of a very rare and uncommon variety of men, who became agents of the police from motives of patriotism. These are persons of a romantic turn of mind, who feel the necessity for strong excitement, and for whom the incidents of real life are too uniform and prosaic. When such men are not placed in situations to satisfy their cravings, and are unable to gain for themselves celebrity by some remarkable act, they are compelled to lower their pretensions, and seek for distinction by the singularity of their conduct. Among the thousands of my police agents, there was one individual of this species. A succession of ordinary occurrences had made him acquainted with the secrets of a correspondence between the Legitimists and the Duchess de Berri. This man, who could not disengage himself from the position which he occupied, and would not aid the opposite party with his opinions, demanded an audience. He made me comprehend the peculiarity of his situation, and revealed all the advantages which I might derive from it. I expected very elevated pretensions on his part; but judge of my surprise, when my new agent declared his determination of serving his country without fee or reward, by rescuing France from the evils of a civil war, which then threatened her. Struck with the reading of one of Cooper's novels called the Spy, he aspired to the sort of ambition which distinguishes the hero of that work, and was desirous of playing in France the part which Cooper has assigned to Harvey Birch during the American war of independence. He only stipulated, in behalf of his friends, my promise that no rigorous measures should be taken with regard to the several persons whom he designated, and who had a friendship for him. 'Harvey Birch'—for he adopted this name in all his reports—never belied his professions of fidelity. He rendered services which would have merited a competent fortune; but when the term of them arrived, he contented himself with asking for a humble employment, barely enough to supply his daily necessities."

1274. POPULARITY OF THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Cheney up the Euphrates, was for a time in the service of Mehemet Ali Pacha. Pickwick happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read a part of it to the pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was, on one occasion, called up in the middle of the night to finish the reading of the chapter in which he and the pacha had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read, in Egypt, upon another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled "Papers" to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasy with what he heard, that he exclaimed he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.

1275. HOGG'S TALES.

"Are you fond of 'Hogg's Tales?'" said a rather verdant lady to a shepherd.

"Yes, I likes 'em roasted, wi' salt on 'em," was the response.

"No—but I mean—have you read 'Hogg's Tales?'"

"Nos," said the bumpkin, "our hogs are all white or black—I doant think there is a red one among 'em."

1276. DICKENS AND SQUEERS.

Prefixed to Dickens's new edition of Nicholas Nickleby, we find the following allusion to Yorkshire schools:—

"I cannot call to mind, now, how I came to hear about Yorkshire schools, when I was not a very robust child, sitting in by-places, near Rochester Castle, with a head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza; but I know that my first impressions of them were picked up at that time, and that they were somehow or other connected with a suppurated abscess that some boy had come home with, in consequence of his Yorkshire guide, philosopher, and friend, having ripped it open with an inky penknife. The impression made upon me, however made, never left me. I was always curious about them—fell, long afterwards, and at sundry times, into the way of hearing more about them—at last, having an audience, resolved to write about them. With that intent I went down into Yorkshire before I began this book, in very severe winter time, which is pretty faithfully described herein. As I wanted to see a schoolmaster or two, and was forewarned that those gentlemen might, in their modesty, be shy of receiving a visit from the author of the Pickwick Papers, I consulted with a professional friend here, who had a Yorkshire connection, and with whom I concerted a pious fraud. He gave me some letters of introduction, in the name, I think, of my travelling companion: they bore reference to a supposititious little boy who had been left with a widowed mother who didn't know what to do with him; the poor lady had thought, as a means of thawing the tardy compassion of her relations in his behalf, of sending him to a Yorkshire school. I was the poor lady's friend, travelling that way, and if the recipient of the letter could inform me of a school in his neighborhood, the writer would be very much obliged. I went to several places in that part of the country where I understood these schools to be most plentifully sprinkled, and had no occasion to deliver a letter until I came to a certain town which shall be nameless. The person to whom it was addressed was not at home; but he came down at night, through the snow, to the inn where I was staying. It was after dinner, and he needed little persuasion to sit down by the fire in a warm corner, and take his share of the wine that was on the table. I am afraid he is dead now. I recollect he was a jovial, ruddy, broad-faced man; that we got acquainted directly; and that we talked on all kinds of subjects, except the school, which he showed a great anxiety to avoid. Was there any large school near? I asked him, in reference to the letter. 'O, yes,' he said, 'there was a pratty big 'un.' 'Was t a good one?' I asked. 'Ey,' he said, 'it was as good as another; that was a matter of opinion;' and fell to looking at the fire, staring round the room, and whistling a little. On my reverting to some other topic that we had been discussing, he

recovered immediately; but, though I tried him again and again, I never approached the question of the school, even if he were in the middle of a laugh, without observing that his countenance fell and that he became uncomfortable. At last, when we had passed a couple of hours or so, very agreeably, he suddenly took up his hat, and leaning over the table, and looking me full in the face, said, in a low voice. 'Weel, misther, we've been vary pleasant toogether, and ar'll spak' my moind tiv'ee. Dinnot let the weedur send her lattle boy to yan o' our schoolmeasthers, while there's a harse to hold in a' Lunnun, or a gootther to lie asleep in. Ar wouldn't mak' ill words amang my neeburs, and ar spak' tiv'ee quiet loike. But I'm doom'd if ar can gang to bed and not tellee, for weedur's sak', to keep the lattle boy from a' sike scoundrels while there's a harse to hold in a' Lunnun, or a gootther to lie asleep in.' Repeating these words with great heartiness, and with a solemnity on his jolly face that made it look twice as large as before, he shook hands and went away."

1277. COOPER AND HIS PUBLISHER.



James Fenimore Cooper.

Mr. Cooper, in the preface to his new edition of the *Spy*, tells us that when the second volume of that work was slowly printing, from manuscript that was barely dry when it went into the compositor's hands, the publisher intimated that the work might grow to a length that would consume the profits. To set his mind at rest, the last chapter was actually written, printed, and paged, several weeks before the chapters which preceded it were even thought of. Few authors could have acted as he has done.

1278. MR. HOFFMAN AND THE CHAMBER-MAID.

Some years since, an historical novel by Mr. Hoffman was announced, called the *Red Spur of the Ramapo*; but it has never appeared, and the public, probably, are ignorant of the cause of its non-appearance. The cause was remarkable, and may

be set down among the calamities of authors; but it was not unique, for we have heard of many similar disasters. Mr. Hoffman had been employed some six months upon his romance; he had taken unusual care in its composition, and an eminent book publisher's firm had contracted with him for the copyright, and it was nearly completed; the public were talking about it, and all the romance readers were anxiously anticipating a treat in its perusal. The author, as he wrote it, placed the manuscript sheets in a large portfolio by the side of his writing-table, to secure them from being lost. One day he happened to look into his literary sub-treasury, and, to his astonishment and alarm, discovered that there were not more than half a dozen sheets of manuscript in it. None but an author could judge of an author's feelings in such an emergency; but there were few men of any profession who could have acted as calmly as did the author of *Greyslear* on this occasion, and as the great Newton is reported to have done on a similar one.

Mr. Hoffman called to the chambermaid, who had been intrusted with the care of his room, and said,—

"Mary, have you ever taken any papers from this place?"

"Sure, I have, sir," replied she, with innocent frankness.

"For what purpose have you taken them, Mary?" said the author.

"Sure, sir, to kindle the fire; and I thought you were very good to put them there," replied Mary.

"And pray, Mary, how long have you been in the habit of taking papers out of here?"

"All the winter, sure," said Mary; "but I didn't think there was any good to them, for they were scribbled all over."

"Ah! Mary," exclaimed the ruined author, "do you know that you have done me an irreparable injury?"

"A reparable injury!" exclaimed Mary: "what's that? Sure, but I am very sorry, sir."

"And so am I," said the author; but he said nothing more.

1279. SINGULAR INCREDULITY.

The Prussian novelist Cosmar began one of his novels with the incident of the breaking down of a mail coach in the Leipziger Strasse of Berlin. The censor struck out this passage as *inadmissible*, "because his excellency the general postmaster, Von Nagler, manages the arrangement of the mails with so much care that such an accident is impossible."

1280. GALLANTRY OF FRENCH TROOPS.

M. de Rocca, in his memoirs of the invasion of Spain by Bonaparte, states that, when the French troops entered Toboso, so celebrated as the residence of Don Quixote's Dulcinea, they spared the inhabitants from the usual horrors of war from regard to the heroine of Cervantes. As soon as the French soldiers saw a woman at the windows, they cried out laughingly, "There is Dulcinea!" Their gaiety tranquillized the inhabitants; and witticisms upon Dulcinea and Don Quixote became a bond of union between our soldiers and the inhabitants, and the French, being well received, treated their hosts with civility.

1281. THE AUTHORSHIP OF WAVERLY.

Mrs. Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the tradi-

tionary stories and anecdotes wrought up in his novels, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he, as usual, stoutly denied. "What!" exclaimed the old lady, "d'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folks' kail?"

§ 124. MISCELLANEOUS.

1282. DIRECTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS.

"The little incidents and characters that we met with in our journey," says Leigh Hunt, "reminded us of passages in Fielding and his brother novelists. They lay in the same path of reality. Fielding and Smollett did but meet with similar things, and describe them better. One little passage, insignificant in itself, or only amusing from its apparent caricature, was identical with one that we had met with in books; and I here relate it, to show how a seeming caricature may be simple matter of fact. Inquiring our way of a countryman, he began his answer by inquiring in turn which way we came. On obtaining that favorite and superfluous piece of information, he directed us to go by 'Miss Shore's house.' We asked whereabouts we should have the pleasure of seeing Miss Shore's house, and what sort of a house it was. 'Lord!' cried he in amazement, 'what, don't you know Miss Shore's house?'"

"These absurd answers were precisely the same they had been a hundred years before; probably a thousand or ten thousand. Chaucer met with them on the road to Canterbury. Koo Moo gave them, in China, to Confucius. They are the last oracles that will retreat before the diffusion of knowledge."

1283. HUNT'S COMPANION.

"The Companion," says Leigh Hunt, "was written at Highgate; but the opening of the court scenes in Sir Ralph Esher was suggested by the locality of Epsom, to which place we had removed, and which saw the termination of what it had commenced.

"Those who are not acquainted with the work may be told that it is the fictitious autobiography of a gentleman of the court of Charles II., including the adventures of another, and notices of Cromwell, the Puritans, and the Catholics. It was given to the world anonymously, and, notwithstanding my wishes to the contrary, as a novel; but the publisher pleaded hard for the desirableness of so doing, and as he was a good-natured man, and had liberally enabled me to come from Italy, I could not say nay. It is not destitute of adventure; and I took a world of pains to make it true to the times which it pictured; but whatever interest it may possess is so entirely owing, I conceive, to a certain reflecting exhibition of character, and to fac-simile imitations of the courts of Charles and Cromwell, that I can never present it to my mind in any other light than that of a veritable set of memoirs.

"The reader may judge of the circumstances under which authors sometimes write, when I tell him that the publisher had entered into no regular agreement respecting this work; that he could decline receiving any more of it whenever it might please him to do so; that I had nothing else at the time to depend on for my family; that I was in very bad health, never writing a page that did not



Leigh Hunt.

put my nerves into a state of excessive sensibility, starting at every sound; and that whenever I sent my copy up to London for payment, which I did every Saturday, I always expected, till I got a good way into the work, that he would send me word he had had enough. I waxed and waned in spirits accordingly, as the weeks opened and terminated; now being as full of them as my hero, Sir Ralph, and now as much otherwise as his friend Sir Philip Herne; and these two extremes of mirth and melancholy, and the analogous thoughts which they fed, made a strange kind of harmony with the characters themselves; which characters, by the way, were wholly fictitious, and probably suggested by the circumstance. Merry or melancholy, my nerves equally suffered by the tensivity occasioned them in composition.

"A few months ago, when I had occasion to look at Sir Ralph Esher again, after some lapse of time, I was not a little pleased to find how glibly and at their ease the words appeared to run on, as though I had suffered no more in writing it than Sir Ralph himself. But thus it is with authors who are in earnest. The propriety of what they are saying becomes a matter of as much nervous interest to them as any other exciting cause; and I believe that if a writer of this kind were summoned away from his work to be taken to the scaffold, he would not willingly leave his last sentence in an erroneous condition."

1284. A COMPLETE SURPRISE.

Sir Thomas Robinson was a tall, uncouth man, and his stature was rendered still more striking by

his hunting-dress, which consisted of a postilion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims, and once set off on a sudden, in his hunting-suit, to visit his sister, who was married and settled at Paris. He arrived there while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced M. Robinson, and he came

in, to the great amazement of the guests. Among others, a French abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down, with an eager air of surprise. Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, he burst out with, "Excuse me, sir. Are you the famous Robinson Crusoe, so remarkable in history?"

FORGERIES AND FRAUDS.

§ 125. MISCELLANEOUS.

1285. INGENIOUS FABRICATION.

A literary forgery, supposed to have been grafted on those of Annius, involved the Inghirami family. It was by digging in their grounds that they discovered a number of Etruscan antiquities, consisting of inscriptions, and also fragments of a chronicle, pretended to have been composed sixty years before the vulgar era. The characters on the marbles were the ancient Etruscan, and the historical work tended to confirm the pretended discoveries of Annius. They were collected and enshrined in a magnificent folio by Curtius Inghirami, who, a few years after, published a quarto volume exceeding one thousand pages to support their authenticity. Notwithstanding the erudition of the forger, these monuments of antiquity betrayed their modern condiment. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters; it was more difficult to defend the small Italic letters, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides that there were dots on the letter *i*, a custom not practised till the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Breviary; but Inghirami discovered that there had been an intercourse between the Etruscans and the Hebrews, and that David had imitated the writings of Noah and his descendants. Of Noah the chronicle details speeches and anecdotes.

The Romans, who have preserved so much of the Etruscans, had not, however, noticed a single fact recorded in these Etruscan antiquities. Inghirami replied that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of the Etrurian augurs, who alone was permitted to draw his materials from the archives, and who, it would seem, was the only scribe who has favored posterity with so much secret history. It was urged, in favor of the authenticity of these Etruscan monuments, that Inghirami was so young an antiquary at the time of the discovery, that he could not even explain them; and that when fresh researches were made on the spot, other similar monuments were also disinterred, where evidently they had long lain; the whole affair, however contrived, was confined to the *Inghirami family*. One of them, half a century before, had been the librarian of the Vatican, and to him is ascribed the honor of the forgeries which he buried where he was sure they would be found. This, however, is a mere conjecture. Inghirami, who published and defended their authenticity, was not concerned in their fabrication; the design was probably merely to raise the antiquity of Volaterra, the family estate of the Inghirami; and for this purpose one of its

learned branches had bequeathed his posterity a collection of spurious historical monuments, which tended to overturn all received ideas on the first ages of history.

1286. A HINDOO FORGERY.

A singular forgery was practised on Captain Wilford by a learned Hindoo, who, to ingratiate himself and his studies with the too zealous and pious European, contrived, among other attempts, to give the history of Noah and his three sons in his Purana, under the designation of Satyavrata. Captain Wilford, having read the passage, transcribed it for Sir William Jones, who translated it as a curious extract; the whole was an interpolation by the dexterous introduction of a foreign sheet, discolored and prepared for the purpose of deception, and which, having served his purpose for the moment, was afterwards withdrawn. As books in India are not bound, it is not difficult to introduce loose leaves. To confirm his various impositions, this learned forger had the patience to write two voluminous sections, in which he connected all the legends together in the style of the Puranas, consisting of twelve thousand lines. When Captain Wilford resolved to collate the manuscript with others, the learned Hindoo began to disfigure his own manuscript, the captain's, and those of the college, by erasing the name of the country, and substituting that of Egypt. With as much pains, and with a more honorable direction, our Hindoo Lander might have immortalized his inverted invention.

1287. WHAT STERNE DID.

Lawrence Sterne, well known by his productions of wit, was detected by Dr. Ferrier, in his Illustrations of Sterne, in drawing some of the best thoughts in his most admired performances from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

1288. LENDING AN AUTHOR'S NAME.

William Guthrie, a very laborious and voluminous writer on history, politics, and other subjects, is said to have lent his name to booksellers for publications in which he had no concern. Such is asserted to have been the case with respect to the work called Guthrie's Geographical Grammar. Butler says he only wrote the introduction

§ 126. ADROIT AND SUCCESSFUL.

1289. AN ARCH DECEIVER

A German writer named Braune, resident at Naumburg, published an account of the siege of that town by the Hussites, and gravely asserted in the preface that he had discovered documents, in the archives of Naumburg, which enabled him to throw new light upon the subject. He combined such facts as were historically true, in a most dexterous manner, with his own fictions. These he illustrated with notes, containing passages from the pretended documents, composed by himself in ancient style, and thus confuted the opinions of other writers. At the same time, he amused himself with giving to the nobles and gentlemen, whom he introduced as the leaders of the defenders, or in other interesting characters, burlesque names, after shoemakers, tailors, bakers, butchers, and other tradesmen yet living at Naumburg, and in his description of the persons and qualities of these imaginary heroes, he delineated, in the most ludicrous manner, those whose names he transferred to them. This hoax produced the desired effect. Several critical journals represented the pamphlet as a highly important work; and in one periodical production, which claimed an eminent literary rank, it was mentioned as a book to which the public was indebted for the most extraordinary discoveries.

1290. STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

A number of good books have been sold this year in Paris, for new year's gifts. "The eccentricity of our age," observes a French writer, "has revived the taste for sound and healthful reading, which invigorates and rejuvenates the soul." As apropos to this taste for good books, we translate an amusing anecdote for the benefit of our book-loving readers of the *Model Courier*:—

There was once a bookworm, whose taste for books went farther than their contents, he admired handsome type, beautiful binding, &c.; but as it too frequently happens with such amateurs, his purse was often empty. He was not deficient in wit, as he subsequently proved; but a bookseller would not be paid in wit.

He went frequently to Gosselin's, a celebrated Parisian bookseller, where, among other wonders, he observed two copies of Victor Hugo's *Orientales*, printed on Chinese rose-colored paper.

Day after day he went to the bookseller's store, and his admiring eyes were never weary of contemplating the various beauties of those volumes. He opened them, he turned over the leaves, he coveted them, but he did not purchase. The price of each copy was fifty crowns—a frightful sum! Yet our amateur would as willingly have given the mines of Potosi as fifty crowns, did he possess either.

It happened one day, whilst he was in an ecstasy before the *Orientales* on rose-colored paper, that a young lady, attended by a footman, entered the store; she was simply dressed, and the expression of her countenance was gentle and agreeable.

"I wish," said she, "some curious and elegant book—something original, unlike what one sees every day."

"*Mon Dieu madame,*" answered the amateur,

boldly, "we have here just what you want—a marvellous book, that will charm you at the first glance."

"What is it?"

"*Les Orientales*, by Victor Hugo. You are certainly acquainted with it; it is unnecessary for me to say a word in its praise; but you will be dazzled with the beauty of the type and paper."

"Let us see," replied the lady.

"Here it is," said the amateur, opening the book.

"Beautiful indeed; and the price?"

"A hundred crowns."

"A mere trifle," and the lady put down the book, and asked M. Gosselin to send it to her at once; then taking a hundred crowns in gold pieces from her purse, she laid them on the counter and departed.

It was the Princess Marie of Orleans, then in the freshness and brilliancy of youthful beauty, which was, alas! so soon to fade.

"Diable!" said Gosselin to our amateur: "do you know that you do things admirably? Why not change your situation? Commerce is surely your vocation. What steadiness! What an eye! What presence of mind!"

"*Ma foi, mon cher,*" answered the amateur, "your two copies are worth a hundred crowns. There is your money. I have sold one copy; the other is mine."

And he went off with the book, which is still in his library.

1291. VOLATILITY OF EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

Mr. Foster had, in the early part of life, been selected by old Edward Wortley Montague, the husband of the celebrated Lady Mary, to superintend the education of that very eccentric character, the late Edward Wortley Montague. Foster was perfectly qualified for the station of a private tutor, but his pupil was so exceedingly volatile as to render it utterly impossible to fix his attention to any worthy pursuit. After thrice running away, and being discovered by his father's valet crying *flounders* about the streets of Deptford, he was sent to the West Indies, whither Foster accompanied him. On their return to England, a good-natured stratagem was practised to obtain a temporary supply of money from old Montague, and, at the same time, to give him a favorable opinion of his son's attention to a particular species of erudition. The stratagem was this. Foster wrote a book, which he entitled the *Rise and Fall of the Roman Republics*. To this he subjoined the name of Edward Wortley Montague, Jun., Esq. Old Wortley, seeing the book advertised, sent for his son, and gave him a bank note of one hundred pounds, promising him a similar present for every new edition which the book should pass through. It was well received by the public, and therefore a second edition occasioned a second supply. It is now in libraries with the name of Wortley Montague prefixed as the author, although he did not write a line of it. Mr. Foster was afterwards chaplain to the celebrated Sir William Wyndham; he then went to Petersburg in the suite of the English ambassador.

1292. A MULISH JOKE.

One De Grassis engraved on marble the epitaph of a mule, which he buried in his vineyard. Some time after, having ordered a new plantation on the spot, the diggers could not fail of disinterring what lay ready for them. The inscription imported that one Publius Grassus had raised this monument to his mule. De Grassis gave it out as an odd coincidence of names, and a prophecy about his own mule. It was a simple joke. The marble was thrown by, and no more thought of. Several years after, it rose into celebrity, for with the erudite it then passed for an ancient inscription, and the antiquary Porcacchi inserted the epitaph in his work on Burials. Thus De Grassis and his mule, equally respectable, would have come down to posterity, had not the story by some means got wind.

1293. FACILITY OF IMITATION.

Goltzius, being disgusted at the preference given to the works of Albert Durer, Lucas of Leyden, and others of that school, and having attempted to introduce a better taste, which was not immediately relished, he published what was afterwards called his *masterpieces*. These are six prints in the style of these masters, merely to prove that Goltzius could imitate their works, if he thought proper. One of these, the Circumcision, he had painted on

soiled paper, and, to give it the brown tint of antiquity, had carefully smoked it, by which means it was sold as a curious performance, and deceived some of the most capital connoisseurs of the day, one of whom bought it as one of the finest engravings of Albert Durer. Even Strutt acknowledges the merit of Goltzius's *masterpieces*.

1294. A PORTUGUESE ORACLE.

An incident is recorded in Portuguese history, contrived with the intention to keep up the national spirit, and diffuse hopes of the new enterprise of Vasco de Gama, who had just sailed on a voyage of discovery to the Indies. Three stones were discovered near Cintra, bearing, in ancient characters, a Latin inscription—a sibylline oracle addressed prophetically “To the inhabitants of the West;” stating that when these three stones shall be found, the Ganges, the Indus, and the Tagus should exchange their commodities! This was the pious fraud of a Portuguese poet, sanctioned by the approbation of the king. When the stones had lain a sufficient time in the damp earth, so as to become apparently antique, our poet invited a numerous party to dinner at his country-house: in the midst of the entertainment, a peasant rushed in, announcing the sudden discovery of this treasure! The inscription was placed among the royal collections as a sacred curiosity. The prophecy was accomplished, and the oracle was long considered genuine.

§ 127. SINGULAR FRAUDS DETECTED.

1295. LITERARY DISHONESTY OF MONKS.

Myles Davies, in his *Icon Libellorum*, or a Critical History of Pamphlets, relates a curious anecdote respecting the forgeries of the monks. Archbishop Usher detected in a manuscript of St. Patrick's Life, pretended to have been found at Louvain, as an original of a very remote date, several passages taken, with little alteration, from his own writings.

1296. FALSE COPY OF THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES.

There is, says Prideaux, in the Church of St. Dominic, in Bononia, a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures, kept with a great deal of care, which they pretend to be the original copy, written by Ezra himself; and therefore it is there valued at so high a rate that great sums of money have been borrowed by the Bononians upon the pawn of it, and again repaid for its redemption. It is written in a very fair character, upon a sort of leather, and made up in a roll, according to the ancient manner; but it having the vowel points annexed, and the writing being fresh and fair, without any decay, both these particulars prove the novelty of the copy.

1297. A BOLD FABRICATION.

At Rome, a pretended Count of Mariano began to issue inedited works of Tasso, Guarini, Strozzi, Petrarch, with a collection of letters of other litera-

ry and historical personages, which he averred to be from autograph manuscripts in his possession. The works were welcomed at first, in Italy and elsewhere, as authentic, and some monarchs transmitted tokens of honor to the patriotic editor. An Italian nobleman, who was vexed by the tenor of a letter ascribed to his ancestor, raised a doubt, and obtained a legal inquiry. The whole body of the publications was discovered to be a sheer fabrication. Our ingenious count occupies a cell in one of the pope's prisons; his indictment consists of one hundred and sixty close pages, being a descriptive catalogue of his works.

1298. DATING WRONG.

When Dr. Berkenhout was busied in writing, without much knowledge or skill, a history of our English authors, Steevens allowed the good man to insert a choice letter by George Peele, giving an account of “a merry meeting at the Globe,” wherein Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson, and Ned Alleyn are admirably made to perform their respective parts. As the nature of the *Biographia Literaria* required authorities, Steevens ingeniously added, “Whence I copied this letter I do not recollect.” However, he well knew it came from the *Theatrical Mirror*, where he had first deposited the precious original, to which he had unguardedly ventured to affix the date of 1600. Unluckily, Peele was discovered to have died two years before he wrote his own letter. The date is adroitly dropped in Berkenhout. Steevens did not wish to refer to his original, which is often seen quoted as authority.

1299. GEORGE PSALMANAZAR, THE LITERARY IMPOSTOR.

George Psalmanazar, a man of learning, of unknown origin, and subsequently one of the writers employed in compiling the *Universal History*—a task which he appears to have executed with sufficient skill and fidelity,—actually took the pains to invent a language, which he wrote and spoke to the satisfaction of curious inquirers, alleging it to be that of the Island of Formosa, where he pretended to have been born.

This adventurer, who attracted, in his time, no small attention, was first noticed by a Colonel Lauder, in the garrison of Sluys, at which place, a wanderer from his parents and country, and under the pressure of extreme poverty, he had enlisted as a private soldier; but he industriously and artfully circulated a strange story that he was a native of the above island, converted from idolatry by certain missionaries of the Society of Jesus, and that he was obliged to fly from the vengeance of the Japanese, whose hatred used to be described as particularly virulent against Christianity in all its forms.

The singularity of this relation, and the apparent simplicity of the stranger's manner, induced the colonel, and Innes, his regimental chaplain, an unprincipled profligate, to take him under their protection. Psalmanazar accompanied them to England, and was soon after introduced to the Bishop of London, who listened to his account with pity and implicit faith, became his patron, contributed generously towards his support, and rewarded with considerable preferment the chaplain Innes, who was aware of, and had early detected, the cheat, but considered it as a convenient step to patronage.

The artful conduct of the stranger, in producing and speaking a language, alphabet, and grammar purely of his own invention, and of his eating raw meat, roots, and herbs, soon rendered him an object of public notice, and occasioned much curious disquisition between many characters of the first rank in church and state. The keen-eyed scepticism of the Drs. Halley, Mead, and Woodward, rescued them, however, from the charge of blind credulity, in which many of their respectable contemporaries were involved: these gentlemen had cried down Psalmanazar as an arrant rogue from the beginning.

The most sanguine hopes of the impostor, could he have silenced the accusation of his own heart, appear to have been crowned with success, and he derived liberal contributions from the pity, the curiosity, or the folly of mankind, who considered it their duty, as Christians and as men, to protect an unfortunate fugitive, who had suffered in the cause of truth.

Psalmanazar drew up, in Latin, an account of the Island of Formosa, a consistent and entertaining work, which was translated and hurried through the press, had a rapid sale, and is quoted without suspicion by Buffon; while his adherence to certain singularities in his manners and diet, gathered from popular opinion or from books, considerably strengthened the imposition; for the carrying on of which he was eminently qualified, by possessing a command of countenance, temper, and recollection, which no perplexity, rough usage, or cross examination could ruffle or derange.

His memory was, at the same time, so correctly tenacious, that after the exercise of habit in verbal arrangement, on being desired to translate a long list of English words into the Formosan language,

they were marked down without his knowledge; and his credit was considerably corroborated by his correctly fixing the same terms to the same words three, six, or even twelve months afterwards. In this manner his imposture had been first discovered by Innes; but this disgrace to his cloth suppressed what he knew, and joined in the fraud, from sinister motives.

By favor of the Bishop of Oxford, who proved a warm advocate in his cause, Psalmanazar was enabled to improve himself in his studies, and convenient apartments were provided for him in one of the colleges of that university. To impress his neighbors at this place with proper ideas of his intense and unceasing application, it was his custom to have lighted candles in his room during the night, and to sleep in an easy chair, that his bed-maker, finding his bed untumbled, might not suppose he indulged in so unphilosophical and illiterate a refreshment as going to bed; he would also occasionally lament the noise and interruptions of certain young men in an adjoining apartment, who preferred the joys of wine and good fellowship to solitude and midnight studies.

On his return to London, he drew up, at the desire of his ecclesiastic friends, a version of the Church Catechism, in what he called his native tongue, which was examined by the learned, found regular and grammatical, and pronounced a real language, and no counterfeit. By these and other conciliating arts, the supplies of his patrons continued liberal, and he was enabled to lead an idle, and in some instances, when he was thrown off his guard, an extravagant life. The person of our Formosan was far from being attractive, but his qualities, it is said, were thought otherwise by some fashionable ladies, one of whom is reported to have exclaimed, "I positively shall never be easy till I have been introduced to this strange man with a hard name, who has fled from Japan and cats raw meat."

But many of his friends were offended by such conduct, and the critics, and among others Dr. Douglas, "the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks," could not rest till their doubts and incredulity were justified. They pointed out various absurdities and many contradictions in his narratives, as well as in his declarations: he was gradually lowered in the general esteem; his benefactors silently withdrew their support; the fraud was at length understood; the favor of the public converted by a natural process into resentment; and those who had originally given warning of the imposture did not forget to increase the confusion of their opponents by ridicule and sarcasm.

The situation of Psalmanazar thus became critical. Detected, and almost deserted, his subsistence was precarious; but having displayed in his assumed character considerable abilities, and having cultivated an extensive acquaintance with a class of men who have been pronounced the best patrons of literary adventure, he was employed by the booksellers in a periodical publication, and lastly in a *Universal History*, a considerable portion of the ancient part of which was committed to his care.

By degrees he became quiet, untalked of, and comparatively respectable, and he privately confessed his imposture. He could never be prevailed on to disclose his real name and country, (supposed to be the south of France); he was afraid, he said, of disgracing his family; but his imposition he confessed thoroughly, adding to his confession all the marks of remorse. His repentance was sincere, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, who used to say that

the sorrows of Psalmanazar, in speaking of his deception, were heartfelt, strong, and energetic, like those of Peter, after the denial of his Savior, when he went out and wept bitterly. It was no common grief, arising from blasted hopes, but a real hatred of himself for the crime he had committed, and a dread of that punishment which he thought he deserved. His frame on these occasions was shaken and convulsed, his face drowned in tears, and his utterance choked with sobs—a spectacle which no feeling man could behold without emotion, or consider as produced by any thing short of real anguish.

1300. RABBI BENJAMIN.

The travels, written in Hebrew, of Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, of which we have a curious translation, are considered apocryphal. He describes a journey, which if ever he took, it must have been

with his nightcap on—being a perfect dream! It is said that to inspire and give importance to his nation, he pretended he had travelled to all the synagogues in the East; places he mentions he does not appear ever to have seen, and the different people he describes no one has known. He calculates that he has found near eight hundred thousand Jews, of which about half are independent, and not the subjects of any Christian or Gentile sovereign. These fictitious travels have been a source of much trouble to the learned, particularly to those whose zeal to authenticate them induced them to follow the aerial footsteps of the Hippogriff of Rabbi Benjamin. He affirms that the tomb of Ezekiel, with the library of the first and second temples, were to be seen in his time at a place on the banks of the River Euphrates. Wesselius, of Groningen, and many other literati, travelled on purpose to Mesopotamia to reach the tomb and examine the library; but the fairy treasures were never to be seen, nor even heard of!

§ 128. FRAUDS UPON ANCIENT CLASSICAL WRITERS.

1301. ANNIUS.

In this class we must place Annii, of Viterbo, who published a pretended collection of historians of the remotest antiquity, some of whose names had descended to us in the works of ancient writers, while their works themselves had been lost. Afterwards he subjoined commentaries to confirm their authority, by passages from unknown authors. These, at first, were eagerly accepted by the learned. The blunders of the presumed editor—one of which was his mistaking the right name of the historian he forged—were gradually detected, till at length the imposture was apparent. The pretended originals were more remarkable for their number than their volume, for the whole collection does not exceed one hundred and seventy-one pages, which lessened the difficulty of forgery, while the commentaries, which were afterwards published, must have been manufactured at the same time as the text. In favor of Annii, the high rank he occupied at the Roman court, his irreproachable conduct, and his declaration that he had recovered some of these fragments at Mantua, and that others had come from Armenia, induced many to credit these pseudo-historians. A literary war was soon kindled. Nicéron had discriminated between four parties engaged in conflict. One party desisted the whole of the collection as gross forgeries; another obstinately supported their authenticity; a third decided that they were forgeries before Annii possessed them, who was only credulous; while a fourth party considered them as partly authentic, and ascribed their blunders to the interpolation of the editor, to increase their importance. Such as they were, they scattered confusion over the whole face of history.

1302. DR. HAYWARD'S FELONY.

Queen Elizabeth, being much enraged against Dr. Hayward, author of the Life of Henry IV., had ordered her law officers to proceed against him, and, amongst others, inquired of Bacon "if there was not treason in the book." The witty lawyer readily answered, "No, madam, I cannot answer for there being treason in it, but I am certain it contains much

felony." "How!" eagerly exclaimed her majesty; "how, and wherein?" "In many passages," replied he, "which he has stolen from Tacitus."

1303. VANITY AND MEANNESS OF ALCYONIUS.

A fraud, which perhaps occasioned the greatest regret that ever was felt in the literary world, has been attributed to Peter Alcyonius, one of the learned Italians who cultivated literature in the sixteenth century. He had considerable knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, and wrote rhetorical treatises. He was a long time corrector of the press at Venice, in the house of Aldus Manutius, and sought to participate in the praises given to that eminent printer and classical scholar. He translated some treatises of Aristotle into Latin; but the execution of them was so severely criticized by Sepulveda, that Alcyonius, at a great expense, bought up the criticisms of his Spanish enemy, to burn them. Paul Jovius says of him, in his quaint language, that he was a man of downright plebeian and sordid manners, and such a slave to his appetite, that in one and the same day he would dine three or four times, but always at the expense of another; nor was he altogether so bad a physician in this beastly practice, since, before he went to bed, he discharged the intemperate load from his stomach.

Alcyonius published a treatise *De Exilio*, containing many fine passages; so elegant, in fact, was it, that he was accused of having tacked several parts of Cicero's *De Gloria* to his own composition, and then, to prevent being convicted of the theft, thrown the manuscript of Cicero, which was the only one in the world, into the fire. Cicero, in his twenty-seventh epistle, fifteenth book, writing to Atticus, says, "I will speedily send you my book *De Gloria*."

That the manuscript was extant till nearly the period in question would seem to be indubitable, as it was enumerated by Bernard Giustiniani, the learned Governor of Padua, among the works which he possessed. Along with the rest of his library, it is said to have been bequeathed to a convent of nuns; but from that time it could never be found.

It was believed by many, that Peter Alcyonius, who was physician to the monastery, and to whom the nuns intrusted the management of the library, having copied into his own treatise all that suited his purpose from that of Cicero, had secretly made away with it. This charge was first brought against Alcyonius by Paul Manutius, and was repeated by Paul Jovius, and subsequently by other writers; but Tiraboschi thinks that it is a calumny. It is probable that it was provoked by the excessive vanity and propensity to sarcasm and satire which distinguished Alcyonius.

1304. SIGONIUS AND CICERO.

Sigonius was a great master of the style of Cicero, and ventured to publish a treatise *De Consolatione* as a composition of Cicero, recently discovered. Many were deceived by the counterfeit, which was executed with great dexterity, and was long received as genuine; but he could not deceive Lipsius, who, after reading only ten lines, threw it away, exclaiming, "*Bah! Non est Ciceronis.*"

1305. AN ADROIT IMPOSTOR.

One of the most extraordinary literary impostures was that of one Joseph Vella, who, in 1794, was an adventurer in Sicily, and pretended that he possessed seventeen of the lost books of Livy, in Arabic. He had received this literary treasure, he said, from a Frenchman, who had purloined it from a shelf in St. Sophia's Church, at Constantinople. As many of the Greek and Roman classics have been translated by the Arabians, and many were first known in Europe in their Arabic dress, there was nothing improbable in one part of his story. He was urged to publish these long-desired books, and Lady Spencer, then in Italy, offered to defray the expenses. He had the effrontery, by way of specimen, to edit an Italian translation of the sixtieth book; but that book took up no more than one octavo page! A professor of Oriental literature, in Prussia, introduced it in his work, never suspecting the fraud. It proved to be nothing more than the epitome of Florus. He also gave out that he possessed a code which he had picked up in the Abbey of St. Martin, containing the ancient history of Sicily, in the Arabic period, comprehending above two hundred years, and of which ages their own historians were entirely deficient in knowledge. Vella declared he had a genuine official correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and their superiors in Africa, from the first landing of the Arabians in that island.

Vella was now loaded with honors and pensions. It is true he showed Arabic manuscripts, which, however, did not contain a syllable of what he said. He pretended he was in continual correspondence with friends at Morocco and elsewhere. The King of Naples furnished him with money to assist his researches. Four volumes, in quarto, were at length published. Vella had the adroitness to change the Arabic manuscripts he possessed, which entirely related to Mahomet, to matters relative to Sicily; he bestowed several weeks' labor to disfigure the whole, altering page for page, line for line, and word for word, but interspersed numberless dots, strokes, and flourishes, so that when he published a *fac simile*, every one admired the learning of Vella, who could translate what no one else could read. He complained he had lost an eye in this minute labor; and every one thought his pension ought to have been increased. Every thing prospered about him, except his eye, which some thought was not so bad either. It was at length discovered, by his blunders, &c., that the whole was a forgery, though it had now been patronized, translated, and extracted throughout Europe. When this manuscript was examined by an Orientalist, it was discovered to be nothing but a history of Mahomet and his family. Vella was condemned to imprisonment.

1306. INGENUITY OF PÈRE COMMIRE.

Père Commire, when Louis XIV. resolved on the conquest of Holland, composed a Latin fable, entitled the Sun and the Frogs, in which he assumed, with such felicity, the style and character of Phædrus, that the learned German critic Wolfius was deceived, and innocently inserted it in his edition of that fabulist.

1307. DISHONESTY OF MURETUS.

Muretus rendered Joseph Scaliger, a great stickler for the ancients, highly ridiculous by an artifice which he practised. He sent some verses which he pretended were copied from an old manuscript. The verses were excellent, and Scaliger was credulous. After having read them, he exclaimed they were admirable, and affirmed that they were written by an old comic poet, Trabeus. He quoted them in his commentary on Varo *De Re Rustica*, as one of the most precious fragments of antiquity. It was then, when he had fixed his foot firmly in the trap, that Muretus informed the world of the little dependence to be placed on the critical sagacity of one so prejudiced in favor of the ancients, and who considered his judgment as infallible.

§ 129. FRAUDS UPON EUROPEAN WRITERS.

1308. W. H. IRELAND'S DECEPTION.

Mr. William Henry Ireland has furnished a striking instance of the misapplication of youthful talents; and certainly never did any man suffer more severely for his duplicity. This young man, whose literary fraud furnished the counterpart to that of Chatterton, when only sixteen years of age forged a series of papers, which he ascribed to the immortal Shakspeare; and so successfully managed

was the imposition, that he not only imposed upon his own father, but on several literary gentlemen who prided themselves much on their critical acumen, as will appear by the following certificate:—

"We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, have, in the presence and by the favor of Mr. Ireland, inspected the Shakspeare papers, and are convinced of their authenticity. Samuel Parr; John Tweddell; Thomas Burgess; John Byng; James Bindley; Herbert Croft; Somerset; Isaac Heard, Garter

King of Arms; T. Webb; R. Valpy; James Boswell; Lauderdale; Rev. J. Scott; Kinnaid; John Pinkerton; Thomas Hunt; Henry James Pye; Rev. N. Thornbury; Jonathan Hewlett, *Translator of old Records, Common Pleas Office, Temple*; Mat. Wyatt; John Frank Newton." After fabricating a great number of papers, which he attributed to Shakspeare and his contemporaries, Ireland presumed so far as to write a tragedy, which he said was by the great dramatist, and even succeeded in having it represented at Drury Lane Theatre. It was called *Vortigern and Rowena*, and was condemned. To Mr. Malone, who had always denied the authenticity of the papers, the public were principally indebted for the detection of the fraud; and Ireland afterwards acknowledged it, in a curious work, entitled *Confessions of W. H. Ireland*.

1309. MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN

About the year 1760, much speculation was excited in the literary world by the publication of a series of poems, purporting to have been translated by a Mr. Macpherson, from the original Gaelic of the famous poet Ossian, whose compositions had been handed down from his own times by oral tradition. The occasion of Mr. Macpherson's giving them to the world was as follows: Mr. Home, author of *Douglas*, in company with other gentlemen, being at Moffat, in the summer of 1759, met there Mr. Macpherson, then tutor to Mr. Graham, and from him they heard some specimens of Gaelic poetry, which so much pleased them that they begged Mr. Macpherson to publish them in a small volume. He complied; and this specimen having attracted a good deal of attention, he proposed to make a tour, by subscription, through the Highlands, for the purpose of collecting more complete specimens of the ancient poetry. This journey he performed in 1760, and speedily published the poems in a more complete form. They were received, however, by many, with suspicion; it being thought, from the remoteness of the period at which they were said to have been produced, that they could not be genuine.

The first regular attack on the authenticity of Ossian's poems was made in 1781, by Mr. Shaw, the author of a Gaelic dictionary and grammar; and it was a vigorous one. He contended, from internal evidence, that the poems were forgeries; he asserted that many of the Highland persons who had vouched for their genuineness had never seen a line of the supposed originals, and that Macpherson himself had constantly evaded showing them to him; and he maintained that both the fable and the machinery of the principal poems were Irish, and that if, as a blind, any manuscripts had ever been shown, they must have been in the Irish language, the Earse dialect of the Gaelic never having been written or printed till, in 1754, Mr. Macfarlane printed a translation of Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*. An answer was attempted by Mr. Clarke, a member of the Scottish Antiquarian Society; but, though he succeeded in some points, he failed in his principal object.

After a lapse of nearly twenty years, a more powerful antagonist of Ossian took the field. This was Mr. Malcolm Laing, author of a *History of Scotland*. To that history he added an elaborate dissertation, in which he skillfully investigated the claim of the poems to antiquity. The principal grounds on which he decided against it were, the many false and inaccurate allusions to the history

of Britain, while the country was under the dominion of the Romans; the flagrant difference between Highland manners, as described in the poems and by historians; the many palpable imitations from the classics and the Scriptures; the resemblance which the strains of the pretended Ossian bore to the Highlander, one of Macpherson's acknowledged compositions; and, lastly, certain startling expressions used in print by Macpherson, which seemed almost to render it certain that he was not the translator, but the author, of the works which he had given to the world under the name of Ossian.

Anxious that the truth should be elicited on a subject so interesting to them as their national poetry, the Highland Society had already, as far back as 1797, appointed a committee to inquire into the nature and authenticity of Ossian's poems. Mr. Laing's Dissertation, of which a second edition was published in 1804, seems to have quickened the movements of the committee. To assist in elucidating the subject, a series of queries was circulated throughout the Highlands and the Scottish islands. The series consists of six articles, of which the first is the most important. "Have you ever heard repeated, or sung, any of the poems ascribed to Ossian, translated by Mr. Macpherson? By whom have you heard them so repeated, and at what time or times? Did you ever commit any of them to writing, or can you remember them so well as to set them down?" The same answer was requested as to any other ancient poems of the same kind; and the committee likewise expressed a wish to obtain as much information as possible "with regard to the traditional belief of the country concerning the history of Fingal and his followers, and that of Ossian and his poems."

It was not till 1810 that the society published the result of the inquiry which it had set on foot. The answers to the queries were certainly by no means satisfactory. The report, which was drawn up by Henry Mackenzie, stated that the committee had directed its inquiry to two points: First, what poetry, of what kind, and of what degree of excellence, existed anciently in the Highlands of Scotland, which was generally known by the denomination of Ossianic; and, secondly, how far that collection of such poetry, published by Mr. James Macpherson, is genuine. On the first point the committee spoke decidedly. It declared its firm conviction that such poetry did exist; that it was common, general, and in great abundance; that it was of a most striking and impressive sort, in a high degree eloquent, tender, and sublime. On the second point there was a woful falling off in confident assertion. "The committee," says the reporter, "is possessed of no documents to show how much of his collection Mr. Macpherson obtained in the form in which he has given it to the world. The poems, and fragments of poems, which the committee has been able to procure, contain, as will appear from the article in the Appendix, No. 15, often the substance, and sometimes almost the literal expression, (the *ipsissima verba*,) of passages given by Mr. Macpherson in the poems of which he has published the translations. But the committee has not been able to obtain one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published by him. It is inclined to believe that he was in use to supply chasms, and to give connection, by inserting passages which he did not find, and to add what he conceived to be dignity and delicacy to the original composition, by striking out passages, by softening incidents, by refining the language; in short, by changing what he considered as too simple or rude for a modern ear, and elevating,

what, in his opinion, was below the standard of good poetry. To what degree, however, he exercised these liberties, it is impossible for the committee to determine. The advantages he possessed, which the committee began its inquiries too late to enjoy, of collecting from the oral recitations of a number of persons, now no more, a very great number of the same poems, on the same subjects, and then collating those different copies, or editions, if they may be so called, rejecting what was spurious or corrupted in one copy, and adopting, from another, something more general and excellent in its place, afforded him an opportunity of putting together what might fairly enough be called an original whole, of much more beauty, and with fewer blemishes, than the committee believe it now possible for any one person, or combination of persons, to obtain."

1310. REGNIER DESMARAIS.

The Abbé Regnier Desmarais, having written an ode, or, as the Italians call it, *canzone*, sent it to the Abbé Strozzi at Florence, who used it to impose on three or four academicians of Della Crusca. He gave out that Leo Allatius, librarian of the Vatican, in examining carefully the manuscripts of Petrarch preserved there, had found two pages slightly glued, which having separated, he had discovered this ode. The fact was not at first easily credited; but afterwards the similarity of style and manner rendered it highly probable. When Strozzi deceived the public, it procured the Abbé Regnier a place in the academy, as an honorable testimony of his ingenuity.

1311. BRYAN EDWARDS.

The case of Bryan Edwards, who composed the first accounts of Mungo Park, is one of evident fraud. Bryan Edwards, whose personal interests were opposed to the abolishment of the slave trade, would not suffer any passage to stand in which the African traveller had expressed his conviction of its inhumanity. Park, among confidential friends, frequently complained that his work did not only not contain his opinions, but was even interpolated with many which he utterly disclaimed.

1312. STEEVENS'S FRAUD UPON MILTON.

One of the sort of inventions attributed to Steevens was got up with a deal of romantic effect, to embellish the poetical life of Milton; and unquestionably must have sadly perplexed his last matter-of-fact editor, who is not a man to comprehend a flimflam; for he has sanctioned the whole fiction, by preserving it in his biographical narrative. The first impulse of Milton to travel in Italy is ascribed to the circumstance of his having been found asleep at the foot of a tree in the vicinity of Cambridge, when two foreign ladies, attracted by the loveliness of the youthful poet, alighted from their carriage, and having admired him for some time, as they imagined, unperceived, the youngest, who was very beautiful,

drew a pencil from her pocket, and, having written some lines, put the paper with her trembling hand into his own. But it seems—for something was to account how the sleeping youth could have been aware of these minute particulars, unless he had been dreaming them—that the ladies had been observed at a distance by some friends of Milton, and they explained to him the whole silent adventure.

Milton, on opening the paper, read *four verses* from Guarini, addressed to those "human stars," his own eyes. On this romantic adventure, Milton set off for Italy, to discover the fair "incognita," to which undiscovered lady, we are told, we stand indebted for the most impassioned touches in the *Paradise Lost*. We know how Milton passed his time in Italy, with Dati, and Gaddi, and Frescobaldi, and other literary friends, amidst its academies, and often busied in book-collecting. Had Milton's tour in Italy been an adventure of knight-errantry, to discover a lady whom he had never seen, at least he had not the merit of going out of the direct road to Florence and Rome, nor of having once alluded to this *dame de ses pensées*, in his letters or inquiries among his friends, who would have thought themselves fortunate to have introduced so poetical an adventure in the numerous *canzoni* they showered on our youthful poet.

This *historiette*, scarcely fitted for a novel, first appeared where generally Steevens's literary amusements were carried on—in the General Evening Post, or the St. James's Chronicle; and Mr. Todd, in the improved edition of Milton's Life, obtained this spurious original, where the reader may find it.

1313. ARCH DECEPTION OF GEORGE STEEVENS.

If we possessed the secret history of the literary life of George Steevens, it would display an unparalleled series of arch deception and malicious ingenuity. He has been happily characterized by Mr. Gifford as "the Puck of commentators." Steevens loved to assist the credulous in getting up for them some strange, new thing, dancing them about with a will o' the wisp; now alarming them by a shriek of laughter, and now, like a grinning Pigwigin, sinking them chin-deep into a quagmire. Once he presented them with a fictitious portrait of Shakespeare; and when the brotherhood were sufficiently divided in their opinions, he pounced upon them with a demonstration, that every portrait of Shakespeare partook of the same doubtful authority.

The marvellous narrative of the upas tree of Java, which Darwin adopted in his plan of "enlisting imagination under the banner of science," appears to have been another forgery which amused our "Puck." It was first given in the London Magazine, as an extract from a Dutch traveller; but the extract was never discovered in the original author, and "the effluvia of this noxious tree, which through a district of twelve or fourteen miles had killed all vegetation, and had spread the skeletons of men and animals, affording a scene of melancholy beyond what poets have described or painters delineated," is perfectly chimerical—a splendid flimflam.

FRIENDSHIPS.

§ 130. COMMENCEMENT AND ORIGIN.

1314. LANGTON, BEAUCLERC, AND JOHNSON.

Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerc were members of the "Literary Club originated by Sir Joshua Reynolds." They were doubtless induced to join the club through their devotion to Johnson; and the intimacy of these two very young and aristocratic young men with the stern and somewhat melancholy moralist is among the curiosities of literature.

Bennet Langton was of an ancient family, who held their ancestral estate of Langton in Lincolnshire, a great title to respect with Johnson. "Langton, sir," he would say, "has a grant of free-warren from Henry II.; and Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John's reign, was of this family."

Langton was of a mild, contemplative, enthusiastic nature. When but eighteen years of age, he was so delighted with reading Johnson's *Rambler*, that he came to London chiefly with a view to obtain an introduction to the author. Boswell gives us an account of his first interview, which took place in the morning. It is not often that the personal appearance of an author agrees with the preconceived ideas of his admirer. Langton, from perusing the writings of Johnson, expected to find him a decent, well-dressed, in short a remarkably decorous philosopher; instead of which, down from his bed-chamber about noon, came, as newly risen, a large, uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loose about him. But his conversation was so rich, so animated, and so forceful, and his religious and political notions so congenial with those in which Langton had been educated, that he conceived for him that veneration and attachment which he ever preserved.

Langton went to pursue his studies at Trinity College, Oxford, where Johnson saw much of him during a visit which he paid to the university. He found him in close intimacy with Topham Beauclerc, a youth two years older than himself, very gay and dissipated, and wondered what sympathies could draw two young men together of such opposite characters. On becoming acquainted with Beauclerc, he found that, rake though he was, he possessed an ardent love of literature, an acute understanding, polished wit, innate gentility, and high aristocratic breeding.

1315. GOLDSMITH, HOGARTH, AND REYNOLDS.

Among the intimates who used to visit the poet Goldsmith occasionally, in his retreat at Islington, was Hogarth, the painter. Goldsmith had spoken well of him in his essays in the *Public Ledger*, and this formed the first link in their friendship. He was at this time upwards of sixty years of age, and is described as a stout, active, bustling little man, in a sky-blue coat, satirical and dogmatic, yet full of real benevolence and the love of human nature. He was the moralist and philosopher of the pencil; like Goldsmith, he had sounded the depths of vice and misery, without being polluted by them; and

though his picturings had not the pervading amenity of those of the essayist, and dwelt more on the crimes and vices than the follies and humors of mankind, yet they were all calculated, in like manner, to fill the mind with instruction and precept, and to make the heart better.

Hogarth does not appear to have had much of the rural feeling with which Goldsmith was so amply endowed, and may not have accompanied him in his strolls about hedges and green lanes; but he was a fit companion with whom to explore the mazes of London, in which he was continually on the lookout for character and incident.

A frail memorial of this intimacy between the painter and the poet exists in a portrait in oil, called Goldsmith's Hostess. It is supposed to have been painted by Hogarth in the course of his visits to Islington, and given by him to the poet as a means of paying his landlady. There are no friendships among men of talents more likely to be sincere than those between painters and poets. Possessed of the same qualities of mind, governed by the same principles of taste and natural laws of grace and beauty, but applying them to different yet mutually illustrative arts, they are constantly in sympathy, and never in collision with each other.

A still more congenial intimacy of the kind was that contracted by Goldsmith with Mr., afterwards Sir Joshua Reynolds. The latter was now about forty years of age, a few years older than the poet, whom he charmed by the blandness and benignity of his manners, and the nobleness and generosity of his disposition, as much as he did by the graces of his pencil and the magic of his coloring. They were men of kindred genius, excelling in corresponding qualities of their several arts, for style in writing is what color is in painting; both are innate endowments, and equally magical in their effects. Certain graces and harmonies of both may be acquired by diligent study and imitation, but only in a limited degree, whereas by their natural possessors they are exercised spontaneously, almost unconsciously, and with ever-varying fascination. Reynolds soon understood and appreciated the merits of Goldsmith, and a sincere and lasting friendship ensued between them.

1316. JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH.

Dr. Johnson, on the 31st of May, 1761, was to make his appearance as a guest at a literary supper given by Goldsmith to a numerous party, at his new lodgings in Wine Office Court. It was the opening of their acquaintance. Johnson had felt and acknowledged the merit of Goldsmith as an author, and been pleased by the honorable mention made of himself in the *Bee* and the *Chinese Letters*. Dr. Percy called upon Johnson to take him to Goldsmith's lodgings: he found Johnson arrayed with unusual care, in a new suit of clothes, a new hat, and a well-powdered wig, and could not but notice his uncommon spruceness. "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great slob, justifies his disregard of cleanliness

and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

The acquaintance thus commenced ripened into intimacy in the course of frequent meetings at the shop of Davies, the bookseller, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, one of the great literary gossiping places of the day, especially to the circle over which Johnson presided.

As the two authors became more and more acquainted, their esteem for each other strengthened. Johnson was one of Goldsmith's best friends and advisers. He knew all the weak points of his character, but he knew also his merits; and while he would rebuke him like a child, and rail at his errors and follies, he would suffer no one else to undervalue him. Goldsmith knew the soundness of his judgment and his practical benevolence, and often sought his counsel and aid, amid the difficulties into which his heedlessness was continually plunging him.

"I received one morning," says Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as

possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The novel in question was the Vicar of Wakefield. The bookseller to whom Johnson sold it was Francis Newbery, nephew to John. Strange as it may seem, this captivating work, which has obtained and preserved an almost unrivalled popularity in various languages, was so little appreciated by the bookseller, that he kept it by him nearly two years unpublished.

FRIENDSHIPS, LITERARY.

§ 131. INTERESTING EXHIBITIONS.

1317. MILTON, GRAY, AND OTHERS.



MILTON has not only given the exquisite Lycidas to the memory of a young friend, but in his *Epitaphium Damonis*, to that of Deodatus, has poured forth some interesting sentiments. These alone, had we no other evidence of the kind, would demonstrate to the most careless reader, that his heart was formed for friendship. The *Epitaphium* has been versified by Langhorne. "Now," says the poet,—

"To whom shall I my hopes and fears impart,
Or trust the cares and follies of my heart?"

The sonnet of Gray to the memory of West is a beautiful effusion, and a model for English sonnets.

Helvetius was the protector of men of genius, whom he assisted not only with his criticism, but his fortune. At his death, Saurin read in the French Academy an epistle to the manes of his friend. Saurin, wrestling with obscurity and poverty, had been drawn into literary existence by the supporting hand of Helvetius. Our poet thus addresses him in the warm tones of gratitude:—

"C'est toi qui me cherchant au sein de l'infortune
Relevas mon sort abattu,
Et scus me rendre cher, une vie importune.

*Qu'important ces pleurs —
O douleur impuissante! O regrets superflus!
Je vis, hélas! Je vie, et mon ami n'est plus!"*

IMITATED.

"In misery's haunts thy friend thy bounties seize.
And give an urgent life some days of ease;
Ah, ye vain griefs, superfluous tears I chide;
I live, alas! I live—and thou hast died!"

1318. COWLEY AND HARVEY.

Among the most fascinating effusions of genius are those little pieces which it consecrates to the cause of friendship. In that poem of Cowley, composed on the death of his friend Harvey, the following stanza presents a pleasing picture of the employments of two young students:—

"Say, for ye saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft, unwearied, have we spent the nights!
Till the Lædæan stars, so fumed for love,
Wondered at us from above.

"We spent them not in toys, in lust, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I loved; for they, my friend, were thine."

1319. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

That perfect unity of feeling, that making of two individuals but one being, is displayed in such memorable friendship as that of Beaumont and Fletcher; whose labors were so combined that no critic can detect the mingled production of either, and whose lives were so closely united, that no biographer can compose the memoirs of the one without running into the life of the other. Their days were as closely interwoven as their verses.

1320. CLOSE ATTACHMENT.

Metastasio and Farinelli were born about the same time, and early acquainted. They called one another Gemello, or twin. Both the delight of Europe, both lived to an advanced age, and died nearly at the same time. Their fortunes bore, too, a resemblance; for they were both pensioned, but lived and died separated in the distant courts of Vienna and Madrid.

1321. QUEER MAXIM OF MARIGNY.

Ménage mentions that when Marigny contracted a friendship with him, he told him he was *upon his nail*. It was a method he had of speaking to all his friends; he also used it in his letters; one which he wrote to Ménage begins thus: "*O! illustrious of my nail.*"

When Marigny said to any one, *You are upon my nail*, he meant two things—one, that the person was always present, nothing being more easy than to look at his nail; the other was, that good and real friends were so scarce, that even he who had the most might write their names on his nail.

1322. FRIENDLY RIVALSHIP.

Montaigne and Charron were rivals, but always friends. Such was Montaigne's affection for Charron, that he permitted him by his will to bear the full arms of his family; and Charron evinced his gratitude to the manes of his departed friend, by leaving his fortune to the sister of Montaigne, who had married Poggius.

Forty years of friendship, uninterrupted by rivalry or envy, crowned the lives of Poggius and Leonard Arcin, two of the illustrious revivers of letters.

1323. ST. PIERRE'S GENEROSITY.

The Abbé de St. Pierre gave an interesting proof of literary friendship. When he was at college, he formed a union with Varignon, the geometer. They were of congenial dispositions. When he went to Paris, he invited Varignon to accompany him; but Varignon had nothing, and the abbé was far from rich. A certain income was necessary for

the tranquil pursuits of geometry. Our abbé had an income of eighteen hundred livres; from this he deducted three hundred, which he gave to the geometer, accompanied by a delicacy which few but a man of genius could conceive. "I do not give it to you," he said, "as a salary, but an annuity, that you may be independent, and quit me when you dislike

1324. MAGNANIMITY OF BAYLE.

Jurieu denounced Bayle as an impious writer, and drew his conclusions from the *Avis aux Réfugiés*. This work is written against the Calvinists, and therefore becomes impious in Holland. Bayle might have exculpated himself with facility, by declaring the work was composed by La Roque; but he preferred to be persecuted, rather than to ruin his friend; he therefore was silent, and was condemned.

1325. RARE LITERARY ATTACHMENTS.

The literary friendship of a father with his son is one of the rarest alliances in the republic of letters. It was gratifying to the feelings of young Gibbon, in the fervor of literary ambition, to dedicate his first fruits to his father. The too lively son of Crebillon, though his was a very different genius to the grandeur of his father's, yet dedicated his works to him, and for a moment put aside his wit and railery for the pathetic expressions of filial veneration.

We have had a remarkable instance in the two Richardsons; and the father, in his original manner, has, in the most glowing language, expressed his affectionate sentiments. He says, "My time of learning was employed in business; but, after all, I have the Greek and Latin tongues, because a part of me possesses them, to whom I can recur at pleasure, just as I have a hand when I would write or paint, feet to walk, and eyes to see. My son is my learning, as I am that to him which he has not. We make one man, and such a compound man may probably produce what no single man can." And further, "I always think it my peculiar happiness to be as it were enlarged, expanded, made another man by the acquisition of my son; and he thinks in the same manner concerning my union with him." This is as curious as it is uncommon; however the cynic may call it egotism.

§ 132. THEIR INFLUENCE AND RESULTS.

1326. GENEROUS AFFECTION.

How pathetically Erasmus mourns over the death of his beloved Sir Thomas More!—"In *Moro mihi videtur extinctus*," ("I seem to see myself extinct in More.") It was a melancholy passage of his own death, which shortly after followed. The Doric sweetness and simplicity of old Izaak Walton, the angler, were reflected in a mind as clear and generous, when Charles Cotton continued the feelings, rather than the little work, of Walton. Goguet, the author of the *Origin of the Arts and Sciences*, bequeathed his manuscripts and his books to his friend Fugere, with whom he had long united his affections and his studies, that his surviving friend

might proceed with them; but the author had died of a slow and painful disorder, while Fugere had watched by the side of his dying friend, in silent despair. The sight of those manuscripts and books was his death-stroke; half his soul, which had once given them animation, was parted from him, and a few weeks terminated his own days. When Loyd heard of the death of Churchill, he neither wished to survive him nor did.

1327. REMARKABLE AFFECTION.

The friendship between Montaigne and Etienne de la Boetie was remarkable. The account of it is

given by Montaigne himself. "The greatest man I ever knew," he writes, "was Etienne de la Boetie. His was indeed a soul full of perfections, a soul of the old stamp, and which would have produced great effects had fate permitted, having by learning and study added greatly to his rich natural gifts. We sought each other," he writes, "before we met, on account of what we heard of each other, which influenced our inclinations more than there seems to have been reason for, I think through a command of Heaven. We, as it were, embraced each other's names; and at our first meeting, which was by chance, and at a large assembly, we found ourselves so drawn together, so known to each other, that nothing hereafter was nearer than we were, one to the other. He wrote a beautiful Latin poem to excuse the precipitation of our intimacy, which so promptly arrived at its perfection. As it was destined to last so short a time, and began so late, — for we were both arrived at manhood, and he was several years the elder, — it had no time to lose; it could not regulate itself by slow and regular friendships, which require the precaution of a long prelude acquaintance. Ours had no idea foreign to itself, and could refer to itself alone; it did not depend on one special cause, nor on two, nor three, nor four, nor a thousand, but was the quintessence of all which seized on my will, and forced it to merge and lose his in mine, with equal desire and eagerness. I use the word *lose* as the proper one, for we neither reserved any thing that was not common to both. Our souls mingled so entirely, and penetrated with such ardent affection into the very essence of each other, that not only was I as well acquainted with his as with my own, but certainly I should have more readily trusted him with myself. This attachment must not be put in the same rank with common friendships. I have known the most perfect of a slighiter kind; and, if the rules are confounded, people will deceive themselves. In other friendships you must proceed bridle in hand; in the more exalted one, the offices and benefits which support our intimacies do not deserve even to be named. The perfect union of the friends causes them to hate and banish all those words that imply division and difference, such as benefit, obligation, gratitude, entreaty, thanks, and the like. All is in common with them; and if, in such a friendship, one could give to the other, it would be him who received that would benefit his companion. Menander pronounced him happy who should meet only with the shadow of such a friend: he was right; for if I compare the rest of my life, though, with the blessing of God, I have passed it agreeably and peacefully, and, save from the loss of such a friend, exempt from any poignant affliction, with a tranquil mind, having taken the good that came to me originally and naturally, without seeking others, — yet, if I compare the whole of it, I say, with the four years during which it was given me to enjoy the dear society of this person, it is mere smoke; it is a dark and wearisome night. I have dragged it out painfully since I lost him; and the very pleasures that have offered themselves to me, instead of consoling, doubled the sense of my loss. We used to share every thing, and methinks I rob him of his portion. I was so accustomed to be two in every thing, that I seem now but half of myself. There is no action nor idea that does not present the thought of the good he would have done me, for, as he surpassed me infinitely in every talent and virtue, so did he in the duties of friendship."

1328. MADAME DE LAFAYETTE AND ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Rochefoucauld's best and dearest friend was Madame de la Fayette, the authoress of *La Princesse de Clèves*, and other works that mark her excellent taste and distinguished talents. Madame de la Fayette was, in her youth, a pupil of Ménage and Rapin. She learned Latin under their tuition, and rose above her masters in the quickness of her comprehension. In general society she carefully concealed her acquirements. "She understood Latin," Segrias writes, "but she never allowed her knowledge to appear, so as not to excite the jealousy of other women." She was intimately allied to all the clever men of the time, and respected and loved by them. She was a woman of a strong mind, witty and discerning, frank, kind-hearted, and true. Rochefoucauld owed much to her, while she had obligations to him. Their friendship was of mutual benefit. "He gave me intellect," said she, "and I reformed his heart."

1329. GOGUET AND FUGERE.

The learned Goguet bequeathed his manuscripts and library to his friend Fugere, with whom he had united his affections and his studies. His work on the Origin of the Arts and Sciences had been much indebted to his aid. Fugere, who knew his friend to be past recovery, preserved a mute despair, during his slow and painful disease, and on the death of Goguet, the victim of sensibility perished amidst the manuscripts which his friend had in vain bequeathed to prepare for publication.

1330. HERDER AND GOETHE.

It was at Strasburg Herder became acquainted with Goethe, who was then a student of law at Strasburg. Goethe attributes great value to this acquaintance in his autobiography, and makes much of Herder's influence on his mind and character at that forming period of his life. "I might count myself fortunate," he says, "that by an unexpected acquaintance, whatever of self-complacency, of self-mirroring, of vanity, pride, and high-mindedness might slumber or work in me, was subjected to a very severe trial which was *unique* in its kind, by no means proportionate to the time, but so much the more penetrating and sensible.

"For the most significant occurrence, and that which was to have the most important consequences for me, was an acquaintance and a consequent nearer connection with Herder. He had accompanied the Prince of Holstein-Eutin, who was afflicted with melancholy, in his travels, and had come with him as far as Strasburg. Our society, as soon as they were aware of his presence, felt an earnest desire to approach him; and this gratification happened to me first in a quite unexpected and accidental manner. I had gone to the hotel *Zum Geist*, to visit I know not what distinguished stranger. At the foot of the stairs I met a man who was also on the point of ascending, and whom I might have taken for a clergyman. His powdered hair was rolled up into a round lock; a black dress likewise distinguished him, but still more a long black silk mantle, the end of which he had gathered together and thrust into his pocket. This somewhat striking, but, on the whole, gentlemanly and

agreeable appearance, of which I had already heard speak, left me no doubt that he was the celebrated arrival, and my address must have convinced him at once that I knew who he was. He asked my name, which could be of no importance to him; but my frankness appeared to please him, for he responded to it with great kindness, and, as we ascended the stairs together, showed himself ready at once for a lively communication. It has escaped me whom we then visited. Enough, at parting, I begged permission to call upon him at his lodgings, which he accorded to me in a manner sufficiently friendly. I did not fail to avail myself repeatedly of this permission, and was more and more attracted by him. He had somewhat gentle in his carriage that was exceedingly fitting and graceful, without being exactly *adrett*—a round face, a significant brow, a somewhat blunt nose, a somewhat prominent, but highly individual, agreeable, amiable mouth, under black eyebrows a pair of coal-black eyes, which did not fail of their effect, although one of them was wont to be red and inflamed. By manifold questions he sought to make himself acquainted with me and my condition, and his power of attraction operated even more strongly upon me. I was generally of a confiding nature, and for him, especially, I had no secret. But it was not long before the repellent pulse of his nature came in and occasioned me no little discomfort.

"Herder had now separated himself from the prince, and removed to quarters of his own, resolved to submit himself to an operation by Lobstein. Here I found the benefit of those exercises by which I had endeavored to blunt my sensitiveness. I was able to assist at the operation, and, in various ways, to be helpful and serviceable to so worthy a man. I had every reason to admire his great fortitude and patience; for neither under the various wounds inflicted by the surgeon, nor under the oft-repeated painful bandage, did he manifest the least vexation; and he appeared to be the one among us who suffered the least. But then, in the intervals, we had to bear in various ways the mutations of his humor.

"Herder could be most sweetly engaging and genial; but he could as easily also turn forth a vexatious side.

"During the whole time of this cure, I visited Herder morning and evening; I also remained with him sometimes the whole day, and accustomed myself in a short time to his chiding and fault-finding, the rather that I learned every day to estimate more highly his great and beautiful qualities, his extended knowledge, and his deep insight. The influence of this good-natured grumbler was great and important. He was five years older than I, which makes a great difference in our younger days; and since I acknowledged him for what he was, since I knew how to value what he had already produced, he necessarily acquired a great superiority over me. But the relation was not an agreeable one. Older people, with whom I had hitherto conversed, had spared me while endeavoring to educate me; perhaps they had spoiled me by their yieldingness; but no approbation was ever to be had from Herder, whatever pains one might take to obtain it. While, therefore, on the one hand, my great attachment and reverence for him, and on the other, the discomfort which he awakened in me, forever contended together, there arose in me a contradiction, the first in its kind I had ever experienced. As his conversations were always significant,

whether asking or answering, or in whatever way he imparted himself, it could not fail that I should be daily and hourly led on by him to new views.

"During so vexatious and painful a cure, our Herder lost nothing of his vivacity; but that vivacity grew ever less beneficent. He could not write a note containing a request, without spicing it with some kind of jeer. Thus, for example, he wrote to me once,—

"If the epistles of Brutus thou hast in Cicero's Letters,
Thou whom, from well polished shelves, the school-
consoler — the classic
Comfort in splendid editions; but outwardly rather than
inly; —
Thou who from Gods or from Goths, or, it may be, from
mud art descended,
Goethe send them to me."

"To be sure, it was not handsome that he allowed himself this jest with my name; for the proper name of a man is not like a cloak, which merely hangs round him, and at which one can pluck and twitch, but a close-fitting garment; nay, it is something which grows to him like the skin itself, and which cannot be scratched or wounded without injury to himself.

"On the other hand, the preceding reproof was better founded. I had taken the authors which I had received in exchange from Langer, together with some beautiful editions out of my father's collection, with me to Strassburg, and arranged them in a neat book-case, with the best intention to use them. But how should the time which was broken into fragments by a hundred different kinds of activity suffice for this? Herder, who was a great observer of books, because he needed them every moment, noticed my beautiful collection on his first visit; but he noticed, too, that I made no use of it; wherefore, as the greatest enemy of all seeming and ostentation, he used, with every occasion, to twit me on that point."

1331. MENDELSSOHN AND LESSING.

At fourteen we find Mendelssohn an adventurer at Berlin, without the means of procuring a single meal. In his distress he applied to Rabbi *Frankel*, who had been his teacher at Dessau; "and there he happened to meet with *Mr. Hyam Bamberg*, a benevolent man, and an encourager of aspiring young Jews, who allowed him, on the rabbi's intercession, an attic to sleep in, and two days' board, weekly." His first object was not to get a living, but to get an education. He had come to Berlin for this purpose, and to this he devoted several successive years of intense application, under all the difficulties and discouragements which may be supposed to hamper a youth so circumstanced; without teachers, without books, with seldom enough to satisfy his hunger, and to whom a belly-full was, as Lamb says, "a special providence." The manner in which he studied Latin illustrates his indomitable energy in the pursuit of knowledge. Having mastered the nouns and the verbs, and procured an old second-hand dictionary, he set himself to translate into Latin Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*—a task which he actually accomplished at that early stage of his progress, fighting his way through difficulties, metaphysical and philological, with a painful laboriousness unknown out of Germany in modern times.

His only means of support during this period, in addition to the charity of *Herr Bamberg*, was an

occasional *gröschén* obtained by copying Hebrew for his old master. He subsisted principally on dry brown bread; and when purchasing a loaf, "he would notch it, according to the standard of his means, into so many meals; never eating according to his appetite, but according to his finances."

In this way he spent several years of hardship and suffering, during which, however, he had, by dint of incredible exertions, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the principal language and the mathematics. But now a kind Providence led him to one Lessing, a wealthy manufacturer, of the Jewish faith, who received him into his house as the tutor of his children, then into his counting-room as clerk, and finally into his silk-manufactory, first as manager, and soon after as partner. A new tide in his affairs set in with this connection. An immediate support, not ample at first, but sufficient for his wants, was secured to him, and he now commenced his career as an author, devoting his days to business, and his nights to letters.

With Lessing, Mendelssohn formed an intimate friendship, from which he derived incalculable benefit in the way of literary and philosophic culture, and which he always regarded as among the most fortunate circumstances of his life. "Lessing loved Mendelssohn," says his biographer, "for his excellent heart and highly-cultivated understanding, and Mendelssohn was no less attached to Lessing, for his inflexible consistency and his transcendent abilities. A union founded on esteem and friendship was cemented between them, which neither time nor long separation — nothing indeed but death — could dissolve. The noble monument of their mutual affection, preserved to posterity in the latter pages of the *Morgenstunden*, will endure as long as virtue and science are cherished and cultivated among mankind." In Lessing, than whom no man was ever more free from the prejudices of creed and nation, Mendelssohn found a hearty sympathy and an effective fellow-laborer in his various projects for bettering the condition of the German Jews — an object which, then and at all times, lay nearest his

heart. Indeed, the known friendship of so eminent a man for one of that tribe, in defiance of all the prejudices of his age, was scarcely less important to the Jews in general than it was to Mendelssohn in particular.

One of the first, perhaps the very first literary effort by which he became distinguished beyond the pale of his own communion, was his *Philosophical Dialogues*, a work which owed its origin to the following circumstances. Lessing once brought to Mendelssohn a work written by a celebrated character, to hear his opinion upon it. Having given it a reading, he told his friend that he deemed himself a match for the author, and would refute it. Nothing could be more welcome to Lessing and he strongly encouraged the idea. Accordingly, Mendelssohn sat down and wrote his *Philosophical Dialogues*, in which he strictly redeemed his pledge of confuting the author, and carried the manuscript to Lessing for examination. "When I am at leisure," said Lessing, "I will peruse it." After a convenient interval, he repeated his visit, when Lessing kept up a miscellaneous conversation, without once mentioning the manuscript in question; and the other, being too bashful to put him in mind of it, was obliged to depart. The same thing happened at several subsequent meetings. At last he mustered sufficient resolution to inquire after it. Want of leisure was pleaded, as before; but now "he would certainly read it. Mr. Mendelssohn might, in the mean while, take yonder small volume home with him, and let him know his opinion of it." On opening it, Mendelssohn was not a little surprised to see his own *Dialogues* in print. "Put it into your pocket," said Lessing, good-naturedly, "and this Mammon along with it. It is what I got for the copyright; it will be of service to you." He afterwards, at the instigation of Nicolai and Lessing, collected all his philosophical lucubrations, and published them under the title *Philosophische Schriften*. Three editions of this work, which appeared anonymously at first, but afterwards with the author's name, were exhausted in a short time.

§ 133. FRIENDSHIP INTERRUPTED.

1332. DR. JOHNSON AND HIS LANDLADY.

Several years were passed by Dr. Johnson in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale; and the latter, who was a great admirer of "the lion of English literature," and much admired of him in return, gives us a little volume of anecdotes respecting him. The account of her rupture with the doctor, and separation from him, we give in her own language. "All these exactnesses, in a man who was nothing less than exact himself, made him extremely impracticable as an inmate, though most instructive as a companion and useful as a friend. Mr. Thrale, too, could sometimes overrule his rigidity, by saying coldly, 'There, there, now we have had enough for one lecture, Dr. Johnson; we will not be upon education any more till after dinner, if you please,' or some such speech; but when there was nobody to restrain his dislikes, it was extremely difficult to find any body with whom he could converse, without being always on the verge of a quarrel, or of something too much like a quarrel to be pleasing.

"I came into the room, for example, one evening,

where he and a gentleman, whose abilities we all respect exceedingly, were sitting. A lady, who walked in two minutes before me, had blown 'em both into a flame, by whispering something to Mr. Seward, which he endeavored to explain away, so as not to affront the doctor, whose suspicions were all alive. 'And have a care, sir,' said he, just as I came in; 'the old lion will not bear to be tickled.' The other was pale with rage. The lady wept at the confusion she had caused; and I could only say, with Lady Macbeth, —

'You've displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.'

Such accidents, however, occurred too often, and I was forced to take advantage of my lost lawsuit, and plead inability of purse to remain longer in London or its vicinity. I had been crossed in my intentions of going abroad, and found it convenient, for every reason of health, peace, and pecuniary circumstances, to retire to Bath, where I knew Mr. Johnson would not follow me, and where I could, for that reason, command some little portion of time

for my own use—a thing impossible while I remained at Streatham or at London, as my hours, carriage, and servants had long been at his command, who would not rise in the morning till twelve o'clock, perhaps, and oblige me to make breakfast for him till the bell rang for dinner, though much displeased if the toilet was neglected, and though much of the time we passed together was spent in blaming or deriding, very justly, my neglect of economy, and waste of that money which might make many families happy.

"The original reason of our connection, his particularly disordered health and spirits, had been long at an end, and he had no other ailments than old age and general infirmity, which every professor of medicine was ardently zealous and generally attentive to palliate, and to contribute all in their power for the promulgation of a life so valuable. Veneration for his virtue, reverence for his talents, delight in his conversation, and habitual endurance of a yoke my husband first put upon me, and of which he contentedly bore his share for sixteen or seventeen years, made me go on so long with Mr. Johnson; but the perpetual confinement I will own to have been terrifying in the first years of our friendship, and irksome in the last; nor could I pretend to support it without help, when my coadjutor was no more.

"To the assistance we gave him, the shelter our house afforded to his uneasy fancies, and to the pains we took to soothe or repress them, the world, perhaps, is indebted for the three political pamphlets, the new edition and correction of his Dictionary, and for the Poets' Lives, which he would scarce have lived, I think, and kept his faculties entire, to have written, had not incessant care been exerted at the time of his first coming to be our constant guest in the country; and several times after that, when he found himself particularly oppressed with diseases incident to the most vivid and fervent imaginations. I shall forever consider it as the greatest honor which could be conferred on any one to have been the confidential friend of Dr. Johnson's health, and to have in some measure, with Mr. Thrale's assistance, saved, from distress at least, if not from worse, a mind great beyond the comprehension of common mortals, and good beyond all hope of imitation from perishable creatures."

1333. GRAY AND WALPOLE.

"Gray," says Walpole, "was a Deist, but a violent enemy of atheists, such as he took Voltaire and Hume to be. The quarrel between Gray and me arose from his being too serious a companion. I had just broke loose from the restraints of the uni-

versity, with as much money as I could spend, and I was willing to indulge myself. Gray was for antiquities, &c., while I was for perpetual balls and plays. The fault was mine."

1334. FREDERIC, KING OF PRUSSIA, AND VOLTAIRE.

In a fit of disgust with the favor shown to his rivals, and the distrust and indifference manifested towards him at the court of France, Voltaire at last accepted the reiterated invitations of Frederic the Great to take up his residence in Prussia. Frederic received his friend with transports of joy. His undisguised delight, his earnest request that he would exchange Paris for Berlin permanently, the charm that his talents spread over the poet's life, and the security he enjoyed, were all alluring. Frederic spared no professions of friendship, no mark of real personal attachment; more than once he kissed the poet's hand in a transport of admiration. This singular demonstration of affection from man to man, more singular from king to author, helped, with many others in addition, to enchain Voltaire. He himself assures us that they turned his head. "How could I resist," he writes, "a victorious king, a poet, a musician, a philosopher, who pretended to love me? I believe that I loved him. I arrived in Potsdam in the month of June, 1750. A-tolpbo was not better received in the palace of Alcina. To lodge in the apartment which the Marshal de Saxe had occupied, to have the king's cooks at my orders, when I chose to eat in my rooms, and his coachmen when I wished to drive out, were the least favors shown me. The suppers were delightful. Unless I deceive myself, the conversation was full of wit and genius. The king displayed both; and what is strange, I never at any repast enjoyed more freedom. I studied two hours a day with his majesty. I corrected his works, taking care to praise greatly all that was good, while I erased all that was bad. I gave him a reason in writing for all my emendations, which composed a work on rhetoric and poetry for his use. He profited by it, and his genius was of more service to him than my lessons. I had no court to pay, no visits to make, no duties to fulfil. I established myself on an independent footing, and I can conceive nothing more agreeable than my situation."

But the treaty of equal friendship between king and poet did not last long. Various petty provocations were given by both. We find neither the magnanimity of the hero in the one, nor the calmness of a philosopher in the other. Voltaire accordingly retired from Prussia.

§ 134. MISCELLANEOUS.

1335. AN ODD INTRODUCTION.

Wycherley was a very handsome man. His acquaintance with the Duchess of Cleveland commenced oddly enough. One day, as he passed that Duchess's coach in the ring, she leaned out of the window, and cried out loud enough to be heard distinctly by him, "Sir, you're a rascal; you're a villain." Wycherley, from that instant, entertained hopes. He did not fail waiting on her the next

morning, and, with a very melancholy tone, begged to know how it was possible for him to have so much disoblighed her grace. They were very good friends from that time forth.

1336. MONTAIGNE AND HIS WARD.

One of the last events of Montaigne's life was his friendship with Mademoiselle Marie de Gournay

le Jars, a young person of great merit, and afterwards esteemed one of the most learned and excellent ladies of the day, and honored by the abuse of pedants, who attacked her personal appearance and her age, in revenge for her transcending even their sex in accomplishments and understanding; while, on the other hand, she was regarded with respect and friendship by the first men of her time. She was very young when Montaigne first saw her, which happened during a long visit he made to Paris, after his mayorship at Bourdeaux was ended.

Having conceived an enthusiastic love and admiration of him from reading his essays, she called on him, and requested an acquaintance. He visited her and her mother at their Château de Gournay, and allied himself to her by adopting her as his daughter, and entertaining for her a warm affection and esteem. His picture of her is not only delightful, as a testimony of the merits of this young lady,* but a proof of the unfeeling enthusiasm and warmth of his own heart, which, even in suffering and decay, eagerly allied itself to kindred merit.

GRAMMAR AND GRAMMARIANS.

§ 135. HISTORICAL ITEMS.

1337. A VALUED RELIC.

In his remarks at the dedication of the Dana Hill School-house, in Cambridge, George Livermore, Esq., said he had had in his possession, within a week, an old worn school-book, bearing the name of the boy who used it more than a century ago. It was not larger than Colburn's Arithmetic, nor half as good looking a book; yet an offer of fifty dollars had been refused for it, and one hundred dollars could not buy it. It was George Washington's grammar.

coach, happened to confound the sex of it, by calling out "Ou est mon carrosse?" This was quite sufficient to stamp the word (*carrosse*) masculine, of which gender it has continued to the present moment. Ménage, who furnishes this anecdote, concludes by remarking, "Such a trifling, puerile error is not to be wondered at; but that a whole nation should adopt a change of gender, in compliment to it, is a palpable absurdity, of no common magnitude; only that when we reflect upon what courtiers are, the wonder ceases."

1338. CHANGING OF GENDER.

Who would think that the very gender of a substantive could be entirely changed, and forever, solely by the obsequiousness of courtiers? Louis XIV. came to the crown in 1643, at the age of five years; and soon afterwards, on inquiring for his

1339. THE TERM "WE."

The plural style of speaking ("we") among kings was begun by King John of England, A. D. 1119. Before that time sovereigns used the singular person in their edicts. The German and the French sovereigns followed the example of King John in 1200. When editors began to say "we" is not known.

§ 136. GRAMMATICAL BLUNDERS.

1340. WITTY RETORT.

Judge R., who presided in the county court of an American state, was fond of indulging himself occasionally in a joke at the expense of Counsellor B., a practising attorney in the same court, with whom he was very intimate, and for whom he had a high regard. On a certain occasion, when pleading a cause at the bar, Mr. B. observed that he would conclude his remarks on the following day, unless the court would consent to *set* late enough for him to

finish them that evening. "S*it*, sir," said the judge, "not *set*: hens *set*." "I stand corrected, sir," said the counsellor, bowing. Not long after, while giving an opinion, the judge remarked that, under such circumstances, an action would not *lay*. "L*ie*, may it please your honor," said the counsellor; "not *lay*: hens *lay*."

1341. THE MAYOR'S DISCRIMINATION.

The mayor of a provincial town, conceiving that the word *clause* was in the plural number, always talked of a *claw* in an act of Parliament.

1342. SINGULAR USE OF THE ARTICLE.

A village parish clerk, who employed a grammarian to teach his daughter the syntax of her native tongue, heard him with much surprise define the use of the articles, *a*, *an*, and *the*. "You cannot place *a*, the singular article, before plural nouns—no one can say *a* houses, *a* horses, *a* ——" "Hold there," said the parish clerk; "I must contradict

* "J'ai pris plaisir de publier en plusieurs lieux l'espérance que j'ai de Marie de Gournay le Jars, ma fille d'alliance, et certes aimée de moi beaucoup plus que paternellement, et enveloppée en ma retraite et solitude comme l'une des meilleures parties de mon propre estre: je ne regrette plus qu'elle au monde. Si l'adolescence peut donner présage, cette âme sera que que jour capable des plus belles choses et entre autre de la perfection de cette trevante amitié, ou nous ne lisons point que son nez ait pu montrer excores: la sincérité et la solidité de ses mœurs y sont déjà bastantes: son affection vers moi, plus que surabondante, et telle, en somme, qu'il n'y a rien à souhaiter, sinon que l'appréhension qu'elle a de moi fin par les cinquante et cinq ans auxquels elle me rejoint, et la travaillant moins cruellement. Le jugement qu'elle fait de mes premiers Essais, et femme, et si jeune, et seule en son quartier, et la véhémence faveuse dont elle m'aime et me desira longtemps, sur la seule estime qu'elle en prms de moi, longtemps avant m'avoir me, sont des accidens de très digne considération."

you in that. Don't I at church every Sunday say *a-men?* and the Prayer-book knows better than you."

it ought to have been given. "For the correction of this one solecism," said he, "I give, besides my former gift, five thousand measures of corn more."

1343. MAGNANIMITY OF DEMETRIUS.

When Demetrius took Athens by assault, he found the inhabitants in extreme distress for want of corn. He called the principal citizens before him, and announced to them, in a speech full of humanity and conciliation, that he had ordered a large supply of grain to be placed at their free disposal. In the course of speaking, he chanced to commit an error in grammar; on which one of the Athenians immediately corrected him, by pronouncing aloud the phrase as

1344. ACTIVE AND PASSIVE VERBS.

A teacher, one day, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, —

"A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action; as, Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do?"

"Well, I don't know," said the boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, "without he *hollered!*"

§ 137. HUMOROUS FACTS.

1345. A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

A parish priest was sent for to attend the death bed of a poor old village schoolmistress. She had a sin to confess; she could not die in peace till she had confessed it. With broken speech, she sobbed, and hesitated, and sobbed again. "I—I—I," she stammered out, and hid her face again. "There I must, I must tell it; and may I be forgiven! You know, sir, I have kept school forty years—a poor sinful creature—I—I——"

"My good woman," said the parish priest, "take comfort; it will be pardoned if you are thus penitent. I hope it is not a very great sin."

"O, yes," said she, "and pray call me not *good* woman. I am—not—good," (sobbing:) "alas! there, I will out with it. I put down that I taught grammar, and" (sobbing) "I—I *did not know it myself!*"

1346. WITTY REPLY.

Walter Scott does not seem to have been the fool at school which some have stated. Once, a boy in the same class was asked by the "dominie" what part of speech *with* was.

"A noun, sir," said the boy.

"You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?"

"I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott; "you know there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'they bound Samson with *withs*.'"

1347. THE RULE AND THE REASON.

Horne Tooke, when at Eaton, was one day asked by the master the reason why a certain verb governed a particular case. He answered, "I don't know." "That is impossible," said the master: "I know you are not ignorant, but obstinate." Horne, however, persisted, and the master flogged. After

the punishment, the master quoted the rule of grammar which bore on the subject, and Horne instantly replied, "I know that very well, but you did not ask me for the *rule*,—you demanded the *reason*."

1348. HAPPY CONSOLATION.

When Dangeau, a Parisian author, heard that all rank and merit were threatened with destruction on the breaking out of the revolution, he exclaimed, "Well, come what will, I have two hundred verbs, well conjugated, in my *escritoire*."

1349. ETYMOLOGY WITH A VENGEANCE.

Johnson once made a bet with Boswell that he could go into the flesh market, and put a Bilingsgate woman in a passion without saying a word that she could understand. The doctor commenced by silently indicating with his nose that her fish had passed the state in which a man's olfactory could endure their flavor. The Bilingsgate lady made a verbal attack common in vulgar parlance, which impugned the classification in natural history of the doctor's mother. The doctor answered, "You are an article, madam." "No more an article than yourself, you b——y misbegotten villain." "You are a noun, woman." "You—you." stammered the woman, choking with rage at a list of titles she could not understand. "You are a pronoun." The beldam shook her fist in speechless rage. "You are a verb—an adverb—an adjective—a conjunction—a preposition—an interjection!" suddenly continued the doctor, applying the harmless epithets at proper intervals. The nine parts of speech completely conquered the old woman, and she dumped herself down in the mud, crying with rage at being thus "blackguarded" in a set of unknown terms, which not understanding, she could not answer.

HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.

§ 138. SUFFERINGS AND TRIALS OF HISTORIANS.

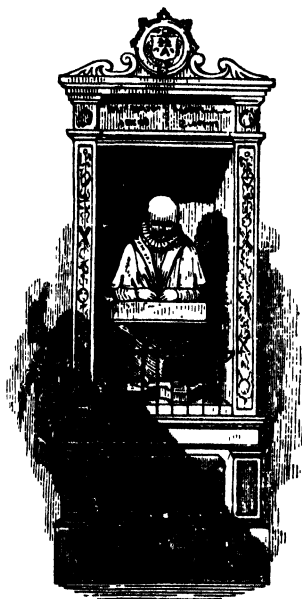
1350. STOWE A LICENSED BEGGAR



STOWE, the famous historian, devoted his life, and exhausted his patrimony, in the study of English antiquities; he travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all the monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collection, in his own handwriting, still exists, to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of

study, and seated himself in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste, for Spenser, the poet, visited the library of Stowe, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labors of our author. Late in life, worn out by study and the cares of poverty, neglected by his friends, yet his good humor did not desert him; for, being afflicted with sharp pains in his feet, he observed that "his affliction lay in that part he had made so much use of." Many a mile had he wandered, many a pound had he yielded, for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stowe at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he petitioned James I. for a license to collect alms for himself! "as a recompense for his labor and travel of forty-five years in setting forth the Chronicles of England, and eight years taken up in the survey of the cities of London and Westminster, towards his relief now in his old age; having left his former means of living, and only employed himself for the service and good of his country." Letters patent under the great seal were granted. After a penurious commendation of Stowe's labors, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England; to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters patent were to be published by the clergy from the pulpits. They produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelvemonth; one entire parish in the city contributing seven shillings and sixpence! Such, then, was the patronage received by Stowe to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for one twelvemonth! Such was the public

remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!



Stowe's Monument in the Church of St. Andrew under shaft, London.

1351. IMPRISONMENT OF RUSHWORTH.

It appears by the Harleian manuscripts, 1524, that Rushworth, the author of Historical Collections, passed the last years of his life in jail, where, indeed, he died. After the restoration, when he presented to the king several of the privy council's books, which he had preserved from ruin, he received for his only reward the thanks of his majesty.

1352. MISFORTUNES OF PRIDEAUX.

When the learned Prideaux was, for his adherence to the royal cause, so reduced in circumstances as to be obliged to sell his library for the means of support, he became, as Dr. Gauden remarked, literally a *helluo librorum*. He seems to have borne his misfortunes with patience, and even good humor. On one occasion, a friend came to see him, and asked how he did. He answered, "Never better in my life, only I have too great a stomach; for I have eaten the little plate which the sequestrators left me; I have eaten a great library of excellent books; I have eaten a great deal of linen; much of my brass; some of my pector; and now am come to eat of my iron; and what will come next, I know."

not." Such was the treatment which this great and good man, one of the best scholars and ablest promoters of learning in the kingdom, experienced at the hands of men who professed to contend for liberty and toleration.

A singular circumstance is related of Prideaux's first rise in life. After he had learned to read and write, having a good voice, he stood candidate for the place of parish clerk of the Church of Ugborough, near Harford. Mr. Price informs us, that "he had a competitor for the office, who had made great interest in the parish for himself, and was likely to carry the place from him. The parishioners, being divided in the matter, did at length agree in this, being unwilling to disoblige either party, that the Lord's day following should be the day of trial; the one should tune the psalm in the forenoon, the other in the afternoon; and he that did best please the people should have the place; which accordingly was done, and Prideaux lost it, to his very great grief and trouble." When he was afterwards advanced to one of the first dignities of the church, he used often to say, "If I could but have been clerk of Ugborough, I had never been Bishop of Worcester."

1353. SMOLLETT.



Tobias George Smollett.

As a relief from literary labor, Smollett once went to revisit his family, and to embrace the mother he loved; but such were the irritation of his mind, and the infirmity of his health, exhausted by the hard labors of authorship, that he never passed a more weary summer, nor ever found himself so incapable of indulging the warmest emotions of his heart. On his return, in a letter, he gave this melancholy narrative of himself: "Between friends I am now convinced that my brain was in some measure affected; for I had a kind of *coma vigil* upon me from April to November, without intermission. In consideration of this circumstance, I know you will forgive all my peevishness and discontent. Tell Mrs. Moore that, with regard to me, she has as yet seen nothing but the wrong side of the tapestry."

Thus it happens in the life of authors, that they whose comic genius diffuses cheerfulness create a pleasure that they themselves participate.

The *coma vigil* may be described by a verse of Shakspeare: "Still waking sleep! that is not what it is!" "Of praise and censure," says Smollett, in a letter to Dr. Moore, "indeed I am sick of both, and wish to God my circumstances would allow me to consign my pen to oblivion."

1354. THE INDISCRETION OF AN HISTORIAN. THOMAS CARTE.

"Carte," says Mr. Hallam, "is the most exact historian we have;" and Dancs Barrington prefers his authority to that of any other, and many other writers confirm this opinion. Yet, had this historian been an ordinary compiler, he could not have incurred a more mortifying fate; for he was compelled to retail in shilling numbers that invaluable history which we have only learned of late times to appreciate, and which was the laborious fruits of self-devotion.

When Carte's project of preparing and publishing his history was made known, a large subscription was raised to defray the expense of transcripts, and afford a sufficient independence to the historian. Many of the nobility and the gentry subscribed ten or twenty guineas annually, and several of the corporate bodies in the city honorably appeared as the public patrons of the literature of the nation. He had, perhaps, nearly a thousand a year subscribed, which he employed on the history. Thus every thing promised fair, both for the history and for the historian of our fatherland.

It was in 1743 that this work was projected: in 1747 the first volume appeared. One single act of indiscretion—an unlucky accident rather than a premeditated design—overturned in a moment this monument of history; for it proved that Carte, however enlarged were his views of what history ought to consist, and however experienced in collecting its most authentic materials, and accurate in its statement, was infected by a superstitious Jacobitism which seemed likely to spread itself through his extensive history. Carte indeed was no philosopher, but a very faithful historian.

Having, unhappily, occasion to discuss whether the King of England had, from the time of Edward the Confessor, the power of healing inherent in him before his unction, or whether the gift was conveyed by ecclesiastical hands, to show the efficacy of the royal touch, he added an idle story, which had come under his own observation, of a person who appeared to have been so healed. Carte said of this unlucky personage, so unworthily introduced five hundred years before he was born, that he had been sent to Paris to be touched by "the eldest lineal descendant of a race of kings who had indeed for a long succession of ages cured that distemper by the royal touch." The insinuation was unquestionably in favor of the pretender, although the name of the prince was not avowed, and was a sort of promulgation of the right divine to the English throne.

The first news our author heard of his elaborate history was the discovery of this unforeseen calamity; the public indignation was roused, and subscribers, public and private, hastened to withdraw their names. The historian was left forlorn and abandoned amid his extensive collections, and truth, which was about to be drawn out of her well

by this robust laborer, was no longer imagined to lie concealed at the bottom of the waters.

1355. PERSECUTION OF GIANNONE.

Giannone's Civil History of the Kingdom of Naples is remarkable for its profound inquiries concerning the civil and ecclesiastical constitution, the laws and customs of that kingdom. With some interruptions from his professional avocations at the bar, twenty years were consumed in writing this history. Researches on ecclesiastical usurpations, and severe strictures on the clergy, are the chief subjects of his bold and unreserved pen. These passages, curious, grave, and indignant, were afterwards extracted from the history by Vernet, and published in a small volume, under the title of *Anecdotes Ecclesiastiques*, (1738.) When Giannone consulted with a friend on the propriety of publishing his history, his critic, in admiring the work, predicted the fate of the author. "You have," said he, "placed on your head a crown of thorns, and of very sharp ones." The historian set at naught his own personal repose; and in 1723 this elaborate history saw the light. From that moment the historian never enjoyed a day of quiet! Rome attempted at first to extinguish the author with his work; all the books were seized on, and copies of the first edition are of extreme rarity. To escape the fangs of inquisitorial power, the historian flew from Naples on the publication of his immortal work. The fugitive and excommunicated author sought an asylum at Vienna, where, though he found no friend in the emperor, Prince Eugene and other nobles became his patrons. Forced to quit Vienna, he retired to Venice, when a new persecution arose from the jealousy of the state inquisitors, who one night landed him on the borders of the pope's dominions. Escaping unexpectedly with his life to Geneva, he was preparing a supplemental volume to his celebrated history, when, enticed by a treacherous friend to a catholic village, Giannone was arrested by an order of the King of Sardinia, his manuscripts were sent to Rome, and the historian imprisoned in a fort. It is curious that the impi-oued Giannone wrote a vindication of the rights of the King of Sardinia against the claims of the court of Rome. This powerful appeal to the feelings of this sovereign was at first favorably received, but, under the secret influence of Rome, the Sardinian monarch, on the extraordinary plea that he kept Giannone as a prisoner of state that he might preserve him from the papal power, ordered that the vindicator of his rights should be more closely confined than before, and, for this purpose, transferred his state prisoner to the citadel of Turin, where, after twelve years of persecution and of agitation, our great historian closed his life.

1356. EXILE OF BUCHANAN.

This illustrious scholar, compelled to fly from his own country by the blood-seeking animosity of a priestly cabal, whose vices he had made the theme of his satire, sought refuge and protection under Henry VIII. of England. His appeal to that monarch was couched in terms of great pathos and elegance. "Look not," said the poet, "with an unrelenting countenance upon the humble advances of a man whose soul is devoted to your service; one who, a beggar, a vagrant, and an exile,

has endured every species of misfortune which a perfidious world can inflict. A savage host of inveterate enemies pursues him, and the palace of his sovereign resounds with their menaces. *O'er mountains covered in snow, and valleys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive to the Athenian altar of Mercy, and, exhausted by calamities, cast myself at your feet.*" Alas! London was not the Athens the fugitive sought, nor Henry the Pericles, whose generosity was to succor him. But who can wonder, that, after sacrificing to the axe that beauty on which he once reposed with delight, neither the misfortunes of greatness nor the eloquence of genius should have been able to make the least impression on the heart of the savage Henry?

1357. HUME.

Hume one day complained, in a mixed company, that he considered himself as very ill treated by the world, by its unjust and unreasonable censures; adding that he had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that could be said to contain any reprehensible matter; and yet for those few pages he was abused and torn to pieces.

The company for some time paused; when at length a gentleman dryly observed, that he put him in mind of an old acquaintance, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the extreme injustice and hardship of his case, inasmuch as he had written many thousand inoffensive sheets; and now he was to be hanged for a single line.

1358. HYDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, wrote his history in very trying circumstances. He was devoted to the cause of Charles I., and during the times of the civil war, having the young Prince Charles under his protection, he sought safety for his charge in the Isle of Jersey. But Queen Henrietta having succeeded in getting the young prince away to France, Clarendon, who would not accompany him, was left behind as a sort of exile. He remained in

a sequestered island above two years, having entirely sacrificed his profession, without office or employment, without the occupation and excitement now afforded by parliamentary opposition to the leaders of a discomfited party, even without the comforts and solaces of domestic life. But instead of indulging in dependency, or in idleness, or in frivolous amusements, he employed his time with well-directed industry and vigor, and he rendered his name immortal. Seeing that the struggle in which he had been engaged was the most important that had ever occurred in English history, and knowing that it must be interesting to all future generations of Englishmen, he had long resolved, for his own fair fame and for the benefit of his country, to become its historian. This purpose was strengthened as he saw the royal cause decline, from the apprehension that the domination of the opposite faction would taint the sources of historic truth. So intent had he become on his object, that he began his great work the moment he set his foot on the rock of Scilly; and he seriously applied himself to it amidst the distractions and difficulties of his short and anxious sojourn there,—in danger, if taken prisoner by the forces of Parliament, of being

brought to trial as a malignant, and deeply occupied in counteracting the selfish plans of Queen Henrietta Maria, by which she was injuring the royal cause, and cutting off all hope of a happy settlement. Now, released from other engrossing duties, he earnestly and devotedly applied himself to his great undertaking, of which we can distinctly trace the progress as well as the commencement. He had with him original papers and memoranda, which he had been some time collecting, and he taxed his memory with great anxiety respecting events which had come under his own observation. He endeavored, by application in various quarters, to supply his deficiency of materials with respect to military operations and distant transactions. He wrote to Lord Witherington, the friend of the Marquis of Newcastle, entreating from both of them a narration of those affairs in which they had borne a part. From Lord Bristol he asked information respecting the treaty of Berwick, the great Council of the Peers at York, and that nobleman's own commitment by the Parliament. To Lord Digby he wrote, "I pray let your secretaries collect all material passages concerning Ireland you may think fit to impart to me. I would be glad you would yourself collect as many particulars of Count Harcourt's negotiation in England; of Duke Hamilton's commitment, and of the Marquis of Montrose's managing in Scotland, and many other things you imagine conducive to my work." He had great reliance on Secretary Nicholas, to whom he says, "You will, by all your diligence, intercourse, and dexterity, procure me such materials for my history as you know necessary, which I take to be so much your work that if I fail in it I will put marginal notes into the history that shall reproach you for your want of contribution. By your care I must be supplied with all the acts of countenance and confederacy which have passed from France, Holland, and Spain." His application to Colepepper is particularly interesting, from the allusion to Falkland, and the confidence which the writer displays in his own powers. After asking him for his recollections of Edge Hill, he says, "The like care I expect from you concerning the siege of Gloucester, the raising yt siege and retrete, the oversight there, the quick march after, and ye first battle of Newbury, where wee lost deareo Falkland, *whom ye next age shall be taught to vaeue more than ye present did.*"

He thus communicated his intention to Charles I., now in the power of the Parliament, but allowed considerable liberty of correspondence, and still treated with respect: "I flatter myself with the opinion, that I am doing your majesty some service in this island, whilst I am preparing the story of your sufferings, that posterity may tremble at the reading of what the present age blushes not to execute." The king took the most lively interest in the work, and contributed a narrative of all important matters between the time when Hyde quitted Oxford to attend the prince in the west, and of the king's own escape to the Scottish camp. The expectation of further assistance from the same quarter was disappointed, as we learn from a letter from Hyde, in December, 1647, in which he says, "Your majesty's sudden remove from Hampden Court hath for the present taken away the opportunity of deriving those materials which your majesty graciously intimated by Mr. Secretary Nicholas you intended for me, which renewed my courage when I was even ready to faint for want of some supply." But from Prince Charles he unexpectedly received

useful memorials of the campaigns of Prince Rupert.

He devoted not less than ten hours a day to his work, being generally employed three hours a day in writing, and the rest of the time in examining authorities and collating materials. From the unspeakable advantage of having a great and worthy object to pursue, he not only escaped the tedium which must otherwise have devoured him, but, with much to mortify and alarm, he preserved equanimity, and even cheerfulness. He thus describes his course of life at Jersey till he was left in entire solitude: "Whilst the Lords Capel and Hopton staid there, they lived and kept house together in St. Hilary's, which is the chief town of the island, where, having a chaplain of their own, they had prayers every day in the church at ten of the clock in the morning; till which hour they enjoyed themselves in their chambers, according as they thought fit, the chancellor betaking himself to the continuance of the history which he had begun in Scilly, and spending most of his time at that exercise. The other two walked or rode abroad or read, as they were disposed. But at the hour of prayer they always met, and then dined together at the Lord Hopton's lodgings, which was the best house, they being lodged at several houses with convenience enough. Their table was maintained at their joint expense, only for dinner, they never using to sup, but met always upon the sands in the evening to walk, after going to the castle to Sir George Carteret, who treated them with extraordinary kindness and civility."

After a few months he was deprived of the society of his friends, Lord Capel leaving Jersey for Holland, and Lord Hopton for Normandy, with a view to their return to England. He was too obnoxious to Parliament to venture to put himself in its power, and he was too poor to send for his wife and children, who were sheltered by relations in Wiltshire. Speaking of Lady Hyde at this time, he says, "She bears her part with miraculous constancy and courage, which truly is an unspeakable comfort to me."

He now left the town of St. Hilary's, and, under the protection of Carteret, constructed for himself some convenient rooms among the ruins of an old castle, and over the door he set up his arms with this inscription, "*Bene vixit qui bene latuit.*" Like most authors, he was occasionally discouraged by the difficulties he met with, saying that he wished he never had begun the work, and that he was determined to lay it aside; but it made steady progress, and in seven months he got as far as the erecting of the royal standard at Nottingham. To tune his mind to historical composition, and to improve his taste, he read over Livy and Tacitus, and almost all the works of Cicero. He likewise availed himself of the opportunity of improving himself in the French language, which he had hitherto neglected. He remained in his retreat at Jersey till the month of June, 1640.

1359. HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

When Hume published the first portion of his history, he was himself sanguine in his expectations. He tells his own narrative:—

"I thought I was the only historian that had at once neglected present power, interest, and authority, and the cry of popular prejudices; and, as the subject was suited to every capacity, I expected

proportional applause. But miserable was my disappointment. All classes of men and readers united in their rage against him who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford. . . . What was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion, and in a twelvemonth not more than forty-five copies were sold."

Even Hume, a stoic before in his literary character, was struck down and dismayed; he lost all courage to proceed; and, had the war not prevented him, he "had resolved to change his name, and never more to have returned to his native country."

But an author, though born to suffer martyrdom, does not always expire; he may be flayed like St. Bartholomew, and yet he can breathe without asking; stoned like St. Stephen, and yet write on with a broken head; and he has been even known to survive the flames, notwithstanding the most precious part of an author, which is obviously his book, has been burnt in an *auto da fe*. Still was the

fall (as he terms it) of the first volume of his history haunting his nervous imagination, when he found himself yet strong enough to hold a pen in his hand, and ventured to produce a second, which "helped to buoy up its unfortunate brother." But the third part, containing the reign of Elizabeth, was particularly obnoxious, and he was doubtful whether he was again led to the stake. But Hume, a little hardened by a little success, grew, to use his own words, "callous against the impressions of public folly," and completed his history, which was now received "with tolerable, and but tolerable, success."

At length, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, our author began, a year or two before he died, as he writes, to see "many symptoms of my literary reputation breaking out at last with additional lustre, though I know that I can have but few years to enjoy it." What a provoking consolation for a philosopher, who, according to the result of his own system, was close upon a state of annihilation!

§ 139. BLUNDERS AND FALSEHOODS OF HISTORIANS.

1360. ROYALTY IN A TIGHT PLACE.



Lord Clarendon.

To illustrate my ideas of usefulness, and of the absolute necessity of secret history, it is often easy to expose the fallacious appearances of popular history by authorities indisputably genuine. In history, the restoration of Charles appeared in all its splendor; the king is joyfully received at Dover, and the shore is covered by his subjects on their knees; crowds of the great hurry to Canterbury; the army is drawn up in number and in splendor that has never been equalled. His enthusiastic reception is on his birthday, for that was the lucky day fixed on for his entrance into the metropolis: in a word, all that is told in history describes a monarch the most powerful and the most happy.

Turn to the faithful memorialist, who so well knew the secrets of the king's heart, and who was himself an actor behind the curtain. Lord Clarendon confessed that the king was not yet the master of the kingdom, nor his *authority* and *security* such

as the general noise and acclamation, the bells and the bonfires, proclaimed it to be."

"The first mortification the king met with was as soon as he arrived at Canterbury, within three hours after he landed at Dover." Clarendon then relates how many the king found there, who, while they waited with joy to kiss his hand, also came with importunate solicitations for themselves; forced him to give them present audience, in which they



Dunkirk House, the London Residence of Lord Clarendon.

reckoned up the insupportable losses undergone by themselves or their fathers; demanded some grant, or promise of such offices; some even for more; "pressing for two or three with such confidence and importunity, and with such tedious discourses, that the king was extremely nauseated with their suits, though his modesty knew not how to break from them; that he no sooner got into his chamber, which for some hours he was not able to do, than he lamented the condition to which he found he must be subject; and did, in truth, from that minute, contract such a prejudice against some of those persons." But a greater mortification was to follow, and one which had nearly thrown the king into despair.

General Monk had from the beginning to this instant acted very mysteriously, never corresponding with nor answering a letter of the king's, so that his majesty was frequently doubtful whether the general designed to act for himself or for the king — an am-

biguous conduct which may be attributed to the power his wife had over him, who was in the opposite interest. The general, in his rough way, presented him a large paper, with about seventy names for his privy council, of which not more than two were acceptable. "The king," says Clarendon, "was in more than ordinary confusion, for he knew not well what to think of the general, in whose absolute power he was; so that at this moment his majesty was almost alarmed at the demand and appearance of things." The general afterwards undid this unfavorable appearance by acknowledging that the list was drawn up by his wife, who had made him promise to present it; but he permitted his majesty to act as he thought proper. At that moment General Monk was more king than Charles.

We have not yet concluded. When Charles met the army at Blackheath, fifty thousand strong, "he knew well the ill constitution of the army, the distemper and murmuring that were in it, and how many diseases and convulsions their infant loyalty was subject to; that, *how united soever their inclinations and acclamations seemed to be at Blackheath, their affections were not the same, and the very countenances* there of many officers, as well as soldiers, did sufficiently manifest that they were drawn thither to a service they were not delighted in. The old soldiers had little regard for their new officers; and it quickly appeared by the select and affected mixtures of sullen and melancholic parties of officers and soldiers." And then the chancellor of human nature adds, "And in this melancholic and perplexed condition the king and all his hopes stood, when he appeared most gay and exalted, and wore a pleasantness in his face that became him, and looked like as full an assurance of his security as was possible to put on."

1361. FORGERIES OF VARILLAS.

Varillas, the French historian, enjoyed for some time a great reputation in his own country for his historic compositions; but when they became more known, the scholars of other countries destroyed the reputation he had unjustly acquired. His continual professions of sincerity prejudiced many in his favor, and made him pass for a writer who had penetrated into the inmost recesses of the cabinet; but the public were at length undecieved, and were convinced that the historical anecdotes which Varillas put off for authentic facts had no foundation, being wholly his own inventing; though he endeavored to make them pass for realities by affected citations of titles, instructions, letters, memoirs, and relations, all of them imaginary. He had read almost every thing historical, printed and manuscript; but he had a fertile political imagination, and gave his conjectures as facts, while he quoted at random his pretended authorities. Burnet's book against Varillas is a curious little volume.

1362. ROBERTSON'S ABORTIVE HISTORY.

Robertson had projected a history of British America, of which we possess two chapters. When the rebellion and revolution broke out, he abandoned the work, and congratulated himself that he had not made any further progress.

"It is lucky my American history was not finished before this event; how many plausible theories that I should have been entitled to form are contradicted by what has now happened!" A fair confession.

1363. AN AUTHOR'S REVENGE.

Philip de Comines's violent enmity to the Duke of Burgundy, which appears in the Memoirs, has been traced by the minute researchers of anecdotes; and the cause is not honorable to the memoir writer, whose resentment was implacable. De Cominc was born a subject of the Duke of Burgundy, and for seven years had been a favorite; but one day returning from hunting with the duke, then Count de Charolois, in familiar jocularly he sat himself down before the prince, ordering the prince to pull off his boots. The count laughed and did this, but in return for Comines's princely amusement, dashed the boot in his face, and gave Comines a bloody nose. From that time he was mortified in the court of Burgundy by the nickname of the *booted head*. Comines long felt a rankling wound in his mind; and after this family quarrel, — for it was nothing more, — he went over to the King of France, and wrote off his bile against the Duke of Burgundy in those Memoirs, which give posterity a caricature likeness of that prince, whom he is ever censuring for presumption, obstinacy, pride, and cruelty. This Duke of Burgundy, however, it is said, with many virtues, had but one great vice, the vice of sovereigns, that of ambition.

The impertinence of Comines had not been chastised with great severity; but the nickname was never forgiven. Unfortunately for the duke, Comines was a man of genius. When we are versed in the history of the times, we shall often discover that memoir writers have some secret poison in their hearts. Many, like Comines, have had the boot dashed on their nose. Personal rancor wonderfully enlivens the style of Lord Oxford and Cardinal de Retz. Memoirs are often dictated by its fiercest spirit; and then histories are composed from memoirs. Where is truth?

1364. ROBERTSON'S CHARLES V.



Dr. William Robertson.

When his successful History of Scotland invited Robertson to pursue this newly-discovered province

of philosophical or theoretical history, he was long irresolute in his designs, and so unpractised in those researches he was desirous of attempting, that his admirers would have lost his popular productions, had not a fortunate introduction to Dr. Birch, whose life had been spent in historical pursuits, enabled the Scottish historian to open many a clasped book, and to drink of many a sealed fountain. Robertson was long undecided whether to write the history of Greece, of Leo X., that of William III., or Queen Anne, or that of Charles V., and perhaps many other subjects.

We have a curious letter of Lord Orford's detailing the purport of a visit Robertson paid to him, to inquire after materials for the reigns of William and Anne; he seemed to have little other knowledge than what he had taken upon trust. "I painted to him," says Lord Orford, "the difficulties and the want of materials, but the booksellers will outargue me." Both the historian and "the booksellers" had resolved on another history, and Robertson looked upon it as a task which he wished to have set to him, and not a glorious toil long matured in his mind. But how did he come prepared to the very dissimilar subjects he proposed! When he resolved to write the History of Charles V., he confesses to Dr. Birch, "I never had any access to any copious libraries, and do not pretend to any extensive knowledge of authors; but I have a list of such as I thought most essential to the subject, and have put them down as *I found them mentioned in any book I happened to read*. Your erudition and knowledge of books are infinitely superior to mine, and I doubt not you will be able to make such additions to my catalogue as may be of great use to me. I know very well, and to my sorrow, how *scarcely historians copy from one another*, and how little is to be learned from reading many books, but at the same time, when one writes upon any particular period, it is both necessary and decent for him to consult every book relating to it upon which he can lay his hands." This avowal proves that Robertson knew little of the history of Charles V. till he began the task, and he further confesses that "he had no knowledge of the Spanish or German," which, for the history of a Spanish monarch and a German emperor, was somewhat ominous of the nature of the projected history.

1305. HISTORICAL INCREDULITY.

Smollett's History of England was written in two years, and is very defective.

"Thinking to amuse my father, once," says Walpole, "after his retirement from the ministry, I offered to read a book of history." "Any thing but history," said he, "for history must be false."

1306. DANIEL NEAL AND. SANDYS.

Here is a specimen of Daniel Neal's honesty in his History of the Puritans. Speaking of Sandys, Archbishop of York, he says he was "a zealous defender of the laws against nonconformists of all sorts. When arguments failed, he would earnestly implore the secular arm, though he had no great opinion either of the discipline or ceremonies of the church, as appears by his last will and testament, in which are these remarkable expressions: 'I am persuaded that the rites and ceremonies by political institutions appointed in the

church are not ungodly nor unlawful, but may, for order and obedience' sake, be used by good Christians. *But I am now, and ever have been, persuaded that some of these rites and ceremonies are not expedient for this church now; but that in the church reformed, and in all this time of the gospel, they may better be disused by little and little, than more and more urged.*' Such a testimony from the dying lips of one that had been a severe persecutor of honest men for things which he always thought had better be disused than urged, deserves to be remembered." Vol. i. p. 502.

For his authority Neal refers in the margin to Strype's Life of Whitgift, p. 287. There, in fact, the passage occurs, and it appears by Strype that, not long after Sandy's death, some Puritan, not more scrupulous than Daniel Neal, quoted it for the same purpose. To expose the falsehood which was thus practised, Strype gives the very words of the will, which follow immediately, thus: "Howbeit, as I do easily acknowledge our ecclesiastical policy in some points may be bettered, so do I utterly dislike, even in my conscience, all such rude and indigested platforms as have been more lately and boldly than either learnedly or wisely preferred, tending not to the reformation, but to the destruction, of this church of England, the particularities of both sorts reserved to the discretion of the godly wise. Of the latter, I only say thus—that the state of a small private church, and the form of a larger Christian kingdom, neither would long like, nor can all brook one and the same ecclesiastical government. Thus much I thought good to testify concerning these ecclesiastical matters, to clear me of all suspicion of double and indirect dealing in the house of God."

And with these words before him, Daniel Neal, the historian of the Puritans, presents in his history the mutilated passage for the sake of fixing upon one, whom even he allows to be a venerable man, a charge of double and indirect dealing.

1307. VERTOT'S PRESUMPTION.

In writing the History of the Knights of Malta, Vertot had sent to Italy for original materials concerning the siege of Rhodes; but, impatient of the long delay, he completed his narrative from his own imagination. At length the packet arrived, when Vertot was sitting with a friend. He opened it, and threw it contemptuously on the sofa behind him, saying coolly, "*Mon siege est fait*," (My siege is made.)

1308. VAGUE DESCRIPTION OF BATTLES.

"It is history, madam; you know how the tale goes," said Cardinal Mazarin to the Queen Dowager of France. But in no respect is history more uncertain than in the description of battles. Sully observes, that when, after the battle of Aumale, the officers were standing around the bed of Henry IV., not two of all the number could agree in their account of the engagement.

1309. GOLDSMITH'S CARELESSNESS.

The following anecdote illustrates the carelessness with which Goldsmith executed works requiring accuracy and research. On the 22d of June he had received payment in advance for a Grecian History,

in two volumes, though only one was finished. As he was pushing on doggedly at the second volume, Gibbon, the historian, called in.

"You are the man of all others I wish to see," cried the poet, glad to be saved the trouble of reference to his books.

"What was the name of that Indian king who gave Alexander the Great so much trouble?"

"Montezuma," replied Gibbon, sportively.

The heedless author was about committing the name to paper, without reflection, when Gibbon pretended to recollect himself, and gave the true name—*Porus*.

1370. HUME'S CAREFUL COMPOSITION.

It is a curious fact, that when Hume was complimented by a noble marquis on the correctness of his style, particularly in his *History of England*, he observed, "If it had shown any peculiar correctness, it was owing to the uncommon care he took in the execution of his work, as he wrote it over three times before he sent it to the press." Yet, notwithstanding his extreme care, he made a most egregious blunder; for, having inserted in his history that if ever the national debt came up to *one hundred millions*, this country would be ruined, he was asked by a friend how he could make such a mistake, seeing that the debt was far above that sum, and likely to be much more. "Owing to a mistake, sir," says he, "common to *writers by profession*, who are often obliged to adopt sentiments on the authority of other people."

1371. STORY OF POLLY BAKER.

It has been justly observed, that several modern historians, who have pretended to write in a philosophical spirit, have been very inattentive to the truth or falsehood of the facts on which their philosophy rested. The celebrated Abbé Raynal appears to have been a writer of this class, as will be seen from the following anecdote: "Towards the end of the year 1777, the abbé called one evening on Dr. Franklin, at his lodgings in Paris, and found, in company with the doctor, their common friend, Silas Deane. 'Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé,' said Deane, 'we were just talking of you and your works. Do you know that you have been very ill served by some of those people who have undertaken to give you information on American affairs?' The abbé resisted this attack with some warmth; and Deane supported it, by citing a variety of passages from Raynal's works, which he alleged to be incorrect. At last they came to the anecdote of Polly Baker, on which the abbé had displayed a great deal of pathos and sentiment. 'Now, here,' says Deane, 'is a tale in which there is not one word of truth.' Raynal fired at this, and asserted that he had taken it from an authentic memoir received from America. Franklin, who had amused himself hitherto with listening to the dispute of his friends, at length interposed. 'My dear abbé,' said he, 'shall I tell you the truth? When I was a young man, and rather more thoughtless than is becoming at our present time of life, I was employed in writing for a newspaper; and as it sometimes happened that I wanted genuine materials to fill up my page, I occasionally drow on the stores of my imagination for a tale which might pass current as a reality. Now this very anecdote of Polly Baker

was one of my inventions.' 'And upon my word,' cried Raynal, quitting at once the tone of dispute for that of flattery, 'I would much rather insert your fictions in my works than the truths of many other people.' Such is the way in which modern philosophers write history!

1372. QUEEN MARY'S TROUBLES.

Burnet informs us that, when Queen Mary held the administration of government, during the absence of William, it was imagined by some that as every woman of sense loved to be meddling, they concluded that she had but a small portion of it, because she lived so abstracted from all affairs. He praises her exemplary behavior; "regular in her devotions, much in her closet, read a great deal, was often busy at work, and seemed to employ her time and thoughts in any thing rather than matters of state. Her conversation was lively and obliging; every thing in her was easy and natural. The king told the Earl of Shrewsbury that, though he could not hit on the right way of pleasing England, he was confident she would, and that we should all be very happy under her." Such is the miniature of the queen which Burnet offers. We see nothing but her tranquillity, simplicity, and carelessness, amidst the important transactions passing under her eye; but let us lift the curtain from a longer picture. The distracted state amidst which the queen lived, the vexations, the secret sorrows, the agonies and the despair of Mary in the absence of William, nowhere appears in history, and, as we see, escaped the ken of the Scotch bishop. They were reserved for the curiosity and the instruction of posterity; and were found by Dalrymple, in the letters of Mary to her husband, in King William's cabinet. It will be well to place under the eye of the reader the suppressed cries of this afflicted queen, at the time when "every thing in her was so easy and natural, employing her time and thoughts in any thing rather than matters of state—often busy at work."

So far was the queen from not "employing her thoughts" on "matters of state," that every letter, usually written towards evening, chronicles the conflicts of the day; she records not only events, but even dialogues and personal characteristics; hints her suspicions, and multiplies her fears: her attention was incessant. "I never write but what I think others do not;" and her terrors were as ceaseless—"I pray God send you back quickly, for I see all breaking out into flames." The queen's difficulties were not eased by a single confidential intercourse. On one occasion she observes, "As I do not know when I ought to speak, and when not, I am as silent as can be." "I ever fear not doing well, and trust to what nobody says but you. It seems to me that every one is afraid of themselves. I am very uneasy in one thing, which is want of somebody to speak my mind freely to; for it's a great constraint to think and be silent; and there is so much matter that I am one of Solomon's fools, who am ready to burst."

For a final extract, take this full picture of royal misery: "I must see company on my set days; I must play twice a week; nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will; I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me; at least, it is a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or

look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world; so that I have this misery added to that of your absence, that I must grin when my heart is ready to break, and talk when my heart is so oppressed that I can scarce breathe. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air; but then I never can be quite alone, neither can I complain—that would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humor and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely to. Besides, I must hear of business, which, being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but break my brains the more, and not ease my heart."

Thus different from the representation of Burnet was the actual state of Queen Mary; and our warm and vehement bishop probably had but little personal knowledge of her majesty, notwithstanding the elaborate character of the queen which he has given in her funeral eulogium. He must have known that she did not always sympathize with his party feelings; for the queen writes, "The bishop of Salisbury has made a long, thundering sermon this morning, which he has been with me to desire to print, which I could not refuse, though I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him."

1373. ENGLISH AND FRENCH HISTORIANS.

"The popular historians of England and of France," says D'Israeli, "have, in truth, made little use of manuscript researches. Life is very short for long histories, and those who rage with an avidity of fame or profit will gladly taste the fruit which they cannot mature. Researches too remotely sought after, or too slowly acquired, or too fully

detailed, would be so many obstructions in the smooth texture of a narrative. Our theoretical historians write from some particular and preconceived result; unlike Livy, and De Thou, and Machiavel, who describe events in their natural order, these cluster them together by the fanciful threads of some political or moral theory, by which facts are distorted, displaced, and sometimes altogether omitted. One single original document has sometimes shaken into dust their palladian edifice of history. At the moment Hume was sending some sheets of his history to press, Murdin's State Papers appeared. And we are highly amused and instructed by a letter of our historian to his rival Robertson, who probably found himself often in the same forlorn situation. Our historian discovered in that collection what compelled him to retract his preconceived system: he hurries to stop the press, and paints his confusion and his anxiety with all the ingenuous simplicity of his nature. 'We are all in the wrong!' he exclaims. Of Hume I have heard, that certain manuscripts at the state paper office had been prepared for his inspection during a fortnight, but he never could muster courage to pay his promised visit. Satisfied with the common accounts, and the most obvious sources of history, when librarian at the Advocates' Library, where yet may be examined the books he used, marked by his hand, he spread the volumes about the sofa, from which he rarely rose to pursue obscure inquiries, or delay by fresh difficulties the page which every day was growing under his charming pen. A striking proof of his careless happiness I discovered in his never referring to the perfect edition of Whitelock's Memorials of 1732, but to the old truncated and faithless one of 1682."

140. ENERGY, INDUSTRY, AND PERSEVERANCE.

1374. RALEIGH'S HISTORY.



HE unfinished History of the World, by Sir Walter Raleigh, which leaves us to regret that later ages had not been celebrated by his eloquence, was the fruit of eleven years of imprisonment. It was written for the use of Prince Henry, as he and Dallington, who also wrote Aphorisms for the same prince, have told us; the prince looked over the manuscript. Of Raleigh it is

observed, to employ the language of Hume. "They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and solitary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as his History of the World. He was, however, assisted in this great work by the learning of several eminent persons—a circumstance which has not been noticed.

1375. PROLONGED LABORS OF AUTHORS.

It cost Lord Lyttleton twenty years to write the Life and History of Henry II.; the historian Gibbon was twelve years in completing his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; and Adam Smith occupied ten years in producing his Wealth of Nations.

1376. M. THIERS' CAREER.

Thiers, the great ex-minister, seven years before the revolution of 1832 in France, was a poor boy at the office of the Constitutional. He afterwards supplied the editor's chair, led on the popular mind to revolt, and finally contributed to seat Louis Philippe on the throne of Charles X. He is one of the best writers his country has produced, and his great work, the History of the French Revolution, was written while he was engaged in the daily discharge of multifarious duties, which would have utterly appalled most other minds.

1377. ARDENT DEVOTION OF MORERI.

Moreri, the founder of our great biographical collections, conceived the design with such enthusiasm, and found such voluptuousness in the labor,

that he willingly withdrew from the popular celebrity he had acquired as a preacher, and the preference which a minister of state, in whose house he resided, would have opened to his views. After the first edition of his *Historical Dictionary*, he had nothing so much at heart as its improvement. His unyielding application was converting labor into death; but collecting his last renovated vigor, with his dying hands he gave the volume to the world, though he did not live to witness even its publication. All objects in life appeared mean to him, compared with that exalted delight of addressing to the literary men of his age the history of their brothers.

1378. INDUSTRIAL ENERGY OF MURATORI.

A long life and the art of multiplying that life, not only by an early attachment to study, but by that order and arrangement which shortens our researches, distinguished the historian Muratori.

With him time was a great capital, which he knew how to put out at compound interest; and this Varro of the Italians, who performed an infinite number of things in the circumscribed period of ordinary life, appears not to have felt any dread of leaving his voluminous labors unfinished, but rather of wanting one to begin. This literary Alexander thought he might want a world to conquer. Muratori was never perfectly happy unless employed in two large works at the same time, and so much dreaded the state of literary inaction, that he was incessantly importuning his friends to suggest to him objects worthy of his future composition. The flame kindled in his youth burnt clear in his old age; and it was in his senility that he produced the twelve quartos of his *Annali d'Italia* as an addition to the twenty-nine folios of his *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, and the six folios of the *Antiquitates Medii Ævi*; yet these vast edifices of history are not all which this illustrious Italian has raised for his fatherland. Gibbon, in his miscellaneous works, has drawn an admirable character of Muratori.

§ 141. INTERESTING FACTS RESPECTING HISTORIES.

1379. SUCCESS OF GIBBON'S HISTORY.

"The volume of my history, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmsley, I agreed upon easy terms with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revision of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilet; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any profane critic."

1380. POPULARITY OF BAKER'S CHRONICLE.

Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicle of the Kings of England* was so popular a book that it became a common piece of furniture in every squire's hall in the country, for which it was not ill calculated by its easy style and variety of matter. It continued to be reprinted until 1733, when an edition appeared with a continuation to the end of the reign of George I., but still with many errors, although, perhaps, not of much importance to the plain people who delight in the book. This is called by the booksellers the best edition, and has lately been advancing in price; but they are not aware that many curious papers, printed in the former editions, are omitted in this. The late learned Danes Barrington gives the most favorable opinion of the *Chronicle*. "Baker is by no means so contemptible a writer as he is generally supposed to be: it is

believed that the ridicule on this *Chronicle* arises from its being part of the furniture of Sir Roger de Coverley's hall, in one of the *Spectators*."

1381. GIBBON'S ROME SUGGESTED.

Accident has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. "It was at Rome," says Gibbon, "on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind."

1382. BERNARDO SEGNI'S CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

Bernardo Segni composed a *History of Florence* still more valuable, which shared the same fate as that of Nerli. It was only after his death that his relatives accidentally discovered this *History of Florence*, which the author had carefully concealed during his lifetime. He had abstained from communicating to any one the existence of such a work while he lived, that he might not be induced to check the freedom of his pen, nor compromise the cause and the interests of truth. His heirs presented it to one of the Medici family, who threw it aside. Another copy had been more carefully preserved, from which it was printed in 1713, about one hundred and fifty years after it had been written. It appears to have excited great curiosity, for Lenglet du Fresnoy observes, that the scarcity of this history is owing to the circumstance "of the grand duke having bought up the copies." Du Fresnoy, indeed, has noticed more than once this sort of address of the grand duke; for he observes on the Florentine history of Bruto, that the work was not common; the grand duke having bought up the copies, to suppress them. The author was even obliged to fly from Italy, for having delivered his opinions too freely on the house of the Medici. This honest historian thus expresses himself at the close

of his work: "My design has but one end; that our posterity may learn by these notices the root and the causes of so many troubles which we have suffered, while they expose the malignity of those men who have raised them up, or prolonged them; as well as the goodness of those who did all which they could to turn them away."

1383. IDRIANI'S HISTORY.

Idriani, whom his son entitles *gentilium Fiorentino*, the writer of the pleasing dissertation "on the ancient painters noticed by Pliny," prefixed to his friend Vasari's biographies, wrote, as a continuation of Guicciardini, a history of his own times, in twenty-two books, of which Denina gives the highest character for its moderate spirit, and from which De Thou has largely drawn, and commends for its authenticity. Our author, however, did not venture to publish his history during his lifetime. It was after his death that his son became the editor.

1384. SMOLLETT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

This man of genius among trading authors, before he began to publish his history, wrote to the Earl of Shelburne, then in a whig administration, and informed him that, if the earl would procure for his work the patronage of government, he would accommodate his politics to the wishes of ministers; but if not, that he had high promises of support from the other party. Lord Shelburne, of course, treated the proffered support of a writer of such accommodating principles with silent contempt, and the work of Smollett became distinguished for its high Toryism. The history was published in sixpenny weekly numbers, of which twenty thousand were sold directly. This extraordinary popularity was created by the artifice of the publisher. He addressed a packet of the proposals to every parish clerk in England, carriage free, with half a crown enclosed as a compliment, to have them distributed through the pews of the church; which being generally done, the pious people read the papers instead of listening to the sermon, and the result was a universal demand for the work.

1385. MYSTERY UNFOLDED.

There is a large work, which is still celebrated, of which the composition has excited the astonishment even of the philosophic Hume, but whose secret history remains yet to be disclosed. This extraordinary volume is the *History of the World*, by Raleigh. Hume says, "they were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most reclusive and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as his *History of the World*." Now, when the truth is known, the wonderful in this literary mystery will disappear. True, his confinement in the Tower, which lasted several years, was sufficient for the composition of this folio volume, and of a second, which appears to have occupied him. But in that imprisonment it singularly happened that he lived among literary characters with the most intimate friendship. There he joined the Earl of Northumberland, the patron of

the philosophers of his age, and with whom Raleigh pursued his chemical studies; and Serjeant Hoskins, a poet and a wit, and the poetical "father" of Ben Jonson, who acknowledged that it was "Hoskins who had polished him;" and that Raleigh often consulted Hoskins on his literary works, is learned from a manuscript. But however literary the atmosphere of the Tower proved to Raleigh, no particle of Hebrew, and perhaps little of Grecian lore, floated from a chemist and a poet. The truth is, that the collection of the materials of this history was the labor of several persons, who have not all been discovered. It has been ascertained that Ben Jonson was a considerable contributor; and there was an English philosopher, from whom Descartes, it is said, even by his own countrymen, borrowed largely—Thomas Hariot, whom Anthony Wood charges with infusing into Raleigh's volume philosophical notions, while Raleigh was composing his *History of the World*. But if Raleigh's *pursuits surpassed even those of the most reclusive and sedentary lives*, as Hume observed, we must attribute this to a "Dr. Robert Burrell, rector of Northwold, in the county of Norfolk, who was a great favorite of Sir Walter Raleigh, and had been his chaplain. All or the greatest part of the drudgery of Sir Walter's history, for criticisms, chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors, were performed by him, for Sir Walter." So says a manuscript in the London Collection. Thus a simple fact, when discovered, clears up the whole mystery; and we learn how that knowledge was acquired, which, as Hume sagaciously detected, required a "recluse and sedentary life," such as the studies and the habits would be of a country clergyman in a learned age.

1386. DELAYS OF PUBLICATION.

Nardi, of a noble family and high in office, famed for a translation of Livy, which rivals its original in the pleasure it affords, in his retirement from public affairs, wrote a *History of Florence*, which closes with the loss of the liberty of his country, in 1531. It was not published till fifty years after his death; even then, the editors suppressed many passages which are found in manuscript in the libraries of Florence and Venice, with other historical documents of this noble and patriotic historian.

About the same time, the senator Philip Nerli was writing his *Commentary de Fatti civili*, which had occurred in Florence. He gave them, with his dying hand, to his nephew, who presented the manuscripts to the grand duke; yet although this work is rather an apology than a censure of the Medici family for their ambitious views and their overgrown power, probably some state reason interfered to prevent the publication, which did not take place till one hundred and fifty years after the death of the historian.

1387. PAPAL RESTRAINTS UPON HISTORY.

Among the Italian historians must be placed the illustrious Guicciardini, the friend of Machiavel. No perfect edition of this historian existed till recent times. The history itself was posthumous; nor did his nephew venture to publish it till twenty years after the historian's death. He only gave the first sixteen books, and these castrated. The obnoxious passages consisted of some statements relating to the papal court, then so important in the

affairs of Europe; some account of the origin and progress of the papal power; some eloquent pictures of the abuses and disorders of that corrupt court; and some free caricatures on the government of Florence. The precious fragments were fortunately preserved in manuscript, and the Protestants procured transcripts which they published separately, but which were long very rare. All the Ital-

ian editions continued to be reprinted in the same truncated condition, and appear only to have been reinstated in the immortal history so late as in 1775. Thus it required two centuries before an editor could venture to give the world the pure and complete text of the manuscript of the lieutenant general of the papal army, who had been so close and so indignant an observer of the Roman cabinet.

§ 142. PRIVATE LIFE, HABITS, TALENTS, AND CHARACTERISTICS OF HISTORIANS.

1388. SELF-CONCEIT AND COMMENDATION.

Few ever felt self-exultation more potent than Hobbes, who, in his controversy with Wallis, asserted that there may be nothing more just than self-commendation.

De Thou, one of the most noble-minded, the most thinking, the most impartial of historians, in the *Memoirs* of his own life, composed in the third person, has surprised and somewhat puzzled the critics, by that frequent distribution of self-commendation which they knew not how to accord with the modesty and gravity with which he was so amply endowed. After his great and solemn labor, amidst the injustice of his persecutors, that great man had sufficient experience of his own merits to assert them.

1390. THUCYDIDES.

While Thucydides was yet a boy, he heard Herodotus recite his histories at the Olympic Games, and is said to have wept exceedingly. The "father of historians," observing how much the boy was moved, congratulated his father, Clorus, on having a child of such promise, and advised him to spare no pains in his education. The result showed how just Herodotus was in his anticipations. The young Thucydides lived to be one of the best historians Greece ever had.

1390. SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S HUMOR.

Sir James Mackintosh had a great deal of humor; and, among many other examples of it, he kept a dinner party at his own house for two or three hours in a roar of laughter, playing upon the simplicity of a Scotch cousin, who had mistaken the Rev. Sydney Smith for his gallant synonyme, the hero of Acre.

1391. ROLLIN.

The good conduct of a child often determines his after career, and throws open to him the road to fortune. Charles Rollin, born at Paris, in 1661, was the son of a poor cutler, and seemed destined to pass his days at a forge. A Benedictine of the Blancs Manteaux, whom he often served at mass, charmed with the amiability of his character, and having noticed his desire of instruction, induced his parents to give him an opportunity of studying. He did more; he obtained for him a pension in the college of Du Plessis. Young Rollin repayed this benefit by the progress which he made in his studies: it seldom happened that his excellence in composition

failed of securing him the first place in his class. Among his fellow-pupils, he became intimately connected with the two sons of M. Le Pelletier. This minister, who was not ignorant of the benefits of emulation, viewed this intimacy with the greatest pleasure, and sought to employ it for his sons' advantage. When the young pensioner was *emperor*, which frequently happened, he sent him a gift similar to those which he was wont to give his own children, and they loved him, though their rival. They often carried him with them to their father's house; sometimes they conveyed him to his mother's dwelling, when he was desirous of seeing her, and waited for him in their carriage. On one occasion, when Rollin's mother remarked that he took the first place without ceremony, she was about to reprimand him, as deficient in politeness; but the preceptor informed her that M. Le Pelletier had ordered them to take their places in the carriage according to their rank in the class.

Rollin owed his talents to the university: he consecrated them to it. He became a professor, and remained so during his life, twice being rector or chief of the university. In his old age he employed his leisure in the composition of excellent works, which have, so to speak, perpetuated the wise lessons that he had given. His productions are, a *Treatise on Education*, an *Ancient History*, and a *History of Rome*.

1392. VALUABLE RECORD.

When Mr. Fox's furniture was sold by auction, amongst the books there happened to be Gibbon's first volume of the *Roman History*, and which appeared by the title page to have been given by the author to his honorable friend, who thought proper to insert on the blank leaf this anecdote: "The author at Brookes's said there was no salvation for this country until six heads of the principal persons in administration were laid on the table. Eleven days after, this same gentleman accepted a place of lord of trade, under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since." Such was the avidity of bidders for the smallest production of so wonderful a genius, that by the addition of this little record, the book sold for three guineas.

1393. ECCENTRICITIES OF GEORGE DYER.

The late George Dyer, referred to by Mr. Southey, was a university man, who exercised his talents chiefly in writing for the periodicals. His chief work was the *History of the Halls and Colleges of Cambridge*. He published also several small works. The poem referred to above was complimentary, in which he noticed most of his literary friends.

The way in which he "brought in" the author of the Pleasures of Memory was very properly putting wit before wealth,—

"Was born a banker, and then rose a bard."

George Dyer was sincere, and had great simplicity of manners, so that he was a favorite with all his friends. No man in London encouraged so much as he did Bloomfield, the author of the Farmer's Boy; and he was equally prepared with kind offices for every body. He had some odd fancies, one of which was, that men ought to live more sparingly and drink plenty of water-gruel. By carrying this wholesome precept on one occasion rather too far, he unhappily reduced himself to death's door.

Charles Lamb says that, having once called on him, at his room in Clifford's inn, he found a little girl with him, (one of his nieces,) whom he was teaching to sing hymns. Mr. Coleridge related to me a rather ludicrous circumstance concerning George Dyer, which Charles Lamb had told him the last time he passed through London. Charles Lamb had heard that George Dyer was very ill, and hastened to see him. He found him in an emaciated state, shivering over a few embers. "Ah," said George, as Lamb entered. "I am glad to see you. You won't have me here long. I have just written this letter to my young nephews and nieces to come immediately and take final leave of their uncle."

Lamb found, on inquiry, that he had been living on water-gruel, and a low, starving diet, and readily divined the cause of his maladies. "Come," said Lamb, "I shall take you home immediately to my house, and I and my sister will nurse you." "Ah," said George Dyer, "it won't do." The hackney coach was soon at the door, and as the sick man entered it, he said to Lamb, "Alter the address, and then send the letter with all speed to the poor children." "I will," said Lamb, "and at the same time call the doctor." George Dyer was now seated by Charles Lamb's comfortable fire, while Lamb hastened to his medical friend, and told him that a worthy man was at his house who had almost starved himself on water-gruel. "You must come," said he, "directly, and prescribe some kitchen stuff, or the poor man will be dead. He won't take any thing from me; he says 'tis all useless." Away both the philanthropists hastened, and Charles Lamb, anticipating what would be required, furnished himself on the road with a pound of beefsteak. The doctor now entered the room, and advancing towards his patient, felt his pulse and asked him a few questions; when, looking grave, he said, "Sir, you are in a very dangerous way." "I know it, sir," said George Dyer. The doctor replied, "Sir, yours is a very peculiar case, and if you do not implicitly follow my directions, you will die of atrophy before to-morrow morning. It is the only possible way of saving your life. You must directly make a good meal of beefsteak, and drink the best part of a pot of porter." "'Tis too late," said George, "but I'll eat, I'll eat." The doctor now withdrew, and so nicely had Lamb calculated on results, that the steaks were all this time broiling on the fire; and, as though by magic, the doctor had scarcely left the room, when the steak and the porter were both on the table. Just as George Dyer had begun voraciously to feast on the steak, his young nephews and nieces entered the room, crying, "Good-by, my dears," said George, taking a deep draught at the porter; "you won't see me much longer." After a few mouthfuls of the savory steak, he further said, "Be good children when I am gone."

Taking another draught at the porter, he continued, "Mind your books, and don't forget your hymns." "We won't," answered a little, shrill, silvery voice, from among the group; "we won't, dear uncle." He now gave them all a parting kiss; when the children retired in a state of wonderment, that "sick uncle" should be able to eat and drink so heartily. "And so," said Lamb, in his own peculiar phraseology, "at night I packed up his little nipped carcass snug in bed, and after stuffing him for a week, sent him home as plump as a partridge."

1394. SMOLLETT'S SNOWBALL REPARTEE.

"On a winter's evening," says Dr Moore, "when the streets were covered with snow, Smollett happened to be engaged in a snowball fight with a few boys of his own age. Among his associates was the apprentice of that surgeon who is supposed to have been delineated under the name Crab, in *Koderick Random*. He entered his shop while his apprentice was in the heat of the engagement. On the return of the latter, the master remonstrated severely with him for quitting the shop. The youth excused himself by saying, that while he was employed in making up prescriptions, a fellow hit him with a snowball; and he had been in pursuit of the delinquent. "A mighty probable story, truly," said the master, in an ironical tone, "I wonder how long I should stand here," added he, "before it would enter any mortal's head to throw a snowball at me." While he was holding his head erect, with a most scornful air, he received a very severe blow in the face by a snowball. Smollett, who was concealed behind the pillar at the shop door, had heard the dialogue, and perceiving that his companion was puzzled for an answer, he extricated him by a repartee equally smart and apropos.

1395. VOLTAIRE'S DUPLICITY AND NARROW ESCAPE.

Voltaire was employed by that eccentric, great man, the famous Earl of Peterborough, to write some considerable work. His lordship supplied the money whenever importuned by Voltaire, then under his roof, for that purpose, and rather impatiently waited for its completion, urging Voltaire to expedite the publication, who replied, that booksellers and printers were dilatory.

The bookseller employed by Voltaire having frequently demanded from him more money, his constant reply was, that Lord Peterborough could not be prevailed upon to advance more until the completion of the work; for which event, Voltaire, it would seem, was in no great haste. The bookseller, at length, began to suspect Monsieur de Voltaire, and determined on making a personal application to the earl. He accordingly set out in a stage coach, and arrived at his lordship's in the afternoon. After dining, the earl and two or three gentlemen who had dined with him walked in the garden, when a servant came to announce that Mr. — wished an interview with his lordship, who immediately said, "Show him into the garden." On his being introduced, he told Lord Peterborough that the work had long stood still for want of money. His lordship's color, upon this, began to rise, saying, that he had never failed to send, immediately, all that was demanded. The poor bookseller declared that Monsieur de Voltaire had never given him

more than ten pounds, at the same time informing him that he could not prevail on Lord Peterborough to advance any more; that he suspected Monsieur de Voltaire might have slandered his lordship, and he therefore took the liberty of obtaining an interview.

The indignation of his lordship overcame him for a time: he did at length utter, "The villain!" At that moment, Voltaire appearing at the end of a very long gravel walk, the earl exclaimed, "Here he comes, and I will kill him instantly." So saying, he drew his sword, and darted forward to the object of his revenge. A fatal catastrophe was prevented by M. St. André, then present, catching Lord Peterborough in his arms, and exclaiming, "My lord, if you murder him, you will be hanged." "I care not for that. I will kill the villain!" The walk being one of the old-fashioned garden walks of King William, was of great length. Voltaire proceeded some way before he observed the bookseller. At that moment M. St. André screamed out, "Fly for your life, for I cannot hold my lord many moments longer." Voltaire fled, concealed himself that night in the village, and the next day he went to London, where, on the following day, he embarked for the continent, leaving his portmanteau, papers, &c., at Lord Peterborough's.

1396. SERVILITY OF LORD BACON.

After Lord Bacon was deprived, for bribery, of his office of lord keeper of the seal, he devoted himself in his retirement to literature. Great expectation was excited, both at home and on the continent, by the announcement that he was engaged upon an historical work—the Life and Reign of Henry VII. He finished it at Gorhamburg, and was allowed to come to London to superintend the printing of it in the beginning of 1622. It was dedicated to the prince as a mark of gratitude for the generous interest Charles had taken in his misfortunes. He sent a copy to the Queen of Bohemia, with a letter strongly showing the feelings of a disgraced minister. "Time was when I had honor without leisure; and now I have leisure without honor."

Of all his works, this gave the least satisfaction to the public; and after recently again perusing it, I must confess that it is hardly equal to Sir Thomas More's History of Richard III., or to Camden's of Queen Elizabeth, leaving the reproach upon our literature of being lamentably deficient in historical composition till the days of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. Some have accounted for Bacon's failure by supposing a decline in his faculties; but he afterwards showed that they remained in their pristine vigor to the very close of his career. The true solution probably is, that he undertook the subject to please the king, with a view of doing honor to the ancestor of the reigning family, who had united the roses by his own marriage, and had united the kingdoms by the marriage of his daughter. The manuscript was from time to time submitted to James, and he condescended to correct it. Bacon was therefore obliged by anticipation to consider what would be agreeable to the royal censor, and could neither use much freedom with the character of his hero, nor introduce any reflections inconsistent with the maxims of government now inculcated from the throne. He therefore gives us a tame chronological narrative, filled up with proclamations and long speeches, descending to such minute facts as a call of sergeants, and not abounding in

the delineations of men and manners we might have expected from so great an artist. James even made him expunge a legal axiom, "that on the reversal of an attainder, the party attainted is restored to all his rights."

1397. EVERY-DAY LIFE OF LORD BACON.

During meditation he often had music in another room, by which his fancy was enlivened. He had many little whims and peculiarities, some of which may excite a smile. For instance, in spring he would go out for a drive in an open coach while it rained, to receive (in the quiet language of Aubrey) "the benefit of irrigation," which he was wont to say was very wholesome, because of the nitre in the air, and the universal spirit of the world. He had extraordinary notions respecting the virtue of nitre, and conceived it to be of inestimable value in the preservation of health. So great was his faith, that he swallowed three grains of that drug either alone or with saffron, in warm broth, every morning during thirty years. He seems to have been very fond of quacking himself; once a week he took a dose of the "water of Mithridate," diluted with strawberry water. Once a month, at least, he made a point of swallowing a grain and a half of "castor" in his broth and breakfast for two successive days. And every sixth or seventh day he drank an effusion of rhubarb in white wine and beer immediately before his dinner. He made it a point to take air in some high and open place every morning, the third hour after sunrise, and, if possible, he selected a spot where he could enjoy the perfume of musk, roses, and sweet violets. Besides thus breathing the pure air of nature, he was fumigated with the smoke of lignaleos, with dried bays, and rosemary, adding once a week a little tobacco. On leaving his bed he was anointed all over with the oil of almonds, mingled with salt and saffron, and this was followed by gentle friction. He was rather a hearty feeder, and when young preferred game and poultry, but in after life gave the choice to butchers' meat, well beaten before roasted. At every meal his table was strewn with flowers and sweet herbs. Half an hour before supper he took a cup of wine, or ale, hot and spiced, and once during supper, wine, in which gold had been quenched. The first draught which he drank at dinner or supper was always hot, and on retiring to bed, he ate a piece of bread steeped in a mixture of wine, sirup of roses and amber, and washed it down with a cup of ale to compose his spirits and send him to sleep. In the spring he was fond of a glass of spiced pomegranate wine early in the morning, and greatly enjoyed watercresses.

These little points may be unimportant in themselves, but they assist us in drawing a mental portrait of the man.

1398. OLDYS AND THE FLEET PRISON.

Oldys, the historian, having been for several years in the Fleet prison, had contracted such habits and connections there, that when he was at length enlarged, he made a frequent practice to spend the evenings there, and lodge with some friend all night. Rapping at the door one night, rather late, the keeper reprimanded him for giving him such constant trouble, adding, that though he had a great regard for him, if he kept such hours in future, he must be under the necessity of locking him out.

1399. LITERARY PRECOCITY OF GUIZOT.

Guizot, the distinguished French statesman and historian, gave early promise of his great talents. He is called by a French writer "a child who had no childhood." When only seven years of age, young Guizot was placed at the gymnasium of Geneva, and devoted his whole soul to study. His first and only playthings were books; and at the end of four years the scholar was able to read, in their respective languages, the works of Thucydides and

Demosthenes, of Cicero and Tacitus, of Dante and Alfieri, of Schiller and Goethe, of Gibbon and Shakspeare. His last two years at college were especially consecrated to historical and philosophical studies. Philosophy, in particular, had powerful attractions for the young man. His mind, endowed by nature with a remarkable degree of logical strength, was just the one to unfold and ripen in the little Genevan republic, which has presented something of the learned and inflexible physiognomy of its patron, John Calvin.

§ 143. MISCELLANEOUS.

1400. LE CLERC.

Some person observed to this acute and profound scholar, "I think '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*' is a good saying." "*De mortuis nil nisi verum*," said Le Clerc, "is a better." "Why so?" "Because truth can do no harm to the dead, and may do great good to the living."

1401. LORD NOTTINGHAM'S LIBERALITY.

Lord Nottingham was a great patron of learning. Bishop Burnet, in the preface to the History of the Reformation, pays the following compliment to his liberality and kindness: "The right honorable the Lord Finch, now lord high chancellor of England, whose great parts and greater virtues are so conspicuous that it were a high presumption to say any thing in his commendation, being in nothing more eminent than in his zeal for and care of this church, though it must be of some importance to have its history well digested; and therefore, as he bore a large share of my expense, so he took it more particularly under his care; and, under all the burdens of that high employment which he now bears, yet found time for reading it in manuscript, of which he must have robbed himself, since he never denies it to those who have a right to it on any public account, and hath added such remarks and corrections as are no small part of any finishing it may be judged to have."

A still more striking tribute to his protection of men distinguished for their literary acquirements, we have in a letter from the famous Bishop Warburton to the granddaughter of Lord Nottingham, who was married to the first Lord Mansfield, the celebrated chief justice of the King's Bench:—

"Madam, you ought not to think strange of an address of this kind from a churchman to a granddaughter of that magistrate who, while he held the seals for the king and the constitution, besides the most exemplary attention to the business of his office, was elegantly ambitious to give the last polish to his country by a patronage of learning and science.

"He took early into his notice, and continued long in his protection, every great name in letters and religion, from Cudworth, who died in the reign of Charles II., to Prideaux, who lived under George I. It was the care and culture of an age, and, in spite of a dissolute and abandoned court, he made the reign of Charles II. to be what it is now likely to be always esteemed—the golden age of literature. The glory of bearing this relation to so faithful a guardian of the human faculties in their *ménage*,

Providence, in the reward of your virtues, hath doubled in a still nearer relation to one who, in his high station, may with equal justice be esteemed the great supporter of civil liberty, and is now engaged in the like generous task for the very being of a free community, which the other so successfully accomplished for that chief ornament of it—literature and science.

"But the honors you derive from others you preserve untarnished by the splendor of those you have acquired for yourself in the course of a sober and enlightened piety, which makes you an example to the rest of your sex, as the patriotic virtues of your illustrious consort will make him the wisest of his."

1402. JOLY'S HISTORY SUPPRESSED.

A French canon, Claude Joly, a bold and learned writer, had finished an ample Life of Erasmus, which included a history of the restoration of literature, at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. Colomies tells us, that the author had read over the works of Erasmus seven times; we have positive evidence that the manuscript was finished for the press. The Cardinal de Vonilles would examine the work itself. This important history was not only suppressed, but the hope entertained of finding it among the cardinal's papers was never realized.

1403. REMARKABLE IGNORANCE.

A correspondent of the Boston Post gives the following description of an incident at Faneuil Hall: "While my mind was riveted upon the picture of the Departure, by Wier, my attention was arrested by a question from a young man who had seated himself by my side—'Which is Columbus?' 'He does not appear on this picture,' said I; 'it is the Departure of the Pilgrims.' 'O, no,' said the young man, 'he does not; *he* came over afterwards.'"

1404. SMOLLETT'S TOMB.

"What interested me most in the burying-ground at Leghorn," says Basil Hall, "was the tomb of a brother sailor, Smollett, though I was rather provoked to find it scribbled all over with the signatures and trashy remarks of innumerable tourists, who seemed to imagine that by hooking on their unknown names and insignificant compositions, both in prose and verse, to the shrine of the poet, they too might have a chance of some touch of distinction.

As it did not strike me at first that this disfiguration of a great author's monument is really one of the best compliments that can be paid to his renown, I turned to the sexton, and in the impulse of the moment promised him a few pauls if he would clear away all these impertinent additions. Before we had left the ground he had procured a bucket of water and a bit of marble, with which he had effectually restored the stone to its original brightness. Till then it did not occur to me that I had missed the true point, and, by thus assimilating Smollett's tomb to those around it, had in fact lessened the only distinction which such things are capable of conferring on the memory of the dead."

1405. CARLYLE'S OPINION OF CHARLES II.

It is reported of Thomas Carlyle, that he once half jestingly declared his intention of writing a life of Charles II., as one who was no sham, or half man, but the perfect specimen of a bad king.

1406. GIBBON AND SHERIDAN.

"Before my departure from England," says Gibbon, "I was present at the august spectacle of the trial of Hastings, in Westminster Hall. It is not my province to absolve or condemn the Governor of India, but Mr. Sheridan's eloquence demanded my applause; nor could I hear, without emotion, the personal compliments which he paid in the presence of the British nation." On being asked by a brother whig, at the conclusion of the speech, how he came to compliment Gibbon with the epithet "luminous," Sheridan answered in a half whisper, "I said voluminous."

1407. ERRORS OF HISTORY.

The manuscript collections of history in national libraries now assume a formidable appearance. A toilsome march over these "Alps rising over Alps" — a voyage in "a sea without a shore" — has turned away most historians from their severer duties; those who have grasped at early celebrity have been satisfied to have given a new form to, rather than contributed to the new matter of, history. The very sight of these masses of history has terrified some modern historians. When Père Daniel undertook a history of France, the learned Boivin, the king's librarian, opened for his inspection an immense treasure of charters, and another of royal autograph letters, another of private correspondence — treasures reposing in fourteen hundred folios! The modern historian passed two hours impatiently looking over them, but frightened at another plunge into the gulf, this Curtius of history would not immolate himself for his country. He wrote a civil letter to the librarian for his supernumerary kindness, but insinuated that he could write a very readable history without any further aid of such paperasses or paper-rubbish. Père Daniel therefore quietly sat down to his history, copying others — a compliment which was never returned by any one — but there was this striking novelty in his "readable history," that, according to the accurate computation of Count Boulainvilliers, Père Daniel's history

of France contains ten thousand blunders. The same circumstance has been told me by a living historian of the late Gilbert Stuart, who, on some manuscript volumes of letters being pointed out to him, when composing his history of Scotland, confessed that "what was already printed was more than he was able to read;" and thus much for his theoretical history, written to run counter to another theoretical history, being Stuart *versus* Robertson! They equally depend on the simplicity of their readers, and the charms of style!

1408. KEEN RETORT ON ORME.

When this intelligent historian presided in the export warehouse at Madras, Mr. Davidson, who acted under him, was one morning at breakfast asked by Mr. Orme of what *profession his father was*? He replied, that he was a saddler. "And pray," said Orme, "why did he not make you a saddler?" "I was always whimsical," said Davidson, "and rather chose to try my fortune, as you have done, in the East India Company's service. But pray, sir," continued he, "what profession was *your* father?" "My father," answered the historian, rather sharply, "was a gentleman." "And why," retorted Davidson, with great simplicity, "did not he breed you up a gentleman?"

1409. VERSATILITY OF GENIUS.

Zschokke has tried his hand at almost every species of literary production, and has been successful in all. He excels as narrator, combining artistic judgment with exuberant fancy, great power of characterization, a lively manner, and a style admirably suited to his material; natural, but at the same time dignified and correct. But his influence has been greatest as historian and popular teacher, skilled to comprehend and penetrate the spirit of the time, and indefatigable in developing and diffusing sound views of men and things.

1410. PAMPHLETS OF GEORGE III.

In the year 1762, the British Museum was enriched, by the munificence of George III., with a most valuable collection of thirty thousand tracts and pamphlets, relative to the history of England during the civil wars. The whole are bound in two thousand volumes, of which one hundred, chiefly on the royal side, were printed, but never published. This collection was commenced for the use of Charles I., by a clergyman of the name of Thomason, and was carried about England as the Parliament army marched, kept in the collector's warehouses, disguised as tables covered with canvas, and at length lodged at Oxford, under the care of Dr. Barlow, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln. These tracts were subsequently offered to the library at Oxford, and were at last bought for Charles II., by his stationer, Samuel Mearke, whose widow endeavored to dispose of them, by leave of the said king, in 1684; but it is believed they continued unsold till George III. bought them of Mearke's representative. In a printed paper, it is said that the collector refused four thousand pounds for them.

§ 144. IMITATION.

1411. MOHAMMED AND HIS IMITATOR.

Ebu Saad, one of Mohammed's amanuenses, when writing what the prophet dictated, cried out, by way of admiration, "Blessed be God, the best Creator!" Mohammed approved of the expression, and desired him to write it down as part of the inspired passage. The consequence was, that Ebu Saad began to think himself as great a prophet as the master, and took upon himself to imitate the Koran according to his fancy. But the imitator got himself into trouble, and only escaped with his life, by falling on his knees and solemnly swearing he would never again imitate the Koran, for which he was sensible God had never created him.

1412. SALLUST AND ARRUNTUS.

Seneca, in his 114th epistle, gives a curious literary anecdote of that sort of imitation by which an inferior mind becomes the monkey of an original writer. At Rome, when Sallust was the fashionable writer, short sentences, uncommon words, and an obscure brevity were affected as so many ele-

gances. Arruntius, who wrote the History of the Punic Wars, painfully labored to imitate Sallust. Expressions which are rare in Sallust are frequent in Arruntius, and, of course, without the motive that induced Sallust to adopt them. What rose naturally under the pen of the great historian, the minor one must have run after with a ridiculous anxiety. Seneca adds several instances of the servile affectation of Arruntius, which seems much like those we once had of Johnson, by the undiscerning herd of his monkeys.

1413. GARRICK AND HIS PUPILS.

Once, when the Bishop of St. Asaph was sitting to Sir Joshua, the conversation happening to turn on Garrick, the bishop asked him how it was that Garrick had not been able to make any excellent players, with all his instructions; and Sir Joshua's answer was, "Partly because they all imitated him, and then it became impossible: as this was like a man's resolving to go always behind another; and whilst this resolution lasts, it renders it impossible he should ever be on a par with him."

§ 145. IMPROVISATION AND IMPROMPTUS.

1414. CLERICAL WIT.

A clerical gentleman of Hartford who once attended the house of representatives to read prayers, being politely requested to remain seated near the speaker during the debate, he found himself the spectator of an *unmarrying* process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following

IMPROMPTU, ADDRESSED BY A PRIEST TO THE LEGISLATURE OF CONNECTICUT.

"For cut-ting all connect-ions famed,
Connect-ic-u' is fairly named;
I twain connect in one, but you
Cut those whom I connect in two.
Each legislator seems to say,
What you Connect I cut away."

1415. THE THREE PROFESSORS.

In 1824, three professors of this extraordinary power were exhibiting at the same time, in the following distribution, viz.: Pistrasip in London, S. Gricci at Paris, and Signora Taddi at Naples. While the former were giving proofs of the wonderful promptitude of their imaginations, and ready powers of expression, both in verse and prose, Signora Taddi was manifesting not only her never-failing fancy in lyric poetry, but also in melody—unpremeditated verse and extemporaneous music were shown to be equally within the scope of the genius of this new Sibyl. And she would not only adopt as subjects whatever stories or incidents were suggested by her auditors, but would declare her

ideas in *any metre* that they prescribed, and apply to her language a melody, the time or measure of which should be dictated at the moment.

1416. DIFFICULT RHYMING.

Three or four wits had dined together, and while wine-ing, the subject of impromptu, and the difficulty of finding rhymes for certain names, were discussed. The brigadier general and poet challenged any of the party to find a happy rhyme for his name, and the challenge was instantly taken up by Brougham the actor. *Voici* the result:—

"All hail to thee, thou gifted son!
The warrior-poet, Morris!
'Tis seldom that we see in one
A Cæsar and a Horace."

1417. THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

Amongst Theodore E. Hook's various talents was one which, though familiar in some other countries, whose language affords it facilities, has hitherto been rare, namely, the power of *improvisating*, or extemporaneous composition of songs and music. Hook would, at table, turn the whole conversation of the evening into a song, sparkling with puns or witty allusions, and perfect in its rhymes. "He accompanied himself," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, "on the piano-forte, and frequently, though not always, as new as the verse. He usually stuck to the common ballad measures; but one favorite sport was a minic opera, and then he seemed to triumph, without effort, over every variety of metre and complica-

tion of stanza. About the complete extemporaneousness of the whole, there could rarely be the slightest doubt." This power of extempore verse seems to have been the wonder of all Hook's associates; it astonished Sheridan, Coleridge, and the most illustrious of his contemporaries, who used to hang delighted over such rare and unequivocal manifestations of genius.

1418. PRIOR.

In a gay French company, when every one sang a little song or stanza, of which the burden was "*Bannissons la melancholie*," when it came to Prior's turn to sing, after the performance of a young lady that sat next, he produced these extemporary lines:—

*"Mais cette voix, et ces beaux yeux,
Font Cupidon trop dangereux;
Et je suis triste, quand je cris,
Bannissons la melancholie."*

1419. DR. JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson, says Mrs. Piozzi, possessed an almost Tuscan power of improvisation. He called to my daughter, who was consulting with a friend about a new gown and dressed hat she thought of wearing at an assembly, thus suddenly, while she hoped he was not listening to their conversation,—

*"Wear the gown, and wear the hat;
Snatch thy pleasures while they last;
Hast thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon those nine lives would be past."*

It is impossible to deny to such little sallies the power of the Florentines, who do not permit their verses to be ever written down—though they often deserve it—because, as they express it, *così se perderèbbi la poca gloria*.

As for translations, we used to make him sometimes run off with one or two in a good humor. He was praising this song of Metastasio,—

*"Deh, se piacermi vuoi,
Lascia i sospetti tuoi,
Non mi turbar conquesto
Molesto dubitar;
Chi ciecamente crede,
Impegna a serbar fede;
Chi sempre inganno aspetta,
Alletta ad ingannar."*

"Should you like it in English?" said he, "thus:—

*'Would you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teasing doubts depart;
He who blindly trusts will find
Faith from every generous mind;
He who still expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.'*"

1420. ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

The wit of Brougham, in his better days, as well as his propensity to punning and impromptu, are well known. The following anecdote appears to be well authenticated:—

The Duke of Gloucester, being in conversation with Lord Brougham on the subject of reform, grew so warm in the argument, that he observed, hastily, the chancellor was *very near a fool*. Brougham replied, that he could not think of contradicting the duke, and declared that he fully saw the force of his royal highness's *position*.

1421. READY WIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Sir Walter Raleigh having written on a window,—

"Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall,"—

the instant she saw it, she wrote under it,—

"If thy heart fall thee, climb not at all."

A greater instance of promptitude, and that, too, in Latin, was her extempore reply to the insolent commands delivered to her from Philip II., by his ambassador, in these lines:—

*"Tu, vete, ne pergas bello defendere Belgas;
Quas Dracus eripuit, nunc restituantur, oportet;
Quas pater everit, jubeo to condere cellas;
Religio papa fac restituantur ad unguem."*

She instantly answered with heroic spirit,—

"Ad Græcas, bone rex, fiant mandata, calendæ."

1422. DR. YOUNG'S HAPPY IMPROMPTU.

Perhaps the happiest and most elegant impromptu ever uttered was the following, by Dr. Young, author of the Night Thoughts, when walking in his garden with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married. On being called away by his servants to speak to a parishioner on some pressing business, he was very unwilling to leave the ladies, and, on being almost driven into the house by their gentle violence, he thus addressed them:—

*"Thus Adam once at God's command was driven
From paradise by angels sent from heaven;
Like him I go, and yet to go am loath—
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind:
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."*

1423. EXTEMPORE POETS OF ITALY.

The *improvviso*, or extempore poets in Italy, are actually what they are called. They do it with great emulation and warmth, generally in octaves, in which the answerer is obliged to form his octave to the concluding line of the challenger, so that all the octaves after the first must be extempore, unless they act in concert together. "The first time I heard them," says Spence, "I thought it impossible for them to go on so readily as they did, without having arranged things beforehand.

"It was at Florence, at our resident's, Mr. Colman. When Mr. C. asked me what I thought of it, I told him that I could not conceive how they could go on so readily and so evenly, without some collusion between them. He said that it amazed every body at first; that he had no doubt of its being all fair, and desired me, to be satisfied of it, to give them some subject myself, as much out of the way as I could think of. As he insisted upon my doing so, I offered a subject which must be new to them, and on which they could not well be prepared. It was but a day or two before that a band of musicians and actors set out from Florence, to introduce operas for the first time in the Empress of Russia's court. This advance of music, and that sort of dramatic poetry which the Italians at present look upon as the most capital parts of what they call *virtù*, so much farther north than ever they had been under the auspices of the then great duke, was the subject I offered for them. They shook their heads a little, and said it was a very difficult one. However, in two or three minutes' time, one of them began with his octave upon it; another answered him imme-

diately, and they went on for five or six stanzas, alternately, without any pause, except that very short one which is allowed them by the giving off of the tune on the guitar, at the end of each stanza. They always improvise to music, — at least all that I ever heard, — and the tune is somewhat slow; but when they are thoroughly warmed, they will sometimes call out for quicker time. If two of these guitar players meet in the summer nights in the very streets of Florence, they will challenge one another, and improvise sometimes as rapidly as those in set companies. Their most common subject is the commendation of their several mistresses, or two shepherds contending for the same, or a debate which is the best poet. They often put one in mind of Virgil's third, fifth, and seventh eclogues, or what he calls the contention of his shepherds, in alternate verse; and, by the way, Virgil's shepherds seem sometimes to be tied down by the thought in the preceding stanza, as these extempore poets are by the preceding rhyme."

1424. DR. JOHNSON'S PROMPTNESS IN REPARTEE.

Dr. Johnson was famous for improvisations and caricature imitations. Some one praising these lines of Lopez de Vega, —

"*Se aquién los leones vence
Venca una muger hermosa;
O el de flaco averguence,
O ella de ser mas furiosa,*" —

more than he thought they deserved, Mr. Johnson instantly observed, "that they were founded on a trivial conceit, and that conceit ill explained, and ill expressed beside. The lady, we all know, does not conquer in the same manner as the lion does; 'tis a mere play of words," added he; "and you might as well say, that

If a man who turnips cries
Cries not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

And this humor is of the same sort with which he answered the friend who commended the following line: —

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

"To be sure," said Dr. Johnson, —

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

This readiness of finding a parallel, or making one, was shown by him perpetually in the course of conversation. When the French verses of a certain pantomime were quoted thus, —

"*Je suis Cassandre, descendur des cieuz
Pour vous faire entendre, mesdames et messieurs,
Que je suis Cassandre, descendur des cieuz,*" —

he cried out gayly and suddenly, almost in a moment, —

"I am Cassandre, come down from the sky
To tell each bystander, what none can deny,
That I am Cassandre, come down from the sky."

The pretty Italian verses, too, at the end of Barretti's book, called *Easy Phraseology*, he did *all* improvise in the same manner: —

"*Viva! viva la padrona!
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,*

*La padrona e un angioletta
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona:
Viva! viva la padrona!"*

"Long may live my lovely Hetty!
Always young and always pretty;
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long!
Always young and always pretty;
Long may live my lovely Hetty!"

The famous distich, too, of an Italian improvisator, who, when the Duke of Modena ran away from the comet in the year 1742 or 1743, —

"*Le al venir vostro i principi sen vanno,
Dek venga ogni di — durate un anno,*" —

"which," said he, "would do just as well in our language, thus: —

'If at your coming princes disappear,
Comets, come every day — and stay a year.'

When some one in company commended the verses of M. de Benserade à son Lit, —

"*Théâtre des ris et des pleurs,
Lit! où je nais, et où je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voisins
Sont nos plaisirs et nos chagrins,*" —

he replied, without hesitating, —

"In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe."

1425. DR. CHALMERS'S RELIGIOUS WORKS.

Foster, writing to Cottle, in 1825, says, "Dr. Chalmers started a plan of reprinting, in a neat form, a number of respectable religious works, of the older date, with a preliminary essay to each, relating to the book, or to any analogous topic, at the writer's discretion. The Glasgow booksellers, Chalmers and Collins, the one the doctor's brother and the other his most confidential friend, have accordingly reprinted a series of, perhaps now, a dozen works, with essays, several by Dr. C., several by Irving, one by Wilberforce, one by Daniel Wilson, &c., &c. I believe Hall and Cunningham promised their contributions. I was inveigled into a similar promise more than two years since. The work strongly urged upon me for this service, in the first instance, was Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, and the contribution was actually promised to be furnished with the least possible delay; on the strength of which the book was immediately printed off, and has actually been lying in their warehouse, as dead stock, for two years. I was admonished and urged, and urged again, but in spite of mortification and shame, which I could not but feel at thus occasioning the publisher a positive loss, my horror of writing, combined with ill health, invincibly prevailed, and not a paragraph was written till towards the end of last year, when I did summon resolution for the attempt. When I had written but a few pages, the reluctant labor was interrupted and suspended, by the more interesting one of writing those letters to our dear young friend, your niece, (Miss Saunders.) Not, of course, that this latter employment did not allow me time enough for the other, but by its more lively interest it had the effect of augmenting my disinclination of the other. Soon after her removal I resumed the task, and am ashamed to

acknowledge such a miserable and matchless slowness of mental operation, that the task has held me confined ever since, till actually within these few sense of the not continuing, could have constrained me to so long labor. It is most mortifying to think of so slender a result of so much time and toil. The article is indeed of the length of nearly one half of Doddridge's book, but many of my contemporary makers of sentences would have produced as much with one fifth part of the time and labor. I have aimed at great correctness and conden-

sation, and have found the labor of revision and transcription not very much less than that of the substantial composition. The thing has been prolonged—I should say spun out—to three times the length first intended, or which was required. It has very little reference to the book which it accompanies; has no special topic, and is merely a serious inculcation of the necessity of religion on young persons and men of the world. In point of merit, (that, you know, is the word in such matters,) I rate it very moderately, except in respect to clearness of expression. If it does not possess this quality, a vast deal of care and labor has been sadly thrown away."

§ 146. INTRODUCTIONS AND PREFACES.

1426. SELFISHNESS OF DR. ARMSTRONG.

Dr. Armstrong, after the appearance of his classical but sadly uninteresting poem, never shook hands cordially with the public for not relishing his barren labors. In the *preface* to his lively *Sketches*, he tells us, "he could give them much bolder strokes as well as more delicate touches, but that he *dreads the danger of writing too well*, and feels the value of his own labor too sensibly to bestow it upon the *mobility*." This is pure milk compared to the gall in the *preface* to his poems. There he tells us, "that at last he has taken the *trouble to collect them*. What he has destroyed would, probably enough, have been better received by the *great majority of readers*. But he has always *most heartily despised their opinion*." These prefaces remind one of the *prologi galeati*,—prefaces with a helmet!—as St. Jerome entitles the one to his version of the Scriptures. These *armed prefaces* were formerly very common in the age of literary controversy; for half the business of an author consisted then either in replying, or anticipating a reply, to the attacks of his opponent.

1427. MARRIAGEABLE BOOKS AND PREFACES.

On a very elegant preface prefixed to an ill-written book, it was observed that they ought never to have *come together*. A sarcastic wit remarked that he considered such *marriages* were allowable, for they were *not of kin*.

1428. ALBINUS'S ROMAN HISTORY.

A literary anecdote of the Romans has been preserved, which is sufficiently curious. One Albinus, in the preface to his *Roman History*, intercedes for pardon for his numerous blunders of phraseology; observing that they were the more excusable, as he had composed his history in the Greek language, with which he was not so familiar as his maternal tongue. Cato severely rallies him on this; and justly observes, that our Albinus had merited the pardon he solicits, if a decree of the senate had compelled him thus to have composed it, and he could not have obtained a dispensation.

1429. BOLD FALSEHOODS OF ALDUS MANUTIUS.

The boldest preface-liar was Aldus Manutius, who, having printed an edition of Aristophanes, first published in the preface that Saint Chrysostom was accustomed to place this comic poet under his pillow, that he might always have his works at hand,—as, in that age, a saint was supposed to possess every human talent, good taste not excepted. Aristophanes, thus recommended, became a general favorite. The anecdote lasted for near two centuries; and what was of greater consequence to Aldus, quickened the sale of his Aristophanes. This ingenious invention of the prefacer of Aristophanes at length was detected by Ménage.

1430. EGOTISM OF SCUDERI.

Scuderi was a writer of some genius and great variety. His prefaces are remarkable for their gasconades. In his epic poem of *Alaric*, he says, "I have such a facility in writing verses, and also in my invention, that a poem of double its length would have cost me little trouble. Although it contains only eleven thousand lines, I believe that longer epics do not exhibit more embellishments than mine."

But Scuderi and his works were of less consequence than he supposed. His sonnets, heroic poems and romances, in great number, have been long forgotten.

1431. SELF-CONCEIT OF WARBURTON.

The public are treated with contempt when an author professes to publish his puerilities. This Warburton did, in his pompous edition of *Shakspeare*. In the preface, he informed the public that his notes "were among his *younger amusements*, when he turned over these *sort of writers*." This ungracious compliment to Shakspeare and the public merited that perfect scourging which our haughty commentator received from the sarcastic canons of criticism.

LANGUAGES.

§ 147. HISTORICAL ITEMS.

1432. EARLY STAGES OF WRITTEN LANGUAGE.

At first, words were few in number, corresponding to the limited extent of ideas. The vocabulary of savage tribes—those for example which inhabit the American continent—is in general exceedingly limited.

The growth of a language corresponds to the growth of mind; it extends itself by the increased number and power of its words nearly in exact correspondence with the multiplication and the increased complexity of thought. Now the history of all language teaches us that words, which were invented and brought into use, one after another, in the gradual way just mentioned, were first employed to express external objects, and afterwards to express thoughts of an internal origin.

Some writer remarks, that among the Boschuanas of South Africa, who live in a parched and arid country, the word *pulo*, which literally signifies *rain*, is the only term they have to express a blessing or blessings.

But there may be blessings internal as well as external—goods and joys of the mind as well as of the body. Still, in the language of these Africans, it is all rain. The blessings of hope, and peace, and friendship, and submission, and all other modes of intellectual and sentient good, are nothing but rain.

1433. CHINESE LANGUAGE.

The Chinese language is like no other on the globe. It is said to contain not more than about three hundred and thirty words, but it is by no means monotonous, for it has four accents, the even, the raised, the lessened, and the returning, which multiply every word into four; as difficult, says Mr. Astle, for an European to understand, as it is for a Chinese to comprehend the six pronunciations of the French *æ*. In fact, they can so diversify their monosyllabic words by the different *tones* which they give them, that the same character, differently accented, signifies sometimes ten or more different things.

P. Bourgeois, one of the missionaries, attempted, after ten months' residence at Peking, to preach in the Chinese language. These are the words of the good father: "God knows how much this first Chinese sermon cost me. I can assure you this language resembles no other. The same word has never but one termination; and then adieu to all that in our declensions distinguishes the gender, and the number of things we would speak; adieu, in the verbs, to all which might explain the active person, how and in what time it acts, if it acts alone or with others. In a word, with the Chinese, the same word is the substantive, adjective, verb, singular, plural, masculine, feminine, &c. It is the person who hears who must arrange the circumstances, and guess them. Add to all this, that all the words of this language are reduced to three hundred and a few more; that they are pronounced in so many different ways, that they signify eighty thousand

different things, which are expressed by as many different characters. This is not all: the arrangement of all these monosyllables appears to be under no general rule; so that to know the language after having learnt the words, we must learn every particular phrase. The least inversion would make you unintelligible to three parts of the Chinese.

"I will give you an example of their words. They told me *chou* signifies a *book*; so that I thought whenever the word *chou* was pronounced, a *book* was the subject. Not at all. *Chou*, the next time I heard it, I found signified a *tree*. Now I was to recollect *chou* was a *book* or a *tree*. But this amounted to nothing: *chou*, I found, expressed also *great heats*; *chou* is to *relate*; *chou* is the *Aurora*; *chou* means to be *accustomed*; *chou* expresses the *loss of a wager*, &c. I should not finish, were I to attempt to give you all its significations.

"Notwithstanding these singular difficulties, could one but find a help in the perusal of their books, I should not complain. But this is impossible. Their language is quite different from that of simple conversation. What will ever be an insurmountable difficulty to every European, is the pronunciation. Every word may be pronounced in five different tones; yet every tone is not so distinct that an unpractised ear can easily distinguish it.

"These monosyllables fly with amazing rapidity. Then they are continually disguised by elisions, which sometimes hardly leave any thing of two monosyllables. From an aspirated tone, you must pass immediately to an even one; from a whistling note to an inward one; sometimes your voice must proceed from the palate; sometimes it must be guttural, and almost always nasal. I recited my sermon at least fifty times to my servant, before I spoke it in public; and yet I am told, though he continually corrected me, that, of the ten parts of the sermon, (as the Chinese express themselves,) they hardly understood three. Fortunately the Chinese are wonderfully patient; and they are astonished that any ignorant stranger should be able to learn two words of their language."

It is not less curious to be informed, as Dr. Hager tells us in his *Elementary Characters of the Chinese*, that "satires are often composed in China, of which, if you attend to the *characters*, the import is pure and sublime; but if you regard the *tone* only, they contain a meaning ludicrous or obscene." He adds: "In the Chinese, *one word* sometimes corresponds to three or four thousand characters; a property quite opposite to that of our language, in which *myriads* of different words are expressed by the same letters."

1434. CHINESE ETYMOLOGIES.

A writer in the Boston Courier, who takes the signature "Dhoong Kwoh," says,—

"When the thirteen stripes and stars first appeared at Canton, much curiosity was excited among the people. News was circulated that a strange ship had arrived from the farther end of the world, bearing a flag 'as beautiful as a flower.' Every body went to see the *kwa kee cheun*, or 'flower flag ship.'

The name at once established itself in the language, and America is now called *kwa kee kwoh*, the 'flower flag country'; and an American, *kwa kee kwoh yin*—'flower flag countryman'—a more complimentary designation than that of 'red-headed barbarian'—the name first bestowed upon the Dutch.

"It is well known that all proper names in Chinese are significant, every character in the language expressing a thing or an idea as well as a sound. There are, consequently, no unmeaning names in Chinese, corresponding to our Tom, Dick, and Harry; Jones, Davis, and Jenkins; but a man's name must be something like House or Barnes, White or Brown, Flood or Stone, Wood or Waters. Foreign names, however unmeaning originally, acquire, when written in Chinese, a significance which is often strikingly curious.

"Yankee Doodle and Washington are the most remarkable of these etymologies which have yet come under my notice. The two Chinese characters, *Yank kee*, signify 'the flag of the ocean'—a most appropriate name for the banner which is now to be seen wherever there is blue water. The Chinese have no D, and 'Yankee Doodle' would be written *Yan-kee-too-te-lee*, 'the flag of the ocean, sovereign people of the world.' This is an omen sufficiently flattering, and if the Chinese do not suspect there is 'something in it,' we must give them credit for being less superstitious than many other people.

"Washington 'is no less happy in his transition into Chinese, for *Wo shingtung*, as it would be written, signifies no less than 'rescue and glory at last.' Could the name of the father of his country be expressed with more felicitous truth?

"The Chinese attach great importance to expressive and high-sounding names; and an ambassador to the court of Peking, whose name had not something imposing in Chinese, would be received pretty much in the way that Bubb Doddington anticipated when he thought of going minister to Spain. Our former commissioner from the United States was very luckily gifted in this respect, for *Cu-shing* means 'ancient glory'—a name that will satisfy the most fastidious courier at the *Mecau Tang*, and augurs a prosperous issue to the 'whole pigeon,' as the Chinese would say."

1435. ERRORS OF AUTHORS AT THE RESTORATION OF LETTERS.

The age succeeding the restoration of letters furnished the studious with honors and avocations; but they were reserved only for themselves. It withdrew them from the cultivation of all vernacular literature. They courted not the popular voice, when a professorial chair or a dignified secretaryship offered the only profit or honor the literary man contemplated. There was no other public opinion than what was gathered from the writings of the few who wrote to the few who read.

Authority and quotation closed all argument, and filled vast volumes. University responded to university, and men of genius were following each other in the sheep tracks of antiquity. Even to so late a period as the days of Erasmus, every Latin word was culled with a classical superstition; and a week of agony was exhausted on a page finally inlaid with a mosaic of phrases. While this verbal generation flourished, some eminent scholars were but ridiculous apes of Cicero, and, in a cento of verses, empty echoes of Virgil. All native vigor died away in the coldness of imitation; and a

similarity of thinking and of style deprived the writers of that raciness which the nations of Europe subsequently displayed when they cultivated their vernacular literature.

It is remarkable of those writers who had already distinguished themselves by their Latin works, that when they began to compose in their native language, those classical effusions on which they had confidently rested their future celebrity sank into oblivion; and the writers themselves ceased to be subjects either of critical inquiry or of popular curiosity, except in that language in which they had opened a vein of original thought, in a manner and diction the creation of their own feelings. Here their natural power and their freed faculties placed them at a secure interval from their imitators.

1436. THE MOTHER TONGUE *versus* THE ANCIENT LATIN.

In the overwhelming of ancient Rome, another Rome shadowed the world. Ecclesiastical Rome, whence the novel faith of Christianity was now to emanate, far more potent than military Rome, perpetuated the ancient language. The clergy through the diversified realms of Europe were held together in strict conformity, and by a common bond chained to the throne of the priesthood—one faith, one discipline, one language.

The Latin tongue, both in verse and prose, was domiciliated among people of the most opposite interests, customs, and characters. The primitive fathers, the later schoolmen, the monkish chroniclers, all alike composed in Latin; all legal instruments, even marriage contracts, were drawn in Latin; and even the language of Christian prayer was that of abolished paganism.

The idiom of their fatherland, or, as we have affectionately called it, our "mother tongue," and as our ancient translator of the Polychronicon energetically terms it, "the birth tongue"—those first human accents which their infant ear had caught, and which from their boyhood were associated with the most tender and joyous recollections, every nation left to fluctuate on the lips of the populace, rude and neglected. Whenever a writer, proposing to inform the people on subjects which more nearly interested them, composed in the national idiom, it was a strong impulse only which could induce him thus to submit to degrade his genius. One of the French crusaders, a learned knight, was anxious that the nation should become acquainted with the great achievements of the deliverers of Jerusalem. It was the command of his bishop that induced him to compose the narrative in the vernacular idiom. But the twelve years which he bestowed on his chronicle were not considered by him as employed for his glory, for he avows that the humiliating style which he had used was the mortifying performance of a religious penance.

All who looked towards advancement in worldly affairs, and were of the higher orders in society, cultivated the language of Rome. It is owing to this circumstance, observes a learned historian of our country, that "the Latin language and the classical writers were preserved by the Christian clergy from that destruction which has entirely swept from us the writings of Phœnicia, Carthage, Babylon, and Egypt." We must also recollect, that the influence of the Latin language became far more permanent when the great masterworks of antiquity were gradually unburied from their con-

cealments. In this resurrection of taste and genius, they derived their immortality from the imperishable soul of their composition. All Europe was condemned to be copiers, or in despair to be plagiarists.

1437. MIXTURE OF LATIN WITH VERNACULAR LANGUAGES.

The predominance of the Latin language, during many centuries, retarded the cultivation of the vernacular dialects of Europe. When the barbarous nations had triumphed over ancient Rome, the language of the Latins remained unconquered; that language had diffused itself with the universal dominion, and, living in the minds of men, required neither legions nor consuls to maintain its predominance.

From accident, and even from necessity, the swarming hordes, some of whom seem to have spoken a language which had never been written, and were a roving people at a period prior to historical record, had adopted that singular colloquial idiom which their masters had conveyed to them, attracted, if not by its beauty, at least by its convenience. This vulgar Latin was not, indeed, the Latin of the great writers of antiquity, but, in its corrupt state, freed from a complex construction, and even from grammar, had more easily lent itself to the jargon of the rude people. Teutonic terms, or Celtic words with corrupt Latinisms, were called "the scum of ancient eloquence, and the rust of vulgar barbarisms," by an indignant critic in the middle of the fifth century. It was amid this confusion of races, of idioms, and of customs, that from this heterogeneous mass were hewed out those *vernacular dialects* of Europe which furnished each people with their own idiom, and which are now distinguished as the *modern languages*. Italy retained the sonorous termination of her paternal soil, and Spain did not forget the majesty of the Latin accent—lands favored by more genial skies, and men blessed with more flexible organs. But the Gothic and the northern races barbarously abbreviated or disfigured their Latin words; to sounds so new to them they gave their own rude inflections. There is but one organ to regulate the delicacy of orthoepy—a musical and a tutored ear. The Gaul, in cutting his words down, contracted a nasal sharpness; and the Northmen, in the shock of their hard, redundant consonants, lost the vowelly confluence.

An ingenious literary antiquary has given us a copious vocabulary, as complete evidence of Latin words merely abbreviated by omitting their terminations, whence originated those numerous monosyllables which impoverish the French language. In the following instances the Gauls only used the first syllable for the entire word: *damnum*—*dann*; *aureum*—*or*; *malum*—*mal*; *nudum*—*nud*; *amicus*—*ami*; *vinum*—*vin*; *homo*—*hom*, as anciently written; *sonus*—*son*; *bonus*—*bon*; and thus many others.

The nasal sound of our neighbors still prevails; thus Gracchus sinks into *Gracque*; Titus Livius is but *Tite Live*; and the historian of Alexander the Great, the dignified Quintus Curtius, is the ludicrous *Quinte Curce*.

This vulgar or corrupt Latin, mingled with this diversity of jargons, was the vitiated mother of the sister languages of Europe; sisters still bearing their family likeness, of the same homely origin, but of various fortunes, till some attained to the beauty and affluence of their Latin line. From the first the people themselves had dignified their spuri-

ous generation of language as *Romans*, or *Romance*, or *Romaunt*, still proud, perhaps, of its Roman source; but the critical Latins themselves had distinguished it as a *Rustic*, to indicate a base dialect, used only by those who were far removed from the metropolis of the world.

1438. CHANGES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The following was the form of the Lord's prayer in the year 1300:—

"Fader our in hevne, Haleweyed be thi name, Come thi kingdam, Thi will be don as in hevne and in earth, Oor uch dayes bred give us to day, And forgive us our dettes, as we forgiven our detours, And lede us not into temptatioun, Bote delivere us of yvel. Amen."

1439. PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

In the year 700 the Lord's prayer began thus:—"Uren fader thie are in hiefnas, sio gokagud thin noma, to eymeth thin rick; sic thin willa suc is in heofnas and in ertho."

Two hundred years after, thus:—

"Thee ura fader the eart on heofeum si thin namagehal God. Com thin ric. Si thin willa on earthan swa, or hoofeum."

About two hundred years after this, in the reign of Henry II., it was rendered thus, and sent over by Pope Adrian, an Englishman:—

"Ure fader in heaven, rich,
Thy name be hailed eber lich;
Thou bring us ty michell blisse;
Als bit in heaven doe,
That in hearthe beene it also," &c

About one hundred years after, in the reign of Henry III., it ran thus:—

"Fader thou art in heaven blisse
Thine Heyle name it wurth the blisse
Cumen and mot thy kingdom,
Thine holy will it be all don,
In heaven and in earth also,
So it shall be in full well Ie-tro," &c.

In the reign of Henry VI., it began thus:—

"Our fader that art in heaven, holiewid be thi name, the kingdom come to thee, be thee will dono in earth, as in heaven," &c.

In 1537 it began thus:—

"O, our father who art in heaven! hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heaven."

1440. DEFINITY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

An individual, leaving home, left behind a favorite dog, and wrote over its kennel, "*Take care of the dog*,"—meaning that he wished it to be taken care of and provided for,—which was interpreted "*Beware of the dog!*" by all avoiding the poor animal till it starved to death.

1441. LINGUAL STATISTICS.

There are three thousand six hundred and sixty-four known languages now in use in the world. Of these, nine hundred and thirty-seven are Asiatic;

five hundred and eighty-seven European; two hundred and seventy-six African; and one thousand six hundred and twenty-four American dialect.

1442. ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Some years ago a gentleman, after carefully examining the folio edition of Johnson's Dictionary, formed the following table of English words derived from other languages:—

Latin,	6732	Irish,	
French,	4812	Runic,	
Saxon,	1665	Flemish,	
Greek,	1148	Erse,	
Dutch,	691	Syriac,	
Italian,	211	Scottish,	
German,	106	Irish and Erse, . .	
Welsh,	95	Turkish,	
Danish,	75	Irish and Scottish, .	
Spanish,	56	Portuguese,	
Icelandic,	50	Persian,	
Swedish,	34	Frisi,	
Gothic,	31	Persic,	
Hebrew,	16	Uncertain,	
Teutonic,	15		
Arabic,	13	Total,	15,784

1443. ANCIENT LITERATURE.

Up to the time of Bayle, ancient literature, from century to century, had constituted the sole labors of the learned, and *varie lectiones* were long their pride and their reward. Latin was the literary language of Europe. The vernacular idiom in Italy was held in such contempt, that their youths were not suffered to read Italian books—their native productions. Varchi tells a curious anecdote of his father sending him to prison, where he was kept on bread and water, as a penance for his inveterate passion for reading Italian books. Dante was reproached by the erudite Italians for composing in his mother tongue, still expressed by the degrading designation of *il volgare*, which the "resolute" John Florio renders "to make common;" and to translate was contemptuously called *volgarizzare*; while Petrarch rested his fame on his Latin poetry, and called his Italian *nugellas vulgares*!

With us, Roger Ascham was the first who boldly avowed "to speak as the common people, to think as wise men;" yet so late as the time of Bacon, this great man did not consider his Moral Essays as likely to last in the movable sands of a modern language, for he as anxiously had them sculptured in the marble of ancient Rome.

1444. ITALY THE MOTHER OF VERNACULAR LITERATURE.

It was Italy, the mother and the nurse of literature, as the filial zeal of her sons has hailed her, which first opened to the nations of Europe the possibility of each creating a vernacular literature, reflecting the image, not of the Greeks and of the Romans, but of themselves.

Three memorable men, of the finest and most contrasted genius, appeared in one country, and at one period. With that contempt for the language of the people in which the learned participated, busied as they were at the restoration of letters by their new studies and their progressive discoveries,

Petrarch contemned his own Italian *Rime*, and was even insensible to the inspiration of a mightier genius than his own; that genius who, with a parental affection, had adopted the orphan idiom of his fatherland—an orphan idiom which had not yet found even a name; for it was then uncertain what was the true language of Italy. Dante had at first proposed to write in Latin; but with all his adoration of his master, Virgil, he rejected the verse of Virgil, and anticipated the wants of future ages. A peculiar difficulty, however, occurred to the first former of the vernacular literature of Italy. In the state of this unsettled language, composed of fragments of the Latinity of a former populace, with the corruptions and novelties introduced by its new masters, it seemed hopeless to fix on any idiom which, by its inherent nobleness, should claim the distinguished honor of being deemed Italian. Dante denied this envied grace to any of the rival principalities of his country. The poet, however, mysteriously asserted that the true Italian *volgare* might be discovered in every Italian city; but being common to all, it could not be appropriated by any single one. Dante dignified the *volgar illustre* which he had conceived in his mind, by magnificent titles; it was "illustrious," it was "cardinal," it was "aulic," it was "courtly." Dante, in his musings, had thrown a mystical veil over the Italian language; but the poet presciently contemplated, amid the distraction of so many dialects, that an Italian style would arise which at some distant day would be deemed classical. Dante wrote, and Dante was the classic of his country.

The third great master of the vernacular literature of Italy was Boccaccio, who threw out the fertility of his genius in the *volgare* of Nature herself. This Shakspeare of a hundred tales transformed himself into all the conditions of society; he touched all the passions of human beings, and penetrated into the thoughts of men ere he delineated their manners. Even two learned Greeks acknowledged that the tale-teller of Certaldo, in his variegated pages, had displayed such force and diversity in his genius, that no Greek writer could be compared with his *volgare eloquenza*.

The Italian literature thus burst into birth and into maturity; while it is remarkable of the other languages of Europe, that after their first efforts they fell into decrepitude. Our Saxon rudeness seems to have required more hewing and polishing to be modelled into elegance, and more volubility to flow into harmony, than even the genius of its earliest writers could afford. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were the contemporaries of Gower, of Chaucer, and of "the Ploughman;" they delight their nation after the lapse of many centuries; while the critics of the reign of Elizabeth complained that Piers Ploughman, Chaucer, and Gower then required glossaries; and so, at a later period, did Ronsard, Baif, and Marot, in France. In prose, we had no single author, till the close of the sixteenth century, who had yet constructed a style; and in France, Rabelais, and Montaigne had contracted the rust and the rudeness of antiquity, as it seemed to the refinement of the following generation.

1445. OPPOSITION TO THE USE OF THE ITALIAN VERNACULAR.

A long time after the Italian authors began to write in the vernacular idiom, the prejudice in favor of the Latin was so firmly rooted that their youths

were prohibited from reading Italian books. A curious anecdote of the times, which its author has sent down to us, however, shows that their native productions operated with a secret charm on their sympathies; for Varchi has told the singular circumstance that his father once sent him to prison, where he was kept on bread and water, as a penance for his inveterate passion for reading works in the vernacular tongue.

The struggle for the establishment of a vernacular literature was apparent, about the same period, in different countries of Europe—a simultaneous movement to vindicate the honor and to display the merits of their national idiom.

Joachim de Bellay, of an illustrious literary family, resided three years with his relative, the cardinal, at Rome; the glory of the great vernacular authors of Italy inflamed his ardor; and in one of his poems he develops the beauty of “composing in our native language,” by the deeper emotions it excites in our countrymen. Subsequently he published his *Defense et Illustration de la Langue Française*, in 1549, where, eloquently and learnedly, he would persuade his nation to write in their own language.

Ferreira, the Portuguese poet, about the same time, with all the feelings of patriotism, resolved to give birth to a national literature, exhorting his countrymen to cultivate their vernacular idiom, which he purified and enriched. He has thus feelingly expressed this glorious sentiment:—

“*En desta gloria ao fico contents
Que a minha terra amei, e a minha gente.*”

In Scotland we find Sir David Lindsay, in 1553, writing his great work on the Monarchie, in his vernacular idiom, although he thought it necessary to apologize, by alleging the example of Moses, Aristotle, Plato, Virgil, and Cicero, who had all composed their works in their own language.

In his own country, Lord Berners had anticipated this general movement. In 1525, when he ventured on the toil of his voluminous and spirited Froissart, he described it as “translated out of Frenshe into our *maternal English tongue*”—an expression which indicates those filial-yearnings of literary patriotism which were now to give us a native literature.

The predominant prejudice of writing in Latin was first checked in Germany, France, and England, by the leaders of that great revolution which opposed the dynasty of the tiara. The versions of the Scriptures seemed to consecrate the vernacular idiom of every nation in Europe.

1446. THE LATIN PUT DOWN BY THE REFORMATION.

It is remarkable how the reformation began to diminish the veneration for the Latin language. Whether from the love of novelty, or rather by that transition to a new system of human affairs, the pedantry of ancient standing was giving way to the cultivation of a national tongue. A great revolution was fast approaching, which would give a new direction to the studies of the scholastic gentry, and introduce a new mode of addressing the people. It was a revolution alarming those who would have walled in public opinion, by circumscribing all knowledge to a privileged class. A remarkable evidence of this disposition appears in an incident which occurred to Sir Thomas Wilson, the author of two English treatises on the Arts of Logic and of Rhetoric. An emigrant, in the days of the

Papistic Mary, he was arraigned, at Rome, before the Inquisition, on the general charge of heresy, but especially for having written his Arts of Logic and of Rhetoric, in a language which, at least we may presume, the whole conclave could not have criticized. The torture was not only shown to him, but he tells us that “he had felt some smart of it.” The dark inquisitors taught our critic a new canon in his own favorite arts; and our English Aristarchus soon discovered how far those perfidious arts of reasoning and of eloquence may betray the hapless orator, when his words are listened to by malicious judges, equally skilled in mutilating sentences or catching at loose words. “They brought down my great heart by telling me plainly that my *defence* had put me into further peril.” Our baffled rhetorician saw that his only safety was to abstain from using the great instrument of his art, which was now locked up in silence. He was left, as he expresses himself, “without all help, and without all hope, not only of liberty, but also of life.” He escaped by a strange incident. It would seem that in an insurrection of the populace, they set fire to the prison, and in a burst of popular freedom, forgetful of their bigotry, or from the spirit of vengeance on their hateful masters, they suffered the heretics to creep out of their cells—an ebullition of public spirit in “the worthy Romans,” which the luckless English expounder of logic and rhetoric might well account as “an enterprise never before attempted.” On Wilson’s return to England, he was solicited to revise his admirable Art of Rhetoric, but he strenuously refused to “meddle with it, either hot or cold.” Still smarting from the torture which his innocent progeny had occasioned, he seems to have alleviated his martyrdom with the quaint humor of a querulous prologue.

1447. ABSURD ATTACHMENT OF MODERN WRITERS TO THE LATIN.

After the reformation had diminished the estimate of the ancient Latin, and there was a universal call for works in the vernacular languages, many authors, ambitious of enduring fame, were unwilling to trust their hopes to “the maternal tongues,” and still wrote in Latin.

Lord Bacon wrote his favorite works in that language; and what he did write in English he was anxious to have preserved, as he expresses himself, in “that unive as books last.”

to have been told that the learned in Europe one day study English authors to learn to think and write, and prefer his own Essays, in their living pith, to the colder transfusions of the Latin versions of his friends. The taste of the philosophic chancellor was probably inferior to his invention. Our illustrious Camden partook largely of this reigning fatuity; as did Buchanan, of Scotland, and De Thou, whose great history includes that of the reformation in France. All these works, addressed to the deepest sympathies of the people, were not imparted to them.

There was a peculiar absurdity in composing modern history in the ancient language of a people alike foreigners to the feelings as well as to the nature of the transactions. The Latin had neither proper terms to describe modern customs, nor fitting ~~expressions for feelings and feelings and places.~~ The fastidious delicacy of the writers of modern Latinity could not endure to vitiate their classical purity by the Gothic names of their heroes, and of the barbar-

ous localities where memorable transactions had occurred. These great authors, in their despair, actually preferred to shed an obscurity over their whole history, rather than to disturb the collocation of their luminous diction. Buchanan and De Thou, by a luminous play on words, translated the proper names of persons and of places. A Scottish worthy, Wiseheart, was dignified by Buchanan with a Greek denomination — *Sophocardus*; so that in a history of Scotland the name of a conspicuous hero does not appear, or must be sought for in a Greek lexicon, which, after all, may require a punster for a reader. The history of De Thou is thus frequently unintelligible; and two separate indexes of names and places, and the public stations which his personages held, do not always agree with the copy preserved in the family. The names of the persons are Latinized according to their etymology, and all public offices are designated by those Roman ones which bore some fancied affinity. A remarkable instance of the gross impropriety of composing an English history in Latin, and of the obstinate prejudice of the learned, who imagined that the ancient idiom conferred dignity on a theme wholly vernacular, appeared when the delegates of Oxford purchased Anthony Wood's elaborate work on the History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford. Our honest antiquary, with a true vernacular feeling, had written the history of an English university, during an uninterrupted labor of ten years, in his artless but natural idiom. The learned delegates opined that it was humiliating the Oxford press to have its history pass through it in the language of the country; and Dr. Fell, with others, was chosen to dignify it into Latin. What was the result of this pompous and inane labor? The author was sorely hurt at the sight of his fair offspring disguised in its foreign and fantastic dress. What was clear in English was obscure in the circumlocution of rotund periods and affected phraseologies; the circumstantial narrative and the local descriptions, so interesting to an English reader, were not only superfluous, but repulsive, to the foreigner. Anthony Wood indignantly retranscribed the whole of his English copy, and left the fair volumes to the care of the university itself, not without the hope, which has been realized, that his work should be given to posterity stamped by its author's native genius.

1448. INFLUENCES MODIFYING AND CHANGING OUR LANGUAGE.

"Our language," says D'Israeli, "has been subjected to those dominant events in the history of our country which have so powerfully influenced our genius and our destiny; and, our insular position occasioning a general intercourse with all the continental nations, our national idiom has been mottled by foreign neologisms.

"For more than five centuries was the Saxon language the language of England; the awful revolution of 1066 produced novelties of all kinds, but none greater than the entire change in our Saxon language, which, however, our Norman masters could never eradicate from among the people. During three centuries most of our English writers composed in French. When Greek was first studied, in the reign of Henry VII., it planted many a Hellenism in our English; the translation of the Scriptures, in that of Edward VI., while it transmitted many Latinisms, at the same time revived the simplicity of the Saxon English, which seemed to bear

a sort of evidence that a primitive language was most suitable for primitive Christianity, in contrast with the pompous corruptions of Rome.

"Under Elizabeth, favorite phrases were insinuated into the dialect by over-refined travellers, who spoke 'minion-like,' while the revolution of the Netherlands incorporated among us many a rough but vigorous inmate. In the days of James and Charles, the long residence of the Spanish Gondomar at our court, and the romantic pilgrimage of love to Madrid, and the political ties which bound the two nations, framed the style of courtesy, as well as set the fashions.

"The Puritanic commonwealth, under Cromwell, sunk down the language to its basest uses. Stripped to nakedness, the jargon of the market and the shop hid itself under the gibberish of its cant. Writers then abounded equally illiterate and fanatical. Perhaps we owe to these mean scribblers the scorn and pride with which Milton constructed on the Latin model of inversions and involutions of sentences his artificial and learned prose, unlike the style of his contemporaries, and which was never to be that of his successors; it was a machinery too costly for its price, and too unwieldy for the handling of an ordinary workman. Under the second Charles, we see the nation and the language equally Gallicized, and so it remained to the days of Anne. Suppose, for a moment, that when the first Georges were appointed to the English throne, the Germany of that day had been the Germany of the present. What would have been the result? Instead of two torpid Germans, destitute of every sensibility to literature and art, we might have seen an accomplished Duke of Weimar at St. James's, and a Wieland, a Schiller, and a Goethe at our court; our authors had been impressed by the German genius, in our emulation and delight. Such is the simple history of the English language, as it has been, or might have been, subjected to our national events."

1449. ARABIC WORDS IN THE SPANISH.

In Spain, we find that the possession of that land by the Moors has left in the Castilian language a whole dictionary of Arabic words, which now mingle with the vernacular idiom, and forever shall bear witness of the triumphs of their ancient masters.

1450. CHANGES IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

The French, though not an insular people, have been subject to rapid revolutions in their language. The ancient Gaulish French has long been as unintelligible to a modern Frenchman as our Saxon is to us; even those numerous poets of France, who, at a later period, composed in their *langue Romane*, are strewn in the fields of their poesy only as carcasses, which no miracle of antiquarian lore shall ever resuscitate. Compare the style of one writer with another only two centuries later, or Rabelais with Voltaire. The age of Louis XIV. effected the most rapid change in the vernacular style, inasmuch that the diction of the writers of the preceding reign of Louis XIII. had fallen obsolete in the short space of half a century. And yet the chastened style of the age of Louis XIV., with its cold imitation of classical antiquity, was to receive a higher polish from the hand of a Pascal, a novel brilliancy from the touch of a Montesquieu, and a more numerous prose from the impassioned Rousseau. The

age of erudition and taste was to be succeeded by the more energetic age of genius and philosophy. An anecdote recorded of Vangelas may possibly be true, and is a remarkable evidence of this perpetual mobility of style. This writer lived between 1585 and 1650, and during thirty years had been occupied, *more suo*, on a translation of Quintus Curtius. It was during this protracted period that the French style was passing through its rapid transitions. So many phrases had fallen superannuated, that this martyr to the purity of his diction was compelled to rewrite the former part of his version, to modernize it with his later improved composition. The learned Ménage lived to be old enough to have caught alarm at this vicissitude of taste, and did not scruple to avow that no work could last which was not composed in Latin.

1451. CHAUCER AND SPENSER.

In 1580, Carew informs us that, "Within these sixty years we have incorporated so many Latin and French words, as the third part of our language consisteth in them."

Some there were who, alarmed that such ceaseless infusions were polluting the native springs of English, would look back with veneration and fondness on our ancient masters. The great poet Spenser, then youthful, declared that the language of Chaucer was the purest English, and our bard hailed, in a verse often quoted by the critics,—

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled."

But in this well are deposited many waters. Chaucer has been accused of having enriched the language with the spoils of France, blending the old Saxon with the Norman French and the modern Gaelic of his day, for which he has been vehemently censured by the austerity of philological antiquaries. Skinner and his followers have condemned Chaucer for introducing "a wagon load of words," and have proclaimed that Chaucer "wrote the language of no age"—a reproach which has been transferred to our Spenser himself, who has transplanted many an exotic into the English soil, and recast many an English word for the innocent forgery of a rhyme. So that two of the finest geniuses in our literature, for recasting the language, must lay their heads down to receive the heavy axe of verbal pedantry.

1452. SERVILE IMITATION AND RESTRICTION.

"While the English language," says D'Israeli, "was undergoing the most rapid changes, and subsequently, when more tardy changes were creeping in, there were found those sternly resisting innovation, and pleading amid the popular movement for 'purity of style.' They demand our sympathies, for not a few have suffered martyrdom in their chimerical devotion. In the days of my youth there were some who would not write a word unwarranted by Swift or Tillotson. These were to be held fast for pure idiomatic prose by those who felt insulted by the encumbering lexiphanisms of the ponderous numerosity of Johnson, and recently by a return to our Saxon words, diminutive in size, have been trumpeted in a set oration at the University of Glasgow, by a noble personage. This taste is rife among critics of limited studies. Charles Fox, a fine genius, who turned towards the pursuits of literature too late

in life, was a severe sufferer, and purified his vocabulary with a scrupulosity unknown to any purist; so nervously apprehensive was this great man lest he should not write English. Addison, Bolingbroke, and Middleton were not of sufficient authority, for he would use no word which was not to be found in Dryden. Alas! what disappointments await the few who creep along their Saxon idiom, or who would pore on the free gracefulness of Dryden as a dictionary of words and phrases! Could the chimerical purity which these are in search of be ever found, never would it lend enchantment to their page, should their taste be cold or their fancy feeble. The language of genius must be its own reflection, and the good fortune of authors must receive the stamp used in their own mint."

1453. PROVINCIAL DIALECT IN ENGLAND.

"Had the Heptarchy [Octarchy] continued," observed Bishop Percy, "our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for set dialects as the Greek, or at least as that of the several independent states of Italy." In truth, we remained much in that condition while a power hostile to the national character assumed the sovereignty. So unsettled was the English language, that a writer at the close of the fourteenth century tells us that different parts of the island experienced a difficulty to understand one another. A diversity of pronunciation, as well as a diversity in the language, was so prevalent, that the northern, the southern, and the middle-land men were unintelligible when they met; the middle-land understood the northern and the southern better than the northman and the southman comprehended one another. The English people seemed to form an assemblage of distinct races. Even to this day a scene almost similar might be exhibited. Should a peasant of the Yorkshire dales, and one from the vales of Taunton, and another from the hills of the Chiltern, meet together, they would require an interpreter to become intelligible to each other; but in this dilemma what county could produce the Englishman so versed in provincial dialects as to assist his three honest countrymen?

1454. WONDERFUL MEMORY.

In distinguished men the thorough awakening and vigorous exertion of the mind has more to do with their eminence than is generally thought. In most men the intellectual energies slumber, or are but half put forth. A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Rome, relates some anecdotes of the eminent linguist Cardinal Mezzafonti which illustrate this truth. Mezzafonti is able to speak fifty-two languages. The pope attributes his extraordinary powers in this respect to miraculous aid. A friend of the cardinal's informed the writer that he took the same view of the case; which, with the circumstances mentioned below, shows that his powers as a linguist did probably receive, when extraordinary exertion was demanded, a remarkable impulse and development.

He states that when an obscure priest, in the north of Italy, he was called one day to confess two foreigners condemned for piracy, who were to be executed the next day. On entering their cell he found them unable to understand a word he uttered. Overwhelmed with the thought that the criminals

should leave this world without the benefits of religion, he returned to his room, resolved to acquire their language before morning. He accomplished his task, and the next day confessed them in their own tongue. From that time on, he says, he had no difficulty in mastering the most difficult language. The purity of his motive, in the first place, he thinks, influenced the Deity to assist him miraculously. A short time since a Swede, who could speak a *patois* peculiar to a certain province of Sweden, called on him, and addressed him in that dialect. Mezzafonti had never heard it before, and seemed very much interested. He invited him to call on him often, which he did, while the conversation invariably turned on this dialect. At length the Swede, calling one day, heard himself, to his amazement, addressed in this difficult *patois*. He inquired of the cardinal who had been his master; for he thought, he said, there was no man in Rome who could speak that language but himself. "I have had no one," he replied, "but yourself. I NEVER forget a word I hear

expired in the passage. Thus the Parret, we are told, is the boundary of Somersetshire dialect; for words used east of the Parret are only known by synonyms on the west side. The same incident occurs in Italy, where a single river runs through the level plain; there the Piedmontese peasant from the western end, meeting with a Venetian from the eastern, could hold but little colloquial intercourse together; a Genoese would be absolutely unintelligible to both; for, according to their proverb, "Language was the gift of God, but the Genoese dialect was the invention of the devil." In those rank dialects left to run to seed in their wild state, without any standard of literature, we hardly recognize the national idiom; the Italian language sprung from one common source—its maternal Latin. But this we might not suspect, should we decide solely by its dialects; and we may equally wonder how some of our own could ever have been mangled and distorted out of the fair dimensions of the language of England.

1455. DIALECTS AND LOCALITIES.

If etymology often furnishes a genealogy of words through all their authentic descents, so likewise a map of provincial idioms might be constructed to indicate the localities of the dialects. There we might observe how an expansive and lengthened river, or intervening fells and mountains which separate two counties, can stop the course of a dialect, so that the idiom current on one side, when it passes the borders, becomes intrusive, little regarded, and, ere it reaches a third county, has

1456. LATIN GIVING PLACE TO MODERN LANGUAGES.

About the ninth century barbarous Latin began to give place to the modern languages of France, Spain, and Italy. The council of Tours, in the year 813, ordered the priests to preach in *Romance*, that they might be understood by the people. We have an odd idea that the clergy did not preach before the reformation. The Roman Catholic clergy always preached, and do preach, in the vulgar tongue.

§ 148. DIFFICULTIES AND BLUNDERS IN THE ACQUIREMENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

1457. ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A few days since, a lady stepped into a store not a hundred miles from Newtown, and inquired of the dapper little man who kept the same, whether *monsieur avait des colliers*. "Oui, mademoiselle," said the gentleman, with a profound bow, handing down a horse collar. The lady, nearly screaming with laughter, explained herself in English, and asked for a necklace.

another attempt. "It's a little creature—a bird—a bard—a beard—a hen—a hone—a fowl—a fool; it's all covered with feathers—fathers—feeders!" "Ha, ha," cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, "Ja, ja! feeders—ja woh!" and away went Grettel, and in half an hour returned triumphantly, with a bundle of stationers' quills.

1458. ENGLISH. GERMAN.

An English lady resident at Coblenz, one day wishing to order for her German servant (who did not understand English) a boiled fowl for dinner, Grettel was summoned, and the experiment began. It was one of the lady's fancies, that the less her words resembled her native tongue, the more they must be like German. So her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a *cheeking*, or *keeking*. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head. "It's to cook," said the mistress, "to cook, to put in an iron thing, in a pit—pat—pot." "Ish understand risht," said the maid, in her Coblenz *patois*. "It's a thing to eat," said her mistress, "for dinner—for deener—with sauce, souce—sowose. What on earth am I to do?" exclaimed the lady in despair, but still making

1459. QUITE A MISTAKE.

A Frenchman, who knew very little of our language, unfortunately got into a difficulty with a buck countryman, and fight he must, and that, too, rough and tumble. But before he went at it, he was very anxious to know what he should cry if he found himself whipped. After being informed that, when satisfied, all he would have to do would be to cry out "enough," at it they went; but poor monsieur, in his difficulties, forgot the word, and finding his eyes likely to be removed from their sockets, he began to cry out; but instead of saying what was told him, he commenced bawling out, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

To his astonishment, the countryman kept pounding the harder; when monsieur, finding there was no use hallooing, turned and went to work in such good earnest, that it was not long before the countryman sang out, in a stentorian voice, "Enough."

"Say dat again," said the Frenchman.

"Enough, enough!" cried he again.

The Frenchman in turn exclaimed, "Dat is de vere word I vas trying to say long time ago."

1460. A SARCASTIC REPLY.

A lady at Vienna having somewhat rudely remarked to Mr. Ward that it was strange that all the best society spoke French as well as German, while the English scarcely spoke French at all, or spoke it ill, Ward answered that the English must be excused for their want of practice, as the French army had not been twice to London to teach them, as they had to Vienna.

1461. INCONVENIENCE OF NOT UNDERSTANDING FRENCH.

"Never go to France," says Hood, "unless you know the lingo." The propriety of this advice is well illustrated in an anecdote related of an Englishman, who being hard run for a cab at the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, during a sudden shower, rushed out and called a *cocher*, or driver; but his pronunciation was so bad, that the "cad" understood him to say *cochon*, or hog; whereat ensued a speedy bout and fisticuffs.

1462. AMUSING ANECDOTE.

The confidence with which the French travel about, speaking their language indiscriminately to all nations, and the certainty with which they think they must be understood, has often been productive of laughable mistakes. The following is an example; and what renders it more really amusing is, that we are assured it is a fact:—

A young Parisian, going to Amsterdam, was attracted by the remarkable beauty of a house situated near the canal. He addressed a Dutchman, in French, who stood near him in the vessel, with, "Pray, sir, may I ask who that house belongs to?" The Hollander answered him in his own language, "*Ik kan niet verstaan*," (I do not understand you) The Parisian, not doubting but what he understood, took the Dutchman's answer for the name of the proprietor. "O, O," said he, "it belongs to Mr. Kaniferstane. Well, I am sure he must be very agreeably situated; the house is most charming, and the garden appears delicious. I don't know that ever I saw a better. A friend of mine has one much like it, near the river at Choisy; but I certainly give this the preference." He added many other observations of the same kind, to which the Dutchman, not understanding them, made no reply.

When he arrived at Amsterdam, he saw a most beautiful woman on the quays, walking arm in arm with a gentleman. He asked a person that passed him who that charming lady was; but the man, not understanding French, replied, "*Ik kan niet verstaan*." "What, sir," replied our traveller, "is that Mr. Kaniferstane's wife, whose house is near the canal? Indeed, this gentleman's lot is enviable; to possess such a noble house and so lovely a companion."

The next day, when he was walking out, he saw some trumpeters playing at a gentleman's door, who had got the largest prize in the Dutch lottery. Our Parisian, wishing to be informed of the gentleman's name, he was still answered, "*Ik kan niet*

verstaan." "O," said he, "this is too great an accession of good fortune! Mr. Kaniferstane proprietor of such a fine house, husband of such a beautiful woman, and to get the largest prize in the lottery! It must be allowed that there are some very fortunate men in the world."

About a week after this, our traveller, walking about, saw a very superb burying. He asked whose it was. "*Ik kan niet verstaan*," replied the person of whom he asked the question. "O my God," exclaimed he; "poor Mr. Kaniferstane, who had such a noble house, such an angelic wife, and the largest prize in the lottery. He must have quitted this world with great regret; but I thought his happiness was too complete to be of long duration." He then went home, reflecting all the way on the instability of human affairs.

1463. HUMILITY.

An Englishman talking with a German friend, a man of a remarkably philosophical cast of mind, and fond of clothing his sentiments in the graces of classical allusion, the discourse happened to turn upon the mortifications to which those subject themselves who seek after the vanities of this world. Our friend was for a stoical independence, and had Diogenes in his eye. "For mine self," he exclaimed, with rising enthusiasm, "I should be quite contentment for to live all my days in a dub, eating noting else but unicorns!" (acorns.)

1464. MISAPPLICATION OF WORDS.

It is said that Dr. Chalmers once entertained at his table a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked if he would be helped to "kippered salmon." The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word *kippered*, and was told that it meant *preserved*. The poor man in a public prayer soon after offered a petition that the distinguished divine might long be "kippered to the Free Church of Scotland."

1465. LUDICROUS BLUNDER.

A Frenchman, having frequently heard the word *press* made use of to imply *persuade*.—as, "*press* that gentleman to take some refreshments," "*press* him to stay to-night,"—thought he would display his talents by using what he imagined a synonymous term; and therefore made no scruple one evening to cry out in company, "Pray, *squeeze* that lady to sing."

1466. PHILOLOGICAL CONCEIT.

"Come here. Gas-son," said a young fopling, at one of our metropolitan eating-houses. A waiter presented himself. "Your name isn't Gas-son, is it, Stupid? I called Gas-son, yonder." And he beckoned to a lad, whom he had heard called *gas-son*, the day before, to do his bidding. This reminds one of the story of a person of pleasing address and appearance, who was encountered on board a steam packet from Dover to Calais. It was observed that whenever he obtained an auditor, he would address him courteously, and commence a discussion of the qualities of two carriages which were on the forward deck. "That 'ere big coach,"

said he, "is a nice 'un; but them 'ere scratches on the cab, them's the worst on't, though!" A gentleman, who heard these coarse remarks thrice repeated to different individuals, by a person of pleasing and gentlemanlike exterior, had the curiosity to inquire of one who seemed to be a companion voyager, why it should happen that his language was so strangely out of keeping with his general bearing; when, lo! it transpired that he was a Parisian, sporting the little English he had learned of a cockney valet, in a brief stay in London, before his countrymen. Many an "ignoramus" on this side the water makes himself equally ridiculous, in misapplying and mispronouncing the language of this ambitious Gaul; speaking it like the man whom Matthews describes, who boasted of his perfection in French, but gave the credit to his felicitous acquisition; he "larnt it of a Geeaarman, that larnt it of a Scotchman at Dunkirk!"

1467. ETHIOPIAN FRENCH.

A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times tells a humorous incident of a colored servant's translation of French. He says, "Our children have every morning some bread and molasses, or bread and ham, as children must have, to pacify their active appetites; and one day, when Daphne first came with us, we went out for the morning, and left her to take care of the children. She kept them quiet until they began to want something to eat, which they got, and were all well enough but Charley; but he was not going to have any thing but bread and ham, and *that* he would have. So he began to put up his hand to his mouth, and cry for '*du pain et jambon—du pain et jambon*!' but this was all High Dutch to Daphne, and the more he cried the less Daphne could understand. All she could do by way of consolation amounted to nothing. However, we came home soon, and the little ones flocked about us.

"Pa," said one of them, 'Charley has been crying for *du pain et jambon*.'

"Yes, massa," said Daphne, 'I wish to de Lor' you would do someting for dat boy, for he been cryin' about a *pain* in his jawbone eber since you been away!'

1468. THE DUTCHMAN AND THE ENGLISH.

The services at an ancient church on the Hudson River were originally performed in the Dutch dialect. It was at length proposed, at a stated meeting, that, as there were many in the congregation who did not understand Dutch, and but few who could not comprehend more or less of English, the religious performances should be in English, at least a part of the time, and that English Bibles should also be used among the members. This proposition met with decided opposition from one old-school Dutchman. "I don't know any t'ing about dat," said he; "I an't going to give up my 'ligion; I mean to stick to de fait' of my faders!" When remonstrated with, and informed that the change could in no respect vary his creed, or vitiate the faith of his fathers, he waxed exceedingly wroth, and put an end to all further discussion, with, "I shan't argue mit any body about it at all; I shan't alter my 'ligion! I'll stick to de fait' of my faders, and I'll suck to my Dutch Bible, if I'm d—d for it!" We believe it was this same choleric

stickler for ancient usages, who refused to vote for a lightning rod, when the old church was new. "We've been," said he, "to great deal droubles, and great deal 'spense, to build a house for God Almitis; and now if he's a mind to dunder on his own house, and burn him up, let him dunder den! I shan't vote for de dunder rod!"

1469. EFFECTS OF NOT KNOWING FRENCH.

Not long after the general peace, when all classes of English travellers, learned and unlearned, polished and unpolished, flocked to the continent, in search of the classical and the picturesque, one of these pilgrims met a companion, sitting in a state of most woful despair, and apparently near the last agonies, by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. With great anxiety he inquired the cause of his suffering. "O," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty, and took a large draught of the clear water of the lake, and then sat down on this stone to consult my guide-book. To my astonishment, I found there that the water of this lake is very poisonous! O, I am a gone man. I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to ——" "Let me see the guide-book," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "*L'eau du lac est bien poisseuse*," (The water of the lake abounds in fish.) "Is that the meaning of it?" "Certainly." "I never was better," said the dying man, leaping up, with a countenance radiant as the sun on a fine May morning. Then, extending his arm in the true long-bow style,—"There's muscle"—he cut a series of capers over the grass that would have done honor to a Vestris. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?" "I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

1470. FRENCH HOTELS.

A western editor, according to the New Orleans Bulletin, not exactly understanding that "hotel" is synonymous with our *mansion*, or *residence*, after announcing from some European paper that Talleyrand had died "*at his hotel in Paris*," proceeded in the most pathetic manner to descant on the mutability of human affairs,—how this man had ruled France by his great talents, had been the right arm of Napoleon, his confident and adviser,—recounted all manner of important things he had, and many that he had not done, and finally wound up the grand climax by saying, that notwithstanding the distinguished rôle he had played, he at last "*died at a tavern-keeper*."

1471. A COW IN A BOX, *alias* A COUGH IN THE CHEST.

The Boston Bee, in a recent number, thus remarks: "We were not a little amused, at the phonographic exhibition the other evening, by a story told by Professor Church with reference to the difficulty he had to meet in learning to pronounce the English language, whose barbarous orthography is so totally at variance with its elementary sounds. The gentleman said that the first time he visited London he caught a violent cold on the passage. He had studied English at the French university, and made about as much progress in giving correct sounds to

the words as a green Yankee might be supposed to do in the French tongue with nothing but a dictionary for a guide. Some things he knew, and some he didn't know; one thing, however, he felt, and that was, he needed a physician to cure his cold. Accordingly he sent for one, and in the interim, wishing to show Dr. John Bull how well he could talk English, he took Nugent, and found that "*toux*" was "*cough*," in the latter tongue.

"C-o-u-g-h," spelled the Frenchman, "how they spell that? I have him! P-l-o-u-g-h is *plow*, and c-o-u-g-h is *cow*. I got a cow!"

The doctor entered, and began to feel his pulse, where all seemed right.

"I have no trouble there," said Professor Church, putting his hand to his throat. "I got a cow!"

"Well, I am not a cow-doctor," said the surgeon, indignantly. "Why do you send for me to see your cow?"

"But you will not understand me," said the disconcerted Frenchman: "here is my cow—here!" and he thumped his breast in desperation.

The doctor shook his head, as though he thought him demented. The professor again had recourse to his dictionary, thinking, if he got the precise locality of his cow, the doctor would understand. Accordingly he looked for the word "*chest*," and found the first definition to be "*box*;" then shouting as loud as he could, he exclaimed,—

"Now you understand: *I got a cow in my box!*"

The doctor burst into a roar of laughter, and the poor Frenchman almost died of chagrin. When the professor told the story, the audience were perfectly convulsed, and fully appreciated the gentleman's enthusiasm, as he concluded by saying, "If your phonography can do any thing *for my cow*, it will be a great thing."

1472. ROBINSON CONFOUNDED.

When the late King of Denmark was in England, he very frequently honored Sir Thomas Robinson

with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the king had scarcely any knowledge of English. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with Lord Chesterfield, he boasted much of his intimacy with the king, and added that he "believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England." "How report lies," exclaimed Lord Chesterfield; "I heard no later than this day, that you never met but a great deal of bad language passed between you."

1473. A BLUNDER

A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "*do butter* of poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

1474. YOUR BIRTH.

We often laugh at our neighbors' mistakes; they might have smiled at our own, had they overheard a passenger in one of our steam packets, who wished to inform a French lady on board that her "berth was ready," make the communication as follows: "*Madame, votre NAISSANCE est arrangée.*"

1475. IMPUTED GLUTTONY.

At a *table d'hôte*, at Cologne, a manufacturer from Sheffield, who spoke nothing but English, was seated next to a German lady, who did not speak it at all. Handing her a plate of peaches, he said, "Have a peach, marm?"

"*Nein*," (no,) replied the lady.

"*Nine!*" exclaimed he, staring with astonishment, first at her and then at the other guests at the table. "Why, marm, there's only six in the dish; but there they are for you," at the same time rolling them upon her plate.

§ 149. AMUSING AND COMICAL.

1476. BEST SORT OF LANGUAGE FOR THE PULPIT.

The vicar in a certain village in England, returning one Sunday from church, was thus accosted by an opulent farmer: "Well, doctor," said he, "you be gwain on pretty well now; but why dount ye gi' us now and tan a scrap of Latin?" "Why," said the vicar, "if I had thought it had been your wish, I should have had no objection, but for one thing—I am afraid you would not understand it." "That," said the other, "is nout to you; an we do pay vor the best, we oft to ha' the best."

1477. RETORT COURTEOUS.

A Russian lady, being engaged to dinner with M. de Talleyrand, at that time minister for foreign affairs, was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled, and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbor in Greek, "When a woman is neither young nor hand-

some, she ought to arrive betimes." The lady, turning round, sharply accosted the satirist in the same language: "When a woman," said she, "has the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon."

1478. HUMOROUS SAYINGS OF CHARLES V.

Charles V., who spoke fluently several European languages, used to say, that we should speak Spanish with the gods, Italian with our female friends, French with our male friends, German with soldiers, English with geese, Hungarian with horses, and Bohemian with the devil.

1479. DR. JOHNSON CAUGHT IN HIS OWN NET.

Macklin and Dr. Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied John-

son. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from the Irish.

1490. THE MONK AND THE HEBREW BOOK.

A monk, being charged with making a catalogue of a library, meeting with a Hebrew book, put, "Item, a book which begins at the very end."

1491. THE TWO SIGN PAINTERS.

"There came here, from the good city of Baltimore, some twenty-eight years ago," says the *Norfolk Herald*, "a painter of signs, who professed to know a thing or two. He took very readily, for in truth he was no mean artist. Upon every sign that he painted, he put his 'imprint,' *Sprague*, (that was his name,) to which he added the Latin word *fecit*. The unlearned, 'the little boys and all,' supposing the two words to constitute the name of the painter, accosted him every where as *Mr. Fecit*, *Mr. Sprague Fecit*, until the poor fellow, annoyed to death by the ridicule which his little learning had brought upon him, ran away. He was some years after succeeded by another knight of the brush, from the same goodly city, who was something of a humorist, and disposed to throw Latin, like physic, to the dogs. He, too, painted many signs for us, but was content to boast of his work in plain English, as might be seen by this modest inscription — '*Coppuck did it.*'"

1492. NO JOKE.

"A Frenchman and myself," says a writer, "were talking together on the deck of a steamboat. A third person stood by, and laughed whenever we laughed. Supposing, of course, that he understood the subject, I appealed to him, and what think you was the man's reply? 'Why, Lordy massee, I couldn't make out what nary one o' you was talkin' about!' And, by the way, this reminds me of a still better joke. A Spaniard and I were once talking together in Spanish, when a third person burst out laughing, and honestly avowed that she didn't believe either of us understood the other. Nor did she mean it for a joke; no, indeed; the excellent woman was perfectly serious. She looked upon our Spanish conversation as a sort of gibberish manufactured for the occasion, by mutual consent."

1493. ART OF POPULAR TEACHING.

Bulwer, in his *England and the English*, hits off the literary charlatans most aptly. We extract the passage for the amusement of our readers.

"At present a popular instructor is very much like a certain master in Italian, who has thriven prodigiously upon a new experiment on his pupils.

"J — was a clever fellow, and full of knowledge which nobody wanted to know. After seeing him in rags for some years, I met him the other day most sprucely attired, and with the complacent and sanguine air of a prosperous gentleman.

"I am glad to see, my dear sir," said I, "that the world wags well with you."

"It does."

"Doubtless your books sell famously."

"Bah, no bookseller will buy them. No, sir, I

have hit on a better *metier* than that of writing books. I am giving lessons in Italian."

"Italian! why, I thought when I last saw you, that you told me Italian was the very language you knew nothing about."

"Nor did I, sir; but as soon as I had procured scholars, I began to teach myself. I bought a dictionary. I learnt that lesson in the morning which I taught my pupils at noon. I found I was more familiar and explanatory, thus *fresh from knowing little*, than if I had been confused and over-deep by knowing much. I am a most popular teacher, sir; and my whole art consists in being just one lesson in advance of my scholars."

1494. THE KING'S EXAMINATION OF A SOLDIER.

It was customary with Frederic the Great, whenever a new soldier appeared in his guards, to ask him three questions, viz.: "How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?"

A smart young soldier, born in France, who had served in his own country, desired to enlist in the Prussian service. His figure caused him to be immediately accepted; but he was totally ignorant of the German dialect, and his captain, giving him notice that the king would question him in that tongue the first time he should see him, cautioned him at the same time to learn by heart the three answers that he was to make the king. Accordingly, he learned them by the next day; and as soon as he appeared in the ranks, Frederic came up to interrogate him; but he happened to begin upon him by the second question, and asked him, "How long have you been in my service?" "Twenty-one years," answered the soldier. The king, struck with his youth, which plainly indicated that he had not borne a musket so long as that, said to him, much astonished, "How old are you?" "One year, an't please your majesty," Frederic, more astonished still, cried, "You or I must certainly be bereft of our senses." The soldier, who took this for the third question, replied firmly, "Both, an't please your majesty." "This is the first time I was ever treated as a madman at the head of my army," rejoined Frederic. The soldier, who had exhausted his stock of German, kept silent, and when the king questioned him again, to penetrate into this mystery, the soldier told him in French, that he did not understand a word of German; at which the king laughed heartily, and advised him to learn that language, and exhorted him to perform well his duty.

1495. TATTLETOO.

A Frenchman, (probably the same one who was so much puzzled by the various acceptations in which the Anglo-Saxons use the word "box," after spending some time in England, thought he had acquired a very tolerable acquaintance with the English tongue; but he lamented to several friends, at a dinner party, "Dare is von vord you use every day in so many significations, of which I cannot saisir l'acceptation — it is to vord *tattletoo*." In reply to the remarks of his English hearers that no such word was known to them, monsieur, with much animation, proceeded to explain: "Ah, you say it is not Anglais, and '*nom de nom*,' you use it

constamment! Suppose von child drink glass of watere, de nourrice tell him, 'Tattletoo, dear!' Suppose two friends take von promenade, ven von is fatigue, he say to de oder, 'Tattletoo.' Suppose, in the Parliement, un membre say some ting trop ridicule, de assembly make the chambre *retentir* with vociferation of, 'Vell, I am blessed, tattletoo!' Suppose, *enfin*, von individu has *suffisant* of any ting, and vant no more, he say, 'Tattletoo!' Corbleu, you always use de word a tousand times a day, and encore you say it is not *Anglais!* I am not von ignorant of Anglais, Sarcristie; and yet *je voudrais bien savoir*, I should like to know what you mean by tattletoo, tattletoo!"

Here arose an altercation; none of the Englishmen knew what *tattletoo* was; all denied ever having heard it before. Johnson, Walker, &c., were produced to prove the non-existence of the word in "*Angle-land*," whilst Webster was conclusive authority for its non-manufacture in Yankee-land. In short, the fire was so heavy against monsieur that, with many exclamations of, "Comment, messieurs, you doubt my honneur; you dispute de dam tattletoo, ven I say it is *Anglais*. *Ciel de Dieu!*" He was already fumbling for his card case, with evident intentions of regarding the question as a *personal* matter, when the master of the house politely changed the subject, passed the wine, and, ringing the bell, told the servant to put a few coals on the fire. Pat, as usual, without reflection, threw a small cart load of fuel into the grate, and was on the point of adding a second discharge from the capacious coal scuttle, when his master cried out,

"Stop, stop, Pat, *that'll do*." "*Voilà!*" burst out the Frenchman, triumphantly, "*Voilà, encore une fois, votre sacre tattletoo!* You tell de garçon to put coal on de fire, and den you say tattletoo! tattletoo! *Mon Dieu, que vous êtes des fous*, ven you tell me for dat tattletoo is not *Anglais!* Tattletoo!"

1486. THE BISHOP AND THE KING.

Soon after Dr. Porteus, the late Bishop of London, was advanced to the metropolitan see, he went to court, where his majesty addressed him in French, which the prelate not understanding, the king then spoke to him in Italian, with which language he was likewise unacquainted. "What, my lord," said the king, "don't you understand the polite languages?" "O my liege," replied the bishop, "the acquisition is not necessary, as the devil is as much mortified by a reproof in plain English as any other dialect."

1487. THE GERMAN PRONUNCIATION OF THE ENGLISH TH.

Many Germans, it is well known by all who are conversant with their pronunciation, substitute the sound of *d* for that of *th*. A gentleman from Leipsic, being asked how old he was, replied, he was *dirty*, (thirty;) and when asked the age of his wife, he answered, she was *dirty-two*, (thirty-two.)

§ 150. MISCELLANEOUS.

1488. GOBAT IN A STRAIT PLACE.

This gentleman was a missionary to Abssyinia, and the event which follows occurred at Massowah, a port of the Red Sea.

"Finding myself," he says, "surrounded by the young Arabs, I availed myself of the opportunity to converse with them on religion. and I soon had occasion to be convinced of their infidelity. In Arabic there are two different words to designate an unbeliever. One of these words is inoffensive, but the other, which is *gafer*, corresponding nearly with our word 'infidel,' is habitually employed by the Mohammedans against Christians, while a Christian is punished with death if he applies it to a follower of Mohammed. During my residence in Abyssinia, the Arabic language had become less familiar to me, so that inadvertently, while conversing, I used the

to my opinion. I then asked him how he would call such as understood the passage in the other manner. 'They are *gafer*,' he replied, using the terrible word I had myself employed. The crowd immediately dispersed in silence, and I was delivered."

1489. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU STUDYING LATIN.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was a great admirer of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that was one of the chief reasons that set her upon the thoughts of stealing the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom she communicated her design, and he encouraged her in it. She used to study five or six hours a day, for two years, in her father's library, and so got that language, whilst every body else thought she was reading nothing but novels and romances.

1490. PLATO AND GEOMETRY.

A distinguished divine of our country, a few years since, was publishing a work now justly celebrated, and in one of his notes had written some three pages of ridicule upon a certain passage in Plato, but when reading the proof recollected that Plato had expressly said, "Let no man unacquainted with geometry try to learn of me." He therefore carried the proof to a mathematician, and asked him to correct it. The geometer, having read it, said, "You, reverend sir, are a better Greek scholar than I. but in your translation, you have made Plato blunder

that I had committed a fault; and, though it was only a fault of grammar, I felt a great repugnance at dying for such an offence. I cried to God to deliver me by whatever means he thought best. Converseing on the way with my accusers, I caught them giving to a passage in the Koran a sense which I knew to be false. I was contriving in this way to justify the expression I had used. At this moment we perceived an old sheik, much venerated for his sanctity, and we agreed to take him for umpire. But for fear they would misrepresent, I called to him at a distance, 'How do you understand this passage in the Koran?' He interpreted it agreeably

geometrically, which I *know* Plato never did. I would translate the passage thus," &c.

The divine, on examining the geometer's new translation, struck out two and three quarters pages ridicule, and carried back a quarter of a page, directed against this sentence of Plato: "The more rapid motion is, the slower it will appear." "Sir,"

said the geometer, "you have omitted one word of the Greek—the article. Plato says the motion, and is speaking of the planets. The more rapid a planet's real motion eastward, the slower it will appear to move westward." The divine acknowledged his error, and the great work appeared unblemished by ridicule of Plato.

§ 151. LECTURES AND LECTURERS.

1491. A CLASSICAL REBUKE.

Professor Wines advertised a gratuitous lecture at Newark on the Theory of Government. At the hour of commencement, the audience being very small, the professor administered the following neat, classical, and pungent rebuke:—

"Plato, when delivering lectures in Athens, sometimes had Aristotle for his only hearer; on which occasion he was accustomed to proceed with his lecture as usual, remarking that when he had Aristotle for a hearer, he had the better half of Athens. On the same principle I may congratulate myself on my audience this evening."

1492. LECTURES AND READING.

The connection between public lectures and a taste for reading was strikingly illustrated at Manchester, England. A Mr. Dawson having lectured there on Cromwell, every book on the subject in the libraries of the town was out at the same time. A similar result was witnessed in Boston, in 1840, while Professor Silliman was delivering his course of Lowell Institute lectures on geology. There was a general stampede for works on this science, and it is said that at one time it was almost impossible to purchase a text-book of geology in any of the Boston bookstores.

§ 152. LETTERS, POSTAGE, AND POST-OFFICES.

1493. EXCUSE FOR A LONG LETTER.

In a postscript to one of the Provincial Letters, Pascal excuses himself for the letter being so long, on the plea that he had not had time to make it shorter.

1494. CURIOUS MISTAKE OF LADY G.

George Selwyn once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said Lady G. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, when, after her signature, stood "P. S. Who is right now, you or I?"

1495. THE BIG CHINESE LETTER.

The most singular document that was ever addressed to our government, is from the Emperor of China to the President of the United States. It consists of a roll seven feet one inch long by two feet eleven inches wide. The writing is on a field of plain yellow silk, with a margin of silk of the same color, embroidered in gold thread. The letter is in two languages, (Chinese and Manchu Tartar,) in characters of large size, and in perpendicular columns, which are separated in the middle by the imperial seal, which is composed of Chinese characters, enclosed in a *cartouche* about three inches square. This roll is enclosed in a wrapper of yellow silk, (yellow being the imperial color,) which again is enclosed in a round box covered with yellow silk, and closed by two fastenings of *jade* stone; and finally is enclosed in an oblong square box of rosewood, and padded and lined with yellow silk.

The whole purport of the letter is, that the emperor has been much pleased that a mutual inter-

change of friendly relations has taken place. He concludes his letter in these words: "Now, bound by perpetual *amity* and *concord*, advantages will accrue to the *citizens* of both *nations*, which, I trust, must certainly cause the president also to be extremely well satisfied and delighted."

1496. TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF JOHN SMITH.

Some time since, Mr. Turner, a solicitor of Maitland, posted a letter which he intended for Mr. John Smith, solicitor, O'Connell Street, Sydney, but which he accidentally directed "London." Now, Smiths are exceedingly plentiful in London, and John is by no means an uncommon prefix. O'Connell Streets, however, are not very plentiful, but it appears there are some; and there are three John Smiths residing on O'Connell Streets, each of whom opened it, and finding it was not intended for them, returned it. In Dublin there are several O'Connell Streets, and lots of John Smiths, and to Dublin it was sent; but after all the Smiths in the law list had been "tried," to use the technical expression, without the right one being found, it was determined to send the letter back to the writer, indorsed with the certificate of seventeen different postmen, that they all had searched in vain for the person for whom it was intended. Last week it arrived in Sydney, and was sent to Maitland, when the mistake was discovered, and Mr. John Smith, O'Connell Street, received his letter, together with four one-pound notes enclosed in it.

1497. BRIEF AND PITHY CORRESPONDENCE.

Many years since we saw a brief and pithy correspondence, officially published as having taken place between J. K. Paulding, while secretary of

the navy, and an agent of the department in the State of Alabama. We give its substance from memory.

Dear Sir: Please inform this department by return of mail how far the Tombigbee River runs up. Respectfully, J. K. Paulding, *Sec'y*, &c.

Mobile.

Hon. J. K. Paulding. Dear Sir: In reply to your letter, just at hand, I have the honor to say that the Tombigbee River don't run up at all.

I have the honor to be. &c.,

Our word for it, Paulding has never written a tale or invented a fable, whose wit has so much disturbed the reader as the truthful reply of his clerk. A long letter might have so mystified the Tombigbee, that, like the Niger, no traces of its source could ever be developed. Indeed, it is said, a "soft answer turneth away wrath;" but an answer can be soft and short too.

1498. LACONIC.

A remarkable example of the laconic style has recently taken place, which would put Leonidas and his countrymen to shame. An Edinburgh Quaker sends to a brother Quaker in London a sheet of letter paper, containing nothing whatever in the writing way, save a note of interrogation, thus, (?); his friend returned the sheet, adding for a sole reply a 0. The meaning of the question and answer is as follows: "What news?" "Nothing."

1499. WHAT LETTERS SHOULD BE.

Many people, and well-informed people too, sit down to write a letter, as if they were about to construct a legal document, or government despatch. Precision, formality, and carefully worded and rounded periods are considered all essential, even though the epistle be intended for a familiar friend. Others appear to be writing for publication, or for posterity, instead of making epistolary communication a simple converse between friends. Away with such labored productions. A letter on business should be brief; to a friend, familiar and easy. We like Hannah More's ideas upon the subject. She used to say, "If I want wisdom, sentiment, or information, I can find them better in books. What I want in a letter is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing; I want him to turn out the inside of his heart to me, without disguise, without appearing better than he is, without writing for a character. I have the same feeling in writing to him. My letter is therefore worth nothing to an indifferent person, but it is of value to the friend who cares for me." She added, that "letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence, and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays."

1590. NEW MODE OF DEFRAUDING THE POST-OFFICE.

A London paper says, "A canny citizen of the name of Macdonald, whose good lady had gone into Yorkshire on a visit to her friends, made the

following simple arrangement with her, as to the mode of communicating intelligence without incurring postage: If he was well he was to send her a newspaper, addressed 'Mrs. Macdonnell,' and if otherwise, 'Mrs. Macdonill,' in which latter case she was to return without a moment's delay."

1501. ADVENTURES OF A LETTER.

The Stamford Mercury says, "Some time since, a letter, containing bills of exchange amounting to £5000, was posted in London, addressed to a banking firm in Boston. The word 'Lincolnshire' being omitted from the address, the letter was put in an American bag, and crossed the Atlantic, to Boston, in Massachusetts. No owner being found, brother Jonathan honestly returned the letter, and on Tuesday morning last it reached its proper destination, Messrs. Gee & Co.'s, Boston, Lincolnshire, after twice traversing the Atlantic, and having caused a journey to London, and a long and anxious correspondence."

1502. RESULTS OF PENNY-POSTAGE IN ENGLAND.

A gentleman recently returned from Europe states that the influence of the penny postage system throughout Great Britain, in improving the intellectual, moral, and social habits of the humbler classes, is truly wonderful; that thousands are learning to write for the pleasure of corresponding with their friends. The effect of reducing postage from a shilling to a penny, in increasing the number of letters, is well illustrated by the anecdote of a person writing to his son in London; "Remember, my dear boy, to write often, for every letter saves me eleven pence."

1503. M. DE VELAYER'S ORIGINAL POST-PAID ENVELOPE.

M. Piron tells us that the idea of a postpaid envelope originated, early in the reign of Louis XIV., with M. de Velay, who, in 1653, established, with royal approbation, a private penny post, placing boxes at the corner of the streets for the reception of letters, wrapped up in envelopes, which were to be brought to offices established for that purpose.

M. de Velay also caused to be printed certain forms of billets, or notes applicable to the ordinary business among the inhabitants of great towns, with blanks, which were to be filled up, by the pen, with such special matter as might complete the writer's object. One of these billets has been preserved to our times by a pleasant misapplication of it. Pelisson, Mde. de Sévigné's friend, and the object of the *bon-mot*, that "he abused the privilege which men have of being ugly," was amused at this kind of skeleton correspondence; and under the affected name of *Pisandre*, (according to the pedantic fashion of the day), he filled up and addressed one of these forms to the celebrated Mademoiselle de Scuderi, in her *pseudonyme* of *Sappho*. This strange *billet-doux* has happened, from the celebrity of the parties, to be preserved, and is still extant—one of the oldest, we presume, of penny-post letters, and a curious example of a prepaying envelope, as well as a new proof of the adage, that "there is nothing new under the sun."

LIBRARIES.

§ 153. COLLECTION OF LIBRARIES.

1504. THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.



HE Egyptian Ptolemies founded the vast library of Alexandria, which was afterwards the emulative labor of rival monarchs: the founder infused a soul into the vast body he was creating, by his choice of the librarian Demetrius Phalereus, whose skilful industry amassed from all nations their choicest productions. Without such a librarian, a national library would be little more than a literary chaos. His well-exercised memory and critical judgment are its best catalogue. One of the Ptolemies

refused supplying the famished Athenians with wheat until they presented him with the original manuscripts of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*; and in returning copies of these originals, he allowed them to retain the fifteen talents which he had pledged with them as a princely security.

1505. FIRST PRIVATE LIBRARY IN ENGLAND.

Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, chancellor and high treasurer of England so early as 1341, perhaps raised the first private library in that country. He purchased thirty or forty volumes of the Abbot of St. Albans for fifty pounds' weight of silver. He was so enamored of his large collection, that he expressly composed a treatise on his love of books, under the title of "*Philobiblion*," an honorable tribute paid to literature, in an age not literary.

1506. SCANTY LIBRARIES OF EARLY TIMES.

There probably was a time when there existed no private libraries in the kingdom of England, nor any save the monastic: that of Oxford, at the close of the thirteenth century, consisted of "a few tracts kept in chests." In that primeval age of book-collecting, shelves were not yet required. Royalty itself seems to have been destitute of a royal library. It appears, by one of our recently published records, that King John borrowed a volume from a rich abbey, and the king gave a receipt to Simon, his chancellor, for "the book called *Pliny*," which had been in the

custody of the abbot and convent of Reading. The Romance of the History of England, with other volumes, have also royal receipts. The king had either deposited these volumes for security with the abbot, or, what seems not improbable, had no established collection which could be deemed a library, and, as leisure or curiosity stimulated, commanded the loan of a volume.

The borrowing of a volume was a serious concern in those days, and heavy was the pledge or the bond required for the loan. One of the regulations of the library of the Abbey of Croyland, Ingulphus has given. It regards "the lending of their books, as well the smaller without pictures, as the larger with pictures:" any loan is forbidden under no less a penalty than that of excommunication, which might possibly be a severer punishment than the gallows.

Long after this period, our English libraries are said to have been smaller than those on the continent; and yet, one century and a half subsequently to the reign of John, the royal library of France, belonging to a monarch who loved literature, Jean le Bon, did not exceed ten volumes. In those days they had no idea of establishing a library; the few volumes which each monarch collected, at great cost, were always dispersed by gifts or bequests at their deaths; nothing passed to their successor but the *missals*, the *heures*, and the *offices* of their chapels. These monarchs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, amid the prevailing ignorance of the age, had not advanced in their comprehension of the uses of a permanent library beyond their great predecessor of the ninth, for Charlemagne had ordered his books to be sold after his death, and the money given to the poor.

Among the early French kings there were several who were lovers of books, and were not insensible of the value of a studious intercourse, anxious to procure transcribers and translators. A curious fact has been recorded of St. Louis, that, during his crusade in the East, having learned that a Saracen prince employed scribes to copy the best writings of philosophy for the use of students, on his return to France he adopted the same practice, and caused the Scriptures and the works of the fathers to be transcribed from copies found in different abbeys. These volumes were deposited in a secure apartment, to which the learned might have access; and he himself passed much of his time there, occupied in his favorite study—the writings of the fathers.

1507. MUNIFICENCE OF BODLEY.

Camden, under the year 1598, tells us, that Bodley, being disengaged from affairs of state, about the year 1578, set himself a task which would have suited the character of a crowned head—the promotion and encouragement of learning; for he began to repair the public library at Oxford, and furnished it with new books. It was founded by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, but through the iniquity of the times was, in the reign of Edward VI., stripped of all the books; but Bodley, having made the choicest

collection, from all parts of the world, of the most valuable books, partly at his own cost, and partly by contributions from others, he first stocked, and afterwards left it so well endowed at his death, that his memory deserves to be cherished amongst men of worth and letters.

1508. THE FIRST ITALIAN LIBRARY.

"The first public library in Italy," says Tiraboschi, "was founded by a person of no considerable fortune; but his credit, his frugality, and fortitude were indeed equal to a treasury. This extraordinary man was Nicholas Niccoli, the son of a merchant, and in his youth himself a merchant; but after the death of his father, he relinquished the beaten roads of gain, and devoted his soul to study, and his fortune to assist students.

At his death he left his library to the public; but his debts being greater than his effects, the princely generosity of Cosmo de' Medici realized the intention of its former possessor, and afterwards enriched it by the addition of an apartment, in which he placed the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, and Indian manuscripts.

1509. SCHILLING'S CHINESE LIBRARY.

For the great additions of Chinese literature made before 1850 to the library of the Academy of Science at St. Petersburg, the society is chiefly indebted to Baron Schilling, of Cronstadt. That learned man, whose active and intelligent mind embraced at once so many various objects, — so many different branches of science, — was deeply versed in the literature of the nations of Central Asia and China. His taste for this class of erudition induced him to form a truly valuable collection of Chinese books. He maintained a regular correspondence with all the most learned Orientalists in Europe, by which means he was made acquainted with the progress of Chinese literature in England, Germany, and France. One of the great objects he had in view was to multiply the most valuable monuments of Chinese literature, so as to render them more generally accessible.

The infinite number of graphic signs employed in the Chinese language presents an almost insurmountable obstacle to any attempt to multiply books written in that language by means of printing in movable characters. Baron Schilling conceived that the process of lithography was peculiarly adapted to the reprinting of Chinese books, and he resolved to try the experiment. His first productions in this way were the beautiful editions of the Chong-Yong, and the Ta-Hio, which obtained the unqualified admiration of all the learned Orientalists of Europe. In the opinion of M. Remusa, as expressed in one of his reports to the French institution, Baron Schilling's lithographic reprints may fairly rival, in point of correctness and elegance, the most perfect productions of the imperial printing establishment at Peking. Nevertheless, the obstacles to the employment of lithography in Chinese printing were so exceedingly great, as to induce Baron Schilling to apply himself with earnest assiduity to the discovery of some new and more available process. The types and other apparatus which he invented in furtherance of that object, and some specimens of printing preserved in the Asiatic museum of the Russian Academy of Science, are

calculated to afford great assurance to those who may be disposed to prosecute the task which the learned and ingenious Schilling left unfinished.

In 1830, when Baron Schilling's Chinese library was purchased by the czar, it consisted of two hundred and fifty-two works, comprised in three hundred and twenty-three volumes, and one thousand eight hundred and thirteen packets. Among these works were several of the best dictionaries of the Chinese and Mandchoo languages; a magnificent edition of the works of the Chinese classic writers, forming twenty-four volumes and one hundred and eighty-five packets; the celebrated Geographical Dictionary, in six languages; two copies of the Mandchoo translation of the celebrated romance King-Ping-Mei; together with several other very remarkable works.

No sooner had Baron Schilling disposed of this first collection than he determined on forming a second. A Russian mission being about to proceed to Peking, he seized the opportunity of travelling in the suite of the mission as far as the frontiers of China, where he, for some time, fixed his residence. By means of the peculiar channels of communication he was enabled to establish, the best literary productions of China were transmitted to him from the capital by every opportunity that presented itself. The consequence was, that he soon found himself in possession of a collection of books in the Chinese, Mandchoo, Mongol, and Thibet languages, certainly unequalled, either in Europe or in Asia. Among the most valuable Chinese works in the collection was a superb copy of the Statistical Description of China, already alluded to, consisting of no less than three hundred packets; the Decrees of the Emperor Yong-Tehing, in three hundred packets; a magnificent edition of the works of the Chinese classic authors, in twenty-four volumes, each volume being contained in a wooden box; a great number of maps and prints; the most celebrated romances of the Chinese; and, finally, several works published by the missionaries, and printed by the Chinese method. All the above works are held in high estimation by amateurs.

1510. LITERATURE BY MEASURE.

A steward wrote to a bookseller in London, for some books to fit up his master's library, in the following terms: "In the first place I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law, in folio."

1511. THE LITERARY SERGEANT.

Learning is not always associated with greatness, nor do the owners of books always know their value. Rimsky Korzadoff, a sergeant in the guards, was suddenly raised to be the favorite of Catharine II. of Russia. He thought it would be proper to have a library, and sent for a bookseller of St. Petersburg, to whom he gave an order for this necessary portion of the furniture of his house. "What books," inquired the bookseller, "would you please to have?" "That is your business," replied Rimsky; "you understand that matter better than I do. You know the proper assortments which I have destined a large room to receive. Let there be large books at the bottom, and smaller and smaller up to the top, in the manner in which they are placed in the library of the empress." "How did you contrive

to find a sufficient quantity of large books for the purpose, since folios are out of fashion?" asked a friend of the bookseller. "O, I went to my warehouse, and drew out some old German commentators on the Bible, and writers on jurisprudence, where they had lain in quires ever since they were sent to my predecessor for a bad debt. I took care to put them in new coats; and the showy outsides of very many of them, as is common in the world, must be a passport to any deficiency within."

1512. LUCIAN'S INVECTIVE.

Lucian composed a biting invective against an ignorant possessor of a vast library—like him who, in the present day, after turning over the leaves of an old book, chiefly admires the date.

Lucian compared him to a pilot who was never taught the science of navigation; to a rider who cannot keep his seat on a spirited horse; to a man who, not having the use of his feet, wishes to conceal the defect by wearing embroidered shoes, but, alas! he cannot stand in them. He ludicrously compares him to Thersites, wearing the armor of Achilles, tottering at every step, leering with his little eyes under his enormous helmet, a hunchback raising the cuirass above his shoulders. "Why do you buy so many books?" he says; "you have no hair, and you purchase a comb; you are blind, and you will have a grand mirror; you are deaf, and you will have fine musical instruments. Your costly bindings are only a source of vexation, and you are continually discharging your librarians for not preserving them from the silent invasion of the worms, and the nibbling triumphs of the rats."

§ 154. LIBRARIANS.

1513. HAPPY RETORT.

A young woman went into a library in School Street, Boston, and asked for *Man as He Is*. "That is out," replied the librarian, "but we have *Woman as She Should Be*."

1514. CHARLES LE SAGE.

Charles le Sage, in 1373, had a considerable library, amounting to nine hundred volumes. He placed this collection in one of the towers of the Louvre, hence denominated the "Tour de la Librairie," and intrusted it to the custody of his *valet de chambre*, Gilles Malet, constituting him his librarian.

This Gilles Malet, who was also the king's reader, had great strength of character. He is thus described by Christine de Pise: "*Souverainement bien lisoit, et bien pontoit et entendens homs estoit,*" (He read sovereignly well, with good punctuation, and was an understanding man.) He has recorded a personal anecdote of him. One day a fatal accident happened to his child, but such was the discipline of official duties, that he did not interrupt his attendance on the king at the usual hour of reading. The king, having afterwards heard of the accident which had bereaved the father of his child, observed, "If the intrepidity of this man had not exceeded that which nature bestows on ordinary men, his paternal emotion would not have allowed him to conceal his misfortune."

Charles le Sage was no common personage; for, great as was the care and ingenuity required, he drew up an inventory, with his own hand, of his royal library. In that early state of book-collecting, volumes had not always titles to denote their subjects, or they contained several in one volume; hence they are described by their outsides, their size, and their shape, their coverings, and their clasps. This library of Charles V. shines in extreme splendor, with its many-colored silks and velvets, azure and vermeil, green and yellow, and its cloths of silver and of gold, each volume being distinctly described by the color and the material of its covering. This curious document of the fourteenth century still exists.

This library passed through strange vicissitudes. The volumes in the succeeding reigns were seized

on, or purchased at a conqueror's price, by the Duke of Bedford, regent of France. Some he gave to his brother Humphrey, the Duke of Gloucester, and they formed a part of the rich collection which that prince presented to Oxford, there finally to be destroyed by a fanatical English mob; others of the volumes found their way back to the Louvre, repurchased by the French at London. The glorious missal that bears the regent's name remains yet in England, the property of a wealthy individual.

1515. DR. BARRETT'S ODDITIES.

He frequently asked a long question, the answer to which was a single word, and in the middle of his question he would stop to ask the name of the person he addressed, though ever so familiar to him. In this way he asked Corvan,—

"What was the name of the philosopher who first taught—your name, if you please?"

"Domine Corvan."

"Right;—what is the name of the —"

"Corvan, I say, sir," was again the answer.

"Hout! man," said the irritated examiner; "who ever heard of Corvan a philosopher?"

Another peculiarity of the same kind was interrupting what he said with some irrelevant interpolation, and then again taking up the word where he had broken off. Thus, when he was librarian, he used frequently to interrupt the sentence by reading the title page, or description of a plate, in some book that lay on the table before him. One day, a gentleman, wishing to find a book in the library for which he had searched in vain in its proper place, inquired from Barrett how he should get it. Barrett referred him to Dr. Wilson, the other librarian. He said he had already applied to him, and that he could not tell him where it was. Barrett, turning over the leaves of a book that lay before him, answered,—

"Dr. Wilson is—the Universal History—a very odd fellow: he puts up all the books—the Tower of Babel—a place where nobody can find them."

On one occasion, a gentleman at Clontarf, who wished to become tenant of some college lands, invited him, when bursar, with some other fellows,

to dinner. He had not been so far from college since his childhood. It was then that, passing by Lord Claremont's beautiful demesne, and seeing the sheep grazing, he asked what extraordinary animals they were, and when told, expressed the greatest delight at seeing, for the first time, *live mutton*. As he passed along the shore, the seat attracted his peculiar admiration. He described it as "a broad, flat superficies, like Euclid's definition of a line expanding itself into a surface, and blue, like Xenophon's plain covered with wormwood."

The college bell, at that time, hung in a high steeple in the front square, and, when it tolled at night-roll, was distinctly heard across the bay, at Clontarf, like Milton's curfew, —

"Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar."

After dinner, when the guests, as was then usual, began to drink to the health of favorite ladies, the doctor was asked by his host for his belle. "I'll give you," said he, "the college bell; for I'm told she's finer than big Tom of Lincoln." This was

not meant as a play upon words, which he could not comprehend, and never attempted in his life; the bell he always called "she," from the same vulgarity that makes a gun or a ship of the feminine gender.

1516. M. DE BAUTRU AND THE KING.

M. de Bautru told me one day, that during his embassy to Spain he went one day to visit the library in the Escorial, and saw at once, from the conversation which he had with the librarian, that he was an extremely ill-informed and incompetent person for the situation. He was afterwards introduced to the king, with whom he talked of the beauties of the palace, and of the choice which he had made of a librarian. He told him he had immediately perceived that he was no common person, and that, in his opinion, his majesty would do well to make him superintendent of his finances. "Why so?" said the king. "Sire," said Bautru, "as he has taken so little from your books, it is probable he may take as little from your finances."

§ 155. DESTRUCTION OF LIBRARIES.

1517. LITERARY RAT.

A gentleman, who was requested to value the books of a deceased clergyman, found, to his surprise, that many of the most valuable works were imperfect, having leaves torn out. Upon asking a servant, who had lived with the divine some years, if he knew any thing of the circumstances, he replied, after some hesitation, "Why, to be sure, sir, I did now and then tear a leaf out, but I never went twice to the same book, so it couldn't be of much consequence."

1518. GREGORY VII. BURNING THE LIBRARY.

Inflamed with the blindest zeal against every thing pagan, Pope Gregory VII. ordered that the library of the Palantine Apollo, a treasury of literature formed by successive emperors, should be committed to the flames. He issued this order under the notion of confining the attention of the clergy to the

Holy Scriptures. From that time all ancient learning which was not sanctioned by the authorities of the church has been emphatically distinguished as profane, in opposition to sacred. This pope is said to have burnt the works of Varro, the learned Roman, that St. Austin should escape from the charge of plagiarism, being deeply indebted to Varro for much of his great work, the City of God.

1519. THE PINELLIAN LIBRARY.

The great Pinellian library, after the death of its illustrious possessor, filled three vessels, to be conveyed to Naples. Pursued by corsairs, one of the vessels was taken; but the pirates finding nothing on board but books, they threw them all into the sea. Such was the fate of a great portion of this famous library. National libraries have often perished at sea, from the circumstance of conquerors transporting them into their own kingdoms.

§ 156. MISCELLANEOUS.

1520. VALUABLE LIBRARY.

The late King of Prussia caused to be bound in large volumes his whole private fortune, which consisted of bank notes. It was contained in an apartment called the private library of the king, and on each book, in letters of gold, was inscribed, "*Posthumous Memoirs of the King of Prussia, for his Son alone.*" The present king made himself master of the contents of this library in about six months, and replaced the relics of his honored father by the works of Frederic the Great. The cabinet is certainly more intellectually filled, and perhaps the departure of the last king's *Memoirs* is one of the reasons why Prussia is about to receive a constitution.

1521. ARISTOTLE'S WORKS.

Sad and interesting is the fate of Aristotle's library; he who by a Greek term was first saluted as a collector of books. His works have come down to us accidentally, but not without irreparable injuries, and with no slight suspicion respecting their authenticity. The story is told by Strabo in his thirteenth book. The books of Aristotle came from his scholar Theophrastus to Neleus, whose posterity, an illiterate race, kept them locked up without using them, buried in the earth. One Apellion, a curious collector, purchased them; but finding the manuscripts injured by age and moisture, conjecturally supplied their deficiencies. It is impossible to know how far Apellion has corrupted and obscured the

text. But the mischief did not end here: when Sylla, at the taking of Athens, brought them to Rome, he consigned them to the care of one Tyrannio, a grammarian, who employed scribes to copy them; he suffered them to pass through his hands without corrections, and took great freedoms with them. The words of Strabo are strong — "*Ibique, Tyrannionem grammaticum iis vsum atque (ut fama est) intercidisse, aut invertisse.*" He gives it indeed as a report; but the fact seems confirmed by the state in which we find these works. Averroes declared that he read Aristotle forty times over, before he succeeded in perfectly understanding him: he pretends he did at the one and fortieth time; and to prove this has published five folios of commentary.

1542. A LITERARY IGNORAMUS.

An ignorant man, boasting of his library of French books, said that he had several volumes, but he was surprised that all the French productions were the works of one Tom; *Tom.* being an abbreviation of the French word *Tome*, meaning volume.

1543. SHELLEY'S LIBRARY

Shelley's library was a very limited one. He used to say that a good library consisted not of many books, but a few chosen ones; and being asked what he considered such, he said, "I'll give you my list — catalogue it can't be called: the Greek Plays, Plato, Lord Bacon's Works, Shakspeare, the Old Dramatists, Milton, Goethe and Schiller, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Machiavelli and Guicciardini, — not forgetting Calderon; and last, yet first, the Bible." It is not meant that this was all his collection. He had read few English works of the day; scarcely a novel except Walter Scott's, for whose genius he had sovereign respect; Anastasius, by which he thought Lord Byron profited in his *Don Juan*; and the *Promissi Sposi*. In speaking of Hope and Manzoni, he said, "that one good novel was enough for any man to write, and he thought both judicious in not risking their fame by a second attempt."

1544. ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns was one day in a very fine private library of books, which the proprietor seemed to

value more for their outward show than for their internal value. Burns, after some few hours' conversation with the owner, wrote the following couplet, and left it on the library table: —

"Free through these books, ye maggots, seek your winding,
But, for the owner's sake, O, spare the binding."

1545. A DICTIONARY LIBRARY.

The apt reply of a distinguished scholar of our own country to a benefactor of the institution of learning with which he was connected, when an increase of the library was the subject of discussion, deserves perpetual remembrance.

"We need more books," said the professor.

"More books!" said the merchant; "why, have you read through all you have already?"

"No. I never expect to read them all."

"Why, then, do you want more?"

"Pray, sir, did you ever read your dictionary through?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, a library is my dictionary."

1546. AN EXTENSIVE LIBRARY.

There was once in a certain part of India such a voluminous library, that a thousand camels were requisite for its transport, and a hundred Brahmins had to be paid for the care. The king felt no inclination to wade through all this heap of learning himself, and ordered his well-fed librarians to furnish him with an extract for his private use. They set to work, and in about twenty years' time they produced a nice little encyclopædia, which might have been easily carried by thirty camels. But the monarch found it still too large, and had not even patience enough to read the preface. The indefatigable Brahmins began therefore afresh, and reduced the thirty cargoes into so small a substance, that a single ass marched away with it in comfort; but the kingly dislike for reading had increased with age, and his servants wrote at last on a palm leaf, "The quintessence of all science consists in the little word *Perhaps!* Three expressions contain the history of mankind: They were born; they suffered; and they died. Love only what is good, and practise what you love. Believe only what is true, but do not mention all that which you believe."

LINGUISTS AND PHILOLOGISTS.

§ 157. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, PROGRESS IN STUDIES.

1547. MIRANDULA.

Mirandula was born in the year 1463; and, if we may trust to the accounts handed down to us by some of his contemporaries, was even in early youth such a prodigy of learning as the world has not often seen. His memory was prodigious. He never forgot any thing he had heard or read. It has been affirmed that, by the time he had reached his eighteenth year, he had made himself familiar with no

fewer than twenty-two different languages; a story in which, as well as the similar one which certain ancient authors tell us of the famous Mithridates, King of Pontus, who is said to have spoken twenty-four languages fluently, there must be, we can hardly doubt, a very liberal allowance of the fabulous.

At the University of Bologna, which he entered at the early age of fourteen, Mirandula greatly distinguished himself not only by his uncommon powers of intellect and memory, but by an industry

and application almost equally rare. His future ardor and success in the pursuit of literature, up to the period of his death, was altogether in accordance with this early promise. "I have, by assiduous and intense application," he writes to one of his friends, in his twenty-third year, "attained to the knowledge of the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages, and am at present struggling with the difficulties of the Arabic. Such are the achievements which I have ever thought, and still think, worthy the ambition of a nobleman." Mirandula's letters, which unfortunately form but a very small collection, are the most interesting productions of his pen we now possess. They breathe in every page both a literary enthusiasm that is quite inspiring, and a serenity and cheerfulness of heart, than which, adorned as it is by all the graces of a fervent devotion and a very high-toned morality, nothing can be more delightful. So precious were they wont to be esteemed, that in some of the earlier editions we find them entitled, "The Golden Epistles of the most learned, most noble, and most eloquent of Mortals." This inscription, which, seeming, as it does, to a modern taste, to partake somewhat of the pompous and extravagant, speaks at least the reverence and affection with which his own contemporaries regarded their admirable author.

1528. PROFESSOR WHITE.

White was a very extraordinary man, of great profundity as an Asiatic linguist. He was first discovered by the late Dean Tucker, working as an apprentice to a poor weaver, in a village either in Gloucestershire or Somersetshire. At this village, on a certain day, was to be a dinner party. The dean, strolling about before dinner, chanced to go into a poor weaver's shop. He took up a dirty, shattered Greek Testament. "How comes this here? who reads this book?" "Sir, my lad is always poring over such books." On speaking to the lad, he found him well versed in Greek and Latin. By appointment he waited upon the dean in the afternoon, who introduced him to the company. A collection was made for him. Tucker undertook the care of him, put him to school at Gloucester, and from thence sent him to Oxford. Here he gradually rose in academical success—followed of Wadham, professor of Arabic, canon of Christ Church, and Hebrew professor

1529. EUGENE ARAM

Eugene Aram, who was born in Yorkshire in the year 1704, only learned to read a little English in the school of his native village, and never afterwards had the benefit of any further instruction; yet, by his own exertions, he first qualified himself to teach all the common branches of education, including arithmetic and mathematics, and then proceeded, with an industry that has scarcely been surpassed, to make his way to the highest departments of learning. In a letter written to a clerical friend from York Castle, after his conviction, in which he gives an account of his life, he says, referring to the period when he was first engaged in study, thus at the same time teaching others and himself, "Perceiving the deficiency in my education, and sensible of my want of the learned languages, and prompted by an irresistible covetousness of knowledge, I commenced a series

of studies in that way, and undertook the tediousness, the intricacies, and the labors of grammar. I selected Lilly from the rest, all which I got and repeated by heart. The task of repeating it all every day was impossible while I attended the school; so I divided it into portions, by which method it was pronounced thrice every week; and this I performed for years. Next I became acquainted with Camden's Greek Grammar, which I also repeated in the same manner, *memoriter*. Thus instructed, I entered upon the Latin classics, whose allurements repaid my assiduities and my labors. I remember to have at first hung over five lines for a whole day; and never, in all the painful course of my reading, left any one passage but I did, or thought I did, perfectly comprehend it. After I had accurately perused every one of the Latin classics, historians and poets, I went through the Greek Testament, first parsing every word as I proceeded; next I ventured upon Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Thucydides, and all the Greek tragedians. A tedious labor was this; but my former acquaintance with history lessened it extremely, because it threw a light upon many passages which, without that assistance, must have appeared obscure." There was scarcely any part of literature, indeed, with which Aram was not profoundly conversant. History, antiquities, heraldry, botany, had all been elaborately and extensively studied by him; but his favorite pursuit was the investigation and comparison of languages, with a view to the determination of their origin and connection. For this purpose, in addition to Greek, Latin, and French, he had studied with great attention several of the Oriental tongues, and all the remaining dialects of the Celtic. He had meditated, indeed, the compilation of a dictionary of the Celtic, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English, in which different languages he is said to have left behind him a list of about three thousand words, which he considered them to possess in common. Some of his observations upon this subject have been printed, and are creditable both to his ingenuity and good sense. The address, we may add, which he delivered on his trial in his own defence, is an extraordinary specimen of the curious learning with which his mind seems to have been stored. But he is a mournful example of high mental powers brought low by ill-regulated passions, and of the vanity and worthlessness even of talents and knowledge when separated from moral principle.

1530. SIR WILLIAM JONES.

That wonderful scholar, Sir William Jones, who, in addition to great acquirements in various other departments of knowledge, had made himself acquainted with no fewer than twenty-eight different languages, was studying the grammars of several of the Oriental dialects up to within a week of his lamented death. At an earlier period of his life, when he was in his thirty-third year, he had resolved, as appears from a scheme of study found among his papers, "to learn no more rudiments of any kind, but to perfect himself in, first, twelve languages, as the means of acquiring accurate knowledge of history, arts, and sciences." These were the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, German, and English. When he was afterwards induced, however, from the situation he held in India, to devote himself more especially to Oriental learning, he extended his researches a great way even be-

yond these ample limits. In addition to the tongues already enumerated, he made himself not only completely master of Sanscrit, as well as less completely of Hindostanee and Bengalee, but, to a considerable extent, also, of the other Indian dialects, called the Thibetian, the Pali, the Phaluvī, and the Derī; to which are to be added, among the languages which he describes himself to have studied least perfectly, the Chinese, Russian, Runic, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Dutch, Swedish, and Welsh.

1531. TIBERIUS HEMSTERHUYS.

Tiberius Hemsterhuys was born at Gröningen, in North Holland, February 1, 1685. His earliest studies were conducted in part by his father, who was a physician, and a man of cultivated taste. He appears to have been one of those precocious children, whom we look upon with fear and trembling, and who, if they survive childhood, not unfrequently sink down into a dull mediocrity. In his fourteenth year he joined the university of his native city, which was then rendered illustrious by the lectures of John Bernouilli, the prince of mathematicians, and the friend of Leibnitz and Newton. He is said to have confidently predicted the future fame of his young pupil, affirming that, in mathematical knowledge, he was without a rival in the university. The grateful scholar was wont to say, that Bernouilli had conferred upon him a divine gift. After he had spent some years in Gröningen, he went to Leyden, to enjoy the instructions of Perizonius, professor of history, eloquence, and Greek. As a proof of the high character which he had then acquired, it may be mentioned, that the curators of the university assigned him the duty of arranging the manuscripts in the library, which were then in a scattered state. From this mark of distinction, it was generally inferred, that he would succeed the aged Gronovius in the Greek professorship. The place was given, however, to Haverkamp, not so much by the will of the public authorities, as by the exertions of some individuals, who feared that their own light would be eclipsed, if Hemsterhuys should be chosen.

In 1704, and in the nineteenth year of his age, Hemsterhuys went to Amsterdam, as a teacher of mathematics and philosophy in the Athenæum. Some persons, entering upon a profession of that nature, would have abandoned the pursuit of elegant learning. Hemsterhuys, however, did not confine his attention to his professional studies, but extended his researches over a large field, justly considering, that all the branches of science and literature are connected by a common bond.

About this time, an incident occurred, which turned the attention of Hemsterhuys more decidedly to the study of Greek literature. As a new edition of Julius Pollux was soon to be published at Amsterdam, inquiry was made for an editor who would supply certain deficiencies in the work. Application was made to Hemsterhuys, who, on the strong recommendation of Grævius, undertook the labor, and supplied a commentary, betraying marks of juvenility, indeed, but winning the applause of the scholars of Holland. In a short time, he received letters from Richard Bentley, the British Aristarchus, commending the labor bestowed upon Pollux, but containing emendations on the passages from the comic writers, where Pollux endeavored to support his position by examples. In correcting these passages, Hemsterhuys also had taken un-

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The friend and biographer of Ruhnken, and one of the most celebrated philologists of Holland, was Daniel Wytttenbach. He caught the falling mantle of his master, and carried to the study of antiquity the same intelligence and the same irrepressible enthusiasm. His lectures and his writings have shed an enduring lustre upon the university where he taught, and upon his adopted country. He was born at Berne, in Switzerland, August 7, 1746. Two of his ancestors were teachers of the reformers, Zuingle and Leo Judas. His father was professor of theology, first at Berne, and afterwards at Marburg. His early education appears to have been conducted almost exclusively under the paternal roof. He was ten years of age when his father removed to Marburg. At the age of fourteen, he

was admitted to the university of that place, where he spent the four following years. But his peculiar genius was not yet developed. The course of studies was very extensive, and ill fitted to a youth of the peculiar susceptibilities of Wytttenbach. The professors, though estimable men, were not Gesners nor Heynes. Their instructions appear to have been communicated in a rigid and formal manner, and breathed little of the spirit of genuine scholarship. The elder Wytttenbach was a man of excellent character, but somewhat stern, and without a particle of that genius which glowed in the bosom of his son. In the treatment of the religious feelings of that son he showed but little judgment or humanity. No wonder the youth sighed for deliverance. His history at this period is thus described, in the course of some directions, which he subsequently addressed to his pupils: "When I was in my eighteenth year, I had learnt about as much Greek as you have generally acquired after being with me four months. I had attended the lectures of the professors, both in literature and in the severer sciences, with no great advantage. I appeared to others to have made progress, but not to myself. I was weary of the toil. I wanted space to soar higher. I returned to my studies, and began to review them privately. Though I had advanced somewhat farther than I had gone when attending the lectures of the professors, yet it was in a manner which did not at all correspond to my expectations, and I gave it up in disgust. I proceeded from one study to another in the course, yet all were wearisome and repulsive; and yet, like one whose appetite is disordered, I was continually seeking for some intellectual food. I remembered the pleasure which I had enjoyed, when a boy, in the study of Greek. I searched for the books which I had formerly read. I took out of a corner Plutarch's Treatise on the Education of Boys, and read it once and again, with much effort, but little pleasure. Then I went over with Herodian, which afforded me a little more enjoyment, but was far from satisfying my mind. I accidentally found, elsewhere, Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. Ernesti's edition, which I had before known only by name. I was captivated with the indescribable sweetness of that author. The grounds of it I better understood afterwards. In studying this treatise, I made it a point never to begin a section without reperusing the preceding, nor a chapter or book without studying the preceding chapter and book the second time. Having, at length, completed the work in this manner, I again read the whole in course. It occupied me almost three months; but such unceasing repetition was most serviceable to me."

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yond these ample limits. In addition to the tongues already enumerated, he made himself not only completely master of Sanscrit, as well as less completely of Hindostanee and Bengalee, but, to a considerable extent, also, of the other Indian dialects, called the Thibetian, the Pali, the Phaluvī, and the Deri; to which are to be added, among the languages which he describes himself to have studied least perfectly, the Chinese, Russian, Runic, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Dutch, Swedish, and Welsh.

1531. TIBERIUS HEMSTERHUY'S.

Tiberius Hemsterhuys was born at Gröningen, in North Holland, February 1, 1685. His earliest studies were conducted in part by his father, who was a physician, and a man of cultivated taste. He appears to have been one of those precocious children, whom we look upon with fear and trembling, and who, if they survive childhood, not unfrequently sink down into a dull mediocrity. In his fourteenth year he joined the university of his native city, which was then rendered illustrious by the lectures of John Bernouilli, the prince of mathematicians, and the friend of Leibnitz and Newton. He is said to have confidently predicted the future fame of his young pupil, affirming that, in mathematical knowledge, he was without a rival in the university. The grateful scholar was wont to say, that Bernouilli had conferred upon him a divine gift. After he had spent some years in Gröningen, he went to Leyden, to enjoy the instructions of Perizonius, professor of history, eloquence, and Greek. As a proof of the high character which he had then acquired, it may be mentioned, that the curators of the university assigned him the duty of arranging the manuscripts in the library, which were then in a scattered state. From this mark of distinction, it was generally inferred, that he would succeed the aged Gronovius in the Greek professorship. The place was given, however, to Havercamp, not so much by the will of the public authorities, as by the exertions of some individuals, who feared that their own light would be eclipsed, if Hemsterhuys should be chosen.

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were, devoured them. I was rarely compelled to use a lexicon, for nearly every thing was intelligible from the context. I made use of a Latin version, which was advantageous to one of my age, but is never so in schools. All the works of Xenophon, the *Memorabilia* excepted, I read four times in four months. I now thought that I could read any author with equal ease. I took up Demosthenes. I had a copy without a Latin translation, but accompanied by the Greek notes of Jerome Wolf. Darkness itself! But I had learnt not to be frightened in setting out. I went on. I found greater difficulties than I had ever had before, both in the words and in the length of the sentences. At last, with much ado, I reached the end of the first *Olynthiac*. I then read it a second and a third time. Every thing now appeared plain and clear. Still, I did not yet perceive the fire of eloquence for which he is distinguished. I hesitated whether to proceed to the second oration, or again read the first. I resolved to do the latter. How salutary are the effects of such a review! As I read, an altogether new and

unknown feeling took possession of me. In perusing other authors, my pleasure had arisen from a perception of the thoughts and words, or from a consciousness of my own progress. Now, an extraordinary feeling pervaded my mind, and increased with every fresh perusal. I saw the orator on fire, in anguish, impetuously borne forward. I was inflamed also, and carried on upon the same tide. I was conscious of a new elevation of soul, and was no longer the same individual. I seemed myself to be Demosthenes, standing on the *bema*, pouring forth this oration, and urging the Athenians to emulate the bravery and glory of their ancestors. Neither did I read silently, as I had begun, but with a loud voice, to which I was secretly impelled by the force and fervor of the sentiments, as well as by the power of oratorical rhythm. In this manner I read, in the course of three months, most of the orations of Demosthenes. My ability to understand an author being thus increased, I took more delight in Homer, whom I soon finished. Afterwards, I studied other great authors with far more profit."

§ 158. EXTRAORDINARY ENDOWMENTS AND ACQUIREMENTS.

1533. RUHNKEN AND VALCKENAEER COMPARED.

When Hemsterhuys died, in 1766, he was succeeded by Valckenaer. Thenceforward Ruhnken and Valckenaer, being professors in the same institution, were united in the closest intimacy. Both were the pupils of the same master, and both were profound Greek scholars. Yet there were many points of dissimilarity. In Hemsterhuys reason was predominant. He approached a subject, as it were, by calculation. In Valckenaer was the rapidity of genius. He did not weigh; he saw by intuition. He excelled in powers of invention. Ruhnken stood midway between his master and his fellow-disciple. He had genius, but it was under the control of judgment. Valckenaer had a wonderful sagacity in investigating and putting in order the fragments of poets, scattered and hidden among all the monuments of antiquity—a species of criticism in which Scaliger and Bentley excelled. He did not find his pleasure, like Ruhnken, among glosses, scholiasts, grammarians, or inedited manuscripts. He sought a thorough insight into the genius of the language, its analogy, origin, and dialects. He was at home, also, in sacred criticism and church history, having studied under Schultens and Venema. Ruhnken had little knowledge of the Christian fathers, those excepted who joined elegance of taste to learning. He made ample amends, however, by his acquaintance with the commentators on Plato and Aristotle, with the civilians and antiquarians, with coins and inscriptions. Either could have adorned the professorship of the other. Valckenaer had read all the Latin writers, but it was with a view to the illustration of Greek. Ruhnken had read both Greek and Latin for their own sake. He had a grace, a happy dexterity, which was not possessed by Valckenaer. He made a beautiful arrangement of his materials. Such an equal light is cast over the whole as greatly to delight the reader. Valckenaer's Latin style, though chaste and elegant, did not possess that natural beauty, that simple grace,

that luminous distinctness, which almost place Ruhnken among the best of the Romans. Valckenaer, as Hemsterhuys had done, read a multitude of the books of the day, Dutch and French. Ruhnken refrained almost wholly, except from works which pertained to his profession. He nearly lost the use of German. He employed Dutch and French for the common purposes of life. All his care was expended in writing Latin, till he attained a style which was nearly faultless. In the lecture-room Valckenaer had the advantage. His manner reminded one of what Horace says of Pindar—"Fervet immensusque ruit profundo Pindarus ore." His voice was deep-toned and sonorous; his appearance was grave and imposing; in his language there was a happy intermingling of poetical phraseology. When he was a young man, he had the gravity of age, as was the case, also, with Hemsterhuys and Ernesti. Ruhnken, in his advanced years, had the freshness and agility of youth. Hence the common people thought him much less learned than Valckenaer. The latter was sometimes melancholy. Ruhnken preserved his youthful feelings, as well as features, to old age.

In this happy literary companionship they passed their lives, till the death of Valckenaer, which took place in March, 1785.

In erudition Ruhnken has rarely been excelled. By confining his attention wholly to the two classical languages, he became a master of almost every thing which they contain. There was no Greek or Latin poet, philosopher, historian, orator, rhetorician, grammarian, lexicographer, scholiast, commentator on Plato or Aristotle, no author of any kind, edited or inedited, in a word, there was no monument of ancient classical learning, which was not known, marked, copied or referred to in his note-books.

1534. JOSHUA BARNES.

Dr. Bentley used to say of Joshua Barnes, that he understood as much Greek as a Greek cobbler.

This *bon-mot*, which was first related by Dr. Salter of the Charter-house, has been explained by an ingenious writer, as not insinuating that Barnes had only *some* knowledge of the Greek language. Greek was so familiar to him that he could off-hand have turned a paragraph in a newspaper, or a hawk-er's bill, into any kind of Greek metre, and has often been known to do so among his Cambridge friends. But with this uncommon knowledge and facility in that language, being very deficient in taste and judgment, Bentley compared his attainments in Greek, not to the erudition of a scholar, but to the colloquial readiness of a vulgar mechanic.

In 1700 he married Mrs. Mason, a widow lady of Hemingford, in Huntingdonshire, with a jointure of two hundred pounds per annum. The common report is, that this lady, who was between forty and fifty, having for some time been a great admirer of Mr. Barnes, came to Cambridge, and desired leave to settle a hundred pounds a year upon him after her death; which he politely refused, unless she would condescend to make him happy in her person, which was none of the most engaging. The lady was too obliging to refuse any thing to "Joshua, for whom [she said] the sun stood still;" and soon after they were married.

1535. JOHN HENDERSON.

John Henderson was born at Limerick, but went to England early in life with his parents. From the age of three years he discovered the presages of a great mind. Without retracing the steps of his progression, a general idea may be formed of them from the circumstance of his having *professionally* taught Greek and Latin in a public seminary,* at the age of twelve years. Some time after, his father (a man of expanded heart and intelligent understanding, every way worthy of his son) commencing a boarding-school in the neighborhood of Bristol, young Henderson undertook to teach the classics; which he did with much reputation, extending, at the same time, his own knowledge in the sciences and general literature to a degree that rendered him a prodigy of intelligence.

At the age of eighteen, by an intensity of application of which few persons can conceive, he had not only perused all the popular English authors of a later date, but had taken an extensive survey of foreign literature. He had also waded through the folios of the schoolmen, as well as scrutinized, with the minutest attention, the obsolete writers of the last three centuries: preserving, at the same time, a distinguishing sense of their respective merits, particular sentiments, and characteristic value; which, on proper occasions, he commented on, in a manner that astonished the learned listener, not more by his profound remarks than by his cool and sententious eloquence.

So surprisingly retentive was his memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned; nor did it appear that he ever suffered even an image to be effaced from his mind; while the ideas he had so rapidly accumulated existed in his brain, not as a huge chaos, but as clear and well-organized systems, illustrative of every subject, and subservient to every call. It was this quality which made him so superior a disputant; for as his mind had investigated the various sentiments and hypotheses of men, so had his almost intuitive discrimination stripped them of their deceptive appendages, and

* Trevecka, a college established by Lady Huntingdon

separated fallacies from truth, marshalling their arguments, so as to elucidate or detect each other. But in all his disputations, it was an invariable maxim with him never to interrupt the most tedious and confused opponents, though, from his pithy questionings, he made it evident that, from the first, he anticipated the train and consequences of their reasonings.

His favorite studies were philology, history, medicine, astronomy, theology, logic and metaphysics, with all the branches of natural and experimental philosophy; and that his attainments were not superficial, will be readily admitted by those who knew him best. As a linguist, he was acquainted with the Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, together with the French, Spanish, Italian, and German; and he not only knew their ruling principles and predominant distinctions, so as to read them with facility, but in the greater part conversed fluently.

1536. ELIHU BURRITT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

A letter written by Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, contains some interesting incidents of his career.

Mr. Burritt mentions that, being one of a large family, and his parents poor, he apprenticed himself, when very young, to a blacksmith, but that he had always had such a taste for reading, that he carried it with him to his trade. He commenced the study of Latin when his indentures were not half expired, and completed reading Virgil in the evenings of one winter. He next studied Greek, and carried the Greek Grammar about in his hat, studying it for a few moments while heating some large iron. In the evenings he sat down to Homer's Iliad, and read twenty books of it during the second winter. He next turned to the modern tongues, and went to New Haven, where he recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian, and at the end of two years he returned to his forge, taking with him such books as he could procure. He next commenced Hebrew, and soon mastered it with ease, reading two chapters in the Bible before breakfast; this, with an hour at noon, being all the time he could spare from work. Being unable to procure such books as he desired, he determined to hire himself to some ship bound to Europe, thinking he could there meet with books at the different ports he touched at. He travelled more than a hundred miles on foot to Boston with this view, but was not able to find what he sought; and at that period he heard of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. Thither he bent his steps, and arrived in the city in the most utter indigence. Here he found a collection of ancient, modern, and Oriental books, such as he never imagined to be collected in one place. He was there kindly allowed to read what books he liked, and has reaped great benefit from this permission.

He used to spend three hours daily in the hall, and he made such use of these privileges, as to be able to read upwards of fifty languages with greater or less facility.

1537. FRANKLIN.

Franklin commenced the study of the languages at twenty-seven years of age. We shall quote in

his own words the account he gives us of the manner in which he pursued this branch of his studies:—



Benjamin Franklin.

"I had begun," says he, "in 1733 to study languages. I soon made myself so much a master of the French as to be able to read the books in that language with ease. I then undertook the Italian. An acquaintance, who was also learning it, used often to tempt me to play chess with him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refused to play any more, unless on this condition--that the victor in every game should have a right to impose a task, either of parts of the grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, &c., which task the vanquished was to perform upon honor before our next meeting. As we played pretty equally, we thus beat one another into that language. I afterwards, with a little painstaking, acquired as much of the Spanish as to read their books also. I have already mentioned that I had had only one year's instruction in a Latin school, and that when very young, after which I neglected that language entirely. But when I had attained an acquaintance with the French, Italian, and Spanish, I was surprised to find, on looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood more of that language than I had imagined, which encouraged me to apply myself to the study of it again; and I met with more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smoothed my way."

1538. A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The subject of the following notice, though but little known during his lifetime, was undoubtedly one of the most indefatigable scholars America has produced.

He lived in a very retired way, on a small farm, in Pomfret, Vermont, dividing his time between the necessities of daily toil and the severe studies requisite for the great purpose which he had in view.

Ten or twelve years were thus spent in unremitting research, and when his great Lexicon wanted but a few months of completion, he sank exhausted in death, leaving his work unfinished.

The following article was published some time since in the Congregational Journal, and in copying it we need only to add, that recent circumstances within our knowledge, but which we are hardly at liberty to make public, give to this matter a particular and present interest.

"Some years since, our curiosity was excited by what we accidentally learnt of the literary pursuits of a secluded gentleman in the town of Pomfret, Vermont, not far back from the Connecticut River. Residing at no great distance from him, it was our cherished purpose to visit his retreat, and ascertain for ourselves the truth of the reports concerning him. The purpose was not executed, and in the mean time death removed the stranger. Not forgetting our interest in him, we have at last succeeded in obtaining materials for a short biographical and bibliographical notice.

"Jonathan Ware was born in Wrentham, Massachusetts, and graduated at Harvard College, in 1790.

"In straitened circumstances, and occupied in cultivating a most ungrateful farm, he engaged in a work of herculean labor, the accomplishment of which, as far as he carried it, and under all his embarrassments, is a matter of wonder.

"As a literary curiosity, a monument of exhausting and persevering toil, it is without a rival in American scholarship.

"Having devoted a large portion of his life to the studies of the ancient and modern languages, for which he had a Germanic passion, he conceived the idea of preparing a *Polyglot Lexicon* of the Old Testament.

"It was not designed to be a commentary in any sense, though the critical and exegetical notes we meet with in another manuscript volume show that he did not confine himself to mere verbal investigation.

"The manuscript Lexicon, bound in a quarto form, lies before us. Originally, the author designed to make it a *quartuor-glot* Lexicon, embracing the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English, according to which restriction he constructed the first draught of his Lexicon.

"Nor did he observe in this first draught the alphabetical arrangement; but beginning with the first chapter and the first verse of Genesis, he proceeded onward to the close of Malachi, selecting whatever words he thought entitled to notice, and giving the verses in which they were found.

"Thus the Hebrew word *Ichem* has against it, in opposite columns, *artos* in Greek, *panis* in Latin, and *bread* in English.

"In some cases there is a copiousness of definitions, as, Hebrew, *tehom*; Greek, *thalasse*, *pelagos*, *limen*; Latin, *mare*, *oceanus*, *lucus*; English, *sea*, *lake*, *ocean*.

"In prosecuting his studies he had enlarged his acquaintance with modern languages, and desirous of making his work more valuable and acceptable to the learned, he proceeded to reconstruct his entire work, following the alphabetical order, and adding the Spanish, Italian, and Russian languages, making his Lexicon an octo, instead of a quartuor-glot.

"Thus against the word *Abel*, in Hebrew, in the opposite columns we have *lithos* in Greek, *lapis* in Latin, *pedra* in Spanish, *pietra* in Italian, *Pierre* in French, *stone* in English.

"In many instances, on the side margin, references are made to the passages where the word is to be found.

Such a work would be a convenience to scholars

in many cases; and in the preparation demanded immense labor; but after all, it is a curiosity rather than an important instrument of study and knowledge, and can hardly be made available to any practical utility adequate to the time and labor expended upon it. Ten or twelve years were consumed in bringing it to the state of completion in which the author left it, and with six months more he thought he should be able to give the finishing stroke. The six months were not granted, and the work is left in such a condition that no one can carry out the idea of the author.

"If we advert to the manual execution, the chirography is most admirable.

"Not one blot mars the entire manuscript; not a single letter appears to have been 'scratched out,' amended, or retouched; and the delicate strokes in the Hebrew and Greek letters are given with such accuracy of flexure and distinctness, that the reading is as easy as the printed page, though the letters are extremely small, not exceeding those of the Hebrew and Greek text books in common use, and the words closely crowded together.

"So familiar was Mr. Ware with the Hebrew, that in a small manuscript volume originally designed, as appears from the vast entries, for a memorandum of the weather and passing events, but which was soon converted into a learned book of criticism, he always quotes passages from the Old Testament in the original language, writing them out with the same apparent facility as he would in English, and in as neat and beautiful a style as that of the Lexicon.

"Mr. Ware had brought his work nearly to a close, and, wishing to consult some books not within his reach at Pomfret, set out in February, 1838, on a journey to Cambridge and Boston, to consult their ample libraries.

"He was kindly and respectfully received by the Cambridge professors, and arrangements made to furnish him with the books he needed.

"In returning, he took a cold, which terminated in lung fever, of which he died, after a few days' sickness, at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Butterfield, wife of Samuel Butterfield, Esq., of Andover, aged 71 years."

The following letter of condolence written to his daughter, by Professor H. Ware, Jr., immediately subsequent to his decease, will exhibit the impression which the venerable student made during his visit to Cambridge. It is a matter of regret that he could not have enjoyed during his life, in a substantial way, a small dividend on his posthumous worth.

"CAMBRIDGE, February 19, 1838.

"Dear Madam: I am greatly obliged by your letter. We had seen, with surprise and strong emotion, the announcement of your father's death, who had just left us in apparently vigorous health, and in high spirits.

"During the two days that he spent here, he seemed to enjoy himself very much, and was full of animation.

"His enthusiasm about his work had all the charming simplicity of youth; and we could not but feel an admiration for the industry and perseverance which had carried him through so laborious an enterprise. He spent two mornings with Professor Falfrey, who examined his manuscript with a good deal of interest, and expressed great satisfaction at the neatness and accuracy with which the difficult work was executed. Mr. Folsom, also, than whom

no man is better able to appreciate such a work, was greatly pleased with all that he saw.

"Your father spent one night at my father's, and passed part of the day with me. He was also a guest with President Quincy.

"His health seemed perfect, and you may believe that we were not a little shocked at the suddenness of his death.

"If we could have been allowed to express a wish, it would have been that he might have lived to see the completion of his favorite and long-cherished plan; but He who orders all knows what is best. We must be content that he was able, and was permitted to have the satisfaction of mind which accompanies devotion to some great and praiseworthy task. He cannot fail of his reward.

"I cannot find that he took any books from Cambridge, excepting what were given him as presents and tokens of respect. He was to have received some from the college library, of which a list was made out by Professor Falfrey, and sent to the president; but, the corporation not yet having acted on the request, your father had not received them.

"Will you permit me now to suggest, as the manuscripts of your honored parent are not probably sufficiently complete to be published, and as no other person could complete them, and as they are of a character to be interesting and useful only to scholars, that therefore they should be by and by deposited in our college library, where they will remain to all time accessible to any who might wish to use them, and a monument to their industrious and worthy author?

"His *alma mater* would be proud to possess this treasure of one of her sons.

"I am, very respectfully, and with best wishes,

"Yours, dear madam,

"HENRY WARE, JUN."

1539. MITHRIDATES AND CLEOPATRA.

Mithridates, King of Pontus, knew twenty-two languages, and spoke them correctly.

And Plutarch says that Cleopatra knew almost all the languages spoken by the people of the Levant.

1540. MADAME ANNA BISHOP.

When Madame Anna Bishop was giving concerts in Guanajuato, Mexico, in the winter of 1849, her placards announced that she would sing in ten languages, viz., Spanish, Italian, French, German, Russian, Tartar, English, Irish, Scotch, and Ethiopian!

1541. HERMANN AS A LECTURER—AS A MAN.

"If one were to go into the lecture-room of Hermann, the professor of poetry and eloquence at Leipsic," says Dr. Sears, "a few moments before the hour, he would see a crowd of the maturest scholars of the university, and of philologists who had been educated elsewhere, finding their seats, and preparing their papers for taking notes. The hum of numerous whispering voices fills the room. An aged but spirited man, of moderate stature, with fire in his eye and fury in every movement, darts in at the door. The well-known signal, given by those nearest him, instantly silences a hundred



Hermann.

tongues. By this time you hear his clinking spurs, and, as he mounts the stairs to the desk, your eye falls upon his blue coat, with metal buttons and badge of knighthood, his deerskin breeches, and long riding boots. His whip and gloves, and hat and chair, are all flying to their places, and a stream of extemporaneous Latin is already pouring forth. Before you are aware of it, the ship is under full sail. The whole energy of the lecturer's mind is directed to his object; the point of difficulty in the Greek text, or in the interpretation, is placed directly before you in all its bearings; the principles involved are clearly stated and discussed in animated and flowing Latin; the difference between his views and those of Böckh, Möller, or Disson, are alluded to freely, but kindly, occasionally with keen satire, but more frequently with the playfulness of harmless wit; and thus the hour is passed, and the most difficult and abstruse subjects luminously exhibited and disposed of, before the hearer stops to take a long breath. When the lecture is over, one's mind is so exhilarated, and so possessed of the spirit of the Greek author, as to be ready to plunge directly into a protracted perusal of the text; but, after a moment, a feeling of exhaustion suggests the query, whether it would not be better to go to the dinner table.

"Such is Godfrey Hermann in his lecture-room. Visit him in his museum, as he calls his study in the city, and he will entertain you with free and lively conversation; and if you have any reasonable claim upon his attention, he will show you a chair, and draw you into protracted conversation, as if you were an old friend. In his family, that resides a little out of the city, he appears as a plain but lively old man. Simplicity and sterling sense characterize his domestic circle.

"Hermann has no airs of professional dignity. He seems to act with reference to himself, simply as a man, not as the titled individual whom kings love to honor; and, in this respect, he is the very opposite of Schlegel of Bonn. Once he promised the writer some of his occasional works, but would not set a time when they might be called for. A few days after, he was seen walking from one side of the city to the other, to the writer's lodgings,

with the pamphlets under his arm. The Germans generally pour out their curses liberally upon Napoleon, as the enslaver of their nation; but Hermann, in the true spirit of an old Greek, said it was a good thing, once in a while, to have the slumbering spirit of a whole continent stirred by such a man as Napoleon. In regard to the proverbially intricate statutes of the Leipsic University, he once observed, that, for his part, he followed his own sense of propriety in the affairs of the university; for no man could safely calculate on a life long enough to trace the laws through all their alterations and amendments, so as to be able to follow them.

"Hermann has been a spirited controversialist, and always victorious, till Böckh and Möller entered the lists. Neither of these men could be completely vanquished by any opponent. Probably no German scholar understands the Greek language, its grammar, lexicography, and general usage, and Greek metre, better than Hermann, or has read the Greek authors more than he."

1542. VAN HEUSDE'S TRIBUTE TO WYT- TENBACH.

"Wytttenbach," says Van Heusde, "seems to have been born for the study of antiquity, and by it to have been made, as it were, an ancient himself. He was so imbued with classical learning, from a child, that all which he said, all which he wrote, and all which he thought, had an ancient coloring about it, and seemed to have sprung from antiquity itself. He spoke Latin in his public lectures as one does his native language; indeed, as few are able to use it. For his diction flowed pure, limpid, harmonious, luminous, wholly free from the defilements of a later age; it gushed out, as it were, spontaneously, so that he seemed not to have premeditated either what he should say, or how he should say it. And yet there was nothing to desire in respect to propriety and elegance of language, or the arrangement of the discourse. He never hesitated, though the subjects to be named or illustrated were unknown to the ancients, and, therefore, without Latin terminology; nothing presented itself that was not fitly named and clearly unfolded, so as to be, as it were, visible. In teaching, he had the rare gift of being able to make a subject perfectly plain — a quality, in his view, of the highest value. I sometimes reflected at home upon points which he had explained in his lectures, and sought to recall the words and phrases which he had employed in illustrating particular topics. But hardly any thing recurred to me, unless it were some barbarous epithet, by which I could designate an object of which the ancients were ignorant. Indeed, he had not used any peculiar or favorite term, but by the whole complexion of a style and manner that were ancient, he unfolded the new subject just as the classical writers themselves would have done if they had had a conception and wanted language to express it.

"His diction," continues Van Heusde, "was manifestly Attic, not drawn from any Latin author, but breathing the Socratic sweetness, mirth, and pleasantry, as they are seen in the *Memorabilia*. He wrote Greek, if not with the same facility, yet with the same elegance and purity, with which he did Latin, as I have seen in letters written in Greek, which he sometimes addressed to his friends for the pleasure of it. He much regretted, that, at the

revival of learning, the Greek language had not been adopted into the republic of letters, instead of the Latin. It is a difficult task for one to write in Latin so as to satisfy himself or others. Not, indeed, that the Latin does not possess some rare qualities, as grace, proportion, gravity. What can be more elegant than Cicero's epistles? What more stately and magnificent than his orations?

Nothing like the epistles is found in Greek literature. But the language is wanting in the beauty of outward form, in inward force, copiousness, richness. There is no philosophy, as he said, in it; which all have found who have tried to philosophize in Latin, and which is demonstrated in the language itself, as it borrows even the term *philosophy*, having no appropriate word of its own."

§ 159. APPEARANCE, HABITS, AND TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

1543. DR. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson had a veneration for the voice of mankind beyond what most people will own; and, as he liberally confessed that all his own disappointments proceeded from himself, he hated to hear others complain of general injustice. "I remember," says Mrs. Piozzi, "when lamentation was made of the neglect showed to a great philologist, as some one ventured to call him, 'He is a scholar, undoubtedly, sir,' replied Dr. Johnson; 'but remember that he would run from the world, and that it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and does nothing, when he is there, but sit and growl; let him come out as I do, and bark.'"

1544. THE RETORT NOT COURTEOUS.

"Dr. Porson," said a gentleman to the great "Grecian," with whom he had been disputing—"Dr. Porson, my opinion of you is most contemptible." "Sir," returned the doctor, "I never knew an opinion of yours that was not contemptible."

1545. CLASSICAL GLORY.

Dr. George, the celebrated Grecian, upon hearing the praises of the great King of Prussia, entertained considerable doubt whether the king, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in μ .

1546. WYTTEBACH'S MANNERS AND HABITS.

The manners and general habits of Wytenbach, at this time, [1788–1820.] may be learned from some notices of him by his disciple, Philip van Heusde, for many years professor at Utrecht, and well known as a zealous Platonist. They are found in the preface to his Introduction to the Platonic Philosophy, and are addressed to Creuzer of Heidelberg.

"I was pleased with my father's plan, that I should attend the celebrated instructions of Cras, at Amsterdam, because they were connected, as I understood, with the study of Cicero, and of ancient philosophy; but the most pleasing circumstance of all was, that it would furnish me ready access to that prince of Platonic interpreters, Wytenbach, who had been in my thoughts day and night. Accordingly, when I called upon him,—it was evening; the time and place I well remember,—he

asked me at once about my studies, and the proficiency which I had made in them. I mentioned the writers with whom I had been occupied, particularly the poets. He gave me a book which was at hand, and showed me a passage to read and translate. The book was his lately edited Historical Selections; the passage, the description, by Thucydides, of the plague at Athens. I read with embarrassment, and translated in a bungling manner. Mention was accidentally made of Plato. 'Have you read Plato, then?' said he. 'I have not read him,' I replied, 'but I have run over the Apology and the Phædo; yet I wish to read and understand him; and I have come to Amsterdam with the hope of enjoying your lectures, and, if permitted, your advice and conversation.' He was pleased with my answer; at least, his whole appearance was at once changed; the wrinkled brow became smooth; the severe aspect, assumed towards a tyro blundering in his reading and translation, vanished. His countenance became wonderfully mild and winning. 'Go on,' said he, 'as you have begun; for he is not to be despaired of who has begun to like Plato, as Quintilian said of Cicero. Do you know these authors?' He then ordered wine. As we sat down to our Socratic cups, as he called them, we chatted most delightfully. Whenever I recall that evening, as I do very often, I am filled with admiration at his truly Socratic spirit. His conversation, first concerning Quintilian and Cicero, then Plato, was remarkably fitted to elicit whatever thoughts I had. This I afterwards understood. At that time I did not think of any thing of the kind. I could only answer his questions.

"In the Socratic art, as I found by my own experience, Wytenbach excelled. Hence it is not strange that his method of instruction was useful to the young in a degree equalled by few. It was a medium between two extremes, both of which it is difficult to avoid. On the one hand, it was not harsh or severe, fitted to repress the feelings rather than to excite them, and to form men of a melancholy cast. On the other hand, it was not of a too facile and compliant nature, adapted to train men of a shallow and trifling character. He had the rare quality of directing his energies wholly to the subject in hand, without deviating into those intricate and fruitless digressions, where diligence is almost wholly lost. No one ever approved or defended the method of grammatical interpretation more strenuously than he. Yet he was not a grammarian in the vulgar sense, a stickler for words and syllables. He always referred, in his lectures, to laws and rules of art, with their varieties and exceptions. All these he applied at once to the writings of the ancients, alike in interpreting them correctly, and, if need were, in emending them. Thus the minuter grammatical criticisms were of

the same tenor with the most important; for they did not pertain to the feuds and trifling disputes of grammarians, bitter and pertinacious as we know them to have been, but they served to restore and illustrate the immortal remains of Homer, of Plato—men of the loftiest genius, where we can hardly tolerate the slightest stain. This I perceived when he read Plato with me. for I was accustomed occasionally to submit to him the more difficult passages which I could not comprehend.

"At evening, in particular, he gave himself to my disposal, in his library, sitting down, if not to Socratic cups, certainly to those instructions and discourses which were far pleasanter to me. Having read the passages which I desired, he examined each with the closest attention, that he might first ascertain the structure of the language, then the use and meaning of every word and phrase, not excepting even the smallest particles. The force of each term by itself being thus unfolded, I did not need a translation of the passage as a whole, for, under his guidance, I seemed to have comprehended it all spontaneously. The sentence being explained, I generally hastened on to another, which I also desired to understand. But he would not consent. 'We must hasten slowly, my good friend,' he would say; 'we have not yet attended to the Attic dress, or to that Platonic form, or to the exquisite use of language, or to the rare elegance of the entire sentence.' Not seldom one passage, or even a single word, detained us a whole hour. Still, I did not regret the delay then, or afterwards; for, in explaining single words, he unfolded and set off to advantage the wonderful powers of the Greek language, the comely form of the Attic dialect, the polished and beautiful Attic itself, especially the native eloquence, which is seen, not in tropes, metaphors, or other rhetorical ornaments, but is expressed in the literal and skilful use of language, particularly as found in Plato, to whose diction and style all antiquity have assigned the highest rank."

1547. HEMSTERHUY'S EQUANIMITY.

Hemsterhuys's equanimity and strength of character are finely illustrated by the following incident: "When he resided at Franeker, two individuals, belonging to a noble family, came to share the hospitality of his house for two days. Scarcely were the happy circle seated, when a letter was handed to him, communicating the intelligence that his son James, a youth of the highest promise, and connected with the navy, had died in a foreign land. He laid aside the letter, and successfully concealed the grief which was consuming his spirits till his guests had departed, unwilling to mar the festivities of the visit by the outburst of sorrow which the news would occasion his family. His firmness reminds one of an incident in the life of Xenophon, who, being informed, in the midst of a sacrifice, of the death of his son Gryllus, went through the solemn service before he gave vent to his grief."

1548. HEMSTERHUY'S AND PEDANTS.

The vanity of the ignorant pretender to knowledge Hemsterhuys generally passed by in silence. A certain individual, who was often in the circles

where he was present, was accustomed to talk very familiarly of Pindar, Sophocles, and Demosthenes,—authors whom he had never read,—animadverting upon them with the utmost freedom, and, as the Latin proverb has it, playing the actor while Roscius was present. On one occasion, John Alberti and others fastened their eyes on Hemsterhuys, expecting that he would rebuke the vanity and impudence of the man; but he uttered not a word. "Why should I not," he observed, "let him indulge his darling passion, just as I do in the case of others, who, with equal ignorance, make their boasts from the pulpit of acquaintance with Greek and Oriental learning, when Schultens and myself are present?"

1549. RUHNKEN'S SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Ruhnken spoke out what he thought. He was so entirely free from vanity, that he appeared less learned than many others, while, at the same time, he had a thorough knowledge of his own capacities and acquirements. In a conversation with his friends, allusion was made to the great merits of Villoison. "True," replied Ruhnken, "Villoison is an accomplished young man; but he ought to have come here, and attended the instructions of myself and Valckenær." This remark appeared to savor of pride, yet it was nothing but the candid expression of his own consciousness. It reminds one of the saying of Chrysippus, the stoic, who, being asked by a friend to whom he should intrust the education of his son, replied, "To me; for if I knew any one better than I am, I would place myself under his care."

1550. RUHNKEN, THE SWED, AND THE GERMAN PROFESSOR.

Though Ruhnken was mild in his manners, possibly to a fault, he could ill bear the vanity and pedantic affectation which he was sometimes compelled to encounter. On one occasion he received a visit from a Swede, a man of learning, but excessively troublesome, whose unseasonable calls reminded the Leyden professors of an irruption of the old northern barbarians. Ruhnken, while showing him the library, opened a case which contained the manuscripts of Joseph Scaliger. "*Hic este ille vir expectans judicium*," exclaimed the Swede, alluding to the inscription on Scaliger's tomb. At the same time, he stoutly argued that Scaliger was no critic. "Be gone with your stupidity," thundered Ruhnken suddenly in his ears, at the same moment pushing in the lid of the case of manuscripts. The northman fled in terror.

On another occasion, a German professor, who was inflated with self-esteem, asked Ruhnken to show him the library, at the same time telling him of some very learned Germans, who had written books full of erudition in their vernacular language. "I wish," said Ruhnken, "that they had written in Latin, as Gesner, Ernesti, and Heyne did, so that they might be more read by foreigners." "Are you, then, my good sir," rejoined the stranger, "still involved in the error of supposing that there will be any more writing of Latin in this age?" Ruhnken, indignant at his self-complacency, added, "Good-by, Mr. Professor; seek some other library, where you may find German books."

§ 160. STRUGGLES, TRIALS, AND DIFFICULTIES.

1551. WYTTEBACH'S TRIALS AS RUHNKEN'S SUCCESSOR.

Wyttebach, writing July 5, 1805, to F. A. Wolf, says, "I often call to mind, my dear Wolf, that day which you gave me at Amsterdam, and which I passed most agreeably in talking with you. I had hoped it would be but the beginning of an uninterrupted intimacy and intercourse, by letter, between us, though absent from each other. But hitherto that expectation has been disappointed, and the fault has been all my own. I regret exceedingly that I have permitted it to be so. We ought to be on terms of intimacy, from our common love of letters and of our lamented Ruhnken. Though, as I have said, the fault is mine, it was not owing to any want of inclination, but to a want of time and health, which have compelled me to drop or defer my correspondence with my dearest friends, and with you among the rest. But your Homer, sent to me last September by Gösch, a gift inscribed to me in your own handwriting, has strangely moved me to reply. I have sent you, in return, a present of my last work, which was conveyed through Luchtmans to Leipsic, whence it will go to your friend, Etchstädt, and thence to you. I now put my letter into the hands of Gösch, who will see that it is immediately delivered to you.

"After your return, I visited Ruhnken several times, who seemed to take great pleasure in speaking of you, and held you in so high estimation as to desire you for a colleague, and manifested unusual anxiety for your reply. You surely had good reason for declining such terms; for, on the salary which was offered, you would have had to starve like a hero; or if, as would have been necessary, you had received twice that amount, a flame of envy would have been kindled around you.

Our friend Ruhnken died in May, 1798. I came to Leyden to make preparation for his funeral, and came frequently afterwards to console and cheer the afflicted family, the depth of whose sorrow I will not attempt to describe. Your letter arrived at the same time, but I could not well answer it then. These things, though I had not forgotten you, my dear Wolf, escaped my memory. The distress of the bereaved family engaged all my thoughts. In their behalf, I made application to the curators for a pension. As it was a time of change in our public affairs, and new curators frequently succeeded to the place of the old, much time was consumed without bringing any thing to pass, and the estate of the family was, in the mean time, wasting away. When the public commotions were in some degree allayed, I addressed a communication to the new curators, presenting, as strongly as I could, the claims of the Ruhnken family. They replied, that my request could be granted only on condition of my succeeding Ruhnken myself. I hesitated, but at length consented, though with less salary than had been offered me here before, and less than I was then receiving in Amsterdam, where my situation was, furthermore, in every respect agreeable. I came to Leyden, supposing that every one applauded this good deed of mine. But how sadly was I disappointed! The daughters of my deceased friend proved ungrateful;

the mother acknowledged my benefaction. But others envied and slandered me. I will mention, as you may not know it, that the younger daughter, the one who was blind, died in May, 1801. Elizabeth, the elder, went to France, and was married to a military surgeon, whose acquaintance she had made in Leyden. He is now a country doctor in Normandy. Her situation is not altogether agreeable; it is unworthy of her father's fame, and of the high hopes excited when she was that beautiful and accomplished girl, whose hand was sought so frequently by men of rank. The mother is pretty well, for one who is both dumb and blind."

1552. ATTACKS ON WYTTEBACH BY CONTROVERSIALISTS.

The following extract from a letter of Wyttebach to Count de Fontanes gives us some interesting facts respecting the former:—

"That you, respected sir, who are so distinguished both for your sense and learning, and who, by a kind Providence, are now placed over us, should condescend to signify to me by letter, that you were not displeased with my Phædo, emboldens me to write to you, and lay before you some affairs in which I am interested. I have been professor forty years; twenty-eight at Amsterdam, and the remainder at Leyden. I was brought to this place almost against my will, in order to take charge of two vacant professorships, that of Latin eloquence and universal history, and that of Greek literature and antiquities, to which the charge of the library has been added. I still discharge the duties of my threefold office. During all this period, I have employed whatever leisure I could find in study and in writing for the press, and begin to learn more and more the extent of my ignorance. By such thoughts I have sometimes been almost tempted to turn aside from the literary career upon which I had entered. Two things have chiefly kept me from doing so—the approbation of intelligent men, and the encouraging number and character of my pupils. I have therefore adhered to my purpose, though publicly assailed by the tongue of envy and calumny. Recently, no less than three individuals have attacked me, two anonymously, in two Belgian journals—the one an advocate, it is said, the other a professor in Harderwyck. The third is a retired theologian, an old hand at abuse, and a trumpeter of the Kantian philosophy. Knowing my dislike of the sect, he has been trying to vent upon me, in barbarous Latin, the bitterest abuse that could be picked up from the gutter. Although this abuse has not hit me, and I care nothing about it on my own account, yet, since these low fellows make every good man the mark of their ribaldry, and sell themselves to the multitude, making mischief among our students, it would be doing a good service to have that nuisance abated by public authority. I have now several works ready for publication. Among them is the continuation of my *Bibliotheca Critica*, which is to contain addenda to Phædo and Plutarch, and a memoir of Louis William Wassenaer, a young Batavian, of one of the oldest families, and promising still

greater distinction in literature. He was on the point of giving us a learned treatise on the life and writings of Chrysippus, when, in July last, his death snatched away all these high hopes. This journal, which I used to publish at intervals of about one year, and several works prepared by myself and by others, are kept back by the new censorship for the press, which, while it is useful in suppressing vulgar libels, causes such delay in the publication of literary works as greatly to prejudice the interests of learning. We look to your excellency to provide a remedy for this evil."

1553. EXPLOSION OF THE STYGIAN MAGAZINE.

The explosion of the Stygian Magazine ship, at Leyden, in 1807, was a calamity from which many suffered dreadfully. The great linguist Wytténbach was among the sufferers. His account of the matter, as it affected himself and others, is deeply interesting. "The explosion took place on the 12th day of January, 1807, the last of the winter vacation which I had been employed in writing my Annotations to Plutarch. In my library, all the books which I then needed, and especially the notes already written on this and other authors, were spread out on tables near the windows. I left them in that condition to go to dinner, expecting to return immediately afterwards to my work. While I was sitting at table with my niece, a strange and frightful noise, as of many cannons, fell upon our ears. Suddenly, the roof of the adjoining house fell in. The windows of our apartment were dashed in pieces, and a storm of broken glass was beating upon us. We sprang up and ran into the street, the affrighted servant and waiting-maid following us. Our neighbors also, were at their doors, in a state of amazement. Many persons were mangled; some of them escaped from their houses; some were enclosed, and were screaming and calling for aid; and others, with bleeding limbs, were running through the streets. The cause of the disaster was not yet known. Soon, at the distance of a hundred paces, we saw the ruins, where every thing was levelled with the ground, and whence the devastation was spread in all directions beyond. Our house was still standing, for it was situated to the west of that place, and the wind, coming from that quarter, carried the blast more to the east. The place of that Stygian Magazine ship, which was full of powder, and which prostrated every thing in its vicinity, was but one hundred and eighty paces from my house, and many edifices, twice and three times as long as mine, were reduced to a heap of ruins. I had not yet looked at what was under our feet. The street was perfectly strown with flying papers. I took one up, and recognized my own handwriting, and found they were all mine. We went to picking them up, and, as I looked to my study windows, which were on the front side, and in the first story, I found they were broken in, and the papers, containing my notes, projected from their tables into the street. We returned to the house, to see what had happened there. The apartments were all shattered; the windows, the doors, the glass and porcelain ware, nice furniture, timepieces, lamps, and plates, were all dashed in pieces. The entire roof was carried away. Parts of the house, including my lecture-room, were fallen, and we feared it would be unsafe for us to remain in it. But the carpenters assured us that there were still

two apartments which might be safely occupied. We therefore remained till the end of January, the first week without roof, windows, or doors. We suffered extremely from the rain, the snow, the cold, and the wind. Our remaining furniture, linen, bed-clothes, and the like, were, by these means, greatly damaged, and still more my library, which was exposed two nights to the falling dew. We were all the while expecting repairs to be made, but the carpenters kept putting us off. The adjoining houses, which threatened to fall, were torn down by order of the magistrates, who, fearing that ours would thereby be prostrated, sent armed men to remove us, and others who resided near us. The domestics were panic-struck, and friends, alarmed for me, — though I knew there was no cause for it, — hastened to our relief, and persuaded us to take our most valuable articles and leave the house. I yielded reluctantly to their will, and packed up those goods, and delivered them to my friends for safe keeping. In the tumult many things were lost which had hitherto been safe, and, among the rest, a purse with six hundred florins. Nevertheless, we remained in the house fifteen days longer, daily packing our goods in a quiet manner, and conveying them, by the canal, to the garden where I now reside, and from which I go, on stated days, into the city to lecture. But in arranging my effects, and in sorting out my library, I miss many of my books, and even my note books and comments on Greek and Latin authors; and I now feel the truth of what numerous individuals before said, but what I could not believe, that, at the time of the explosion, many of my papers were blown away, and carried by the wind to the scene of devastation. In the injury done to my furniture, library, etc., I have lost about six thousand francs.

"These, my dear Sante Croix, are what relate to me. I have written respecting them, because you requested it; for, truly, I am ashamed to mention such trifles, compared with the calamities of others. One hundred and fifty persons were crushed in the ruins, and among them the two professors, Kluit and Luzac. The former was my friend, and had made large collections on the History of the Middle Ages, and of Holland, which he was expecting to publish, but which perished with him. Luzac was crushed by the falling house of a friend, as he was approaching the door to visit him."

1554. A LEARNED WELSHMAN'S PREDICATION.

The following whimsical accident happened some years ago to a well-known learned and self-taught Cambro-Briton:—

Devoted to his books, it was his daily custom to take a solitary walk along the shore. He was not unobserved; his appearance altogether was not of the most prepossessing description. Some soldiers followed him in his ramble; they noticed his actions, his looks, alternately at the distant town, the river, and a something which he held in his hand, which they could not decipher, but which they were sanguine enough to imagine a plan of the place, and the poor Welshman a French spy! They communicated their opinions to each other, and it was resolved to take the plotting villain into custody. Richard, in consequence, was immediately seized, and, after a night's confinement in the black hole, was taken before a magistrate. His sagacious accusers made their charge, and were convinced of his bad design,

from his actions, and the papers he had on his person. We are not told what was the opinion of the bench, but it was thought necessary to send for some person acquainted with the strange characters found in his greasy pockets. A gentleman, eminent in the literary world, happened to be at hand; he explained to the magistracy the perfect harmlessness of the unfortunate prisoner; that the supposed plans and correspondence were portions of the Talmud, and of the classical productions of Theocritus, Lucian, and some Hebrew and Greek authors, and therefore no apprehensions need be entertained of endangering the safety of the state by discharging the Welshman.

1555. THE DESTITUTION OF SALE.

The learned Sale, who first gave the world a genuine version of the Koran, and who had so zealously labored in forming that Universal History which was the pride of our country, pursued his studies through a life of want; and this great Orientalist, (I grieve to degrade the memoirs of a man of learning by such mortifications,) when he quitted his studies, too often wanted a change of linen, and often wandered in the streets in search of some friend who would supply him with the meal of the day.

1556. AFFLICTIONS OF DR. CASTELL.

Dr. Edmund Castell devoted his life to his Lexicon Heptaglotton. It is not possible, if there are tears that are to be bestowed on the afflictions of learned men, to read this pathetic address to Charles II. and forbear them. He laments the seventeen years of incredible pains, during which he thought himself idle when he had not devoted sixteen or eighteen hours a day to this labor; that he had expended all his inheritance, (it was more than twelve thousand pounds;) that it had broken his constitution, and left him blind as well as poor. When this invaluable polyglot was published, the copies remained unsold on his hands; for the learned Castell had anticipated the curiosity and knowledge of the public by a full century. He had so completely devoted himself to Oriental studies, that they had a very remarkable consequence, for he had totally forgotten his own language, and could scarcely spell a word. This appears in some of his English letters, preserved by Mr. Nichols in his valuable *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iv. Five hundred of these Lexicons, unsold at the time of his death, were placed, by Dr. Castell's niece, in a room so little regarded, that scarcely one complete copy escaped the rats, and "the whole load of learned rags sold only for seven pounds." The work, says D'Israeli, at this moment would find purchasers at forty or fifty pounds.

1557. WYTENBACH EDITING PLUTARCH.

Wytenbach, professor afterwards in Leyden, was a learned and distinguished philologist. He devoted no little of his time and talents to the illustration of the works of Plutarch. The results of these researches appeared in his excellent critical edition of the *Moral Works of Plutarch*, published at Oxford in 1795–1802, five volumes quarto. The following letter of his to the delegates of the Clarendon press of Oxford, during the publication of Plutarch, will be found highly interesting to literary men:—

D. Wytenbach to Wm. Cleaver, Bishop of Chester.

“LEYDEN, July, 1800.

“Being under the necessity of writing to the delegates of the Clarendon press, I am induced to address myself particularly to you, by that kindness and that learning which is celebrated in the common speech of men, but of which I have certain proof in your excellent book on Rhythm. Ever since the delegates took my Plutarch under their wing, I have made it my first aim to execute the work with such care and despatch as to satisfy their wishes. But soon the calamitous war between England and Holland broke out, which is not yet terminated, and which first interrupted and finally cut off all intercourse. And yet, by the end of the year 1794, the whole of Plutarch's *Morals*, complete, as now publishing at Oxford, had reached the hands of the delegates. The remaining parts consisted of the fragments, the spurious treatises, my annotations, and the indexes. In the preparation of these, I went on zealously, as long as there was any way of transmitting to you the manuscript. In the month of May, 1798, I had a portion all finished, when my friend Ruhnken died, and I was interrupted in the midst of my course, by being called upon to settle his affairs. The Rev. Dr. John Randolph, who, from the beginning, corresponded with me on the part of the delegates, always urged me to transmit my manuscript as fast as I could get it in readiness, that the press might not be delayed. But the British ambassador at the Hague, to whom I had been accustomed to commit my papers, had now left the place, and I could not, as things were, think of sending by vessels, and committing to unsafe hands, the labors of so many years. I replied, informing him of my readiness to send them as soon as he would point out a safe mode of conveyance. It was agreed that I should transmit them to a certain merchant at Hamburg, who would deliver them to Crawford, the British minister at that place. Accordingly, I put those parts which I had finished into a box covered with pitch, and sent it to Mr. H. D. Rowohl, who wrote me, soon after, that he had received it in good condition, and delivered it to his excellency the British minister. I have never heard a syllable, either verbally or in writing, respecting its safe arrival in Oxford, though it was put into the hands of the minister at Hamburg in November, 1798. While I was so distracted with my own business, and that of others, that I knew not which way to turn, it became necessary, in consequence of my appointment as Ruhnken's successor, to remove from Amsterdam to Leyden. I did not fail, however, to write to Dr. Randolph, requesting him to inform me of the fate of my papers; but no reply came to me from England. That happy island 'was more deaf to my cries than the rocks of the Icarian Sea.' Are we, then, so cut off from each other, by the sea and by war, that the letters which I write

ago, I heard that Dr. Randolph had been made Bishop of Oxford. While I rejoice in his promotion, at the same time my hope of getting an answer lessens, since, to his former occupations, others, both civil and ecclesiastical, will now be added. I beg you, therefore, reverend sir, to inform me, either by yourself or through some other person, whether that box ever reached Dr. Randolph. If not, as I fear may be the case, let the delegates use all their influence with the minister at Hamburg, to make search

for it. I beg you, let me not lose my four years' labor; for I could not, in four years to come, replace it with equal completeness and accuracy."

In a subsequent letter, dated January 6, 1801, Wyttenbach says,—

"I wrote you some time since, that a parcel of my papers on Plutarch, the labor of four years, which I sent to Oxford three years ago, was lost on the way. But last month, after having lain in Hamburg this whole interval, it came safely into the hands of the Oxford gentlemen. To extort from them a copy for you is among the impossibilities. I will see that a copy is sent you, as soon as the work shall be finished.

"When I committed my Plutarch to your patronage, I did it influenced by your great names, your reputation for learning and rank, and the splendor and influence of the Oxford University. I was not governed by a love of gain; for I might have received more from another quarter. I entertained some fears respecting the safety of the papers which were to be transmitted, but none that the terms of agreement would not be adhered to. Do not, gentlemen delegates, make me suffer a pecuniary loss, in addition to the other troubles of the times. The engagement was, that I should receive a guinea a sheet, printed in the manner of Bryan's edition of Plutarch's Lives. But in our edition, in innumerable instances, a smaller type is used, and is to be retained through all the annotations, so as greatly

to reduce the number of pages. It may be well thus to diminish the size of the book, but I suggest whether it would be right, also, to diminish the stipulated price. But, no doubt, the delegates will properly adjust the compensation, of their own accord. I will use all diligence to finish the annotations and indexes in such time, and compress them into such a compass, that the execution shall be perfectly satisfactory to you."

It would seem, from a pretty extensive correspondence, that the Oxford gentlemen were not remarkably liberal in their dealings with Wyttenbach. He refers, more than once, to their reducing the size of the type, as if to lessen the editor's pay. He applied for a certain sum, to meet the expense of extra copying, which their haste required, that the press might not be stopped, in case of any accident occasioned by the war, but that a duplicate might be on hand; and they granted him half the sum, for which, however, there may possibly have been a sufficient reason. It was afterwards agreed that for the annotations, in a reduced type, Wyttenbach should receive a greater sum than a guinea a sheet, or eight quarto pages. But the delegates finally made a new proposal, namely, to pay three hundred guineas for the remainder of the work, without regard to the number of pages; "which conditions," says Wyttenbach, "I accepted, though at a sacrifice, that the work might not be delayed any longer."

§ 161. DIVERTING SAYINGS AND DETAILS.

1558. FUSELI'S POETRY.

It pleased Fuseli to be thought one of those erudite gentlemen whom the poet describes,—

"Far seen in Greek—deep men of letters;"

and he loved to annoy certain of his companions with the display of his antique lore. He sometimes composed Greek verses in the emergency of the moment, and affected to forget the author. He once repeated half a dozen sonorous and well-sounding lines to Porson, and said, "With all your learning, now you cannot tell me who wrote that." The professor, "much renowned for Greek," confessed his ignorance, and said, "I don't know him." "How could you know him," chuckled Fuseli; "I made them this moment." When thwarted in the academy, —and that was not seldom,—his wrath aired itself in a polyglot. "It is a pleasant thing, and an advantageous," said the painter, on one of those occasions, "to be learned. I can speak Greek, Latin, French, English, German, Danish, Dutch, Icelandic, and Spanish, and so let my folly or my fury get vent through nine different avenues."

1559. LORD BELGRAVE AND SHERIDAN.

Lord Belgrave, having finished a speech in the House of Commons, with a long Greek quotation, Sheridan, in reply admitted the force of the quotation so far as it went, "but," said he, by way of a joke, "had the noble lord proceeded a little further, and completed the passage, he would have seen that it applied the other way." Sheridan then spouted something *ore rotundo*, which had all the *ais, ois, ous, ion, and koss*, that give the world assurance of a

Greek quotation; upon which Lord Belgrave very promptly and handsomely complimented the honorable member on his readiness of recollection, and frankly admitted that the continuation of the passage had the tendency ascribed to it by Mr. Sheridan, and that he had overlooked it at the moment when he gave his quotation. On the breaking up of the House, Fox, who piqued himself on having some Greek, went up to Sheridan, and asked him, "Sheridan, how came you to be so ready with that passage? It certainly is as you say, but I was not aware of it before you quoted it." It is unnecessary to observe, that there was no Greek at all in Sheridan's impromptu.

1560. PORSON AND DR. GILLIES.

Dr. Gillies, the historian of Greece, and Mr. Porson, used now and then to meet. The consequence was certain to be a literary contest. Porson was much the deeper scholar of the two. Dr. Gillies was one day speaking to him of the Greek tragedies, and of Pindar's odes. "*We know nothing*," said Dr. Gillies, emphatically, "of the Greek metres." Porson answered, "If, doctor, you will put your observation in the *singular* number, I believe it will be very accurate."

1561. PLEASANT RETORT.

Professor Porson being once at a dinner party where the conversation turned upon Captain Cook and his celebrated voyages round the world, an ignorant person, in order to contribute his mite towards the social intercourse, asked him, "Pray was Cook killed on his first voyage?" "I believe he

was," answered Porson, "though he did not mind it much, but immediately entered on a second."

1562. PORSON'S SARCASM.

Porson said of a prospect shown to him, that it put him in mind of a fellowship—*a* long, dreary walk, with a church at the end of it.

1563. INCONVENIENCE OF A LATIN COLLEAGUE.

There is a fact related of the late Admiral Sir Samuel Cornish, which may be put in comparison with any thing feigned by Smollett of Commodore Truncheon, Captain Crowe, or Ben Bowling. Sir Samuel, like most of the great British seamen of old, rose entirely by his merit, from a low life to a very high command in the navy; and as his abilities as an admiral were undoubted, so his acquisitions as a scholar were extremely slender. At the surrender of Manila, in 1763, his colleague, Colonel Draper, who was shortly after Sir William Draper, and who was one of the most accomplished scholars of his age, and prided himself highly on his literary attainments, carried on all his negotiations, relative to the ransom of the city, in the Latin language, with the Spanish archbishops. On the shameful evasion of the payment of the ransom, Admiral Cornish, who, like Truncheon, could not write Latin or any other foreign lingo, and suspected that the whole failure was to be ascribed to the negotiation being carried on in that antiquated jargon, declared, and confirmed it with a forecath oath, that he never would accept a command again with any man who understood Latin.

1564. DR. JOHNSON'S SARCASM.

A young clergyman, very deficient in learning, complaining to Dr. Johnson, that some how or other he had lost all his Greek, "I suppose," said the doctor, "it was at the time I lost my great estate in Yorkshire."

1565. DR. JOHNSON AND THE NOBLEMAN.

"I have often thought," says Mrs. Piozzi, "Dr. Johnson more free than prudent, in professing so loudly his little skill in the Greek language; for though he considered it as a proof of a narrow mind to be too careful of literary reputation, yet no man could be more enraged than he, if an enemy, taking advantage of this confession, twitted him with his ignorance; and I remember when the King of Denmark was in England, one of his noblemen was brought by Mr. Colman to see Dr. Johnson at our country house; and having heard, he said, that he was not famous for Greek literature, attacked him on the weak side, politely adding, that he chose that conversation on purpose to favor himself. Our doctor, however, displayed so copious, so compendious a knowledge of authors, books, and every branch of learning in that language, that the gen-

tleman appeared astonished. When he was gone home, says Johnson, "Now, for all this triumph, I may thank Thrale's Xenophon here, as I think, excepting that one, I have not looked in a Greek book these ten years; but see what haste my dear friends were all in," continued he, "to tell this poor innocent foreigner that I knew nothing of Greek! O, no, he knows nothing of Greek!" with a loud burst of laughter.

1566. THE TRAVELLING LIBRARY.

Professor Porson, the celebrated Grecian, was once travelling in a stage-coach, where a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused the slumbering professor from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favored us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there." "O, sir," replied the tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and from Sophocles, too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college." The professor, applying his hand to his great-coat pocket, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he could be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, "Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." "Then perhaps, sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." The young Oxonian again returned to his task, but with no better success, muttering, however, to himself, a vow never again to quote Greek in a stage-coach. The tittering of the ladies informed him plainly that he had got into a hobble. At last, "Why, sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now; yes, now I perfectly remember that the passage is in *Æschylus*." The inexorable professor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an *Æschylus*, when our astonished freshman vociferated, "Coachman! holloa, coachman! let me out; I say instantly let me out! There's a fellow here has the whole Bodleian library in his pocket."

1567. HERMANN A SMOKER.

The German students and professors have been almost as much noted for their devotion to the Indian weed as to the ancient classics. Passow, in one of his letters, makes the following allusion to the noted philologist Hermann: "Hermann is a splendid fellow, if he did not smoke quite so much tobacco. Lately, he used up thirty-six pipes over the *Iliad* in a single day! When I called on him the first time, he talked with me standing; but when he heard that I came from Gotha, he at once shoved me a chair, which struck me so drolly that I began to laugh. It struck him, too, as a little funny, and so we both set up a loud shout."

162. AMBITION, ENERGY, AND ENTHUSIASM.

1566. CHEKE'S SYSTEM OF ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.



Sir John Cheke.

The learned Sir John Cheke, the most accomplished Greek scholar of his age, descended from correcting the Greek pronunciation to invent a system of English orthography. Cheke was no formal pedant; with an enlarged notion of the vernacular language, he aimed to restore the English of his day to what then he deemed to be its purity. He would allow of no words but such as were true English, or of Saxon original; admitting of no adoption of any foreign word into the English language, which at this early period our scholar deemed sufficiently copious. He objected to the English translation of the Bible, for its introduction of many foreign words; and to prove them unnecessary, he retranslated the Gospel of St. Matthew, written on his own system of new orthography. His ear was nice, and his Attic taste had the singular merit of giving concision to the perplexed periods of our early style. But his orthography deterred the eyes of his readers; however the learned Cheke was right in his abstract principle, it operated wrong when put in practice.

1569. HERMANN'S ENTHUSIASM.

The following extract from a letter from Professor Hermann to Schütz shows the enthusiasm of the great philologist to fine advantage:—

"Respected Sir: Together with the Clouds of Aristophanes, the stern Eumenides ventures to appear before you. You will wonder at my boldness and rapidity; but since the way in these untrodden regions was opened by you, the study of *Æschylus* has been my favorite employment. This mighty genius has enchained and enkindled my soul. His strains sound in my ear like a battle shout from the field of Marathon; and, in the enthusiasm of the

moment, many a time I fancy that I unriddle the deep sense of his dark words. I feel as if I were myself a poet; what I have found I cannot keep to myself. If the work can abide a severe scrutiny,—if it can endure yours, which I most desire,—I shall be inexpressibly happy. If it should fail of this, my love of truth, which, if not innate, must have been instilled into me by my invaluable teacher Reiz, would render it easy to acknowledge my errors. For to acknowledge an error is to see the point from whence progress is to be made; to defend it is to retreat. If you will have the goodness to gratify me with your valuable opinion, you will thereby greatly increase the obligation and the affection with which I shall never cease to be yours."

1570. RUNNING A RACE TO WIN IT.

An original, coarse, self-confident youth, seventeen years of age, came to Heyne, proposing to study nothing but philology. Heyne knew the usages of the schools to be such that few men would be supported as mere philologists. He therefore discouraged the young man, saying that it was customary for every student to choose one of the learned professions, and study philology in connection with that; and added, that there were but four or five professorships in all Germany, where a professor of classical philology would be supported. The determined youth replied, very characteristically, "I intend to have one of them." This young man was Wolf, subsequently the author of the celebrated *Prolegomena* to Homer. The interview was not very gratifying to either party. Wolf expected to be received with open arms, and applauded for his courage and zeal. Heyne desired to see more modesty and civility. The result was, that, while the greatest classical scholar in Germany was lecturing, year after year, with unbounded applause, on Homer, the young man who was destined to become the greatest Homeric critic of his age was prosecuting his studies in the very same place, and yet would not attend those lectures—the only lectures, it would be supposed, in which he would take any special interest. That bold spirit was only nerved to greater daring by the repulse which he met with. He resolved, on the spot, to become the rival, rather than the disciple. In the case of another, this would have been a great mistake; but in the case of Wolf, it was not so. He had a spirit which nothing could discourage, and an intellectual energy which loved to grapple with difficulties. His course was his own, and the results were his own. Had he been disciplined by Heyne, he might have been less paradoxical as a critic, and less rough and self-willed as a man; but the world might never have been blessed with the Homeric heresy.

1571. A POOR BOY'S FORCE OF CHARACTER.

It would be wrong to attribute all the improvement made in philology to Heyne. Twelve years earlier, another poor boy, son of a cobbler, was born in Stendal, about midway between Berlin and

Hamburg. The extraordinary force of his character alone raised him above the occupation of his father. He pushed his way along in the world by his own resoluteness and unconquerable love of knowledge. In the Latin school—into which he found his way, nobody knows how—he maintained himself, as Luther did, by singing before the doors of the great, and by giving private lessons in music. In his sixteenth year he went to Berlin, in order to enjoy better literary advantages. Fabricius had recently died; and the extensive and select library of that great scholar was about to be sold in Hamburg by public auction. This poor country boy felt an insatiable desire for some of the choice editions of the classics contained in that library. He accordingly undertook the journey from Berlin to Hamburg on foot, a distance of about one hundred and sixty miles, and on his way, begged of the rich the money for the purchase, and returned on foot, with the books on his shoulders. We cannot pursue his early career any farther. He entered the University of Halle. Afterwards he became *corrector*, or usher, in the gymnasium of Seehausen, where he laid the foundation of his Greek scholarship. Having struggled with numerous difficulties, and made various fruitless attempts to enter upon a higher course, he finally succeeded in becoming librarian to a nobleman near Dresden, where his aspiring genius not only found nourishment in the literary treasures of that city, but received its proper direction from the collections of art which adorn this Florence of Germany. It was here that the way was at length opened for his being transferred to Rome, and placed in the midst of the ruins of the ancient world. He was at first secretary to one of the cardinals, who needed the aid of a Greek scholar in his library. Winckelmann's progress in ancient learning and ancient art was wonderful. He read all the remains of Greek literature, in order to throw their concentrated light upon the history of art. Not only were these productions, including fragments and inscriptions, interpreted with philological severity, but the original text was criticized and corrected as it had been done by no student of art before him. He was soon regarded as the first Grecian in Rome. His *History of Ancient Art* was no sooner published, than it placed him at the head of that department of learning in Europe. He was made superintendent of all the antiquities in and about Rome, and afterwards president of the Society of Antiquarians. The most interesting fact to us is, that through Winckelmann classical literature was associated with the elegant arts. The cultivation of a Grecian taste now became distinctly an object of the student's ambition; and by the confluence of the two new streams of learning, which flowed fresh from the schools of Heyne and Winckelmann, was produced that style of scholarship which is at present the chief characteristic of German philology, and which is most perfectly represented, in all its parts and due proportions, in the lamented Charles Otfried Müller, of Göttingen, a scholar whose early death has deprived classical learning of one of its chief ornaments.

1572. DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME BY YOUNG HEYNE.

Heyne was a native of Chemnitz, in the kingdom of Saxony. His parents lived in the greatest poverty. Want was the earliest companion of his childish sports. The first impressions made upon

his heart were those produced by a mother's tears, on returning to her house at the close of the week, without having sold enough of the cloth woven by her husband to furnish bread for their children. His earliest employment was to wander about, endeavoring to force the sale of this article, in times of great commercial depression. Indeed, his father's condition was not unlike that of the starving English operatives at this moment. The heart of young Heyne was driven to desperation, and the hungry boy was naturally enough a violent Chartist in feeling; and he afterwards attributed it to the kindness of Providence, that there was no popular tumult to set fire to his patriotic soul. He entered the school in the faubourg, and, during the first year, gave lessons to little children, in order to raise money to pay his own tuition. At length the ordinary instruction in the school no longer met his wants, and, to take lessons in Latin would cost three cents a week more, which neither he nor his parents could provide. One day, as he was sent to a distant relative for a loaf of bread, his countenance showed that he had been weeping. On inquiry, it was ascertained that poverty kept him from those studies which he longed to pursue, and the three cents a week were at once promised him. The boy returned, tossing his loaf into the air, and bounding, with his bare feet, like a lamb. As he made rapid progress in his studies, the time soon came when he could learn no more at the school in the suburbs. At this period, if there had been the least encouragement to industry, he would have become a weaver, like his father. His fondest desire was to enter the Latin school within the walls of the town; but it whence his *guldens* a week for tuition, his books, and his blue mantle? A pastor in the faubourg had received good accounts of the boy's talents and scholarship, and was, moreover, his second sponsor. These circumstances induced the good preacher to have the youth examined by a competent instructor; and, the examination turning out favorably, he sent him to the Latin school, at his own expense. In this school he remained seven years, during which period he made great progress in his studies.

At the age of nineteen he went to Leipsic; but, on arriving at the university, he learnt, for the first time, that his support was to be discontinued. Indeed, he had earned his living, for some time, by giving private lessons; but he had been encouraged to expect the continued aid of the old preacher. Thus, with but two *guldens* in his pocket—less than two dollars—with a slender wardrobe, and with no books, he found himself a stranger, in a large city, about to enter the university. Most boys would have returned home at once, and have abandoned a pursuit beset with so many difficulties. Heyne was willing to endure any hardship, if he might go on with his studies. His sufferings at this period were almost incredible. He was reduced to such extreme distress, that a waiting-maid was moved to compassion, and actually supplied him daily with food from her own wages. "Dear creature," he afterwards exclaimed, when at the head of the critics of his age, "could I now but find thee among the living, how gladly would I repay thee!" Some of the professors admitted him gratuitously to their lectures; one of them lent him books, and gave him advice, and, among other things, advised him to follow Scaliger's example, and read the Greek authors through, in chronological order. He followed the advice with such ardor, or, in his own language, "with such folly," that for more than six months

he slept only two nights in the week. But another professor sent the beadle to demand the tuition for a course of lectures, a part of which only he had attended. Heyne was in distress. He had never succeeded in obtaining a stipend. He often had to buy his dinner with less than three *pfennigs*, or about one cent. At this time he had an opportunity of becoming a private tutor in a family. "But I perceived," he observes, in his autobiography, "that to leave the university then would ruin my scholarship for life. For several days I struggled under these contending influences. I cannot now comprehend how it was that I had the courage to decline the offer, and to pursue my studies at the university." These are among the most interesting incidents in Heyne's early life. But his evil star followed him to the very day of his appointment to the most important philological professorship in Germany. Even after he had finished his course in the university, and while he was in Dresden, living on promises of promotion, he could not afford to hire lodgings. A friend permitted him to stay in his room, but could offer him no bed. He slept on the floor, with books for his pillow. Heeren, his son-in-law and biographer, says, that "a sort of soup, made of the empty pods of peas, was often his only repast." After a few years, when the place of Gesner, the celebrated professor of languages in Göttingen, became vacant by his death, Ruhnken, of Leyden, was invited to fill it. But he preferred not to leave Holland, where he had resided so long, and was so advantageously situated, and declined the

appointment, adding the inquiry, why the university should think it necessary to go out of the country to find a worthy successor of Gesner; and affirming that there was a young man in Saxony who would soon fill Europe with his fame; that his name was Christian Gottlob Heyne. A letter was immediately addressed to Ernesti, in Leipsic, to ascertain where the individual was to be found. All that Ernesti could say was, that there was such a young man, and that he was somewhere in Dresden. Letters were then sent to the Saxon capital, but no information respecting Heyne could at first be obtained. Thus the residence of the candidate for the most important professorship in Germany could not, without difficulty, be found. Ruhnken and Hemsterhuys, in Holland, had read his edition of Tibullus, and predicted his future greatness; and their word overcame all the doubts arising from the fact of his obscurity. From the hour of that appointment we are to date the origin of the present school of German philology. Gesner and Ernesti had previously introduced a better taste; but the comprehensiveness and thoroughness of modern German philology are first found in Heyne.

Until his time, classical literature did not form a distinct profession. It was but a subsidiary branch of the other professions, especially of theology. Heyne was the first man who took his position, not as a theologian, or jurist, but as a philologist by profession. He enlarged the domain of philology, marked out its boundaries, and arranged its parts into a complete and independent system.

§ 163. PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETIES.

1573. LEIPSIK PHILOLOGISTS.

The following extract of a letter from Passow to Broom, in 1804, gives a good idea of the methods of study adopted by the philologists of Leipsic, and of the character of some of the most celebrated scholars:—

"Beck is unquestionably the first theologian here; he possesses an immense amount of theological, philological, and historical learning, well digested and arranged. But it is impossible to conceive of a colder man; and this lifeless manner, unhappily, appears in every word he utters. . . . The exercises in his Latin Society are particularly valuable to me. Each member, twelve in all, selects a classic author for his examination, and hands in to the professor, in single sheets, as fast as they are prepared, his comments, written in Latin. Every member takes his turn, once in six weeks, and reads his commentary before the society, where it is freely criticized, and the topics involved discussed by all the members. I have selected for my exercises, as comprehending the system of Platonic love, the *Symposia* of Xenophon and Plato, *Phaedrus*, and a part of *Maximus Tyrius*. Professor Hermann, from whom I am hearing a grand course of lectures on the *Edipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, has received me into his Philological Society, which is on the same plan as Beck's, except that speaking and writing Greek are included. In his society, I interpret the *Ajux* and the *Trachiniae* of Sophocles. Hermann, who has just published an edition of Orpheus, and is now preparing a huge commentary on the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, is exactly the opposite of Beck, and has many remote resemblances to Jacobs,

only he becomes communicative as soon as you know him. He always enters his lecture-room in full riding-dress, with spurs and whip; and in the Philological Society, a stranger would scarce know who presided, but for the exhaustless stores of the professor's learning; for one is very much at ease with him, and he has still a very youthful look, being but thirty-two years old. He is the only professor that is universally beloved, notwithstanding he sometimes deals in biting sarcasm."

1574. CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT GÖTTINGEN.

The Society of Philologists, formed in Germany a few years ago, originated thus: In 1837, the University of Göttingen held its centennial celebration. The festival of a university which could look back upon so proud a century as that which marked the history of this celebrated seat of learning naturally attracted an unusual assemblage of scholars. Distinguished philologists of all parties met together, forgetting their animosities, and embracing each other as fellow-laborers in the same great enterprise, though contemplating it from different points of view.

So touching was the scene, and so delightful the magnanimous feelings with which those who participated in it greeted each other, that Thiersch, the pillar of Greek learning in Bavaria, a man of the noblest enthusiasm, as well as of great eloquence, gave utterance to his struggling emotions, and ventured, in his remarks, to propose the formation of a society which should secure the annual recurrence of such occasions. A special meeting was called

to consider the subject, at which Humboldt presided. The proposal was received with acclamation, and the first meeting was appointed to be held in Nuremberg, in 1838, at which Thiersch was to preside. In 1839, the society met at Manheim.

Frederic Jacobs, whose age and partial deafness prevented him from attending the first meeting where his name had been mentioned with particular marks of respect, had also decided not to attend the second. But Rost of Gotha resorted to a stratagem, which was successful in procuring the attendance of Jacobs. At the age of seventy-five, he undertook his four days' journey, travelling forty miles a day, and calling, as he went, on his literary friends at Frankfort, Darmstadt, and Heidelberg. When this amiable old man and popular writer—

the favorite of all parties—arrived, he could not decline addressing the assembled classical teachers of his country, mostly of the younger generation. He spoke in an affecting strain of eloquence, which was received with unusual applause. After the meeting, the principal members of the society appointed Hermann of Marburg to draw up a special communication in Latin, addressed to Jacobs, testifying in the warmest terms their respect for him as one of the most accomplished of classical scholars, and their personal regards for him as a man and as a friend. This circumstance called him out, in another public speech, on a subsequent day, so that the occasion was a kind of jubilee to that noble representative of the past generation.

LITERARY MEN AND LITERATURE.

§ 164. BIOGRAPHICAL.

1575. VOLUMINOUS AUTHORS.

Dr. Cotton Mather, who died in Boston in 1728, was a man of unequalled industry, vast learning, and most disinterested benevolence. No person in America had at that time so large a library, or had read so many books, or had retained so much of what they had read. It was his custom to read fifteen chapters in the Bible every day. He wrote over his study door, in capital letters, "BE SHORT." In one year he kept sixty fasts and twenty vigils, and published fourteen books. His publications amounted in all to three hundred and eighty-two, some of them being of huge dimensions. His *Magnalia* was the largest; it consisted of seven folio volumes. His *Essays to do Good* are read with pleasure and profit even now. He lived to the age of sixty-five years.

His father, Dr. Increase Mather, was also a man of great industry and erudition for the age in which he lived, and but little behind the son in point of mental activity and usefulness. He is said to have spent sixteen hours a day in his study; and his sermons and other publications were very numerous. In a volume entitled *Remarkables of the Life of Dr. Increase Mather*, is a catalogue of no less than eighty-five of his publications, not including many learned and useful prefaces written for other books. He died in his eighty-fifth year, having been a preacher sixty-six years.

For abundance of literary productions, however, both these learned men must yield the palm to Didymus of Alexandria, who lived in the time of Augustus. He was one of the greatest critics and grammarians of his age. He was called *Ironides*, because he wrote four thousand books.

1576. LOUIS XVI. READING IN PRISON.

It may not be generally known that Louis XVI. was quite a literary man, and to some extent an author. His first work was a collection of maxims from Fenelon. Subsequently he translated a portion of Gibbon's *History*, and caused it to be published in the name of *Le Clerc de Sept Chenes*, his reader. Indeed, he was fond of literary occupation even to a fault.

During his imprisonment, he was, till shortly before his death, denied pen, ink, and paper. His usual employment, therefore, was the instruction of his son, and reading. He preferred Latin authors to French. He read, almost every day, portions of Tacitus, Livy, Seneca, Horace, and Terence. The works which he read in his native language were chiefly travels. On the evening before his death, he found that he had read, during an imprisonment of five months and seven days, — or in all one hundred and fifty-nine days, — no less than one hundred and fifty-seven volumes.

1577. LOVE OF BOOKS IN EXILE.

Maurice, Prince of Isenbourg, greatly distinguished himself by his courage during a service of twenty years, under Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, and Marshal Broglio, and in the war between the Russians and Turks. Health and repose — every thing which can make life delightful — were sacrificed to the gratification of his ambition and love of glory.

During his service in the Russian army, he fell under the displeasure of the empress, and was sent into exile. The calamitous condition to which persons exiled by this government are reduced is well known.

But this philosophic prince contrived to render even a Russian banishment agreeable. While oppressed, both in body and mind, by the painful reflection which his situation at first created, and reduced by his anxieties to a mere skeleton, he accidentally met with the *Essay on Exile*, written by Lord Bolingbroke. He read it several times, and even made a translation of it. "And in proportion to the number of times I read it," he tells us in the elegant and nervous preface he wrote to it, "I felt all my sorrows and disquietudes vanish away."

1578. ALEXANDER AND HIS BOOKS.

Alexander the Great was passionately fond of reading; and whilst the world resounded with his victories; whilst blood and carnage marked his progress; whilst he dragged captive monarchs at his chariot wheels, and marched with increasing

ardor over smoking towns and desolated provinces in search of new objects of victory. — he felt during certain intervals the languor of unemployed time; and lamenting that Asia afforded no books to amuse or instruct him, he wrote to Harpalus to send him the works of Philistus, the tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, and the dithyrambics of Thalestes.

1579. LEARNED SLAVES.

Crassus — one of the wealthiest unthroned individuals on record, and probably as wealthy as Louis Philippe, if not as Cræsus — owed his greatest riches to his *manufacture* of highly accomplished slaves, to whose education in various arts he sedulously, and even personally attended: and these slaves, if we may believe a writer in the Foreign Quarterly, who quotes from Plutarch's romances, were sold at enormous prices. In those days, a rich man could readily purchase a poet to write his own name into reputation; and Seneca tells of a pretender to literature keeping many learned slaves, for each of which he had given above four thousand dollars, the cost of a mere laborer varying from fifteen to one hundred and fifty dollars.

1580. DYING IN THE HARNESS.

Rev. Dr. Charles Chauncey, the second president of Harvard College, may be truly said to have "died in the harness." Till more than eighty years of age, he was a most indefatigable student, making it his constant practice to rise in the morning at four o'clock. When he was eighty years old, as he was going to preach on a winter's day, his friends observed to him that he would certainly die in the pulpit; but he only pressed the more vigorously through the snow-drifts, observing, "How glad I should be if this should prove true!" He died soon after this, at the age of eighty-one.

Rev. William Woodbridge, the father of William C. Woodbridge, the great American geographer, had been a minister and teacher more than fifty years, when he also died in the harness. At the time of his death, he was teaching a female school at Franklin, Conn., in midwinter, and on the Sabbath supplying the pulpit of the venerable Dr. Nott. His age could not have been much less than eighty.

The manner of death of the late John Quincy Adams is too recent and well known to require any thing more than a mere allusion to the fact.

1581. WIT SPICED WITH WISDOM.

Philip, King of Macedon, having invited Dionysius the younger to dine with him at Corinth, attempted to deride the father of his royal guest, because he had blended the characters of prince and poet, and had employed his leisure in writing odes and tragedies. "How could the king find leisure," said Philip, "to write such trifles?" "In those hours," answered Dionysius, "which you and I spend in drunkenness and debauchery."

1582. BRUTUS IN HIS TENT.

Brutus, the avenger of the violated liberties of Rome, while serving in the army under Pompey,

employed among books all the moments he could spare from the duties of his station, and was even thus employed during the awful night which preceded the celebrated battle of Pharsalia, by which the fate of the empire was decided. Oppressed by the excessive heat of the day, and by the preparatory arrangement of the army, which was encamped in the middle of summer on a marshy plain, he sought relief from the bath, and retired to his tent, where, whilst others were locked in the arms of sleep, he employed himself until the morning dawned in drawing a plan from the history of Polybius.

1583. STILPO'S "SAFE."

Safes have become so common, where there is much exposure to danger from fires, that few business men are to be found without them. But the best and most-to-be-approved safe we have read of is that which is referred to in the following anecdote from Zimmerman:—

"When Demetrius had captured the city of Megara, and the property of the inhabitants had been entirely pillaged by the soldiers, he recollected that Stilpo, a philosopher of great reputation, who sought only the retirement and tranquillity of a studious life, was among the number. Having sent for him, Demetrius asked him if he had lost any thing during the pillage. "No," replied the philosopher; "my property is safe, for it exists only in my mind."

1584. ANECDOTE OF CICERO.

Cicero, who was more sensible of mental pleasures than those of any other kind, says in his oration for the poet Archias, "Why should I be ashamed to acknowledge pleasures like these, since for so many years the enjoyment of them has never prevented me from relieving the wants of others, or deprived me of the courage to attack vice and defend virtue? Who can justly blame—who can censure me—who while others are pursuing the views of interest, gazing at festal shows and idle ceremonies, exploring new pleasures, engaged in midnight revels, in the distraction of gaming, the madness of intemperance, neither reposing the body nor recreating the mind, I spend the recollective hours in a pleasing review of my past life—in dedicating my time to learning and the Muses?"

1585. THE TWO PLINYs.

Pliny the elder devoted every moment of his life to learning. A person read to him during his meals, and he never travelled without a book and a portable writing-desk by his side. He made extracts from every work he read, and scarcely conceiving himself alive while his faculties were absorbed in sleep, endeavored by his diligence to double the duration of his existence.

Pliny the younger read upon all occasions, whether riding, walking or sitting, whenever a moment's leisure afforded him the opportunity. Yet he made it an invariable rule to prefer the discharge of the duties of his station to those occupations which he followed only as an amusement. It was this disposition that so strongly inclined him to solitude and retirement. "Shall I never," he would exclaim in moments of vexation, "brink the fetters by which I am restrained? Are they indissoluble? Alas!

I have no hope of being gratified. Every day brings new torments. No sooner is one duty performed than another succeeds. The chains of business become every hour more weighty and extensive."

1560. A SELF-EDUCATED MAN.

Robert Dodsley, an eminent bookseller and ingenious writer, was born at Mansfield, in England, in 1703. He wrote *Cleon*, a tragedy, and several other dramatic pieces, a poem on agriculture, and was highly esteemed in the literary world. Yet he was very little indebted to the schools for his elevation, but chiefly to what is called natural genius, and an early and insatiable fondness for reading. He was originally a mere livery servant.

1587. THE NOBLE ROMAN.

Manlius Curius, the noblest Roman of the age, having vanquished several warlike nations, driven Pyrrhus out of Italy, and enjoyed three times the honor of a triumph, retired to his cottage in the country, and there cultivated with his own victorious hands his little farm, where the ambassadors from the Samnites arrived, to offer him a large present of gold, he was found seated in his chimney corner dressing turnips. The noble recluse refused the present, and gave the ambassadors this answer: "A man that can be satisfied with such a supper

has no need of gold; and I think it more glorious to conquer the owners of it than to possess it myself."

1588. PETRARCH AND THE BISHOP.

The mind of Petrarch was always gloomy and dejected except when he was reading, writing, or resigned to the agreeable illusions of poetry, upon the banks of some inspiring stream, among the romantic rocks and mountains, or the flower-enclosed valleys of the Alps. To avoid the loss of time during his travels, he constantly wrote at every inn where he stopped for refreshment.

One of his friends,—the Bishop of Cavaillon,—being alarmed lest the intense application with which he studied at Vaucluse might totally ruin a constitution already much impaired, requested of him, one day, the key of his library. Petrarch immediately gave it to him, without asking the reason of his request, when the good bishop, instantly locking up his books and writing-desk, said, "Petrarch, I hereby interdict you from the use of pen, ink, and paper, for the space of ten days."

The sentence was severe; but the offender suppressed his feelings, and submitted to his fate. The first day of exile from his favorite pursuits was tedious, the second was accompanied with incessant headache, and the third brought on symptoms of an approaching fever. The bishop, observing his indisposition, kindly returned him the key, and thus restored him to his health.

§ 165 TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

1589. DISORDERLY HABITS OF DUBOIS.

Cardinal Dubois, prime minister of France, was exceedingly tardy in the fulfilment of his duty, and irregular in all his proceedings. His papers were as much disordered as the builders of Babel were, on the confusion of tongues. When he wanted any memoranda, he was obliged to turn over large piles of lumber, and, being exceedingly irritable, he would stop and give vent to his passion whenever (which was usually the case) his researches were fruitless. One of his clerks, on one occasion, advised him to get a person to perform this ceremony for him, as it would be the means of preventing much delay.

1590. THE SILENT CLUB.

There was at Amadan a celebrated academy. Its first rule was framed in these words:—

"The members of this academy shall think much, write little, and be as mute as they can."

A candidate offered himself—he was too late—the vacancy was filled up. They knew his merit, and lamented their disappointment in lamenting his own. The president was to announce the event; he desired the candidate should be introduced.

He appeared with a simple and modest air,—the sure testimony of merit. The president rose, and presented a cup of pure water to him, so full that a single drop more would have made it overflow: to this emblematical hint he added not a word, but his countenance expressed deep affliction.

The candidate understood that he could not be received because the number was complete, and the

assembly full; yet he maintained his courage, and began to think by what expedient, in the *same kind of language*, he could explain that a supernumerary academician would displace nothing, and make no essential difference in the rule they had prescribed.

Observing at his feet a rose, he picked it up, and laid it gently upon the surface of the water, so gently that not a drop of it escaped. Upon this ingenious reply, the applause was universal; the rule slept or winked in his favor. They presented immediately to him the register upon which the successful candidate was in the habit of writing his name. He wrote it accordingly; he had only to thank them in a single phrase, but he chose to thank them without saying a word.

He figured upon the margin the number of his new associates, 100; then, having put a cipher before the 1, he wrote under it, "*Their value will be the same—0100.*"

To this modesty the ingenious president replied with a politeness equal to his address; he put the figure 1 before the 100, and wrote, "*They will have eleven times the value they had—1100.*"

1591. BYRON AND THE TAILOR.

In the world of anecdotes, one is told of Lord Byron, which is ludicrous, if not instructive. Willis heard it at "a company of very celebrated authors," and from the lips of one of "the celebrated." Here it is:—

He said that Byron would never have gone to Greece but for a tailor in Genoa. The noble bard, he went to say, was very economical, as was well

known in small matters. He had hired a villa at Genoa, and furnished it, with the intention of making it a permanent residence. Lord and Lady Blessington, and a large society of English people of good style, were residing there at the time. In the fullest enjoyment of his house and his mode of life, Byron wanted a new coat; and, having some English cloth, he left it, with his measure, in the hands of a Genoese tailor, with no particular instructions as to the making.

The tailor, overcome with the honor of making a coat for an *Eccellenza Inglese*, embroidered it from collar to tail, and sent it home with a bill as thickly embroidered as the coat. Byron kept the coat, for fear of its being sold, as his, to an actor of English parts on the stage, but resolutely refused to pay for more than the making of a plain and plebeian garment. The tailor threatened an attachment, and Byron assigned over his furniture to his banker, and finally quitted Genoa in disgust, ready, of course, as he would not otherwise have been, for a new project.

From indignation at an embroidered coat tail, the transition to "liberty or death!" "woe to the Moslem!" or any other vent for his accumulated bile, was easy and natural. He embarked in the Greek cause soon after, and the embroidered coat was not (as it should have been) "flung to the breeze at Salamis"—the banner of inspired heroism.

1592. ARISTOTLE ON LEARNING.

Aristotle was asked what were the advantages of learning. He replied, "It is an ornament to a man in prosperity, and a refuge to him in adversity."

1593. DR JOHNSON'S PUDDING.

The following anecdote, derived from the notes of a traveller, may or may not be true; but it bears some of the marks of truth. In any event, if there be truth in the maxim, "Laugh and be fat," it may do good to insert it. We give it in the words of the traveller himself.

Last summer I made an excursion to Scotland, with a view of completing my series of views, and went over the same grounds described by the learned tourists Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and, perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. The landlord I found to be, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

"Sir," said he, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew McGregor, a relation of mine; and these hard-bottomed chairs in which we are now sitting, were years ago filled by the great tourists Dr. Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackall. Boswell usually preceded the doctor in search of food. Being much pleased with the cooks of the house, he followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton: he ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. 'Now,' said he, 'make the best of pudding.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his

friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

"My dear sir," said Boswell, out of breath with joy and good news, 'I have just bespoke, in a comfortable and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal.'

"Johnson looked pleased. 'And I hope,' said he, 'you have bespoke a pudding.'

"'Sir, you have your favorite pudding,' said the other.

"Johnson got off the pony; the poor animal, relieved of the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for the delicious treat. Johnson felt his coat rather damp from the mists of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire. He sat on a hob near a little boy, who was very busy attending to the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson, moreover, did not like in the least the appearance of his head when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, and the other was never idle; and the doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner being announced, Boswell exclaimed.—

"'My dear doctor, here comes the mutton. What a picture! Done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!'

"The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said,—

"'I suppose I have to carve, as usual. What part shall I help you to?'

"The doctor replied, 'My dear boy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.'

"'O, dear, this is a disappointment,' said Boswell.

"'Say no more. I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.'

"Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. 'How the gravy runs! What fine-flavored fat, so nice and brown, too! Ah, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.'

"The meat being removed, in came the long-wished-for pudding. The doctor looked joyous; fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly finished, all the pudding. And Mr. Boswell said,—

"'Doctor, while I was carving the mutton, you seemed inclined to laugh; pray tell me what tickled your fancy?'

"The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a par-nip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried—the doctor laughed.

"'You snivelling fellow,' said Boswell, 'why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning.'

"'I couldn't, sir,' said the boy.

"'Why couldn't you?' said Boswell.

"'Because my mamma took it from me to boil the pudding in.'

"The doctor gathered up his herculean frame—stood erect—touched the ceiling with his wig—squinted—indeed, looked any way but the right way. At last, with mouth wide open, and none of the smallest, and stomach heaving, he, with some difficulty, recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out,—

"Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing, and, under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any man living while you breathe."

1594. DAVY'S BEQUEST.

Humphry Davy's great invention, the safety lamp, which might have been a source of great profit to him, he presented, with characteristic liberality, to the public. When pressed to secure to himself the benefit of a patent, he declined to do so, in conformity with the high-minded resolution, which he formed upon acquiring independent wealth, of never making his scientific eminence subservient to gain, he uttered the following remarkable words: "I have enough for all my views and purposes. More wealth might be troublesome, and distract my attention from those pursuits in which I delight. More wealth could not increase my fame or happiness. It might undoubtedly enable me to put four horses to my carriage; but what would it avail me to have it said that Sir Humphry drives his carriage and four?"

Which is the easiest — to make this resolution and abide by it, when in the possession of ten thousand dollars or one hundred thousand dollars? And in which case is the renunciation most praiseworthy?

1595. DISINTERESTEDNESS.

One of the noblest bequests ever made by a literary man to the public, was that of Viscount Fitzwilliam of Ireland. This illustrious nobleman left to the University of Cambridge his *Alma Mater*, his splendid library, pictures, drawings, and engravings, together with sixty thousand pounds sterling, for the erection of a museum for their reception and exhibition. In this valuable collection there are more than ten thousand proof prints by the first artists, with a very extensive library of rare and costly works, among which are nearly three hundred Roman Missals finely illuminated.

1596. LAVATER AND PHYSIOGNOMY

As a physiognomist, Lavater has shown himself an original observer, and may even claim to be called, in some sense, a discoverer. He differed from all who had preceded him in this science, in directing his attention rather to the firm and stationary — "the defined and definable" — parts of the countenance, than to those which are movable and accidental. He distinguished between what is

superficial in the character — the passions and accidental determinations of the individual — and the original self. The former he supposed to be indicated by the movable and muscular parts of the countenance, the latter by the firm and bony. In order to form an opinion of the character from the face, he required to see the face at rest — in sleep or in an unconscious state.

The following anecdote is related by his son-in-law, G. Gessner, as an instance of his practical skill in this science: "A person to whom he was an entire stranger was once announced and introduced to him as a visitor. The first idea that rose in his mind, the moment he saw him, was, 'This man is a murderer.' He, however, immediately suppressed the thought as unjustifiably hasty and severe, and conversed with the person with his accustomed civility. The cultivated understanding, extensive information, and ease of manner which he discovered in his visitor inspired him with the highest respect for his intellectual endowments; and his esteem for these, added to his natural candor and benevolence, induced him to disregard the unfavorable impression he had received from his first appearance, with respect to his moral character. The next day, he dined with him by invitation; but soon after, it was known that this accomplished gentleman was one of the assassins of the late King of Sweden; and he found it advisable to leave the country as soon as possible."

In Goethe's reminiscences of Lavater occurs the following: "Not long after this, I came into connection with Lavater also. The Letter of a Pastor to his Colleagues (one of Goethe's youthful productions) had been very luminous to him, in passages; for there was much in it that fully coincided with his own sentiments. With his ceaseless driving, our correspondence soon became very brisk. He was just making earnest preparations for his larger *Physiognomik*. He called upon every body to send him drawings, profiles, but especially pictures of Christ; and although what I could render in this way amounted to almost nothing, he insisted upon it, once for all, that he would have a Savior drawn according to my conception of him. Such requisitions of the impossible gave rise to many jests, and I knew no other way of defending myself against his peculiarities but by turning out my own. . . .

"He had commissioned a not unskilful painter in Frankfort to send him the profiles of several individuals whom he mentioned. The sender allowed himself the jest of sending Bahrdt's portrait at first, instead of mine; whereupon came back a pleasant, indeed, but a thundering epistle, with all sorts of trumps and asseverations that this could not be my picture, and with whatever else Lavater, on such an occasion, might have to say in confirmation of his physiognomical doctrine."

§ 166. CULTIVATION.

1597. POLLISON, CERVANTES, BUNYAN, AND OTHERS.

Pollison, who was fond of literature, was confined in the Bastille for many years; and he asserts that a close application to literary subjects enabled him to soften the rigors of his confinement.

Cervantes, while in prison, composed his famous work for the purpose of amusing himself.

Bunyan wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress* under similar circumstances.

Dolomieu was confined in a loathsome dungeon, and deprived of pen, ink, and paper; but he pursued his favorite studies, using a bit of a stick for a pen, the snuff of his candle mixed with water for ink; and on the margin of old books, and on scraps of paper, he composed his famous work, *Sur la Philosophie Minéralogique*.

Thomas Campanella was imprisoned for twenty-seven years in Spain; and he offered his testimony also in favor of science.

1598. IMPORTANCE OF MENTAL AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The union of worldly with intellectual matters — of business or professional engagements with literary pursuits — makes a pleasing mixture, and causes the one to serve as a relaxation to the other. Dr. Johnson is said to have exclaimed, "O that I had been brought up to some profession!"

1599. INTENSITY OF MENTAL LABOR.

Boerhaave asserts that after he had engaged himself in some deep and intricate studies, he became unable to sleep for several nights.

Beattie could not endure the sight of his Essay on Truth, after its completion. The remembrance of the mental pain which he had suffered in composing it so agitated his feelings that he looked on it with horror.

1600. GASSENDI, SIR MATTHEW HALE, AND OTHERS.

Gassendi was accustomed to read, throughout the greater part of the night, by the lamp in the parish church, his parents being too poor to supply him with candles.

William Prynne was exceedingly diligent; he read or wrote about sixteen hours in the day. To prevent loss of time, he caused his food to be laid on a table in his study; and when he was hungry, he made a scanty meal.

Sir Matthew Hale relates, with regard to himself, that he labored for sixteen hours in the day during the first two years that he spent in the Inns of Court.

Descartes frequently studied fifteen hours in the day.

M. de Buffon studied twelve or fourteen hours.

Joseph Scaliger was so exceedingly fond of intellectual engagements, that he would sometimes remain in his study for two or three days without food.

John Knox evinced a high opinion of the value of learning, when he said to Queen Mary of Scotland, in his blunt phrasology, "I am here now;

yet I cannot tell what other men shall judge of me, that, at this time of day, I am absent from my book, and waiting at court."

Carnandes was so enamored with the pursuits of knowledge, that he scarcely allowed himself time to pare his nails or comb his hair.

Budæus and Turnebus spent their wedding days in the study.

1601. THE PLEASURE OF RESEARCH.

Something must be alleged in favor of those who may sometimes indulge researches too minutely; perhaps there is a point beyond which nothing remains but useless curiosity; yet this, too, may be relative. The pleasure of these pursuits is only tasted by those who are accustomed to them, and whose employments are thus converted into amusements. "A man of fine genius," A ldison relates, "trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, upon being obliged to search into several rolls and records, at first found this a very dry and irksome employment; yet he assured me, that at last he took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil and Cicero."

1602. MARCELLUS.

Brutus relates that he saw Marcellus in exile at Mitylene, living in all the happiness of which human nature is capable, and cultivating with as much assiduity as ever all kinds of laudable knowledge. This spectacle made him think that it was rather he who went into banishment, since he was to return without Marcellus, who remained in it. Brutus adds that Cæsar overshot Mitylene, because he could not stand the sight of Marcellus, reduced to a state so unworthy of him.

The eloquence of Cicero, whose oration in favor of Marcellus is extant, procured his recall; the whole senate interceding for him with such earnestness, that they seemed to be suppliants for themselves, rather than for Brutus. "This," says Lord Bolingbroke, "was to return with honor; but surely he remained abroad with greater, when Brutus could not resolve to leave him, nor Cæsar to see him; for both of them bore witness of his merit. Brutus grieved, and Cæsar blushed, to go to Rome without him." Marcellus, however, was assassinated at Athens, on his return home, by Chilo, an old friend and fellow-soldier. Chilo's motive is not explained.

§ 167. LOGIC AND LOGICIANS.

1603. A COUPLE OF SYLLOGISMS.

Notwithstanding the very valuable use of syllogistic reasoning, when properly employed, it has often been used to prove the worst doctrines good, and the grossest falsehoods truths. The following anecdotes may serve as ludicrous specimens of logical perversion:—

Granger, who was a remarkably ugly man, contended that he was the handsomest thing in the world. He proves it thus:—

"The handsomest part of the world," said he,

"is Europe; of Europe, France; of France, Paris; of Paris, the university; of the university, the college of —; in the college of —, the handsomest chamber is mine; in my chamber, I am the handsomest thing — *ergo*, I am the handsomest thing in the world."

The other specimen is a man who said he would prove a scolloped oyster to be better than heaven; which he attempted by this curious syllogism:—

"A scolloped oyster is better than nothing; and nothing is better than heaven — *ergo*, a scolloped oyster is better than heaven."

1604. THE STOICAL PROBLEM.

There was a famous problem among the Stoics, which ran thus: "When a man says, '*Lie*,' does he lie, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth, he lies." Many were the profound works written on this wonderful problem. Chrysippus favored the world with no less than six; and Philetus studied himself to death in his vain attempts to solve it.

1605. THE DOG'S SYLLOGISM.

On a certain occasion, King James visited the University of Cambridge. Some of the most learned members of the university were appointed to dispute before him. The question was, *whether brutes had reason, and could make syllogisms*.

Mr. Preston, a fellow of Queen's College, used the following argument for the affirmative: "A hound, when he comes to a place where three ways

meet, tries one, and then another, but, finding no scent, runs down the third with full cry, concluding that, as the hare had not taken either of the first two, she must necessarily have taken the third." The argument, we are told, had a wonderful effect upon the learned audience, and especially upon the king, who would have bestowed some church preferment upon its author, but for his known inclination to *Puritanism*. A nobleman present testified his approbation by settling fifty pounds a year upon him. Logic was certainly at a premium at Cambridge in those days.

1606. THE DILEMMA OF PROTAGORAS.

Protagoras maintained that all is illusion, and that there is no such thing as truth. But Aristotle refuted him by the following dilemma: "Your proposition is true or false; if it is false, then you are answered; if true, then there is something true, and your proposition fails."

§ 168. LYPOGRAMMATISTS.

1607. TRYPHIODORUS, PINDAR, AND OTHERS.

The Greeks composed lypogrammatic works—works in which one letter of the alphabet is omitted. A lypogrammatist is a letter-dropper. In this manner, Tryphiodorus wrote his *Odyssey*: he had not *α* in his first book, nor *β* in his second; and so on with the subsequent letters, one after another. This *Odyssey* was an imitation of the lypogrammatic *Iliad* of Nestor. Among other works of this kind, Athenæus mentions an ode by Pindar, in which he had purposely omitted the letter *s*; so that this incept ingenuity appears to have been one of those literary fashions, which are sometimes encouraged even by those who should first oppose such progresses into the realms of nonsense.

There is in Latin a little prose work of Fulgentius, which the author divides into twenty-three chapters, according to the order of the twenty-three letters of the Latin alphabet. From A to O are still remaining. The first chapter is without A; the second without B; the third without C; and so with the rest. Du Chat, in the *Ducatianna*, says there are five novels in prose of Lope de Vega; the first without A, the second without B, the third without I, &c. Who will attempt to examine them?

In the *Ecloga* de Calvis, by Hugbald, the monk, all the words began with a C.

The Orientalists are not without this literary folly. A Persian poet read to the celebrated Jami a gazel of his own composition, which Jami did not like; but the writer replied it was, notwithstanding, a very curious sonnet, for the letter *Aliff* was not to be found in any one of the words! Jami sarcastically replied, "You can do a better thing yet; take away *all the letters* from every word you have written."

1608. GREGORIO LETI AND LORD NORTH.

Gregorio Leti presented a discourse to the Academy of the Humorists at Rome, throughout which

he had purposely omitted the letter R, and he entitled it the exiled R. A friend having requested a copy, as a literary curiosity,—for so he considered this idle performance,—Leti, to show it was not so difficult a matter, replied by a copious answer of seven pages, in which he had observed the same severe ostracism against the letter R. Lord North, one of the finest gentlemen in the court of James I., has written a set of sonnets, each of which begins with a successive letter of the alphabet.

1609. LOPE DE VEGA.

Lope de Vega, the lypogrammatist, was a celebrated Spanish dramatic poet of the sixteenth century. It is said that he printed more than twenty-one million three hundred thousand lines; which, at fifty lines to a page, and four hundred and twenty-six pages to the volume, would be equal to a thousand large volumes. And yet, in one of his latest works, he affirmed that the printed portions of his works were fewer than those which were yet in manuscript, but were ready for the press.

Many have doubted the truth of his statements; but Perez de Montalvan attests that he composed as rapidly in poetry as in prose, and that he could make verses faster than his amanuensis could write them. He estimates his plays at eighteen hundred, and his sacramental pieces, as he calls them, at four hundred. There is no doubt that he was a voluminous writer, and one might almost think that lypogrammatism was not only a convenience to him, but a necessary. Short hand in those days, we believe, was very little understood.

But Lope de Vega was a learned man, as well as a voluminous writer. One of his volumes—the *Aradia*—makes the shepherds, with their *Dulcineas*, discuss questions of theology, grammar, rhetoric, arithmetic, geography, music, and poetry. He died at the age of seventy-three.

MANUSCRIPTS.

§ 169. DISCOVERY OF RARE AND VALUABLE
MANUSCRIPTS.

1610. PAPYRUS MANUSCRIPTS OF HERCULANEUM.



It is now nearly a century since the resuscitation of Herculaneum and Pompeii began to attract the attention of antiquaries and lovers of classical literature. Two different elements contributed to the destruction of those two cities, traces of which are to be seen every where. In Pompeii a torrent of volcanic mud was active, and was the cause of the wonderful preservation even of the colors of the paintings; whilst the fire which raged at Herculaneum destroyed almost every thing — except the thoughts of men. It was this destructive

element, (the fire,) which, by converting the papyrus into a sort of charcoal, was instrumental in its eventual preservation. It cannot be said that the unrolling of these manuscripts has yet answered the expectations of the public, or the expenses of the Neapolitan government, as it has happened that the library preserved was that of an Epicurean philosopher, and confined to a very limited range of literature. The Neapolitan government has expended in the institution connected with the unrolling of those manuscripts nearly six thousand ducats per month, and the following are the results hitherto obtained from its operations:—

So long back as 1793, the work of Philodemus, on the effects of music, was unrolled. Its tenor is wholly Epicurean, its objects being to show that music has no effect of any importance on man, and that it is a superfluous, unnecessary art. The work contains thirty-eight columns, or pages, and is in Greek.

In the year 1809, the work of a certain Rabirius was unrolled, being a poem on the battles between Cæsar and Mark Antony. This is the only papyrus, hitherto unrolled, written in Latin. At the same time, the second and eleventh books of Epicurus *De Natura* were unrolled, treating of meteors. In the year 1827, Philodemus on virtue, and the voices opposed to it, and a separate work on vices, made their appearance. In the first-named work, the author ascribes one of Aristotle's popular works to Theophrastus. Several topics of husbandry and agriculture, and the treatment of children and slaves, are discussed in the latter work.

In the year 1832 was unrolled Polystratus on undeserved contempt, or the sense of honor, and what is to be done or omitted by man; in the same year, Philodemus on rhetoric, treating of sophistry, and discussing the question, whether true patience be compatible with eloquence. In the year 1835 was unrolled Philodemus on the right of every one, especially of philosophers, to express their ideas freely in conversation; which was followed, in the year 1839, by another work of the same author, on the living of the gods, their social and domestic habits, their favorite meals, &c.

In the same year was unrolled Metrodorus on sentiment and feeling, which, however, was considered a work of no value. The *Academia Ercolanensis* has edited the whole of the papyrus unrolled, in six folio volumes, which contain some complements of the passages wanting, and a Latin translation of the Greek text. As every one not either the means or opportunity of perusing this voluminous work, the Cavalier Lorenzo Blanco has extracted the substance of the six volumes, and published it in three small octavo volumes, written in Italian. He is one of the *employés* in the *Officina de' Papiri*, and is fully qualified for his task. This work is entitled *Epitome de' Volumi Ercolanensi*.

1611. GALILEO'S LITERARY CRITICISM.

Serassi, the writer of the curious *Life of Tasso*, was guilty of an extraordinary suppression in his zeal for the poet's memory. The story remains to be told, for it is little known.

Galileo, in early life, was a lecturer at the University of Pisa. Delighting in poetical studies, he was then more of a critic than a philosopher, and had Ariosto by heart. This great man caught the literary mania which broke out about his time, when the Crusicans so absurdly began their *Controversie Tassesse*, and raised up two poetical factions, which infected the Italians with a national fever. Tasso and Ariosto were perpetually weighed and outweighed against each other. Galileo wrote annotations on Tasso, stanza after stanza, and without reserve, treating the majestic bard with a severity which must have thrown the Tassoists into an agony. Our critic lent his manuscript to Jacopo Mazzoni, who, probably being a disguised Tassoist, by some unaccountable means contrived that the manuscript should be absolutely lost — to the deep regret of the author and all the Ariostoists. The philosopher descended to his grave not without occasional groans, nor without exulting reminiscences of the blows he had in his youth inflicted on the great rival of Ariosto; and the rumor of such a work long floated on tradition.

Two centuries had nearly elapsed, when Serassi employed on his elaborate *Life of Tasso*, among his uninterrupted researches in the public libraries of Rome, discovered a miscellaneous volume, in which on a cursory examination, he found deposited

the lost manuscript of Galileo. It was a shock from which, perhaps, the zealous biographer of Tasso never fairly recovered; the awful name of Galileo sanctioned the asperity of critical decision, and more particularly the severe remarks on the language—a subject on which the Italians are so morbidly delicate, and so trivially grave.

Serassi's conduct on this occasion was at once politic, timorous, and cunning. Gladly would he have annihilated the original, but this was impossible. It was some consolation that the manuscript was totally unknown; for, having got mixed with others, it had accidentally been passed over, and not entered into the catalogue; his own diligent eye only had detected its existence. "*Nessuno fin ora sa, fuori di me, se vi sia, ne dove sia, e così non potrà darci alla luce.*" &c. But in the true spirit of a collector, avaricious of all things connected with his pursuits, Serassi cautiously, but completely, transcribed the precious manuscript, with an intention, according to his memorandum, to unravel all its sophistry. However, although the abbate never wanted leisure, he persevered in his silence; yet he often trembled lest some future explorer of manuscripts might be found as sharp-sighted as himself. He was so cautious as not even to venture to note down the library where the manuscript was to be found, and to this day no one appears to have fallen on the volume.

On the death of Serassi, his papers came to the hands of the Duke of Ceri, a lover of literature; the transcript of the yet undiscovered original was then revealed; and this secret history of the manuscript was drawn from a note on the title page, written by Serassi himself. To satisfy the urgent curiosity of the literati, these annotations on Tasso, by Galileo, were published in 1793.

Here is a work which, from its earliest stage, much pains had been taken to suppress; but Serassi's collecting passion inducing him to preserve what he himself so much wished should never appear finally occasioned its publication. It adds one evidence to the many, which prove that such sinister practices have been frequently used by the historian of a party, poetic or politic.

1612. JOHN EVELYN'S KALENDARUM.

The Manuscript Diary, or Kalendarium, of the celebrated John Evelyn lay among the family papers at Wotton, in Surrey, from the period of his death, in 1706, until their rare interest and value were discovered in the following singular manner:—

The library at Wotton is rich in curious books with notes in John Evelyn's handwriting, as well as papers on various subjects, and transcripts of letters by the philosopher, who appeared never to have employed an amanuensis. The arrangement of these treasures was, many years since, intrusted to the late Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution, who made a complete catalogue of the collection.

One afternoon, as Lady Evelyn and a female companion were seated in one of the fine old apartments of Wotton, making feather tippets, her ladyship pleasantly observed to Mr. Upcott, "You may think this featherwork a strange way of passing time; it is, however, my hobby, and I dare say, you, too, Mr. Upcott, have *your hobby.*" The librarian replied that his favorite pursuit was the collection of the autographs of eminent persons. Lady Evelyn remarked that, in all probability, the

manuscripts of "*Sylva*" Evelyn would afford Mr. Upcott some amusement. His reply may be well imagined. The bell was rung, and a servant desired to bring the papers from a lumber-room of the old mansion; and from one of the baskets so produced was brought to light the manuscript Diary of John Evelyn—one of the most finished specimens of autobiography in the whole compass of English literature.

The publication of the Diary, with a selection of familiar letters and private correspondence, was intrusted to Mr. William Bray, F. S. A.; and the last sheets of the manuscript, with a dedication to Lady Evelyn, were actually in the hands of the printer at the hour of her death. The work appeared in 1818; and a volume of Miscellaneous Papers, by Evelyn, was subsequently published, under Mr. Upcott's editorial superintendence.

Wotton House, though situate in the angle of two valleys, is actually on part of Leith Hill, the rise from thence being very gradual. Evelyn's Diary contains a pen-and-ink sketch of the mansion as it appeared in 1653.

1613. TACITUS IN A MONASTERY.

The most valuable copy of Tacitus, of whom so much is wanting, was discovered in a monastery of Westphalia. It is a curious circumstance in literary history, that we should owe Tacitus to this single copy, for the Roman emperor of that name had copies of the works of his illustrious ancestor placed in all the libraries of the empire, and every year had ten copies transcribed; but the Roman libraries seem to have been all destroyed, and the imperial protection availed nothing against the teeth of time.

1614. QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MANUSCRIPT.

In 1825, the son of Mr. Lemon, the keeper of the state papers, discovered, on examining some of the papers of the reign of Elizabeth, a paper in the handwriting of the queen, and marked "*The Third Booke*." Conceiving this to belong to something of importance, he placed it carefully aside, and, by a diligent search, at length obtained the papers of four other books, which proved to be an entire translation of *Boethius De Consolatione Philosophiæ*. In Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, it is mentioned that Queen Elizabeth had translated this work; but no vestige of it was known to exist. Nearly the whole of the work is in her majesty's own handwriting; but there are parts evidently written by her private secretary, and by the secretary of state of the time. All the difficult passages and all the poetical portions are in the queen's own hand, and it is not a little curious, that in the translation of the latter she had imitated all the variety of metre which is found in the work. It is therefore a literal, rather than a poetical translation. There are letters also discovered which identify this translation to have been made by the queen, and it is to be hoped that the public will soon be gratified with the publication of this literary curiosity. From a document accompanying this translation, it appears that her majesty composed the work at Windsor, during five weeks of the winter season; and from a courtly computation made by the queen's secretary, we collect the information, that less than twenty-four hours

of labor were actually bestowed upon this manuscript of many pages.

1615. CARDINAL GRANVELLE'S LETTERS.

Cardinal Granvelle carefully preserved all his letters. He left behind him several chests filled with a prodigious quantity, written in different languages, commented, noted, and underlined by his own hand. These curious manuscripts, after his death, were left in a garret to the mercy of the rain and the rats. Five or six of these chests the steward sold to the grocers. It was then that a discovery was made of this treasure. Several learned men occupied themselves in collecting as many of these literary relics as they possibly could. What were saved formed eighty thick folios. Among these original letters are found great numbers, written by almost all the crowned heads in Europe, with instructions for ambassadors, and many other state papers.

1616. RESEARCHES OF POGGIO AND OTHERS

At the restoration of letters, every part of Europe and Greece was ransacked; and, the glorious results considered, there was something sublime in this humble industry, which often produced a lost author of antiquity, and gave one more classic to the world. This occupation was carried on with enthusiasm, and a kind of mania possessed many, who exhausted their fortunes in distant voyages and profuse prices. Among those whose lives were devoted to this purpose, Poggio, the Florentine, stands distinguished; but he complains that his zeal was not assisted by the great. He found under a heap of rubbish, in a decayed coffer, in a

tower belonging to the Monastery of St. Gallo, the work of Quintilian. He is indignant at its forlorn situation. "At least," he cries, "it should have been preserved in the library of the monks; but I found it in *veterrimo quodam et obscuro carceret*." And, to his great joy, he drew it out of its grave. The monks have been complimented as the preservers of literature; but by facts like the present, their real affection may be somewhat doubted.

1617. THE MAGNA CHARTA RESCUED FROM A TAILOR'S SCISSORS.

Sir Robert Cotton one day, at his tailor's, discovered that the man was holding in his hand, ready to cut up for measures, an original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signatures. He bought the singular curiosity for a trifle, and recovered in this manner what had long been given over for lost. This anecdote is told by Colomies, who long resided and died in Great Britain. The original Magna Charta is preserved in the Cottonian library. It exhibits marks of dilapidation; but whether from the invisible scythe of time, or the humble scissors of a tailor, we leave to archaeological inquiry.

1618. JUSTINIAN'S CODE.

The original manuscript of Justinian's Code was discovered by the Pisans, accidentally, when they took a city in Calabria. That vast code of laws had been, in a manner, unknown from the time of that emperor. This curious book was brought to Pisa, and, when Pisa was taken by the Florentines, was transferred to Florence, where it is still preserved.

§ 170. DESTRUCTION OR LOSS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

1619. LITERARY DISHONESTY.

Leland's invaluable manuscripts were left at his death in the confused state in which the mind of the writer had sunk, overcome by his incessant labors, when this royal antiquary was employed by Henry VIII. to write our national antiquities. His scattered manuscripts were long a common prey to many who never acknowledged their fountain head. Among these suppressors and dilapidators, pre-eminently stands the crafty Italian Polydore Virgil, who not only drew largely from this source, but, to cover the robbery, did not omit to depreciate the father of our antiquities—an act of a piece with the character of the man, who is said to have collected and burnt a greater number of historical manuscripts than would have loaded a wagon, to prevent the detection of the numerous fabrications in his History of England, which were composed to gratify Mary and the Catholic cause.

1620. TRICKS OF AUTHORS.

It is suspected that the historical antiquary Speed owed many obligations to the learned Hugh Broughton, for he possessed a vast number of his manuscripts, which he burnt. Why did he

burn? If persons place themselves in suspicious situations, they must not complain if they be suspected. We have had historians, who, whenever they met with information which has not suited their historical system, or their inveterate prejudices, have employed interpolations, castrations, and forgeries, and in some cases have annihilated the entire document.

1621. THE HARLEIAN MANUSCRIPT.

The Harleian manuscript 7379 is a collection of state letters. This manuscript has four leaves entirely torn out, and is accompanied by this extraordinary memorandum, signed by the principal librarian:—

"Upon examination of this book, Nov. 12, 1764, these four last leaves were torn out.

"C. MORTON.

"Mem. Nov. 12, sent down to Mrs. Macaulay."

As no memorandum of the name of any student, to whom a manuscript is delivered for his researches, was ever made before or since, or in the nature of things will ever be, this memorandum must involve that female historian in the obloquy of this dilapidation.

1022. DIARY OF THE MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.

We have a remarkable case, where a most interesting historical production has been silently annihilated by the consent of both parties. There once existed an important diary of a very extraordinary character, Sir George Saville, afterwards Marquis of Halifax. This master spirit,—for such I am inclined to consider the author of the little book of *Maxims and Reflections*,—with a philosophical indifference, appears to have held in equal contempt all the factions of his times, and, consequently, has often incurred their severe censures. Among other things, the Marquis of Halifax had noted down the conversations he had had with Charles II., and the great and busy characters of the age. Of this curious secret history there existed two copies, and the noble writer imagined that by this means he had carefully secured their existence; yet both copies were destroyed from opposite motives—one at the instigation of the Pope, who was alarmed at finding some of the Catholic intrigues of the court developed; and the other at the suggestion of a noble friend, who was equally shocked at discovering that his party, the revolutionists, had sometimes practised mean and dishonorable deceptions. It is in these legacies of honorable men, of whatever party they may be, that we expect to find truth and sincerity. But thus it happens, that the last hope of posterity is often frustrated by the artifices or the malignity of these party passions.

1023. THE LETTERS OF PEIRESC A SUBSTITUTE FOR FIREWOOD.

At the death of the learned Peiresc, a chamber in his house filled with letters from the most eminent scholars of the age was discovered. The learned in Europe had addressed Peiresc in their difficulties, who was hence called the *avocat général* of the republic of letters. Such was the disposition of his niece, that, although repeatedly entreated to permit them to be published, she preferred to regale herself occasionally with burning these learned epistles, to save the expense of firewood.

1024. SINGULAR EFFECT OF SUDDEN MISFORTUNE.

The republic of letters has suffered irreparable losses by shipwrecks. Guarino Veronese, one of those learned Italians who travelled through Greece for the recovery of manuscripts, had his persever-

ance repaid by the acquisition of many valuable works. On his return to Italy he was shipwrecked, and, "unfortunately for himself and the world," says Mr. Roscoe, "he lost his treasures." So pungent was his grief on this occasion, that, according to the relation of one of his countrymen, his hair became suddenly white.

1025. LEONARDO DA VINCI.

The manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci suffered from his relatives. When a curious collector discovered some, he generously brought them to a descendant of the great painter, who coldly observed that he had a great deal more in the garret, which had lain there for many years, if the rats had not destroyed them. Nothing which this great artist wrote but showed an inventive genius.

1026. CICERO ON GLORY.

Raimond Soranzo, a lawyer in the Papal court, possessed two books of Cicero on Glory, which he presented to Petrarch, who lent them to a poor aged man of letters, formerly his preceptor. Urged by extreme want, the old man pawned them, and, returning home, died suddenly without having revealed where he had left them. They have never been recovered. Petrarch speaks of them with ecstasy, and tells us that he had studied them perpetually. Two centuries afterwards this treatise on Glory, by Cicero, was mentioned in a catalogue of books bequeathed to a monastery of nuns, but, when inquired after, was missing. It was supposed that Petrus Alcyonius, physician to that household, purloined it, and after transcribing as much of it as he could into his own writings, had destroyed the original. Alcyonius, in his book *De Exilio*, the critics observed, had many splendid passages which stood isolated in his work, and were quite above his genius. The beggar, or in this case the thief, was detected by mending his rags with patches of purple and gold.

1027. PULTENEY'S MEMOIRS.

Pulteney, afterwards the Earl of Bath, had prepared memoirs of his times, which he proposed to confide to Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, to be composed by the bishops; but his lordship's heir, the general, insisted on destroying these authentic documents, of the value of which we have a notion by one of those conversations which the earl was in the habit of indulging with Hooke, whom he at that time appears to have intended for his historian.

§ 171. MISCELLANEOUS.

1028. SPANISH AND FRENCH LITERATURE.

Books were so scarce in Spain in the tenth century, that several monasteries had among them only one copy of the Bible, one of Jerome's Epistles, and one of several other religious books. There are some curious instances given by Lupus, Abbot of Ferrieris, of the extreme scarcity of classical manuscripts in the middle of the ninth century. He

was much devoted to literature, and, from his letters, appears to have been indefatigable in his endeavors to find out such manuscripts, in order to borrow and copy them. In a letter to the pope, he earnestly requests of him a copy of Quintilian, and of a treatise of Cicero; "for," he adds, "though we have some fragments of them, a complete copy is not to be found in France." In two other of his letters, he requests of a brother abbot the loan of several manuscripts, which he assures him shall be

copied, and returned as soon as possible by a faithful messenger.

Another time he sent a special messenger to borrow a manuscript, promising that he would take very great care of it, and return it by a safe opportunity, and requesting the person who lent it to him, if he were asked to whom he had lent it, to reply, to some near relations of his own, who had been very urgent to borrow it. Another manuscript, which he seems to have prized much, and a loan of which had been so frequently requested that he thought of *banishing* it somewhere, that it might not be destroyed or lost, he tells a friend he may, perhaps, lend him when he comes to see him, but that he will not trust it to the messenger who had been sent for it, though a monk, and trustworthy, because he was travelling on foot.

1629. VALUE OF A MANUSCRIPT.

There have been ages when, for the possession of a manuscript, some would transfer an estate, or leave in pawn for its loan hundreds of golden crowns; and when even the sale or loan of a manuscript was considered of such importance as to have been solemnly registered in public acts. Absolute as was Louis XI., he could not obtain the manuscript of Rasis, an Arabian writer, to make a copy, from the library of the faculty of Paris, without pledging a hundred golden crowns; and the president of his treasury, charged with this commission, sold part of his plate to make the deposit. For the loan of a volume of Avicenna a baron offered a pledge of ten marks of silver, which was

refused, because it was not considered equal to the risk incurred of losing a volume of Avicenna. These events occurred in 1471. One cannot but smile at an anterior period, when a Countess of Anjou bought a favorite book of homilies for two hundred sheep, some skins of martins, and some bushels of wheat and rye.

1630. LITERARY BROKERAGE.

In ancient times manuscripts were important articles of commerce; they were excessively scarce, and preserved with the utmost care. Usurers themselves considered them as precious objects for pawn. A student of Pavia, who was reduced by his debaucheries, raised a new fortune by leaving in pawn a manuscript of a body of law; and a grammarian, who was ruined by a fire, rebuilt his house with two small volumes of Cicero.

1631. CONNOISSEURSHIP.

A few years ago, some ignorant or over-cunning individuals imported into Europe several Arabic manuscripts, very superbly bound, and in the most excellent condition. These were eagerly bought up by persons who were rather admirers than readers of Arabic. Some of the connoisseurs, who thought their sealed books a great treasure, showed them to persons better skilled in the language than themselves, when it was discovered that these learned treasures merely consisted of the legers and other account books of Arabian tradesman.

MEMORY.

§ 172. STRENGTH AND ACTIVITY OF MEMORY.

1632. MAGLIABECHI'S PRODIGIOUS MEMORY.



MAGLIABECHI was born at Florence, on the 29th of October, 1633. His parents were of so low and mean a rank that they were well satisfied when they had got him into the service of a man who sold greens. He had never learned to read, and yet he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books, that were used as waste paper in his master's shop.

A bookseller who lived in the neighborhood, and who had often observed this, and knew the boy could not read, asked him what he

meant by looking so much at the printed paper. He said that he did not know how it was, but that he loved it of all things; that he was very uneasy in the business he was in, and should be the happiest creature in the world if he could live with him, who had always so many books about him. The bookseller was pleased with his answer, and at last told him, that, if his master was willing to part with him, he would take him.

Young Magliabechi was highly delighted, and the more so when his master, at the bookseller's request, gave him leave to go. He went, therefore, directly to his new and much-desired business, and had not been long in it before he could find any book that was asked for as readily as the bookseller himself. Some time after this he learned to read, and from this time forth, whenever he could find a moment's leisure, he was found with a book in his hand.

He seems never to have applied himself to any particular study. An inclination for reading was his ruling passion, and a prodigious memory his great talent. He read every book, almost indifferently, as they happened to come into his hands, and that with a surprising quickness, and yet retained not only the sense, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling.

His extraordinary application and talents soon recommended him to Ermini, librarian to the Cardinal of Medici, and Marmi, the great duke's

librarian. He was by them introduced into the conversations of the learned, and made known at court; and he began to be looked upon every where as a prodigy, particularly for vast and unbounded memory.

It is said that there was a trial made of the force of his memory, which, if true, is very amazing. A gentleman of Florence, who had written a piece which was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabechi, and, some time after it had been returned, went to him, with a melancholy face, and pretended to have met with a most unhappy accident, by which, he said, he had lost his manuscript. The author seemed almost inconsolable for the loss of his work, and entreated Magliabechi to try to recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down. Magliabechi assured him he would, and, on setting about it, wrote down the whole manuscript, without missing a word.

By treasuring up every thing he read in so strange a manner, or at least the subject and all the principal parts of the books he ran over, his head became, at last, as one of his acquaintances expressed himself, "a universal index, both of titles and matter."

By this time Magliabechi was grown so famous for the vast extent of his reading, and his amazing retention of what he had read, that it began to grow common amongst the learned to consult him when they were writing on any subject. Thus, for instance, if a priest were composing a panegyric on a particular saint, Magliabechi would, on his applying to him, inform him what writers had spoken favorably of the saint, and in what part of their works the commendations were to be found; in some cases to the number of above one hundred authors. He would tell him not only who had treated of his subject expressly, but also who had only touched upon it accidentally, in writing on other subjects; both which he did with the greatest exactness, naming the author, the book, the words, and often the very number of the page, in which they were inserted. He did this so often, so readily, and so exactly, that he came at last to be looked upon almost as an oracle.

Lastly, he read the title pages only; then dipped here and there into the preface, dedication, and advertisements if there were any; and then cast his eyes on each of the divisions and different sections or chapters of the book; and thus he conceived the matter almost as completely as if he had read it at full length.

Magliabechi had a local memory too of the places where every book stood; as in his master's shop at first, and in the Pitti, and several other libraries afterwards; and seems to have carried this even farther than to the collection of books with which he was personally acquainted. One day the great duke sent for him, after he was his librarian, to ask him whether he could procure for him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible: for there is but one in the world; that is in the grand seignior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book, on the seventh shelf, on the right hand as you go in."

Although Magliabechi lived so sedentary a life, and studied so intensely, he arrived to a good old age. He died in his eighty first year, on July 14, 1714. By his will he left a very fine library, of his own collection, for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it; and the surplus, if any, to be given to the poor.

He was not an ecclesiastic, but chose never to marry; and was negligent, even to slovenliness, in his dress. His appearance was such as must have been far from engaging the affection of a lady; and his face, in particular, judging from the representations of him in busts, medals, and portraits, would have rather prejudiced his suit than advanced it. He received his friends, and those who came to consult him on any points of literature, in a civil and obliging manner; though, in general, he had almost the air of a savage, and even affected it.

In his manner of living he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water, were his more usual repast. When any one went to see him, he was found lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books—some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor—all round him; and this his cradle, or bed, attached to the nearest pile of books by a number of cobwebs. At the entrance of visitors he was accustomed to call out to them not to hurt his spiders.

Thus lived and died Magliabechi, in the midst of public applause; and with such an affluence, for all the latter part of his life, as very few persons have ever procured by their knowledge or learning.

His vast knowledge of books induced Cosmo III. to do him the honor of making him his librarian; and what a happiness it must have been to Magliabechi, who delighted in nothing so much as reading, to have the command of such a collection of books as that in the great duke's palace. He was also very conversant with the books in the Lorenzo library; and had the keeping of those of Leopoldo and Francesco Maria, the two cardinals of Tuscany.

And yet even all this did not satisfy his extensive appetite, for he had read almost all books, that is, the greatest part of those printed before his time, and all in it; for it was latterly a general custom, not only among authors, but of the printers too of those times, to make him a present of a copy of whatever they published.

It is worthy of remark, that the Duke of Tuscany, as Magliabechi assured Lord Raley, had become jealous of the attention he was receiving from foreigners, as these literary strangers usually went first to see Magliabechi before they called on the grand duke.

1633. MODERATO FONTE.

Moderato Fonte, a Venetian lady, was born in 1555. Though placed in a monastery, she married, and after twenty years of conjugal happiness, died in 1592. She became distinguished as an author, and some of her works had merit. She wrote a poem called *Il Floridore*, and another on the passion and resurrection of Christ, besides *De Meriti de le Donne*, in which she maintains that the female sex is not inferior in understanding to the male.

The memory of this remarkable woman was so retentive that she could repeat, *verbatim*, a sermon or discourse which she had only once heard.

1634. DR. JOHNSON

Some time previous to Dr. Hawke's publication of his beautiful little *Ode on Life*, since published in Pearce's Collection of Poems, in four volumes, he carried it down with him to a friend's house in the country, to *retouch*. Dr. Johnson was

of this party, and as Hawksworth and the doctor lived on the most intimate terms, the former read it to him for his opinion. "Why, sir," says Johnson, "I cannot well determine on a first hearing; read it again—second thoughts are sometimes best." Dr. Hawksworth complied; after which Dr. Johnson read it himself, approved of it very highly, and returned it. Next morning, at breakfast, the subject of the poem being resumed, Dr. Johnson, after expressing his admiration of it, said he had but one objection to make to it, which was, that he doubted its originality. Hawksworth, alarmed at this, challenged him to the proof, when the doctor repeated the whole poem, with the exception of only a few lines.

"What do you say now, Hawky?" said the doctor. "I only say this," replied the other, "that I shall repeat nothing of my composing before you again; for you have a memory that would convict an author of plagiarism in any court of literature in the world."

1635. WILLIAM HUTTON.

When the late William Hutton, a man of an original cast of mind, as an experiment in memory, opened a book which he had divided into three hundred and sixty-five columns, according to the days of the year, he resolved to try to recollect an anecdote, as insignificant and remote as he was able, rejecting all under ten years of age; and, to his surprise, he filled those spaces for small reminiscences within ten columns; but till the experiment had been made, he never conceived the extent of this faculty.

1636. A FAMOUS REPORTER.

Mr. William Woodfall, the son of the celebrated printer of the *Public Advertiser*, in which the *Letters of Junius* first appeared, undertook, without any assistance, the arduous task of reporting the debates of both houses of Parliament, day by day, in his father's paper, and afterwards in other daily journals. This gentleman possessed a most extraordinary memory, as well as wonderful powers of literary labor. It is asserted that he has been known to sit through a long debate of the House of Commons, not making a single note of the proceedings, and afterwards to write out a full and faithful account of what had taken place, extending to sixteen columns, without allowing himself an interval of rest. The remarkable exertions of this most famous reporter gave the newspapers for which he wrote a celebrity which compelled other newspapers to aim at the same fulness and freshness in their parliamentary reports. What Woodfall accomplished by excessive bodily and mental exertion, his contemporaries succeeded in bringing to a higher degree of perfection by the division of labor; and thus, in time, each morning newspaper had secured the assistance of an efficient body of reporters, each of whom might in turn take notes of a debate, and commit a portion of it to the press several hours before the whole debate was concluded.

1637. CLAUDIUS, TULLY, QUEEN ISABELLA, AND OTHERS.

It is reported of the Emperor Claudius, that he retained in memory all Homer, Sallust, Demos-

thenes, Avicenn, and Aristotle's *Metaphysics*. Tully and Seneca never heard any thing material but it was imprinted in their memory. Scaliger said he learned Homer in twelve days, and all the Greek poets in four months. Seneca, the philosopher, could repeat two thousand names in the exact order in which they were rehearsed to him. Themistocles, when he was to be taught the art of memory, said, "I had rather be taught the art of forgetfulness, for I remember those things I would not, and I cannot forget those things I would."

Queen Isabella, the young sovereign of Spain, is said to possess a wonderfully retentive memory, which puts to the blush all the efforts of Gouraud. She can name, with perfect readiness, the date of every important event of ancient and modern history. Whilst she was at Barcelona, the queen mother and some other individuals were conversing on the subject of memory, alluding to several eminent persons who had been in a remarkable degree gifted with that faculty. "I think," observed the young queen, "that I have a tolerably good memory." And she directed Señor Donozo Cortes, her secretary, to bring her a book which she had never seen. The secretary presented to her a volume of the lyric poems of Ochoa. Her majesty read from it about three hundred lines, and then, closing the book, she repeated them without an error. Some time after this occurrence, being in the palace at Madrid, and surrounded by several persons of her court, she turned to her secretary and said, "Donozo, you recollect having heard me read those lines of Ochoa; now you shall hear that I still remember them perfectly." And she immediately repeated them from beginning to end, without mistake or omission. In like manner, the names of nearly all the persons who have been presented to her in the course of her life, and especially those with whom she has, from time to time, conversed, are engraven on her recollection.

1638. PORCIUS, CYNEAS, SENECA, AND OTHERS.

Among the ancients, Latro Porcius, Cyneas, and some others, are represented as having possessed wonderful memories. The following is a translation of what Seneca says of himself, in relation to this subject:—

"I do not deny that I myself possessed powers of memory in a very considerable degree. It was not only sufficient for the ordinary business of life, but appeared to some to be almost miraculous. When single verses were prescribed to each individual who came to attend our preceptor, on hearing them prescribed, I recited them in order, beginning with the last, and ending with the first." The number of verses was more than two hundred.

Seneca mentions, in the same work, the great memory of Latro Porcius, whom he calls his very dear companion, who retained in his memory all the declamations he had ever spoken, and never knew his memory fail him, not so much as in one single word. He also takes notice of Cyneas, who was ambassador to the Romans, from King Pyrrhus, who in one day had so well learned the names of his spectators, that on the subsequent day he saluted the senate, &c., by their proper names.

Pliny mentions similar instances, (*Lib. 7. c. 24.*) Cyrus knew the names of all the soldiers in his army. Lucius Scipio knew the names of the Roman

people. Mithridates, who ruled over twenty-two kingdoms, delivered laws to them in as many languages, and publicly addressed the natives of each kingdom in their own tongue, without an interpreter. Charmidas, or rather Carneades, could name all the books in a great library as they stood in order. Bonaparte is said to have had, in many respects, a wonderfully retentive memory.

1639. POSTMASTER IN ALBANY.

There was a postmaster, a few years ago, in the city of Albany, who could call the names of at least thirty-six thousand of the citizens as he met them, having learned their names and countenances at the post-office.

1640. VOLTAIRE AND LA MOTTE.

One day Voltaire, when a young man of about twenty-four, read to La Motte, who had a prodigious memory, a tragedy which he had written. La Motte listened with the greatest possible attention, to the end. "Your tragedy is excellent," said he, "and I dare answer beforehand for its success. Only one thing vexes me: you have allowed yourself to borrow, as I can prove to you, from the second scene of the fourth act." Voltaire defended himself as well as he could against the charge. "I say nothing," answered La Motte, "which I cannot support, and to prove it, I shall recite this same scene, which pleased me so much when I first read it, that I got it by heart, and not a word of it has escaped me." Accordingly he repeated the whole without hesitation, and with as much animation as if he had composed it himself. All present, at the reading of the piece, looked at each other, and did not know what to think. The author was utterly confounded. After enjoying his embarrassment for a short time. "Make yourself easy, sir," said La Motte; "the scene is entirely your own—as much your own as all the rest; but it struck me as so beautiful and touching, that I could not resist the pleasure of committing it to memory."

1641. M. PASCAL.

It is reported of that prodigy of parts, Monsieur Pascal, that till the decay of his health had impaired his memory, he forgot nothing of what he had done, read, or thought, during any part of his rational

1642. A PLEASANT COMPANION.

Sydney Smith had an extraordinary memory, always ready. He could repeat pages of poetry, English, Latin, and French: when, where, or how he learned them no one of his family pretended to know; but they were always ready and appropriate in company, when conversation turned that way. He was equally ready in enlivening a party of young ladies, by every variety of charades and conundrums, generally made on the spur of the moment, by cutting paper into curious figures, and by a display of clever tricks; for all which, his demand in payment was a kiss from each. His company was much sought after. He was always lively and agreeable, and his conversation full of variety and interesting anecdotes.

1643. GROTIUS, LORD GRANVILLE, AND OTHERS.

The memory of Grotius was so retentive that he remembered almost every thing he read. Scaliger could repeat a hundred verses after once reading them. Lord Granville knew the Greek Testament, from the beginning of Matthew to the end of the Revelation.

Borri, of Milan, was considered a prodigy for his retentive and comprehensive memory. When the works of Labienus were burnt by the common executioner, Cassius Severus was present, and cried out, that they must burn him also, for he possessed the contents of all the books in his memory.

1644. MEMORY *versus* THICK SKULLS.

"I had invited Porson," says an English author, "to meet a party of friends in Sloane Street, where I lived; but the professor had mistaken the day, and made his appearance in full costume the preceding one. We had already dined, and were at our cheese. When he discovered his error, he made his usual exclamation of a *whoee!* as long as my arm, and turning to me with great gravity, said, 'I advise you in future, sir, when you ask your friends to dinner, to ask your wife to write your cards. Sir, your penmanship is abominable; it would disgrace a cobbler. I swear that your day is written Thursday, not Friday,' at the same time pulling the invitation out of his pocket. A jury was summoned, and it was decided *nem. con.*, 'that for once the professor was in the wrong,' which he instantly admitted. 'Your blunder,' I replied, 'my friend, will cost me a beef-steak and a bottle of your favorite Trinity ale, so that you will be the gainer.'

"He sat on, 'as was his custom in the afternoon,' till past midnight, emptying every flask and decanter that came in his way. As I knew there was no end in his bacchanalia when fairly seated with plenty of drink and a listener, I retired, leaving him to finish the remains of some half dozen of bottles; for it was immaterial to the professor the quality of the stuff, provided he had quantity.

"On my descending, the following morning, to breakfast, I was surprised to find my friend lounging on a sofa, and perusing with great attention a curious volume of Italian tales, which I had picked up in my travels. I learnt that, having found the liquor so choice, and the *Novelle Antiche* so interesting, he had trimmed his lamp and remained on the premises. 'I think,' said he, 'that with the aid of a razor, and a light-colored neckcloth, and a brush, I shall be smart enough for your fine party.'

"A pretty large company assembled in the evening, and Porson treated them with a translation (without book) of the curious tale which had excited his notice. So extraordinary was his memory, that although there were above forty names introduced into the story, he had only forgotten one. This annoyed him so much, that he started from the table, and after pacing about the room for ten minutes, he stopped short, exclaiming, 'Eureka!' The count's name is Don Francesco Averani. The party sat till three o'clock in the morning, but Porson would not stir, and it was with no small difficulty that my brother could prevail on him to take his departure at five; having favored me with his company exactly thirty-six hours. During this time, I calculated he finished a bottle of alcohol, two of Trinity ale, six of claret, besides the lighter sort of wines, of which I could take no account; he also emptied a half pound

canister of snuff, and, during the first night, smoked a bundle of cigars.

"Professor Porson, most unhappily, gave way to his inclination to drinking, and died of apoplexy at the age of forty-nine years. At a post mortem ex-

amination, it was ascertained that his skull was one of the thickest that had ever been observed. And this, too, notwithstanding the fact that he was one of the most remarkable scholars of the age in which he lived.

§ 173. WORD MEMORY.

1645. THE YOUNG BRAHMIN.

The following recent statement, and from a most unquestioned source, (Mr. Rhenius, missionary in Southern India, year 1827,) discloses a great tenacity of verbal memory.

"I have lately witnessed," says he, "a remarkable instance of a wonderfully retentive memory in a young Brahmin from Ramnad. Three days ago, a gentleman wrote a sentence in English, (of which language the Brahmin knew nothing,) containing thirty syllables; each syllable was numbered in order. All the syllables, with their numbers, were told him, not in their proper order, but skipping from three to twenty, then to six, and so on. When the whole sentence was finished, the Brahmin, arranging the numbers in his head in regular order, told the sentence, word for word. To-day we wrote him a sentence in English, of sixty-nine syllables, and proceeded in telling him the numbers, as before. While this was going on, I wrote a sentence in Hebrew, containing fourteen syllables, telling the numbers in the same skipping manner; while this was proceeding, he repeated to us the sentence which he had heard three days before; and when the numbers of the new English and Hebrew sentences were finished, he told us both of them in regular order, as if he had read them from a book. This was certainly a prodigious memory, and astonished us all."

1646. COOKE, THE TRAGEDIAN.

Of strong memory few examples will compare, in force, with that of Cooke, the tragedian; who, it is said, committed the *entire contents* of a daily newspaper in the space of eight hours!

1647. VOLTAIRE AND THE ENGLISHMAN.

An Englishman at a certain time came to Frederick the Great of Prussia for the express purpose of giving him an exhibition of his power of recollection. Frederic went to Voltaire, who read to the king a pretty long poem which he had just finished. The Englishman was present, and was in such a position that he could hear every word of the poem, but was concealed from Voltaire's notice.

After the reading of the poem was finished, Frederic observed to the author, that the production could not be an original one, as there was a foreign gentleman present who could recite every word of it. Voltaire listened with amazement to the stranger, as he repeated, word for word, the poem which he had been at so much pains in composing, and, giving way to a momentary freak of passion, he tore the manuscript in pieces. A statement was then made to him of the circumstances under which the Englishman became acquainted with his poem, which had the effect to mitigate his anger, and he was very willing to do penance for the suddenness of

his passion, by copying down the work from a second repetition of it by the stranger, who was able to go through with it as before.

1648. PORSON AT SCHOOL.

Professor Porson, when a boy at Eton school, discovered the most astonishing powers of memory. In going up to a lesson one day, he was accosted by a boy in the same form—"Porson, what have you got there?" "Horace." "Let me look at it." Porson handed the book to the boy, who, pretending to return it, dexterously substituted another in its place, with which Porson proceeded. Being called on by the master, he read and construed *Carm. 1, x.* very regularly. Observing the class to laugh, the master said, "Porson, you seem to me to be reading on one side of the page, while I am looking at the other; pray whose edition have you?" Porson hesitated. "Let me see it," rejoined the master; who, to his great surprise, found it to be an English Ovid. Porson was ordered to go on; which he did easily, correctly, and promptly, to the end of the ode.

1649. LOUISA WEST'S MEMORY.

Miss Louisa West, a girl fifteen years of age, at Georgetown, Kentucky, committed to memory, accurately, the whole New Testament in six weeks, at the same time attending to her other domestic duties.

1650. ASTONISHING MENTAL FEAT.

A remarkable instance is related, by Dr. Macklin, of a man who waited on the Greffier Fagel, to display his wonderful memory, offering to give any proof of it that might be required. A newspaper was lying on the table, and he was requested to read it through, and then repeat it verbatim. He accordingly did so, without omitting a single word, from the title to the imprint at the end. The Greffier Fagel expressing his astonishment, "O," said the man, "this is nothing; shall I now repeat the same backwards?" "It is impossible!" replied the Greffier. "By no means," said the other, "if you have patience to hear it." He then, without the least hesitation, repeated every separate article, beginning at the imprint and ending at the title.

1651. WILLIAM LYON, THE STROLLING PLAYER.

A strolling player at Edinburgh, of the name of William Lyon, had a most astonishing memory. He one evening made a bet of a bowl of punch, that he would, at the rehearsal the next morning, repeat the whole of the Daily Advertiser, from beginning to end. Being called on the next day, he handed

the newspaper to a gentleman present, to see that he repeated every word correctly. This task he accomplished without making the slightest error, through all the varieties of advertisements, price of stocks, domestic and foreign news, accidents, offences, law intelligence, &c.

1652. WIT *versus* MEMORY.



Thomas Fuller.

Thomas Fuller wrote the *History of the Worthies of England*, a performance of great merit, and many other valuable works. Astonishing things are reported of his memory. From once hearing a

sermon, he could repeat the whole of it verbatim. He undertook, in going from Temple Bar to the farther end of Cheapside, to tell, at his return, every sign as it stood in order, on both sides of the way, repeating them either backwards or forwards, which he performed exactly. He was a learned, industrious, lively writer, but rather fond of punning. He was a very corpulent man, and once, as he was riding with a gentleman of the name of Sparrowhawk, he could not resist the opportunity of passing a joke upon him. "Pray what is the difference," said he, "between an *owl* and a *sparrowhawk*?" The other answered this sarcastic question as follows: "An *owl* is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over."

1653. BISHOP JEWELL.

The famous Bishop Jewell had, by application and industry, so improved his retentive powers, that he could readily repeat any thing that he had written, after once reading it over; and therefore usually at the ringing of the bell he began to commit his sermon to heart, and kept what he learnt so firmly, that he used to say, if he were to make a speech premeditatedly before a thousand auditors, who were shouting or fighting all the while, he could repeat the whole of what he had designed to deliver. Many barbarous and hard names out of a calendar, and forty strange words, Welsh, Irish, &c., after once reading, or twice at the most, with a short meditation, he could repeat, both forwards and backwards, without any hesitation. Sir Francis Bacon reading to him only the last clauses of ten lines in Erasmus's paraphrase, in a confused and dismembered manner, he, after a small pause, rehearsed in the right way, and without a single mistake.

§ 174. IRREGULAR OR DEFECTIVE MEMORY.

1654. THE MIND AN ACCOUNT BOOK.

Several instances have been known of men who required no other account book—so far as their own wishes or necessities were concerned—than their own memories.

We knew a farmer in Connecticut of this description. Nothing, in his early life, of a pecuniary or business character, which he once understood, appeared ever to escape him; and had it not been for the sake of gratifying his neighbors, he might never have kept a written memorandum of any thing whatever. Yet this man's memory, in many things, was exceedingly uncertain, not to say treacherous. He never could remember the multiplication table, or the division table, or the rules of simple multiplication and division, although often taught them in the clearest and simplest manner.

1655. THE WOMAN WITH TWO MINDS.

The following anecdote is from the writings of Dr. Darwin:—

"I was once concerned for an elegant and ingenious young lady, who had a reverie on alternate days, which continued nearly the whole day; and as in her days of disease she took up the same kind of ideas which she had conversed about on the alternate

day before, and could remember nothing of them on her well day, she appeared to her friends to possess *two minds*."

The case, however, was a case of disease, which was removed in due season, by the use of the appropriate remedial means, so that the young woman's memory became, at length, as regular as that of other people.

1656. REMEMBERING IDEAS, NOT WORDS.

One of our most distinguished American authors has a memory so prodigious that he seldom, if ever, forgets a fact he acquires, though he never remembers how he obtained it. Hence he is sometimes unable to give credit even to those to whom credit may be due, on account of which he has occasionally incurred the charge of plagiarism.

The same individual never forgets a face he has once seen, though his memory of names is defective. As his place of residence has often changed, and as he is and long has been quite a traveller, he continually meets with such numbers of his fellow-men whose faces he knows, and of whose general character, even, he may have a recollection, but of whose names he knows nothing, that it is a serious trouble to him.

He also remembers objects once seen with an uncommon distinctness. Having once seen Niagara,

for instance, he *always* sees it. He has been heard to say repeatedly that he would not give a straw to see the greatest objects of curiosity a second time, because, having once clearly seen them, they are forever afterwards vividly before his mind.

1657. FORGETTING ONE'S OWN NAME.

We are told of men who are so much engaged in literary pursuits as to forget, for a time, their own names. The author of one of the most popular series of school-books in this country is sometimes at a loss, when approaching his residence in the city, and looking out for the door, to remember his own name. This statement has been received from his own mouth, and may therefore be relied on.

And yet the literary gentleman to whom this anecdote refers is by no means deficient in memory as regards other matters.

1658. THE OLD STATE AND THE NEW STATE.

The following story is related by the late Dr. Mitchell in the Medical Repository, and rests, for its authenticity, on Major Ellicott, professor of mathematics in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. The subject was a young lady, of a good constitution and excellent capacity, and well educated.

"Her memory was capacious and well stored with a copious stock of ideas. Unexpectedly and without any forewarning, she fell into a profound sleep, which continued several hours beyond the ordinary term. On waking she was discovered to have lost every trait of acquired knowledge. Her memory

was *tabula rasa*; all vestiges, both of words and things, were obliterated and gone.

"It was found necessary for her to learn every thing again. She even acquired, by new efforts, the art of spelling, reading, writing, and calculating, and gradually became acquainted with the persons and objects around, like a being for the first time brought into the world. In these exercises she made considerable proficiency.

"But after a few months another fit of somnolency invaded her. On rousing from it, she found herself restored to the state she was in before the first paroxysm, but was wholly ignorant of every event and occurrence that had befallen her afterwards.

"The former condition of her existence she now calls the *old state*, and the latter the *new state*; and she is as unconscious of her double character as two distinct persons are of their natures respectively. For example, in her old state she possesses all her original knowledge; in her new state only what she acquired since. If a lady or gentleman be introduced to her in the old state, and *vice versa*, (and so of all other matters,) to know them satisfactorily she must learn them in both states. In the old state she possesses fine powers of penmanship, while in the new, she writes a poor, awkward hand, not having had time or means to become expert.

"During four years and upwards, she has had periodical transitions from one of these states to the other. The alterations are always consequent upon long and sound sleep. Both she and her family are now able to conduct the affair without embarrassment. By simply knowing whether she is in the old or the new state, they regulate their intercourse, and govern themselves accordingly."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

§ 175. HISTORICAL FACTS.

1659. DISCOVERY OF RICHARD I. BY MUSIC.



MINSTREL, called Blondel, who owed his fortune to Richard I., King of England, animated with tenderness towards his illustrious master, was resolved to go over the world till he had discovered the destiny of this prince. He had already traversed Europe, and was returning through Germany, when, talking one day at Lintz, in Austria, with an innkeeper, in order to make this discovery, he was not a little delighted to learn that there was, not far from the gates of this very city, at the entrance of a large forest, a strong

and ancient castle, in which (by order of the Emperor Leopold) a foreigner of some distinction had not long since been confined. The prisoner, moreover,

as it appeared, was guarded with great care. A secret impulse persuaded Blondel that this prisoner was Richard; he went immediately to the castle, the sight of which made him tremble; he got acquainted with a peasant, who went often there to carry provision, questioned and offered him a considerable sum to declare who it was that was shut up there; but the good man, though he readily told all he knew, was ignorant both of the name and quality of the prisoner. He could only inform him that he was watched with the most exact attention, and was suffered no communication with any one but the keeper of the castle and his servants. He added that the prisoner had no other amusement than looking over the country, through a small grated window, which served also for the light that glimmered into his apartment.

He told him that this castle was a horrid abode; that the staircase and apartments were black with age, and so dark that at noonday it was necessary to have lighted flambeaux to find the way along them.

Blondel listened with eager attention, and meditated several ways of coming at the prisoner, but all in vain. At last, when he found that from the height and narrowness of the window he could not get a glimpse of his dear master. (for he firmly believed it was he,) he bethought himself of a French song, the last couplet of which had been composed

by Richard, and the first by himself. After he had sung, with a loud voice, the first part, he stopped, and heard a voice which came from the castle window — "Continue and finish the song." Transported with joy, he was now assured it was the king his master, who was confined in this dismal castle.

The chronicler adds, that one of the keeper's servants falling sick, he hired himself to him, and thus made himself known to Richard; and informing his nobles, with all possible expedition, of the situation of their monarch, he was released from his confinement on paying a large ransom.

1660. MUSIC AT PUBLIC FESTIVALS.

In the reign of Henry VI., we find that minstrels were better paid than the priests. In 1430, and other years, at the annual feast of the fraternity of the Holy Cross, at Abington, twelve priests received fourpence each for singing a dirge, while the same number of minstrels received two shillings and fourpence each, besides diet and horse meat. Lest the clergy of the present day should be jealous, we hasten to add, that some of the minstrels rode thirty miles to reach the place where they were to sing and be so liberally paid. At that time, sixpence was the price paid for a sermon, which was read by a doctor in theology of one of the mendicant orders.

1661. ROMAN AND FRENCH SINGERS.

The French and Italian musicians have not been able to sympathize with each other for a long time, each believing the music of their own country to be the best. Few, however, are probably aware that the quarrel is as ancient as the following story indicates. It should be borne in mind that, before the time at which the story commences, musicians had been sent from Rome to teach the religious orders of Germany, France, and England.

The most pious King Charles having returned to celebrate Easter at Rome with the apostolic lord, a great quarrel ensued between the Roman and Gallic singers. The French pretended to sing better and more agreeably than the Italians, who in their turn, regarding themselves as more learned in ecclesiastical music, which they had been taught by St. Gregory, accused their competitors of corrupting and spoiling the true chant.

The dispute being brought before the king, the French musicians, thinking themselves sure of his support, insulted the Roman singers, who, emboldened by superior knowledge, treated them as fools and barbarians. The king asked his chanters which they thought to be most pure, water drawn from the source, or that which, after being mixed with turbid and muddy rivulets, was found at a great distance from the original spring. They answered, "All water must be most pure at its source." The king answered, "Mount ye up then to the pure fountain of St. Gregory, whose chant ye have corrupted."

He then applied to the pope for singing-masters, and the pope appointed Theodore and Benedict, two chanters of great learning and ability, who had been taught by Gregory himself. He also granted to him choral books of that saint, which he had written himself in Roman notes. One of the masters was sent to Metz, the other to Soissons. He commanded all the singing masters of his kingdom to correct their choral books, and to conform in all respects to

the Roman manner of performing the church service.

Thus were the French Antiphonaria corrected, which had been before vitiated, interpolated, and abridged, at the pleasure of every choirman; and all the chanters of France learnt from the Romans the chant which they now call the French Chant. But as for the beats, trills, shakes, and accents of the Italians, the French were never able to execute or express them; nor, for want of sufficient flexibility in the organ of voice, were they capable of imitating in those graces any thing but the guttural and tremulous noise of goats. The principal school was established at Metz, whose singers surpassed all the rest of the schools. The Roman chanters also taught those of France the art of organizing.

1662. THE ORIGINAL ORGAN.

We do not find any mention of an organ before the year 757, when Constantine Cupronymus, Emperor of the East, sent to Pepin, King of France, among other rich presents, a musical machine, which the French writers describe to have been composed of pipes and large tubes of tin, and to have imitated sometimes the roaring of thunder, and sometimes the warbling of a flute. A lady was so affected on first hearing it played on that she fell into a delirium, and could never afterwards be restored to her reason.

In the reign of the Emperor Julian, these instruments had become so popular, that Ammianus Marcellinus complains that they occasioned the study of the sciences to be abandoned.

1663. CHURCH ORGANS.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, the cause of church music suffered severely from the difficulty in procuring organs, as there were only four organ makers in England who were worthy the name. A few, which, when taken from the churches, had been sold for family use, were repurchased, repaired, and again took their places in the churches, until better ones could be procured; and as it was impossible, from the few workmen, to supply the demand, others were invited from the continent. Bernard Schmidt and two nephews came over from Germany, and Harris and his son from France. They completely eclipsed the English artists, and soon had the field to themselves.

Schmidt first built one for the Royal Chapel at Whitehall. It was made in haste, and failed to give the satisfaction expected. He then resolved never to hurry another, or to build for a sum which would oblige him to make an imperfect instrument. He would use only the best material, and if he found a bad pipe while voicing, he wasted no time upon it, but threw it away, and made another. Many of his organs, after being in use more than a hundred years, were worth more than when first made.

The elder Harris died soon after his arrival in England; but his son, who was an ingenious and energetic man, became a powerful rival to the Germans.

Towards the close of the reign of Charles II., the benchers of the Temple Church, who wished to obtain the best organ which could be made, received proposals from Schmidt and young Harris, who each presented such powerful claims that the benchers felt unwilling to decide, and therefore proposed

Bedric, another harper, is said to have possessed no less than three villas in Gloucestershire. It is therefore evident that the custom of extravagant remuneration for musical ability commenced at a very early period; and the above instances may still keep in countenance many of the more recent instances of wild profusion, so unmercifully ridiculed even by the recipients.

1669. A MUSICAL ABSURDITY.

Henry Lawes, who composed the music of Milton's *Mask of Comus*, is said to have been the first who introduced the Italian style of music into England; but he strongly censured the prevailing

fondness for Italian words. "To make the public sensible of this ridiculous humor," says he, "I took a table or index of old Italian songs, and this index (which, read together, made a strange medley of nonsense) I set to a varied air, and gave out that it came from Italy, whereby it hath passed for a rare Italian song."

1670. SINGING BY RULE.

A writer in the *New England Chronicle*, in 1723, thus observes: "Truly I have a great jealousy that if we once begin to sing by rule, the next thing will be to pray by rule, and preach by rule; and then comes *Popery*."

MUSIC COMPOSERS.

§ 176. METHODS OF COMPOSING.

1671. HABITS OF MOZART.

The time which Mozart most willingly employed in composition was the morning, from six or seven o'clock till ten, his hour of rising. After this, he did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish some piece that was wanted. He always worked very irregularly. When an idea struck him, he was not to be drawn from it. If he was taken from the piano-forte, he tried to compose in the midst of his friends, and passed whole nights with his pen in his hand. At other times he had such a disinclination to work, that he could not complete a piece till the moment of its performance.

It once happened that he put off some music which he had engaged to furnish for a court concert so long, that he had not time to write out the part which he was to perform himself. The Emperor Joseph, who was peeping every where, happening to cast his eyes on the sheet which Mozart seemed to be playing from, was surprised to see nothing but empty lines, and said to him, "Where's your part?" "Here," replied Mozart, putting his hand to his forehead.

The *Don Giovanni* of this eminent composer, which is one of the most popular compositions ever produced, was composed for the theatre at Prague, and first performed in that city in 1787. This refined and intellectual music was not at that time understood in Germany—a circumstance which Mozart seems to have anticipated; for, previous to its first representation, he remarked to a friend, "This opera is not calculated for the people of Vienna; it will be more justly appreciated at Prague; but, in reality, I have written it principally to please myself and my friends."

Ample justice has, however, at length been rendered to this great production; it is heard with enthusiasm in nearly all the principal cities of that quarter of the globe where music is cultivated as a science—from the frozen regions of Russia to the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Its praise is not limited by the common attributes of good musical composition; it is placed in the higher rank of fine poetry; for not only are to be found in it exquisite melodies and profound harmonies, but the playful, the

tender, the pathetic, the mysterious, the sublime, and the terrible, are distinctly to be traced in its various parts.

The overture to this opera is generally esteemed Mozart's best effort; yet it was only composed the night previous to the first representation, after the general rehearsal had taken place. About eleven o'clock in the evening, when retired to his apartment, he desired his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him, in order to keep him awake. She accordingly began to tell him fairy tales, and odd stories, which made him laugh till the tears came. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could go on only while his wife was talking, and dropped asleep as soon as she ceased. The efforts which he made to keep himself awake, the continual alternation of sleep and watching, so fatigued him, that his wife persuaded him to take some rest, promising to awake him in an hour's time.

He slept so profoundly, that she suffered him to repose for two hours. At five o'clock in the morning she awoke him. He had appointed the music copiers to come at seven; and by the time they arrived, the overture was finished. They had scarcely time to write out the copies necessary for the orchestra, and the musicians were obliged to play it without a rehearsal.

Some persons pretend that they can discover in this overture the passages where Mozart dropped asleep, and those where he suddenly awoke again.

1672. CHERUBINI AND ZINGARELLI.

Cherubini was in the habit of composing when surrounded by company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the *pips* with faces caricatured, and all kinds of humorous devices; for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though not equally great with both.

Zingarelli would dictate his music, after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic.

1673. CHEERFUL MUSIC.

The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was always of an animating, cheerful, and a gay description. To this Haydn's answer was, "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts which I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

1674. CARISSIMI.

Carissimi, a famous composer of music, being praised for the ease and grace of his melodies, exclaimed, —

"Ah! with what difficulty is this ease acquired!"

1675. THE WHIMS OF GENIUS.

Haydn, when he sat down to compose, always dressed himself with the greatest care, had his hair nicely powdered, and put on his best suit. Fred-

eric II. had given him a diamond ring, and Haydn declared that, if he happened to begin without it, he could not summon a single idea. He could write only on the finest paper, and was as particular in forming his notes as if he had been engraving them on a copper plate. After these minute preparations, he began by choosing the theme of his subject, by imagining to himself the incidents of some little adventure or romance.

Gluck, when he felt himself in a humor to compose, had his piano-forte carried into a beautiful meadow, and, with a bottle of champagne on each side of him, transported his imagination into Elysium.

Sarti, a man of gloomy imagination, preferred the funeral stillness of a spacious room, dimly lighted by a single lamp.

Cimarosa delighted in noise and mirth: surrounded by a party of gay friends, he conceived his operas; and, as the ideas presented themselves, he seized and embodied them. In this way he planned that beautiful comic opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*.

Paciello composed his *Barbiere de Seviglia* and *La Molinara* in bed.

Sacchini declared, that he never had any moments of inspiration, except his two favorite cats were sitting one on each shoulder.

§ 177. TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

1676. STRADELLA, HORTENSIA, AND THE ASSASSINS.

Alessandro Stradella, of Naples, was not only an excellent composer, but also eminent as a performer on the violin; and in addition to these qualifications, possessed a fine voice, and an exquisite taste for singing. His compositions, which are all vocal, are perhaps superior to any that were produced in the seventeenth century, with the single exception of the works of Carissimi; and, perhaps, had he enjoyed equal longevity, he might have rivalled even that wonderful musician.

Stradella, probably at a very early period of his life, having acquired great reputation by his talents, was employed by a noble Venetian to teach a young lady, of a noble Roman family, named Hortensia, to sing. Hortensia, on whom nature had bestowed a beautiful person and an exquisite voice, notwithstanding her illustrious birth, having been seduced from her friends, had submitted to live with this Venetian in a criminal manner.

Her delight in music, and admiration of the talents of her instructor, soon gave birth to a passion of a different kind; and, like Heloise, she found that though at first

"Guiltless she gazed, and listened while he sung,
While science flowed seraphic from his tongue;
From lips like his the precepts too much move —
They music taught, but more, alas! to love."

By frequent access, Hortensia and her master became mutually enamored of each other. Before their attachment was discovered, they agreed to quit Venice together, and fly to Naples. After travelling in the most secret manner, they arrived at Rome, on their way to that city.

The Venetian seducer, enraged at their escape, determined to satiate his revenge in having them assassinated, in whatever part of the world they could

be found; and for this purpose engaged two desperate ruffians, by a large sum of ready money, and a promise of a still greater reward, when the work should be accomplished.

The assassins proceeded directly to Naples, the place of Stradella's nativity, supposing that he would naturally return thither for an asylum, in preference to any other part of Italy. After many researches in that city, they were at length informed that Stradella and the lady resided at Rome, where she was regarded as his wife. Of this they conveyed intelligence to their employer, assuring him of their determination to go through with the business they had undertaken, provided he would procure them letters of recommendation to the Venetian ambassador at Rome, and grant them an asylum as soon as the deed should be perpetrated.

After waiting at Naples for the necessary letters and instructions, they proceeded to Rome, where, such was the celebrity of Stradella, that they very shortly discovered his residence.

But hearing that he was soon to conduct an oratorio of his own composition, in the Church of St. John Lateran, in which he was not only to play, but to sing the principal part; and as his performance was to begin at five o'clock in the evening, they determined to avail themselves of the darkness of the night, when he and his mistress should return home.

On their arrival at the church, the oratorio was begun, and the excellence of the music and its performance, joined to the rapture that was expressed by the whole congregation, made an impression, and softened the rocky hearts even of these human savages to such a degree as to incline them to relent, and spare the life of a man whose genius and abilities were the delight of all Italy.

Here we have an instance of the *miraculous powers of modern music*, superior to any that could be well authenticated of the *ancient*, and which may fairly lead us to conclude that the fabulous stories of

Orpheus, Amphion, &c., were but exaggerations of matters of fact, well known in those days, but which have not descended to posterity.

Both these assassins being equally affected by the performance, and alike inclined to mercy, accosted him in the street when he quitted the church. After complimenting him on his oratorio, they confessed the business on which they had been sent by the Venetian nobleman, whose mistress he had taken away; adding that, charmed by his music, they had abandoned their purpose, and were determined to relinquish the rest of the reward that had been promised them, and to tell their employer that Stradella and his mistress had quitted Rome the night before their arrival in that city.

After this providential escape, the lovers set out that very night for Turin, as a place most remote from their implacable enemy and his emissaries; and the assassins, returning to Venice, told the enraged Venetian that they had traced the fugitives to Turin, where the laws being not only more severe, but the difficulty of escaping so much greater, than in any other part of Italy, on account of the garrison, they should decline any further concern in the business.

This intelligence did not, however, incline the exasperated nobleman to relinquish his purpose, but rather stimulated him to new attempts. He therefore engaged two other assassins in his service, procuring for them letters of recommendation from the Abbé d'Estrade, at that time the French ambassador at Venice, addressed to the Marquis de Villars, ambassador from France to Turin; the Abbé d'Estrade requesting, at the desire of the Venetian ambassador, protection for two merchants who intended to reside some time in that city. The letter being delivered by these new assassins, they paid their respects regularly to the ambassador, waiting for a favorable opportunity to accomplish their undertaking with safety.

The Duchess of Savoy, at that time regent, having been informed of the sudden flight of Stradella and Hortensia from Rome, and of their arrival at Turin, and knowing the danger they were in from the vindictive spirit of their enemy, placed the lady in a convent, and retained Stradella in her palace as her *Musico di Capella*.

In a situation apparently so secure, Stradella's fears for his safety began to abate; till one day, at six o'clock in the evening, as he was walking for the air on the ramparts of the city, he was attacked by two ruffians, who each gave him a stab in the breast with a dagger, and immediately escaped to the house of the French ambassador, as to a sanctuary.

The assault having been witnessed by numbers of people, who were walking in the same place, occasioned such an uproar in the city that the news soon reached the duchess, who instantly ordered the gates to be shut, and the assassins to be demanded of the French ambassador; but he, insisting on the privileges granted to men of his function by the law of nations, refused to give them up.

This transaction, however, made a great noise all over Italy, and M. de Villars wrote immediately to the Abbé d'Estrade, to know the reason of the attack upon Stradella by the two men whom he had recommended, and was informed by the abbé that he had been surprised into a recommendation of these assassins by one of the most powerful of the Venetian nobility.

In the mean while, Stradella's wounds, though extremely dangerous, proved not to be fatal; and the

Marquis de Villars having been informed by the surgeons that he would recover, in order to prevent any further dispute about the privileges of the *corps diplomatique*, suffered the assassins to escape. But so invincible was the implacability of the enraged Venetian, that, never relinquishing his purpose, he continued to maintain spies at Turin, to watch the motions of Stradella.

A year having elapsed after the cure of his wounds, he fancied himself secure from any further attempts upon his life. The duchess regent, interesting herself in the happiness of two persons who had suffered so much, and who seemed born for each other, had the ceremony of their marriage performed in her own palace; after which Stradella, being invited to Genoa to compose an opera for that city, went thither with his wife, determining to return to Turin during the carnival; but the Venetian, being informed of this change of residence, sent assassins after them, who rushed into their chamber early one morning, and stabbed them both to the heart. The murderers, having secured a bark which lay in port, by instantly retreating to it escaped justice, and were never afterwards heard of.

1677. MOZART'S MUSICAL TOIL.

"It is a very great error," says Mozart, "to suppose that my art has been so very easily acquired. I assure you that there is scarcely any one who has so worked at the study of composition as I have. You could hardly mention any famous composer whose writings I have not diligently and repeatedly studied throughout."

1678. INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

When Haydn, while yet a chorister boy in the cathedral of Vienna, commenced the study of musical composition, he had no other guide than an old treatise on harmony, which he had picked up at a stall. But, as he used often to declare, it was from being thus early thrown on the resources of his own mind that he learnt his chief effects in harmony. He was but nineteen years of age when he left the cathedral, or rather was expelled from it, for cutting off the train of one of the boys' gowns. An old admirer of his chanting, one Keller, a hair-dresser, gave him shelter under his roof; and Haydn, in return, married the benevolent hair-dresser's daughter.

Shortly after, he removed to more convenient apartments in another house, where he had the singular felicity of having the first dramatic poet of the continent for his fellow-lodger,—the renowned Metastasio,—through whose friendly aid he acquired a competent knowledge, not only of the Italian language, but of literature and the arts. It was here, and when in his twentieth year, that Haydn composed the first of those quartettes for which his name is so celebrated; it became immediately popular in Vienna, and was soon followed by others of still greater merit.

For six years Haydn and Metastasio had lived under the same roof, in habits of the closest intimacy, when a *sinfonia in la sol re ♯*, which has since been much celebrated, caught the ear of the old Prince Antoine Esterhazy, and Haydn was taken into his service.

The next inheritor of the title, Prince Nicolas, was a still more ardent amateur. His passion was

for the barytone, an instrument toned between the tenor and the bass; and it gives a curious idea of the idle character of an Austrian prince's life, to mention that Haydn's duty was to leave every day a new composition for this Gothic instrument on the prince's desk. He had now found the situation fitted for the development, and, in some degree, for the reward, of his great faculties.

His life was that of a student—tranquil, uniform, and diligent. He rose early, and with a piano by the side of his table, composed, in general, until dinner. The evening was given up to rehearsals, or to the opera, which was performed in the palace four times a week, or to visiting. He was here at the head of an admirable orchestra, in one of the noblest mansions in Germany, in the midst of comforts, which his former life rendered luxuries, and in growing fame with the world. Such was Haydn's quiet lot for no less a period than thirty years.

The most liberal offers had been repeatedly made to Haydn, from the principal opera theatres in Europe: but his love of ease, and his attachment to the service of his patron, retained him in Hungary. The death of Prince Nicolas, in 1789, at length unsettled his resolution; and, in 1790, he went to London, on an engagement with Salomon, the violinist, to compose for twenty concerts, at fifty guineas each. Haydn was then fifty-nine years old. He remained in England but one year, and, after visiting some of the other capitals of Europe, returned to Vienna, where he died.

1679. HANDEL.

Handel, the most sublime musical genius that any age or country has produced, was a native of Halle, in Upper Saxony. Like most eminent musicians, he exhibited a remarkable precocity of talents, so that while boys in general were learning the rudiments of the art, he had entitled himself to the rank of professor, and was actually composer to the opera at Hamburg when he was in his fifteenth year.

After passing his early life on the continent, caressed and honored at every court he visited, Handel fixed himself in England, in the year 1712, where he attained the very summit of fame by his oratorios.

In the early part of the reign of George I., a project was formed by the nobility for erecting a musical academy in the Haymarket, with a view to secure a constant supply of operas, to be composed by Handel, and performed under his direction. There was, however, a strong party against Handel, and in favor of the Italians Buononcini and Attilio, who were composers for the opera. In 1720, Handel obtained leave to perform his opera of *Kadumisto*, which was received with the most extravagant applause. The crowds and tumults, which had attended the performance of his operas at Venice, were hardly equal to those in London. Many ladies, who had forced their way into the house with an impetuosity but ill suited to their rank and sex, actually fainted through the excessive heat and closeness of it. Several gentlemen were turned back, who had offered forty shillings for a seat in the gallery, after having despaired of getting any in the pit or boxes.

The attempt to establish Handel's opera produced great heats between his partisans and those of Attilio and Buononcini. The succeeding winter brought this musical disorder to its crisis. In order to terminate all matters in controversy, it was agreed

to put them on this fair issue. The several parties concerned were to be jointly employed in making an opera, in which each of them was to take a distinct act; and he who, by the general suffrage, should be allowed to have given the best proofs of his abilities, was to be put into possession of the house. The proposal was accepted; whether from choice or necessity is not certain. The event was answerable to the expectations of Handel's friends. His act was the last, and the superiority of it so very manifest, that there was not the least pretence for any further doubts or disputes. It should be mentioned, that as each made an overture, as well as an act, the affair seemed to be decided even by the overture with which Handel's began. The name of the opera was *Muzio Scevola*.

The management of the opera was, however, of no pecuniary advantage to Handel; on the contrary, after spending all he had on the concern, he was compelled to relinquish it. By employing his talents in composing operas for Covent Garden Theatre, he somewhat retrieved his affairs, though his prosperity was soon clouded by an indifference on the part of the public, which made him decide on visiting Dublin.

Handel remained eight or nine months in Ireland, where he extended his fame, and began to repair his fortune. The *Messiah*, now allowed to be the best of all his compositions, was listened to with rapture by the citizens of Dublin, although it had experienced but a cold reception in London. The news of the success of that unparalleled composition in the sister kingdom, opened the *ears* of the English; and it afterwards gained so rapidly on their esteem, as soon to become, what it well deserved to be, the greatest of their musical favorites.

On Handel's return to London, in the beginning of 1742, as he had relinquished all thoughts of opposing the managers of the opera, former enmities began to subside; and, when he recommenced his oratorios at Covent Garden, the Lent following, he found a general disposition in the public to countenance and support him. *Samson* was the first he performed that year, which was not only much applauded by crowded houses in the capital, but was soon disseminated, in single songs, throughout the kingdom.

Ever since the English public were first awakened to a sense of the solemnities of the *Messiah*, this great work has been heard in all parts of the kingdom with increasing reverence and delight; it has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, fostered the orphan, and enriched succeeding managers of oratorios more than any single musical production in this or any other country. This sacred oratorio, as it was first called, on account of the words being wholly composed of genuine texts of Scripture, appearing to stand in such high estimation with the public, Handel, actuated by motives of the purest benevolence and humanity, formed the laudable resolution of performing it annually for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital; which resolution was constantly put in practice to the end of his life, under his own direction, and long after under that of Mr. Smith and Mr. Stanley. In consequence of these performances, the benefactions to the charity from the years 1749 to 1777 amounted to ten thousand two hundred and ninety-nine pounds. The organ, in the chapel of this hospital, was likewise a present from Handel; and he bequeathed, as a legacy to this charity, a fair copy of the original score of the *Messiah*.

From the period of his quitting Ireland, he continued his oratorios to the time of his death; though,

late in life, like the great poets Homer and Milton, he was afflicted by blindness; which, however it might dispirit and embarrass him at other times, had no effect on his nerves or intellect in public, as he continued to play concertoes and voluntaries between the parts of his oratorios to the last, with the same vigor of thought and touch for which he was ever so justly renowned. To see him, however, led to the organ, after this calamity, at upwards of seventy years of age, and then conducted towards the audience, to make his accustomed obeisance, was a sight so truly afflicting to persons of sensibility as greatly diminished their pleasure in hearing him perform.

During the oratorio season, he practised almost incessantly; which must have been the case, or his memory uncommonly retentive. At last, however, he rather chose to trust to his inventive powers than those of reminiscence; for giving the band only the skeleton or ritornels of each movement, he played all the solo parts extempore, while the other instruments left him, *ad libitum*, waiting for a signal of a shake, before they played such fragments of symphony as they found in their books.

Indeed, he not only continued to perform in public, after he was afflicted with blindness, but to *compose* in private; for we have been assured that the duet and chorus in Judas Maccabæus, of

"Zion now his head shall raise;
Tune your harps to songs of praise,"

were dictated to Mr. Smith, by Handel, after the total privation of sight.

The last oratorio at which he attended and performed was on the 6th of April, and he expired on the 13th, 1759.

Handel, being only a musician, was obliged to employ some person to write his operas and oratorios, which accounts for their being so very defective as poetical compositions. One of those versifiers employed by him once ventured to suggest, in the most respectful manner, that the music he had composed to some lines of his was quite contrary to the sense of the passage. Instead of taking this friendly hint as he ought to have done, from one who (although not a Pindar) was at least a better judge of poetry than himself, he looked upon the advice as injurious to his talents, and cried out, with all the violence of affronted pride, "What! you teach me music? The music is good music: confound your words. Here," said he, thrumming his harpsichord, "are my ideas; go and make words to them."

Handel became afterwards the proprietor of the Opera House, London, and presided at the harpsichord in the orchestra, piano-fortes not being then known. His embellishments were so masterly, that the attention of the audience was frequently diverted from the singing to the accompaniment, to the frequent mortification of the vocal professors. A pompous Italian singer was, on a certain occasion, so chagrined at the marked attention paid to the harpsichord, in preference to his own singing, that he swore that if ever Handel played him a similar trick, he would jump down upon his instrument, and put a stop to the interruption. Handel, who had a considerable turn for humor, replied, "O! O! you vill jump, vill you? very voll, sare. Be so kind and tell me de night ven you vill jump, and I vill advertishe it in de bills; and I shall get grate dale more money by your jumping than I shall get by your singing."

When George III. was a child, he was frequently taken into the music-room at Leicester House, which belonged to his royal mother, the Princess Dowager

of Wales. Handel, observing that the little prince was very attentive to his oratorio music, exclaimed, when the prince, on one occasion, had crept close to the double bass and organ, "Ah! dat littel prince vill keep ub my music ven I am defand gone." This prophecy was verified: for the king did not relish later compositions; and Handel's music used to be performed to him by the queen's band every evening at Windsor Castle, after the usual promenade on the terrace.

Although he lived much with the great, Handel was no flatterer. He once told a member of the royal family, who asked him how he liked his playing on the violoncello, "Vy, sir, your highness *plays like a prince*." When the same prince had prevailed on him to hear a minuet of his own composition, which he played himself on the violoncello, Handel heard him out very quietly; but when the prince told him that he would call in his band to play it to him, that he might hear the full effect of his composition, Handel could contain himself no longer, and ran out of the room, crying, "Worsher and worsher, upon mine honor."

One Sunday, having attended divine worship at a country church, Handel asked the organist to permit him to play the people out; to which, with a politeness characteristic of the profession, the organist consented. Handel accordingly sat down to the organ, and began to play in such a masterly manner, as instantly to attract the attention of the whole congregation, who, instead of vacating their seats as usual, remained for a considerable space of time fixed in silent admiration. The organist began to be impatient, (perhaps his wife was waiting dinner,) and at length, addressing the performer, told him that he was convinced that *he* could not play the people out, and advised him to relinquish the attempt; which being done, a few strains in the accustomed manner operated like the reading of the riot act.

1680. MOZART COMPOSING AT SIX YEARS OF AGE.

No musician has more successfully embraced the whole extent of his art, or shone with greater lustre in all its departments, than Mozart. His great operas no less than his most simple songs, his learned symphonies as well as his airy dances, all bear the stamp of the richest imagination, the deepest sensibility, and the purest taste. All his works develop the originality of his genius, and rank him with that small number of men of genius who form an epoch in their art.

At six years of age, Mozart had made such progress in music, as to be able to compose short pieces for the harpsichord, which his father was obliged to commit to paper for him. His father, who was a musician of some eminence, returning home one day with a stranger, found little Mozart with a pen in his hand. "What are you writing?" said he. "A concerto for the harpsichord," replied the child. "Let us see it," rejoined the father; "it is, no doubt, a marvellous concerto." He then took the paper, and saw nothing, at first, but a mass of notes mingled with blots of ink, by the mal-address of the young composer, who, unskilled in the management of the pen, had dipped it too freely in the ink. He had blotted and smeared the paper, and had endeavored to make out his ideas with his fingers. On a closer examination, his father was lost in wonder, and his eyes, delighted, and overflowing with tears, became riveted on the notes. "See," exclaimed he

to the stranger, "how just and regular it all is; but it is impossible to play it; it is too difficult." "It is a concerto," said the child, "and must be practised till one can play it; hear how this part goes." He then sat down to perform it, but was not able to execute the passages with sufficient fluency to do justice to his own ideas.

The sensibility of Mozart's organs was excessive; the slightest harshness or discordancy in a note was quite a torture to him. Entirely absorbed in music, this great man was quite a child in every other respect. His hands were so wedded to the piano, that he absolutely could not use them for any thing else. At table his wife carved for him; and in every thing relating to money, or to the management of his domestic affairs, he was entirely under her tutelage.

to the sense, and applies to the passions, is false taste. Handel introduced a great number of performers, and more of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved so much too muny for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland; after which they were reduced, for want of composers, to introduce the tricks and patchwork above mentioned. Driving Handel to the Hibernian shore is referred to in the Dunciad:—

"Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the world he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress! or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore."

1681. SUICIDE OF A MUSICIAN.

The following remarkable instance of suicide occurs in Dr. Burney's History of Music. Jeremiah Clarke had his education in the Chapel Royal, under Dr. Blow. In 1693, the doctor resigned in his favor the place of master of the children, and almoner of St. Paul's, of which cathedral Clarke was soon after appointed organist. In 1700, Dr. Blow and his pupil were appointed gentlemen extraordinary in the king's chapel, of which, in 1704, they were jointly admitted to the place of organist. The compositions of Clarke were not numerous, as an untimely and melancholy end was put to his existence before his genius had been allowed time to expand. Early in life he was so unfortunate as to conceive a violent and hopeless passion for a very beautiful lady, of a rank far superior to his own; and his sufferings, under these circumstances, became at length so intolerable, that he resolved to terminate them by suicide. The late Mr. Samuel Wicly, one of the lay vicars of St. Paul's, who was very intimate with him, related the following extraordinary story, which he had from his unfortunate friend himself:—

Being at the house of a friend in the country, he found himself so miserable, that he suddenly determined to return to London. His friend, observing in his behavior great marks of dejection, furnished him with a horse, and a servant to attend him. In his way to town, a fit of melancholy and despair having seized him, he alighted, and giving his horse to the servant, went into a field, in the corner of which there was a pond surrounded with trees, which pointed out to his choice two ways of getting rid of life; but not being more inclined to one than the other, he left it to the determination of chance, and taking a piece of money out of his pocket, and tossing it in the air, determined to abide by its decision; but the money falling on its edge in the clay seemed to prohibit both these means of destruction. His mind was too much disordered to receive comfort, or take advantage of this delay; he therefore mounted his horse and rode to London, determined to find some other means of getting rid of life; and in July, 1807, not many weeks after his return, he shot himself in his own house, in St. Paul's Churchyard.

1682. HANDEL DRIVEN TO HIBERNIA.

Playing tricks with music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms

1683. POPE'S QUERY.

It is remarkable that, in the earlier part of his life, Pope was so very insensible to the charms of music, that he once asked his friend Dr. Arbuthnot, who had a fine ear, "whether the rapture which the company expressed upon hearing the compositions and performances of Handel did not proceed wholly from affectation."

1684. EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF MOZART'S TALENTS.

The accounts of this admirable composer's early proficiency in music are almost incredible. He began the piano at three years of age; his first delight was almost scientific; he used to spend his first hours in looking for thirds, and felt charmed with their harmony.

At five years old, he began to invent little pieces of such ingenuity, that his father used to write them down. He was a creature of universal sensibility, a natural enthusiast, from his infancy fond, melancholy, and tearful. When scarcely able to walk, his first question to the friends who took him on their knee was, whether they loved him, and a negative always made him weep.

His mind was so all alive; and whatever touched it made it palpitate throughout. When he was taught the rudiments of arithmetic, the walls and tables of his bed-chamber were found covered with figures. But the piano was the grand object of his devotion. At six years old, this singular child commenced with his father, and sister two years older than himself, one of those musical tours common in Germany, and performed at Munich before the elector, to the great admiration of the most musical court on the continent. His ear now signalized itself by detecting the most minute irregularities in the orchestra; but its refinement was almost a disease; a discord tortured him; he conceived a horror of the trumpet, except as a simple accompaniment, and suffered from it so keenly, that his father, to correct what he looked on as the effect of ignorant terror, one day desired a trumpet to be blown in his apartment. The child entreated him not to make the experiment; but the trumpet sounded. Mozart suddenly turned pale, fell on the floor, and was going into convulsions, when the trumpeter was sent out of the room.

When only seven years old, he taught himself the violin, and thus, by the united effort of genius and industry, mastered the most difficult of all instruments. From Munich he went to Vienna, Paris,

and London. His reception in the British metropolis was such as the curious give to novelty, the scientific to intelligence, and the great to what administrators to stately pleasure. He was flattered, honored, and rewarded. Handel had then made the organ popular, and Mozart took the way of popularity. His execution, which, on the piano, had astonished the English musicians, was, on the organ, brought in aid of his genius, and he overcame all rivalry.

On his departure from England, he gave a farewell concert, of which all the symphonies were composed by himself. This was the career of a child nine years old! With the strengthening of his frame, the acuteness of his ear became less painful; the trumpet had lost its terrors for him at ten years old; and before he had completed that period, he distinguished the dedication of the Church of the Orphans, at Vienna, by the composition of a mass, motets, and a trumpet duet; and acted as director of the concert.

This detail of years is minute; but who will object to reckoning the steps by which genius climbs to fame? Mozart had now traversed the great kingdoms of the earth, and seen all that could be shown to him of European wealth and regal grandeur. He had yet to see the kingdom of European genius. Italy was an untried land, and he went at once to its capital. He was present at the *Miserere*, which seems to have been then performed with an effect unequalled since. The singers had been forbidden to give a copy of the score. Mozart bore it away in his memory, and wrote it down.

This is still quoted among musicians as a miracle of remembrance; but it may be more truly quoted as an evidence of the power which diligence and determination give to the mind. Mozart was not remarkable for memory; what he did, all men may do; but the same triumph is to be purchased only by the same exertion. The impression of this day lasted during life; his style was changed; he at once adopted a solemn reverence for Handel, whom he called the "Thunderbolt," and softened the fury of his inspiration by the taste of Boccherini. He now made a grand advance in his profession, and composed an opera, *Mithridates*, which was played twenty nights at Milan.

1685. EARLY SUCCESS OF HANDEL.

The father of Handel had destined him to the study of the law; but he evinced very early a propensity to music, which nothing could restrain. He was strictly forbidden to touch any musical instrument; but notwithstanding this injunction, he found means to get a clarchord privately conveyed to a room at the top of the house, to which he constantly stole when the family were asleep.

While he was yet under seven years of age, he went with his father to the court of Saxe-Weissenfels, to the prince of which his half brother was *valet-de-chambre*. His father had refused to let young Handel accompany him; but he followed the chaise on foot, and by his entreaties was taken into the chaise and carried to court. Here, playing one day on the organ in the church after the service was over, he attracted the notice of the duke, who induced the father to suffer him to study music.

At the age of nine years he began to compose the church service for voices and instruments, and from that time actually composed a service every week, for three years successively.

When only fourteen, he went to Berlin, where Buononcini, a leading composer attached to the Opera, affected a contempt for so mere a child as Handel, and, to put his talents to the test, composed a cantata in the chromatic style, difficult in every respect, and such as he thought would puzzle even a master; but Handel treated the composition as a trifle, and executed it at once with a truth and accuracy that were astonishing.

Before he had reached his fifteenth year, Handel had composed three operas; the first, *Almeria*, which was performed at Hamburg thirty nights successively; *Florinda* and *Nerone*, the other two, were equally successful. He now, by his talents and industry, was enabled to yield some assistance to his mother, who was left a widow. By the persuasions of the Prince of Tuscany, he was induced to go to Florence, where he was received with the most marked attention by the court.

Here, when still only eighteen years of age, he composed the opera of *Rodrigo*, for which he received one hundred sequins, and a service of plate. The following year he went to Venice, where he was first discovered at a masquerade, while playing on a harpsichord in his visor. Scarlati was there, and affirmed "that it was either the little Saxon or the devil."

While at Venice he composed, in three weeks, the opera of *Agrippina*, which was played twenty-seven nights without interruption. The theatre almost at every pause resounded with shouts and acclamations of *Vive il caro Sassone*. Such was the early success of this immortal composer, who died possessed of an ample fortune, acquired solely by his talents.

1686. HAYDN'S FIRST EFFORTS.

Like Mozart, Haydn gave strong manifestations of his taste for music, even in infancy. His father, who had some knowledge of music, used to play the harp to his wife's singing, while the infant Haydn imitated a violin and bow with two pieces of wood, and thus took part in this quiet family concert. When of sufficient age, he was placed among the choir of boys in the cathedral of Vienna. His duties as a singer occupied only two hours in the day, but Haydn practised in general sixteen, and sometimes eighteen hours. He was wont to speak in rapturous terms of the delight he received from the combinations of sound; even when he was playing with his companions, he was never able to resist the harmony of the organ in the cathedral. Haydn now began to think of composition, but could not obtain lessons from any of the able professors of Vienna. He was thus thrown on his own resources, yet still despaired not. He bought an old treatise on harmony at a stall, and devoting himself to the study of it with all the zeal of genius, speedily acquired a mastery of the principles of the art, and ere long became one of its brightest ornaments.

1687. OLE BULL.

Perhaps there is no curiosity more natural and universal than the desire to know all we can of those who, by any uncommon gifts, have the power of extensively influencing or exciting the minds of their fellow-men. What a charm there is about the most trifling anecdote of Mozart! Ole Bull seems to have been almost as precocious in his musical

genius. His family being all amateurs, he was accustomed from infancy to hear a great deal of music. A maternal uncle, in particular, was passionately fond of this divinest of the arts. He had a choice collection of rare and curious instruments, had musical clubs very frequently at his house, and himself played well on the violoncello. He delighted to amuse himself with little Ole's extreme susceptibility to sound. When he was three years old, he often put him in the violoncello case, and hired him with sweetmeats to stand there while he played. The candy would keep him quiet a few minutes, but soon the little feet began to beat time, and the eager eyes kindled more and more. At last, his nervous excitement would become so great, that he could not stay in the violoncello case; he must come out; the music was dancing all through him, and he was crazy to give it utterance. Already the spirit spoke within him, which led Correggio to say, "I too am a painter."

When the child returned home, he would seize the yard measure, and, with a small stick for a bow, imitate what his uncle had played. He heard it with the inward ear all the while. But as his parents were not so pervaded with the tune as he was, he would explain his movements as he went along, telling how beautifully the bass came in at such a place. At five years old, his uncle bought him a violin; a very little one, as yellow as a lemon. He says he was never lifted quite so high above the earth as he was when he first drew the bow across that little yellow violin. To the surprise of his family, he immediately played well upon it, though he had received no instruction. He had not even been taught to read music by the usual process. But he had always been present at family concerts and quartet clubs, and as the musicians played, he observed the written notes, till they became as familiar as household words. And now, with his little yellow violin, he plays a quartet of Pleyel's to the assembled club, who look at each other with astonishment, and exclaim, "Why, who has taught the child?"

At ten years old, a foreign music master urges the necessity of teaching the boy according to rule. The father consents, and the child makes trial of the mechanical method. He is told that he must handle his bow differently, hold his violin quite otherwise, leave off improvising, and practise by note. But nothing comes to him thus; the life goes out of him, and he cannot play. Father and teacher coax and reprove, till the sensitive child, in his agony, cries and screams. His genius will not go into the straight jacket. It was worse than harnessing Pegasus into a stage-coach team. The boy had his way, and music continued to come to him without aid from the drill sergeants of sound. The result is before us. Those who think a stricter education would have made a more thoroughly correct performer are little aware how much would have been lost to them had this strong and fluent nature been enveloped by a process less free.

1688. PASSION FOR MUSIC.

There is a touching tale of a musician, on the verge of death, who rose from his bed to finish a tune which a wayward boy, who run away, had left unfinished. The musician finished the musical phrase, and instantly died.

There is another interesting instance on record. Benda, the celebrated German composer, was the most absent man imaginable. The following is a

remarkable instance: His wife had just expired in his arms, and Benda was in an agony of grief. Suddenly, as if struck by an inspiration, he rushed to the piano, and drew from it a series of most mournful modulations; but soon interested, in spite of himself, in the succession of chords he played, and carried away by his imagination into the realms of fancy, he forgot so completely the subject of his inspiration, that, a servant having come to ask him if he would send the customary *lettres de fair part*, "Ask my wife!" answered Benda, without stirring.

1689. HAYDN'S COURT KNOWLEDGE.

A female singer, who was in high favor with a German prince, was appointed to sing one of Haydn's compositions. At the rehearsal, she and the conductor differed as to the time in which it should be sung. It was agreed that the composer should be referred to, who, when the conductor waited on him, asked him if the lady was *handsome*.

"Very," was the reply, "and a special favorite with the duke."

"Then she is right," said Haydn, with a significant look at the poor disconcerted professor, who, in all probability, had he gained his point, would have lost his place; and this Haydn well knew.

1690. MONSIGNY.

The susceptibility of the celebrated musical composer Monsigny was so extreme, that the composition of each of his operas threw him into a fit of illness, from which he recovered only to relapse into another. Monsigny composed more from sentiment than from learning; for the thorns of science and study were never mingled with the flowers which he gathered: the spoiled child of nature, his talents had not acquired that ready docility which is the result of a more rigorous education; his genius was an instrument which he could not dispose of at will, like those who, having rendered it flexible by the exercise of severe school discipline, can regulate its movements without repressing its flight. As soon as sentiment had impregnated his imagination, he sought to deliver himself of it; but he was frequently on the point of sinking beneath the labor, which was a mixture of delight and pain. He shed so many tears during the composition of the *Deserter*, that his friends twice found it necessary to take the poem from him. Even after he had completed it, on alluding to the scene where Louisa gradually recovers from her swoon, and recollecting the half-articulated words, interrupted by the strains of the orchestra, he would melt into tears, and fall himself into the distressed situation which he had so forcibly depicted.

1691. MOZART'S MINUET AND THE MENDICANT.

Mozart, walking in the suburbs of Vienna, was accosted by a mendicant of a very prepossessing appearance and manner, who told his tale of woe with such effect as to interest the musician strongly in his favor; but the state of his purse not corresponding with the impulse of his humanity, he desired the applicant to follow him to a coffee-house. Here Mozart drawing some paper from his pocket,

in a few minutes composed a minuet, which, with a letter, he gave to the distressed man, desiring him to take it to his publisher. A composition from Mozart was a bill payable at sight; and to his great surprise, the now happy mendicant was immediately presented with five double ducats.

1692. HANDEL AND DR. MORELL.

Dr. Morell, who furnished Handel with the poetry of his oratorios, related that one fine summer morning he (Dr. M.) was roused out of his bed at five o'clock by Handel, who came in his carriage a short distance from London. The doctor went to the window, and spoke to Handel, who would not leave his carriage. Handel was at that time composing an oratorio. When the doctor asked him what he wanted, he said, "What de tevil means de vord *billow*?" which was in the oratorio the doctor had written for him. The doctor, after laughing at so ridiculous a reason for disturbing him, told him that billow meant a wave of the sea. "O, de wave," said Handel, and bade the coachman return, without addressing another word to the doctor.

1693. GABRIELI'S CAPRICE.

The celebrated Gabrieli, who was so long the admiration of all Italy, was not more remarkable for her great vocal powers than for the caprice of temper by which they may be said to have been in thrall.

When she was in good humor, and chose to exert herself, there was nothing in the whole compass of music that she could not perform. She is said to have sung to the heart, as well as to the imagination; to have touched every chord, and to have moved every passion of the human breast. Such, however, was the unfortunate capriciousness of her temper, that it but rarely permitted her to exert her powers to full advantage. Neither interest, nor flattery, nor threats, nor punishments had the least power over her conduct. To know that she was particularly desired to sing was with her an invincible reason against it.

The Viceroy of Sicily, who was fond of music, one time gave a grand dinner to the principal nobility of Palermo, and sent an invitation to Gabrieli to be of the party. Every other person was there exactly at the appointed time. The viceroy ordered the dinner to be kept back for some time, and sent an express to let her know that the company awaited her arrival. The messenger found her reading in bed. She said she was sorry she had kept the company waiting, but she had really forgot the appointment. Nor was this all. When she came, she sung all her airs with obvious indifference and sullen neglect.

The viceroy was highly offended; but being of a gentle temper, he did not choose to exercise his authority. But still persevering in her sullen and stubborn manner, he was constrained to threaten her with punishment if she any longer refused to sing.

Upon this she grew more obstinate, declaring that force and authority would have no effect with her; that he might make her cry, but he never would make her sing. She was then sent to prison, where she remained twelve days; during which time she gave magnificent dinners every day, paid the debts of all the poor prisoners, and distributed large sums in charity.

It is related that several times the managers of the London Opera were in terms with her to visit England, but she would never agree: the reason she assigned was, that as she could not command her caprice, which for the most part commanded her, she could have no liberty to indulge it in England.

"For," added she, "were I to take it into my head not to sing, I am told the people there would certainly mob me, and perhaps break my bones. Now I like to sleep in a sound skin, although it should be in a prison." She alleged, also, that it was not always caprice or ill humor that prevented her from singing, but that it often depended upon physical causes.

1694. CATALINI'S IRRESOLUTION.

It is little known, and can hardly be credited, that the great singer Catalini, with all her experience of public favor and inevitable consciousness of her own genius, continued to the very end of her career to be exceedingly timid and irresolute on entering upon her theatrical duties. She generally carried a Bible upon the stage along with her, as a kind of charm to insure confidence, and always devoutly crossed herself, and prayed for support, as a soldier might do on going to battle.

1695. GENEROSITY REWARDED.

Haydn, when a boy, was engaged by the organist of the cathedral at Vienna; but when his voice broke, his master discarded him from the choir, and, on account of a boyish trick, most inhumanly turned him into the streets, at seven o'clock one evening in November, with tattered clothes, and without one kreutzler in his pocket.

Driven into the street at such an hour, and without any means of procuring a lodging, he threw himself upon some stone steps, and passed the night in the open air. A poor but friendly musician, of the name of Spangler, discovered him the next morning; and though he himself lodged with his wife and children in a single room, on a fifth story, he offered the outcast Haydn a corner of his garret, and a seat at his table. A miserable bed, a table, chair, and a wretched harpsichord were all that the generous hospitality of his host could offer him, in a garret which had neither windows nor a stove; but this charitable act of the benevolent Spangler was welcome, and most readily accepted by Haydn, who soon was enabled to recompense his generous benefactor by placing him as principal tenor in the chapel of Prince Esterhazy.

1696. HAYDN'S EARLY LIFE.

Poor, freezing with cold in a miserable garret, he studied by the side of his old broken harpsichord, the ardor of his genius alone left to animate him in contending with the difficulties of the way. At length he was fortunate enough to obtain some lessons in Italian singing, from his introduction to the family of a Venetian nobleman, ambassador at Vienna. The famous Porpora was still retained in his household, and Haydn most eagerly sought his favor, in the hope of obtaining also his instruction. Humiliation, and many a "hope deferred," he had to endure; for Porpora was ill tempered beyond conception, and although poor Haydn rose early every morning to brush his coat and shoes, and

arrange his wig in the nicest order, in expectation of propitiating him, he had seldom more than the polite epithet of "fool" bestowed on him for his pains. And this was to the future illustrious author of the Creation. At the age of nineteen, his voice breaking, he was expelled from his class at St. Stephen's Church, where he had sung eleven years, and his only asylum was in the house of a wig-maker, named Keller. Unfortunately, his residence there had a fatal influence on his after life; for his host, too desirous, seemingly, of making ample provision for his young guest, proposed uniting him to one of his daughters, whilst Haydn, engrossed in his studies, having no thoughts of love, made no objections; and afterwards keeping his word with scrupulous honor, the union proved far from happy. On leaving the house of his friend Keller, (we do not know for what reason,) for six long years he endured a bitter conflict against penury so piercing that often, during winter, he was compelled to lie in bed for want of fuel and other necessities. An opportunity at last presented itself of improving his circumstances; for by chance the Prince Esterhazy, a passionate amateur of music, was present at a concert which very opportunely commenced with one of Haydn's pieces. The delight of the prince was unbounded, and he immediately appointed the composer sub-director of his orchestra, and he demanded who he was. Haydn, in fear and trembling, advanced, when the prince exclaimed, "What, is that the little Moor?" (alluding to his complexion;) then, addressing him, added, "Go and dress yourself as my chapel master. You must never appear again in my presence in the plight you are now. You are too little, and have a pitiful looking face. Get a new coat and high-heeled shoes, that your stature may correspond with your mind." Haydn was too happy at his appointment to feel much chagrin at his equivocal style of compliment.

1697. A MUSICAL LANDSCAPE.

"Our nice travelling chariot," says John Waters, "with all its trunks, cases, pockets, down cushions, and delightful appliances, that we had thought such a purchase two days before at Frankfort, gave out just as we approached Heidelberg. One of the axletrees being heated, the wheel refused to turn round; and for two hours we were standing in the road, surrounded by the peasantry that the postillion had assembled together, who were endeavoring to get the wheel off, pouring cold water upon it, and talking to us, and about us, in an unknown tongue. For although my friend and myself mustered five modern languages, *German*, unfortunately, was not one of them, and we knew nothing whatever of the *patois* of these honest people.

"After consultation with a mechanic at Heidelberg, and finding that the defect was not to be remedied there without great delay, we resolved upon a partial repair, and to return, as best we might, to Frankfort, and seek redress from the warranty of the party of whom we had bought the vehicle. We paid our visit to the incomparable ruins of the castle, and then proceeded to retrace our steps, and, examining our wheels at every post-house, reached the Hotel d'Angleterre at Frankfort at the close of the day in August.

"It is always depressing to be turned back upon one's path; and these reclamations and bargainings for redress are the most uncomfortable things in the world; so that M. and I looked blank at one another

as we entered again the streets of that busy mart. We determined to say nothing of the matter until morning, and I longed heartily for some refreshment, that I should banish it altogether from my mind in the mean time.

"Is there no music in Frankfort to-night?" I inquired. 'I beg your pardon,' was the reply; 'there is the *finest*. Monsieur Listz, the pianist, performs this evening at the theatre.' 'Is it far from this?' 'Quite the contrary, fortunately, for the performances must have begun.' 'Show me the way.'

"In a few minutes I had passed through the boxes into the pit of a small theatre. It was well filled, and yet the number of performers and amateurs on the stage seemed hardly less than that of the audience. The entertainment had opened, and was continued for some time with alternate instrumental and vocal music. The latter was composed of those strong, *brassy* voices, that satisfy the ear by their correctness and force, perhaps, but make no approach towards the heart. There was then a pause of some minutes, and a movement of expectation throughout the house; and presently a pale-faced, light-complexioned, loosely-constructed, middle-aged person made his way through the artists and assistants, saluted the audience in a shambling and *gauche* manner, and seated himself, without notes, at a piano that was near the front of the stage.

"Until he reached the side of this instrument, he seemed like *part of a man*, wanting support and confidence; but as he took his place, the existence became complete, and joy passed over his countenance as he laid his hand upon the keys. It was one of the faces of Thorwaldsen, an express indication of the deep interior spirit; and expectation rose high when the piano breathed, as it were, under his touch.

"He ran through a delicious voluntary, that there might be no doubt of the exactness of each note, and we all felt the perfection of his *fingering*; clear, distinct, round, precious, full. — a shower of pearls upon a table of porphyry. It was now all stillness, the intense stillness of watchfulness, throughout the house, for his performance was to commence; and although the moments, if measured by a clock, might have been short, no doubt, we divided time by a different metre; and a wild waste had in our imagination extended itself around him, when he calmly raised his hands to their utmost height, and with blow after blow upon the instrument with his whole force, successively planted large columnar masses of sound over the extended plain, and a scene like that of the Giant's Causeway rose like enchantment before our astonished and delighted senses.

"Hardly had he sketched the vision before us, when a storm began, such as I have seldom witnessed. The instrument rained, hailed, thundered, moaned, whistled, shrieked round those basaltic columns, in every cry that the tempest can utter in its wildest paroxysms of wrath. It was almost too powerful and ungoverned at the last; and at the instant that this thought entered into the mind, the wind lulled, the elements were spent, the calm came; the brooks and watercourses took up their song of exultation; the air was refreshed, the birds chirped, the sun put forth, and 'the young leaf lifted its green head.'

"We now accompanied him through a small valley with precipitous banks, such as one finds in Piedmont, where the large-leaved tree grows beside the mossy rock, and the vine tries vainly to envelop both, and shade, and light, and repose are the glory of the earth. Young clouds were forming on the

upper heights, destined to paint the skies of Italy, and struggling hard in their ascent, at every jutting rock and leafy buttress, to remain adhering to their native cliffs, against the repeated bidding of the sun; as if preferring, even to the cerulean heaven, a world so verdant and so fair.

"We were thus borne along by the strain through countless beauties of rock, and sky, and foliage, to a grotto, by the side of which was a fountain that seemed one of the eyes of the earth, so large and darkly brilliant was it, so deep and so serene; reflecting on its *retina* with magical distinctness every surrounding object, whether distant or near. Here we listened for some moments to the voices, rather than the songs, of birds, when the music by degrees again diminished, and then fluttered, and then ceased.

"It was not immediately that the audience gave forth their demonstrations of rapturous applause; and as I looked round, I saw on all sides that 'eyes, in tears, both smiled and wept.' I walked home almost upon air, and every pulsation on the way was a throb of gratitude to Him who, for our solace and delight, hath 'planted the ear,' and opened all hearts to the inspiration of the truly gifted master of this wonderful art.

Being some days afterwards in the society of an accomplished lady, herself no mean musician, and describing to her the effect produced on my mind by this remarkable performance, she surprised me by saying that she had been present at it, and that the same imagery had passed with slight variation before her, as she listened, that I have here endeavored faintly to preserve. I was charmed at the assurance, for it confirmed me in the belief that this was not a mere flitting of the rainbow spirit across the imagination, rearing in its passage a fabric of happiness,—beautiful at times as a palace of the genii, and alas! as illusory,—but a substantive and truthful joy, to be recalled at will; to be remembered in solitude; to be dwelt upon for the enrichment of the soul; and—may I entertain the hope?—in some degree perhaps even to be imparted."

1608. "THINK OF THY SERVANT."

Josquin, a celebrated composer, was appointed master of the chapel to Louis XII. of France, who promised him a benefice, but, contrary to his usual custom, forgot him. Josquin, after suffering great inconvenience from the shortness of his majesty's memory, ventured, by a singular expedient, publicly to remind him of his promise, without giving offence. Being commanded to compose a motet for the chapel royal, he chose part of the 119th psalm, beginning, "O, think of thy servant as concerning thy word," which he set in so supplicating and exquisite a manner, that it was universally admired, particularly by the king, who was not only charmed with the music, but felt the force of the words so effectually, that he soon after granted his petition, by conferring on him the promised appointment.

1609. THE COMPOSER AND THE WAG.

The celebrated composer Handel had such a remarkable irritation of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before he arrived at the theatre. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from Handel's irascibility of temper, stole

into the orchestra on a night when the Prince of Wales was to be present, and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double-bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced barcheaded to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amid a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat until the prince went in person, and with much difficulty appeased his wrath.

1700. A VAGABOND WONDER.

There was in London, many years since, a deplorable instance of the waste of fine powers, in the person of John James, an organist in London, a man who possessed, in an eminent degree, the rare talent of *extemporizing* music. Among those who gave evidence of his vast ability were numbered Handel, Geminiani, Boyd, Green, and other distinguished musical persons, who uniformly expressed equal surprise and delight. But unfortunately for the art and himself, this gifted being found his most agreeable companions in the debased frequenters of the lowest pothouses and taverns. He was not only a capital organist, but an excellent composer; yet he was too idle or too thoughtless to publish any thing more than a few fugitive songs. A life thus unworthily passed terminated in 1745, when he was followed to the grave by a large concourse of musicians and boon companions, who performed on the occasion a funeral hymn of his own composition.

1701. DORIAN'S WIT.

Plutarch speaks of Dorian; and says he changed the style of playing, and that parties were raised to oppose and favor the change. Parties of this kind were not uncommon. Socrates says, when speaking of the advantages of concord in a state, "I mean that the city should agree, not in praising the same poet or flute-player, but in obeying the same laws."

Dorian was both a wit and a voluptuary. 'His music and poetry are lost, but some of his wit has been preserved. He was once at Milo, in Egypt, and, as he could not find lodgings, he walked about, when, seeing a priest at his sacrifices, he asked him to tell him to whom he was sacrificing. "To Jupiter and Neptune," answered the priest. "How should I expect to find lodging," said Dorian, "when the gods lie double?"

Supping one night with a prince, he admired a gold cup; when the prince observed, "The goldsmith will make you one like it when you please." "He will make one to your order much sooner than mine," said Dorian; "so let me have this, and do you order another."

Upon hearing a description of a tempest in the Nauplius of Timotheus, he said he had seen a better one in a boiling pot. Is not this the original of a "tempest in a teapot"? His wit and humor made him every where a welcome guest, and he often visited Philip of Macedon.

His father was a flute-maker, who had acquired a

fortune by his profession, and was able, not only to educate his children in a liberal manner, but to furnish a chorus for his tribe at festivals and religious ceremonies. This, in consequence of the emulation of different tribes, was attended with great expense. However, the profit upon some of the flutes may be supposed to have been large. Ismenias, a musician of Thebes, paid for a flute which he purchased about three thousand dollars.

1702. GRATITUDE FOR TALENTS.

"On one occasion only," says Andersen, "did I hear Jenny Lind express her joy in her talent and her self-consciousness. It was during her residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or at concerts; every hour was

in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were misused, and compelled either to beg or steal, and to place them in other and better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually a small sum each for their support; nevertheless the means for this excellent purpose were small. 'But have I not still a disengaged evening?' said she; 'let me give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices!'

"Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she was informed of this, and that by this means a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes. 'It is, however, beautiful,' said she, 'that I can sing so!'"

§ 178. ORIGIN OF NOTED PIECES.

1703. THE DEVIL'S SONATA.

Tartini dreamed one night that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and, during this vision, every thing succeeded to his mind. His wishes were prevented, and his desires fulfilled, by the assistance of his new servant. At last, he imagined he gave the devil his violin, in order to discover what sort of a musician he was, when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo, so singularly beautiful, and which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his delight upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing; he awoke with the violence of his sensations, and instantly seized his fiddle, in hopes of expressing what he had just heard; but in vain. He, however, composed a piece, which is the best of all his works, and which he called the Devil's Sonata; yet it was so far inferior to what his sleep had produced, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music forever, if he could have found any other means of subsistence.

1704. MOZART'S "REQUIEM."

The great composer Mozart was so absorbed in music, that he was a child in every other respect. Like all weak-minded people, he was extremely apprehensive of death; and it was only by incessant application to his favorite study that he prevented his spirits from sinking totally under the fears of approaching dissolution. At all other times he labored under a profound melancholy, during which he composed some of his best pieces, particularly his celebrated Requiem. The circumstances attending it were remarkable.

One day, when his spirits were unusually oppressed, a stranger, of a tall, dignified appearance, was introduced. His manners were grave and impressive. He told Mozart that he came from a person who did not wish to be known, to request he would compose a solemn mass, as a requiem for the soul of a friend whom he had recently lost, and whose memory he was desirous of commemorating

by this solemn service. Mozart undertook the task, and engaged to have it completed in a month. The stranger begged to know what price he set upon his work; and immediately paying him one hundred ducats, he departed. The mystery of this visit seemed to have a very strong effect upon the mind of the musician. He brooded over it for some time, and then, suddenly calling for writing materials, began to compose with extraordinary ardor. This application, however, was more than his strength could support; it brought on fainting fits, and his increasing illness obliged him to suspend his work. "I am writing the requiem for myself," said he one day to his wife; "it will serve for my own funeral service." And this impression never afterwards left him. At the expiration of the month, the mysterious stranger appeared and demanded the Requiem. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my first design. I shall require another month to finish it." The stranger made no objection, but, observing that for this additional trouble it was but just to increase the premium, laid down fifty ducats more, and promised to return at the time appointed. Astonished at his whole proceeding, Mozart ordered a servant to follow this singular personage, and, if possible, to find out who he was; the man, however, lost sight of him, and was obliged to return as he went. Mozart, now more than ever persuaded that he was a messenger from the other world, sent to warn him that his end was approaching, applied with fresh zeal to the Requiem; and, in spite of his exhausted state both of body and mind, he completed it before the end of the month. At the appointed day the stranger returned; the Requiem was finished, but Mozart was no more!

1705. DI TANTI PALPITI.

The anecdote of the *Aria del Risi* (the rice air) belongs to Tancredi. Rossini had composed an air which La Malanotte, then in the pride of her beauty and talents, refused to sing, signifying her objections only two nights before that of the performance. The poor young man returned pensively to his small inn. Every dinner in Northern Italy commences with a dish of rice; as it is eaten

very little done, four minutes before he serves, he sends to ask the important question, "Must the rice be put on the fire?" As Rossini entered his room in despair, the *cameriere* made the usual demand, and was answered in the affirmative. The rice was put down; and, before it was ready, Rossini had written the air which has since been sung all over Europe, *Di tanti palpiti*, and which has retained the name of *Aria del Risi* in Venice.

1706. IRISH MELODY.

When Haydn, the celebrated composer, first heard an Irish melody, he is said to have been deeply affected, and remarked that such music could only originate with an oppressed and unfortunate race.

1707. THE RIVAL OPERAS.

In the year 1787, the Neapolitan composers Piccini and Sacchini were each required to compose an opera for an entertainment at Fontainebleau. Piccini chose the story of Dido; Sacchini that of Chimena. Sacchini soon had his opera ready, and it was deemed a masterpiece. Piccini was late in beginning his task; but when the poetry of his Dido was finished, he repaired to the country residence of M. Marmontel, who wrote it. During his stay there of seventeen days, he composed the whole music of the piece, retaining it in his memory, and only reducing the song part and the bass to notation. "I passed," says M. Ginguene, "a most agreeable morning in going over it with him. We both frequently shed tears."

In that fine scene, particularly in the fifth act, which is followed by the chorus of the priests of Pluto, Piccini melted into tears, and said, "Thus has it been with me for these fifteen days. Even when not composing, I could not but weep to think of poor Dido." Hence, no doubt, arises that strong feeling of sensibility which so predominates throughout this charming piece. In six weeks the whole was ready for performance, and its success was such as to eclipse all rivalry.

Piccini possessed an astonishing versatility of genius. While Dido, at the Opera House, —

"Ope'd the sacred source of sympathetic tears," —

his pretended Lord and Sleeper gave birth to emotions perfectly opposite at the Italian Theatre.

1708. YANKEE DOODLE.

This tune has so long been considered as national property, that most persons have supposed it purely American in its origin. Yet it appears that, previous to the time of Charles I., an air somewhat similar to the one in question was common among the peasantry of England.

The air, during the time of Cromwell, was set to various ditties in ridicule of the Protector. One of these began with the words, "The Roundheads and the Cavaliers." Another set of words was called Nankee Doodle, and has throughout a striking resemblance to some of the popular stanzas which were common in the American colonies from the time of their origin to the revolution, and in some sections of the country, even to the present day. The song *Lydia Locket*, or *Lucy Locket*, has been

sung to the same tune from time immemorial. This air seems to have been the foundation of Yankee Doodle.

During the French war of 1755, the provincial army sent against Niagara and Frontenac was commanded by Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, and General Johnston, of New York. Through the early part of the season the army lay encamped on the Hudson, a little below Albany. While the troops were in this position, they were continually receiving recruits from the New England States in the form of drafts and volunteers. They came in, company after company, just as they had issued from their farms and firesides, and their appearance is said to have equalled any specimen of the ludicrous ever exhibited, save and except the famous company of Sir John Falstaff. Some of them had long hair, some had short, and some wore enormous wigs. Some had black suits, some had blue, and some had gray. Some had long coats, some had short ones, and some had no coats at all. Their accoutrements were equally varied, and all together furnished the most grotesque and amusing spectacle that can well be imagined, and abundance of sport for the British regulars.

The music played by the volunteers was such as had been out of date in the British army for centuries, and assisted finely to add point to the amusement afforded by the whole scene. In the British army, at that time, was one Dr. Shackburg, a surgeon, who was a skillful musician and a great wag. The doctor immediately turned his attention to the Yankee volunteers, and determined to pass off a joke by composing a tune for their particular use. He accordingly remodelled the old air of *Nankee Doodle*, and called it *Yankee Doodle*, and with all the gravity imaginable, recommended it to the new comers as one of the most celebrated airs that his country had ever produced.

The volunteers admired the tune; and, notwithstanding the hearty laugh and noisy ridicule of the regulars, it soon became a general favorite through the whole American camp.

Thus originated an air in pure levity and ridicule which many a British soldier in a few years had cause to consider the knell of all his glory. The same soul-stirring strains were heard at a subsequent period on Bunker Hill; the same on the plains of Yorktown; and the same strains will continue to warm the American heart, so long as music hath charms to inspire the breast and rouse the soul to action.

1709. ROUSSEAU'S DREAM.*

Upon a couch in a small, though neatly-furnished room, in the city of Paris, lay an old man wrapped in deep slumber. Books pregnant with visionary schemes of social reform, and subversive of all the world holds good, either in morals or religion, lay beside him; many of which his fertile mind had conjured up, and his pen and the press had sent forth into the licentious city, to work like leaven in the meal. In different parts of this chamber were piles of manuscript music, which had won for him much applause, among which was his masterly effort of *Devin du Village*, which so enraptured the volatile French that they almost worshipped him. He sought and coveted the applause of men rather than the favor of his Maker. God was not in all

* This tune, besides the name "Rousseau's Dream," is better known in our music books by that of "Greenville."

his thoughts, and the future, the mysterious future, the immortality of the soul, and its inevitable state of happiness or misery, were to him as so many chimeras of an overheated imagination.

Rousseau, the infidel, slept. And while he slept, his deathless spirit soared away beyond the boundaries of Beulah, and was permitted to listen to more enrapturing and melodious sounds than earth can ever yield. An innumerable throng with harps of gold swelled the loud chorus of this celestial place, at one moment louder than the diapason of ocean's surge, the next, softer than the softest breathings of the Æolian's trembling strings. Enraptured the dreamer stood, drinking in the sweet melody, until it seemed as if himself were dissolving into the soft cadence, when suddenly an

angelic being, beautiful in appearance, stood before him.

"What delightful and enrapturing place is this," said he, "and who are those that are so happy, and whose sweet strains have almost robbed me of my being?"

"This place is called heaven, the paradise of God," was the answer; "and those happy beings you behold are the glorified from earth: and the anthem they are swelling is the song of the redeemed."

The music of the skies awoke the infidel from his dream; and hastily seizing his pen, by the dim glimmer of his midnight lamp he wrote the Song of the Redeemed, ere the echoes of its heavenly strain had died upon his ear.

§ 179. AMUSING INCIDENTS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS.

1710. WANTING A WIDE MOUTH.

Vocalists, nowadays, are obliged to stretch their jaws almost to dislocation, and they roar you like lions. To see them sing, you would think they were of that class mentioned in sacred writ, who "open their mouths wide for the latter rain." They seem to delight in gutturals and grimace, flourishes and falsettos. One of these men, whose vocal orifice extended horizontally almost across his face, applied not long ago to a waggish physician in Philadelphia, to ask his advice as touching the probable success of an operation to which he desired to submit himself.

"I have sung for several years in public," said the minstrel, "and I find that the changes of fashion require louder tones than I am able to utter, while my mouth retains its present dimensions. I am obliged to whistle out many of my long and large notes as a grimalkin cries in a quinsy, cracked and broken. I want *volume*, and I have called to know whether you can aid me in effecting an alteration which will give my lips a fuller and freer play, and my voice more freedom."

"Perhaps so," responded the physician; "but what do you require? What do you propose?"

"I wish, I say," returned the singer, — who, let it be remembered, had an enormous *bouche* of his own, — "that my mouth should be *enlarged*. It is too limited for my purpose."

"O, ho!" said the doctor, "I understand you. We'll see what *can* be done."

He arose, and placing his hand on the head of the patient, turned it to and fro, like a barber's *garçon*, while an expression of solemn drollery struggled in his features.

"I can do so, sir," he continued, after a short pause, "and easily; but there is a preliminary operation, which may distress and perhaps disfigure you. It is a *long* job, and you may not consent to it."

"To any thing, my dear doctor, that will effect my object. Pray tell me what is requisite to be done."

"Why, my friend, you wish your mouth widened; it is now uncommonly expansive; and, in order to extend its limits any farther, it will first be necessary to *remove your ears*, they being obstacles at each corner!"

It may be conjectured that the operation was declined, and that the vocalist quitted his adviser in the sulks. Such was the fact.

1711. THE WAY HANDEL ORDERED DINNER WHEN HE DINED ALONE.

Some folks eat two or three times as much as others; for instance, the incomparable and inspired composer Handel required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food. Among other stories told of this great musician, it is said that whenever he dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered "dinner for three;" and on receiving an answer to his question, "Is do tinner retty?" "As soon as the company come," he said, *con trepito*, "Den pring up te tinner, *prestissimo*. I am de gombaiy."

1712. THE DEVIL OR JOHN BULL.

Dr. John Bull was the first Gresham professor of music, and organist and composer to Queen Elizabeth. John, like a true Englishman, travelled for improvement, and, having heard of a famous musician at St. Omer's, he placed himself under him as a *novice*; but a circumstance very soon convinced the *master* that he was inferior to the *scholar*. The musician showed John a song which he had composed in *forty parts*! — telling him, at the same time, that he defied all the world to produce a person capable of adding *another* part to his composition. *Bull* desired to be left alone, and to be indulged for a short time with pen and ink. In less than three hours, he added *forty parts* more to the song; upon which the Frenchman was so surprised, that he swore, in great ecstacy, he must be either the *Devil* or *John Bull*; which has ever since been proverbial in England.

1713. BILLINGS AND THE WAG'S QUERY.

Billings, the celebrated composer of music, boasted that there was no point in the science that he did not fully understand. A Boston wag, knowing his unbounded vanity, addressed a note to him, requesting an interview with him at the Lamb Tavern on a particular day, stating that he had a question in music to propose to him, which no other man in Boston could answer.

Billings met the gentleman promptly, and with much self-complacency remarked, that he had devoted his life to music, and believed that there was no question on the science which he could not at

once answer, and asked what the difficulty was. "The question," said the inquirer, "is one which affects the whole world, and has never been settled." "Let me hear it," exclaimed Billings. "Well, it is this: when a man snores in his sleep, through at least two octaves, and so loud as to be heard throughout the whole house, do you consider these sounds *vocal* or *instrumental* music?"

1714. A GENTLE HINT.

If Weber had continued to compose for our theatres, he would probably have succeeded in chastening and improving the style of our singers. On one occasion, at a rehearsal, he said, "I am very sorry you take so much trouble." "O, not at all," was the reply. "Yes," he added, "but I say yest—dat is, for why you take de trouble to sing so many notes dat are not in de book."

1715. TRIBUTE TO MENDELSSOHN

An intelligent American traveller gives the following graphic account of this celebrated musical genius:—

"I have rarely seen a man whose countenance bears so plainly the stamp of genius. He has a glorious dark eye, and Byron's expression of a *dome of thought* could never be more appropriately applied than to his lofty and intellectual forehead, the marble whiteness and polish of which are heightened by the raven hue of his hair. He is (in 1844) about forty years of age, in the noon of his fame, and the full maturity of his genius. He is now the first living composer of Germany. Moses Mendelssohn, the celebrated Jewish philosopher, was his grandfather: and his father, now living, is accustomed to say, that in his youth he was spoken of as the *son* of the great Mendelssohn: *now* he is known as the *father* of the great Mendelssohn!"

1716. TRANSGRESSION AND SIN.

Handel, having occasion to bring out one of his oratorios in a provincial town of England, began to look about for such material to complete his orchestra and chorus as the place might afford. One and another was recommended, as usual, as being a splendid singer, a great player, &c.

After a while, such as were collectable were gathered together in a room, and, after preliminaries, Handel himself made his appearance, puffing under both arms full of manuscript. "Gentlemen," said he, "you all read music?" "Yes, yes," responded from all parts of the room. "We play in the church," added one old gentleman behind a violoncello. "Very well; play *dis*," said Handel, distributing the parts. This done, and a few explanations delivered, Handel retired to a distant part of the room to enjoy the effect.

The stumbling, fumbling, and blundering that ensued is said to be indescribable. Handel's sensitive ear and impetuous spirit could not long brook the insult, and clapping his hands to his ears, he ran to the old gentleman of the violoncello, and shaking his fist furiously at those two terrified individuals, said, "You play in de church!—very well; you may play in de church—for we read, 'De Lord is long suffering, of great kindness, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin;' you sal play in de church

—but you sal not play for me!" And snatching together his manuscripts, he rushed out of the room, leaving the astonished performers to draw their own conclusions.

1717. BON-MOT OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

The great Handel, whose admirable music has lately brought such considerable sums, was, several years ago, so much neglected, that his oratorios were frequently performed to empty benches. King George II., however, constantly attended Handel's pieces, though they were abandoned by the rest of the court. This attachment gave occasion to the following *bon-mot* of Lord Chesterfield, who coming out of the oratorio one night, was met by Lord Delaware. "What," said the latter, "have they dismissed? Is there no oratorio to-night?" "O, yes," replied Lord Chesterfield, "they are now performing," but I thought it best to retire, lest I should disturb the king in his *privacies*."

1718. SETTING A TUNE TO POLITICS.

Dr. Wise, the musician, being requested to subscribe his name to a petition against an expected prorogation of Parliament in the reign of Charles II., wittily answered, "No, gentlemen, it is not my business to meddle with state affairs; but I'll set a tune to it, if you please."

1719. MOZART PERFORMING WITH HIS NOSE.

A good story is told of Mozart, the great composer, at the time he was a pupil with Haydn. It shows that a long nose is sometimes useful.

Haydn one day challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a supper and Champagne were to be the forfeit. Every thing being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and, much to the surprise of Haydn, handed it to him, saying,—

"There is a piece of music which you cannot play, and I can. You are to give it the first trial."

Haydn smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when, stopping all at once, he exclaimed,—

"How is this, Mozart? How is this? Here my hands are stretched to both ends of the piano, and yet there's a middle key to be touched. Nobody can play such music—not even the composer himself."

Mozart smiled at the half-excited indignation of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of self-assurance that Haydn began to think himself duped. Running along through the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, as many are aware, was endowed with an extremely long nose—a prodigious nose, which, in modern dialect, "stuck out about a foot." Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme end of the piano, and leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key which "nobody could play!" Haydn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter;

and, after acknowledging the "corn," declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never before discovered.

1720. SINGING AT SIGHT.

In 1741, Handel, proceeding to Ireland, was detained for some days at Chester, in consequence of the weather. During this time, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, to know whether there were any choir men in the cathedral who could sing at sight, as he wished to prove some books, that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the best singers in Chester, and, among the rest, a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel had taken up his residence; when, on trial of the chorus in the Messiah,—

"And with his stripes we were healed,"—

—poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed completely. Handel got enraged, and after abusing him in five or six different languages, exclaimed in broken English, "You schantrel, tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, sir," said the printer; "and so I can, but not at first sight."

1721. HANDEL AND THE DISAPPOINTED CANON.

"During the latter part of Handel's life," says Dr. Miller, "when a boy, I used to perform on a German flute, in London, at his oratorios. About the year 1753, in the Lent season, a minor canon, from the cathedral of Gloucester, offered his service to Mr. Handel to sing. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the choruses. Not satisfied with this department, he requested leave to sing a solo air, that his voice might appear to more advantage. This request also was granted; but he executed his solo so little to the satisfaction of the audience, that he was, to his great mortification, violently hissed. When the performance was over, by way of consolation, Handel made him the following speech: 'I am sorry, very sorry, for you, indeed, my dear sir; but go back to your church in de country; God will forgive you for your bad singing; dese wicked people in London, dey will not forgive you.'"

1722. WEBER'S COMPARISON.

Weber was invited to dine with Mr. L., the music seller, whose residence and establishment are of a very handsome description. On entering the noble drawing-room, the quiet German opened his eyes, and looking round, said softly, as if to himself, "I see it is better to sell music than to write it."

1723. THE PARSON'S REPLY TO HANDEL.

While Marylebone Gardens were flourishing, about the year 1738, the enchanting music of Handel, and probably of Arne, was often heard there. One evening Handel was walking with a gentleman when a new piece was struck up by the band. "Gomm, Mr. Vontaine!" said Handel, "let us zit down and listen to this piece; I want to know your

opinion of it." Down they sat, and after some time the old parson, turning to his companion, said, "It is not worth listening to; it's very poor stuff." "You are right, Mr. Vontaine, it is poor stuff; I thought so when I finished it." The old gentleman, being taken by surprise, was beginning to apologize; but Handel assured him there was no necessity; that the music was really bad, having been composed hastily, and his time for its production limited, and that the opinion was as correct as it was honest.

1724. HAYDN AND THE MUSIC SELLER.

Haydn used to relate, with much pleasure, a dispute which he had with a music seller in London. Amusing himself one morning, after the English fashion, in shopping, he inquired of a music seller if he had any select and beautiful music. "Certainly," replied the shopman; "I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's." "O," returned Haydn, "I'll have nothing to do with that." "How, sir; you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! and pray what fault have you to find with it?" "O, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me; show me some other." The music seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied, "No, sir; I have music, it is true, but not for such as you;" and turned his back upon him. As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance entered, and accosted him by name. The music seller, still out of humor, turned round at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop, "Haydn! ay, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music." The Englishman laughed; an explanation took place; and the music seller was made acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music.

1725. HANDEL, QUIN, AND MRS. CIBBER.

Dr. Burney informs us that Handel was very fond of Mrs. Cibber, whose voice and manners had softened his severity, and atoned for her want of musical knowledge. At her house on Sunday evenings he used to meet Quin, who, like Handel, in spite of native roughness, was almost as fond of music as of good cheer. Mrs. Cibber, the first time these giants met, prevailed on Handel to sit down to the harpsichord, when he played the overture of *Siroe*, and particularly delighted the company by the wonderful neatness with which he played the jig at the end of it.

Quin, after Handel was gone, being asked by Mrs. Cibber whether he did not think Mr. Handel had a charming hand, replied, "A hand, madam! you mistake; it is a foot." "Poh! poh!" said she; "has he not a fine finger?" "Toes, madam." In fact his hand was so fat, that the knuckles, which usually appear convex, were like those of a child, dented, or dimpled in, so as to be rendered concave; however, his touch was so smooth, that his fingers seemed to grow to the keys. They were so curved and compact that when he played, no motion, and scarcely the fingers themselves, could be discovered.

"I remember," says Dr. Burney, "at Frasi's, in the year 1748, he brought in his pocket the duet from *Judas Maccabæus*, 'From these dread scenes,' in which she had not sung, when the oratorio was first performed, in 1746. When he sat down to the harpsichord, to give her and me the time of it, while he sung her part, I hummed, at sight, the second, over.

his shoulder, in which he encouraged me, by desiring that I would sing out; but, unfortunately, something went wrong, and Handel, with his usual impetuosity, grew violent—a circumstance very terrific to a young musician. At length, recovering from my fright, I ventured to say that I fancied there was a mistake in the writing; which, upon examination, Handel discovered to be the case; and then instantly, with the greatest good humor and humility, said, 'I pec your barton; I am a very odd tog: Maishter Schmitt is to plame.' When Frasi told him that she should study hard, and was going to learn thorough-bass, in order to accompany herself, Handel, who well knew how little this pleasing singer was addicted to application and diligence, said, 'O, vaat may we not expect!'"

1726. THE DEVIL AND HIS IMPS.

At one of the rehearsals of *Otho*, Cuzzoni, the famous singer, insolently refused to sing the beautiful air, *Folsa Imagine*. Handel, who was presiding at the performance, instantly became enraged.

"Vat!" said he, "you vill not sing my mooshic? I vill throw you out te vindow, if you vill not sing te mooshic!"

"You sal not vex me, Mr. Handel; I vill raise de dev-vel, when I sal be vex," returned Cuzzoni.

"You are te tevil," said Handel; "but, madame, I am *Beelzebub*, te brince of tevils, and [seizing her by the waist] I will throw you out te vindow, if you vill not sing te mooshic!"

§ 180. HONORS PAID.

1727. KELLY.

"Mr. Kelly," says Leigh Hunt, "was a delicate composer, as the music in *Blue Beard* evinces; and he selected so happily from other composers, as to give rise to his friend Sheridan's banter, that he was an 'importer of music and composer of wines;' for he once took to being a wine merchant. While in Ireland, during the early part of his career, he adapted a charming air of *Martini's* to English words, which, under the title of 'O, thou wert born to please me,' he sang with Mrs. Crouch to so much effect, that not only was it always called for three times, but no play was suffered to be performed without it. It should be added that Mrs. Crouch was a lovely woman, as well as a beautiful singer, and that the two performers were in love. I have heard them sing it myself, and do not wonder at the impression it made on the susceptible hearts of the Irish.

"Twenty years afterwards, when Mrs. Crouch was no more, and while Kelly was singing a duet in the same country with Madame Catalani, a man in the gallery cried out, 'Mr. Kelly, will you be good enough to favor us with, 'O, thou wert born to please me?'" The audience laughed; but the call went to the heart of the singer, and probably came from the heart of the honest fellow who made it. The man may have gone to the play in his youth, with somebody he loved by his side, and heard two lovers, as happy as himself, sing what he now wished to hear again."

1728. BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

The grand festival in honor of this celebrated composer, and inauguration of the statue erected to his memory, took place at Bonn, in Germany, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of August. The place was crowded with visitors and professional attendants upon the festival, the anticipated presence of royalty having added to the attractions of the occasion. Her majesty Queen Victoria, the King and Queen of Prussia, and Prince Albert were present.

The most celebrated musical characters of Europe were among the guests and participants of the ceremonies; among them Spohr, Listz, Fetis, Berlois, Fischhoff, Rellstab, the distinguished musical critic from Berlin, Schindler, the author of the *Life of Beethoven*, &c.

Grand concerts were given on the evenings of the

first two days of the festival, led by Spohr and Listz. The orchestra was imposing, the performers being five hundred in number, three hundred in the chorus and two hundred in the instrumental band. The audience was immense. The last was the great day of the festival.

On that day the concert denominated the *Kunstler*, or artists' concert, attracted an assemblage of three thousand persons in the music hall. The concert was conducted by Dr. Listz, and consisted, in part, of his compositions. His cantata having been performed before the entrance of the royal guests, Queen Victoria sent for the composer, and "graciously expressed a wish" that it should be repeated, which was accordingly complied with without delay. The great feature of the concert was the Concert *Stuck*, of Weber, interpreted by the celebrated pianist, Madame Pleyell.

The correspondent of the *London Times* remarks, that, "This lady, who ranks among the foremost artists of the day, is as much remarkable for the brilliancy, certainty, and neatness of her mechanism, as for the roundness of tone, the delicacy of touch, and the poetical beauty of style, which have won for her on the continent the name of *la reine du piano*." The festivities were concluded by a public dinner, of which hundreds partook, among whom were a host of artists and distinguished personages from almost every part of Europe.

1729. TESTING THE MUSICAL POWERS OF CAROLAN.

The Irish Orpheus, Carolan, seems, from the description we have of him, to have been a genuine representative of the ancient bards. Though blind and untaught, yet his attainments in music were of the highest order. At what period of his life Carolan commenced an itinerant musician is not known; nor is it ascertained whether, like many others, he *n'eût abord d'autre Apollon que le besoin*, or whether his fondness for music induced him to betake himself to that profession. Dr. Campbell, indeed, seems to attribute his choice of it to an early disappointment in love. But wherever he went, the gates of the nobility and gentry were thrown open to him, and a distinguished place was assigned him at table. Carolan thought the tribute of a song due to every house where he was entertained, and he seldom failed to pay it, choosing for his subject either the head of the family, or the love-

liest of its branches. Indeed, on every occasion, the emotions of his heart, whether of joy or grief, were expressed in his harp. Many a favorite fair has been the theme of a beautiful planxty; and as soon as the first excess of grief for the loss of his wife had subsided, he composed a monody on her death, teeming with harmony and poetic beauties.

The fame of Carolan soon extended over Ireland, and, amongst others, reached the ears of an eminent Italian music master in Dublin, who, putting his abilities to a severe test, became convinced how well his reputation was merited. The Italian singled out an excellent piece of music, but in several places either altered or mutilated the piece, although in such a manner as that no one but a real judge could make the discovery. It was then played to Carolan, who bestowed the deepest attention on the performance, although he was not aware of its being intended as a trial of his skill, or that the critical moment was then at hand which was to determine his reputation.

When it was finished, and Carolan was asked his opinion, he declared that it was an admirable piece of music; but, said he, very humorously, in his own language, *ta se air chois air bacadhaigh*; that is, here and there it limps and stumbles. He was then requested to rectify the errors; and this he did immediately. to the astonishment of the Italian, who pronounced Carolan to be a true musical genius.

1730. HONOR TO HAYDN.

The admirers of the celebrated composer Haydn, who were exceedingly numerous, were very desirous of publicly testifying their regard for him in his old age, by performing the Creation, one of Haydn's chief works.

The room contained about one thousand five hundred persons, and was full two hours before he arrived. As soon as it was known that he was coming, the eagerness of the audience could scarcely be restrained. Some of the first rank waited to receive him. The illustrious old man was borne on a chair to the place reserved for him, amidst the acclamations of an enthusiastic audience. Such was the effect of the scene, that, oppressed at once with joy and infirmity, with a faltering voice he exclaimed, "This is more than I have ever felt;

let me die now, and be received among the blessed in another world."

When the performance was ended, he was taken out with the same triumph as he entered. He raised his arms, as it were, to leave a blessing on the assembly, and just two months and a half afterwards he expired, in his seventy-sixth year.

1731. MUTUAL RESPECT OF HAYDN AND MOZART.

Haydn and Mozart, two of the greatest composers of ancient or modern times, had the highest respect for each other. "Mozart," said Haydn, when asked his opinion of Don Juan, "is the greatest composer now existing." And Mozart, hearing a German composer find fault with Haydn, said, "If you and I were both melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn."

At a concert, where a new piece, composed by Haydn, was performed, a musician present, who never discovered any thing worthy of praise, except in his own productions, criticizing the music, said to Mozart, "There now, why, that is not what I should have done." "No," replied Mozart, "nor should I; but the reason is, that neither you nor I should have been able to conceive it."

After Mozart's death, Haydn was asked by Broderip, in his music shop, whether he had left any manuscript compositions behind him that were worth purchasing, as his widow had offered his inedited papers, at a high price, to the principal publishers of music throughout Europe. Haydn eagerly said, "Purchase them by all means. He was truly a great musician. I have been often flattered by my friends with having some genius, but he was much my superior."

Though this declaration had more of modesty than truth in it, yet, if the genius of Mozart, who died at the early age of thirty-six, had been granted as many years to expand as that of Haydn, the assertion might, perhaps, have been realized.

Mr. Thomas Atwood, who had the honor of being pupil to Mozart, as Mozart was to Haydn, declared, in a judicial proceeding respecting the Opera House, in which he was a witness, that he regarded "Mozart's music as the best in the world, and Don Giovanni as the finest of his compositions."

§ 181. INFLUENCE ON MIND AND BODY.

1732. BONAPARTE AND HIS SOLDIERS.

Napoleon, confessedly the most consummate commander that ever lifted the sword, who by his tactics outgeneralled all Europe, had a strict regard to the pieces of music which were played by the soldiery on particular occasions. Certain tunes were at times prohibited; others used only under peculiar circumstances; and others served for the final charge, retained, perhaps, only to be let loose with the reserve corps; and it is stated that in making the famous passage of the Alps, under circumstances the most appalling and dreadful, if the soldiers at any time hesitated in their march, he ordered the bugles to sound their liveliest notes, and if the obstacle was so great as to bring them to a dead halt, the whole band were ordered to peal forth the charge to battle, which never failed to

bear them over the most formidable difficulties. Every individual has doubtless heard of the influence of "home music" on the Swiss soldiers, so touchingly alluded to by the poet.

1733. BOURDELLOT PREPARING FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

When the celebrated Father Bourdelot, who has sometimes been called the French Tillotson, was to preach once on a Good Friday, and the proper officer came to attend him to church, his servants said that he was in his study, and that if he pleased he might go up to him. In going up stairs he heard the sound of a violin; and as the door stood a little ajar, he saw Bourdelot stripped into his cassock, playing a good brisk tune, and dancing to

it about his study. He was extremely concerned, for he esteemed that great man highly, and thought he must be run distracted. However, at last he ventured to rap gently at the door.

The father immediately laid down his violin, hurried on his gown, came to him, and, with his usual composed and pleasing look, said, "O sir, is it you? I hope I have not made you stay. I am quite ready to attend you."

The poor man, as they were going down, could not help mentioning his surprise at what he had seen and heard. Bourdelot smiled, and said, "Indeed, you might well be surprised if you don't know any thing of my way on these occasions; but the whole of the matter was this: in thinking over the subject of the day, I found my spirits too much depressed to speak as I ought to do; so I had recourse to my usual method, of music and a little motion. It has had its effect; I am quite in a proper temper, and go now with pleasure to what I should else have gone to in pain."

1734. ALEXANDER AND ANTEGENIDES.

Plato says the music of Olympus was, in a particular manner, adapted to affect and animate the hearers; Aristotle, that it swelled the soul with enthusiasm; and Plutarch, that it surpassed in simplicity and effect all other music then known. According to this biographer, he was author of the *Curule* song, which caused Alexander to seize his arms when it was performed to him by Antegenides.

1735. A TOBACCO FACTORY AT RICHMOND.

"I went afterwards," says Bryant, in his *Letters of a Traveller*, "to a tobacco factory, the sight of which amused me, though the narcotic fumes made me cough. In one room a black man was taking apart the small bundles of leaves of which a hoghead of tobacco is composed, and carefully separating leaf from leaf; others were assorting the leaves according to the quality; and others again were arranging the leaves in layers and sprinkling each layer with the extract of liquorice. In another room were about eighty negroes, — *boys* they are called, — from the age of twelve years up to manhood, who received the leaves thus prepared, rolled them into long, even rolls, and then cut them into plugs of about four inches in length, which were afterwards passed through a press, and thus became ready for market. As we entered the room, we heard a murmur of psalmody running through the sable assembly, which now and then swelled into a strain of very tolerable music.

'Verse sweetens toil.'

says the stanza which Dr. Johnson was so fond of quoting; and really it is so good that I will transcribe the whole of it.

'Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound:
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.'

"Verse, it seems, can sweeten the toil of slaves in a tobacco factory.

"We encourage their singing as much as we can," said the brother of the proprietor, himself a diligent masticator of the weed, who attended us, and politely explained to us the process of making plug tobacco, — "we encourage it as much as we can, for the boys work better while singing. Some-

times they will sing all day long with great spirit; at other times you will not hear a single note. They must sing wholly of their own accord; it is of no use to bid them do it.

"What is remarkable," he continued, "their tunes are all psalm tunes, and the words are from hymn books; their taste is exclusively for sacred music; they will sing nothing else. Almost all these persons are church members; we have not a dozen about the factory who are not so."

1736. SENESINO AND FARINELLI.

Senesino and Farinelli, when in England together, being engaged at different theatres on the same night, had not an opportunity of hearing each other, till, by one of those sudden stage revolutions which frequently happen, yet are always unexpected, they were both employed to sing on the same stage. Senesino had the part of a furious tyrant to represent, and Farinelli that of an unfortunate hero in chains; but in the course of the very first song, the latter so softened the heart of the enraged tyrant, that Senesino, forgetting his assumed character, ran to Farinelli and embraced him.

1737. LUTHER RESTORED TO CONSCIOUSNESS.

D'Aubigne, in his *History of the Reformation*, gives the following narration concerning the effects of music upon Luther. The incident took place while he was in a convent. He was himself a good musician, and exceedingly fond of the art.

"One day, overcome with sadness, he shut himself in his cell, and for several days and nights suffered no one to approach him. One of his friends, Lucas Edemberger, uneasy about him, took with him some young boys, choral singers, and went and knocked at the door of his cell. No one opened or answered. Edemberger broke open the door, and found Luther stretched on the floor, without any sign of life. His friend tried in vain to recall his senses. Then the young choristers began to sing a sweet hymn. Their clear voices acted like a charm on the poor monk, to whom music had always been a source of delight, and by degrees his consciousness returned."

1738. PALMA AND HIS CREDITOR.

It is related that Filippo Palma, the celebrated singer, having been arrested by one of his largest and most enraged creditors, from whom he had been long skulking, made no other reply to his abuse and threats than by sitting down to the harpsichord and singing two or three of his most pleasing and touching airs to his own accompaniments; by which the fury of his creditor was gradually so perfectly subdued, that he not only forgave his debtor, but lent him ten guineas to appease the clamor of other creditors who threatened him with a jail.

1739. UKRAINIAN SINGERS.

The genius for music in the Ukraine is so general, that frequently a woman, while at her work, will modulate her voice, so as to affect the hearer to tears. "Whenever," says a modern traveller, "I saw a group of women sitting at the threshold of a

door, or a merry throng of village maidens sporting on the banks of a river, as is the custom, I was certain of hearing those pathetic sounds which never fail to awaken the exquisite pleasure of sensibility."

1740. CURING DISEASES BY MUSIC.

Dr. Rush speaks of an ingenious writer on disease who laid down the broad principle that all the ailments to which mankind were subject could be removed by music.

1741. THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

A venerable American judge relates the following anecdote: "The morning following the battle of Yorktown, I had the curiosity to attend the dressing of the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation was a musician, who had received a musket ball in the knee. As was usual in such cases, preparations were making to lash him down to the table, to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer, —

"Now, doctor, what would you be at?"

"My lad, I am going to take off your leg, and it is necessary you should be lashed down."

"I'll consent to no such thing. You may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a fiddle in the camp? If so, bring it to me."

"A violin was furnished, and after tuning it, he said, —

"Now, doctor, begin." And he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle."

1742. DEATH FROM THE EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

A Paris paper contains the following extraordinary story: —

A woman twenty-eight years of age, residing at a village in Piedmont, where she was born, had never heard any music until a short time since, when she was taken to a ball, at which there was a very excellent orchestra. During the whole of the performance she remained in a sort of stupor, and when the concert was over, she appeared to be suffering under great emotion. From that time, waking or sleeping, the melodious sounds were continually heard by her, and eventually she could not sleep at all. A state of apathy ensued, which led to a total derangement of the vital functions. Several physicians were called in, who prescribed all sorts of remedies, but without success. Weakness and consumption ensued. The pulse became irregular, and the general effect was the same as that caused by sudden fright. She became, at length, extremely nervous and weak, and died in about a month from the time when she first heard the music. She never ceased, however, to hear the airs, and they seemingly became louder and more powerful as she gradually declined. On one occasion during her illness, a violin was purposely played to her out of tune, and she discovered the circumstance immediately, and putting her head between her hands, asked what unmusical sound it was.

1743. THE HIGHLANDERS AT QUEBEC.

At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great disorder, the general complained to a field officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad behavior of his corps. "Sir," said he, with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning; nothing encourages the Highlanders so much in the day of action. Nay, even now they would be of use." "Let them blow then," replied the general, "if it will bring back the men."

The pipers were then ordered to play a favorite martial air; and the Highlanders, the moment they heard the music, returned and formed with alacrity in the van.

1744. A MUSICAL IDIOT.

There is at present in the Salpêtrière (hospital at Paris) a girl idiotic to an extreme degree, who does not speak, and cannot even dress herself. However, her keeper has recently discovered in her a decided taste for music. She often can repeat faithfully a whole passage of music played or sung to her only once; even if the passage is left incomplete, in repeating it she will terminate it in the right key and tone. A first-rate performer on the piano was brought to play to her, and her transports amounted almost to frenzy. At certain passages of rapid transition from flats to sharps, she uttered cries of transport, and commenced eating her fingers to calm her emotions. She is an immense eater, and greedily snatches at fruit; but if at the moment she hears the instrument, she stops until the music has ceased. An able phrenologist has found the bump of music developed.

1745. CURE OF INSANITY BY MUSIC.

"Of the solace of music, nay, more, of its influence upon melancholy," says Sir Henry Hallford, "I need not look for evidence in the universal testimony of antiquity."

"I myself have witnessed its power to mitigate the sadness of seclusion, in a case where my loyalty as a good subject, and my best feelings as a man, were more than usually interested in the restoration of my patient; and I also remember its salutary effects in the case of a gentleman in Yorkshire, who was first stupefied, and afterwards became insane, upon the sudden loss of all his property. This gentleman could hardly be said to live; he merely vegetated; for he was motionless until pushed, and did not speak to nor notice any body in the house for nearly four months. The first indication of a return of any sense appeared in his attention to music played in the street. This was observed, the second time he heard it, to have a more decided force in arousing him from his lethargy; and induced by this good omen, the sagacious humanity of his superintendent offered him a violin. He seized it eagerly, and amused himself with it constantly. After six weeks' hearing the rest of the patients of the house pass by his door to their common room, he accosted them — "Good morning to you all, gentlemen. I am quite well, and desire I may accompany you." In two months more he was dismissed cured.

1746. LEVERBRIDGE AND HIS ACCUSERS.

The Society for the Reformation of Manners was set up in the latter end of King William's reign, and though instituted upon good principles, yet, in many instances, it acted upon refinements as unservicable to the cause of real morality as to that of common sense. This was exemplified in the case of Leverbridge, the well-known popular vocal performer of that time, whom they prosecuted merely for singing an ode of Dryden's, the subject of which was the *praise of love and wine*. It would seem that the fanatical spirit of the society infected the public, for the grand jury found a bill against poor Leverbridge.

When the trial came on before Sir John Holt, he at once perceived the narrow spirit of the prosecution; and finding the fact of the singing so fully proved, he thought of the following stratagem to get Leverbridge out of the scrape. He called for the printed song, and, after reading it over very attentively, observed, that as he saw nothing in the words very culpable, he imagined the offence must lie in the manner of singing it; he therefore desired Leverbridge might sing it before the court: the performer readily took the hint, and sung it with so much power of voice and taste, that the jury, without going out of the box, acquitted him, and he was carried home on the shoulders of the mob in triumph.

1747. NOLREGA AND THE BRAZILIAN CHILDREN.

Nolrega (a Jesuit) had a school, where he instructed the native children, the orphans from Portugal, and the mestizoes, or mixed breed. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught them; they were trained to assist at mass, and to sing the church service, and frequently led in procession through the town. This had a great effect, for the natives were passionately fond of music; so passionately, that Nolrega began to hope the fable of Orpheus was a type of his mission, and that by songs he was to convert the pagans of Brazil. This Jesuit usually took with him four or five of these little choristers on his preaching expeditions: when they approached an inhabited place, one carried the crucifix before them, and they began singing the Litany. The savages, like snakes, were won by the voice of the charmer; they received him joyfully, and when he departed with the same ceremony, the children followed the music. He set the catechism, creed, and ordinary prayers to *sol fa*; and the pleasure of learning to sing was such a temptation, that the little Tupis sometimes ran away from their parents to put themselves under the care of the Jesuit.

1748. THE SCOT'S KEY TO THE HEART.

A Presbyterian minister, an American by birth, but of Scottish parentage, once happening to be in New Orleans, was asked to visit an old Scottish soldier who had wandered to this city, sickened, and was conveyed to the hospital.

On his entrance, and on announcing his errand, the Scotchman told him, in a surly tone, that he desired none of his visits—that he knew how to die without the aid of a priest. In vain he informed him that he was no priest, but a Presbyterian minister, come to read him a portion of the Word of God, and to speak to him of eternity. The Scotch-

man doggedly refused to hold any conversation with him, and he was obliged to take his leave.

Next day, however, he called again, thinking that the reflection of the man on his own rudeness would prepare the way for a better reception. But his tone and manner were equally rude and repulsive; and at length he turned himself in bed, with his face to the wall, as if determined to hear nothing and relent nothing.

The minister bethought himself, as a last resource, of the hymn well known in Scotland, the composition of David Dickerson, minister of Irvine, beginning, "O mother dear, Jerusalem, when shall I come to thee?" which his Scottish mother had taught him to sing to the tune of Dundee. He began to sing his mother's hymn.

The soldier listened for a few moments in silence, but gradually turning himself round, with a relaxed countenance, and the tear in his eye, inquired, "Wha taught you that?" "My mother," replied the minister. "And so did mine," rejoined the now softened soldier, whose heart was opened by the recollections of infancy and of country; and he now gave a willing ear to the man that had found the Scottish key to his heart.

1749. CONQUERED BY SONG.

It is well known what a great share Luther's powerful, soul-stirring hymns and chorals had in the success of the reformation; so much so, that the famous Cardinal Cajetan said, "By his songs he has conquered us." The native city of the writer, Lubeck, furnishes a striking example of it. In the time of the struggle between Popery and Protestantism, mass had been held on a Sunday in St. Mary's Cathedral, in that city, and the people were preparing to leave the church, when two boys began to sing one of Luther's chorals, which had then just become known all over the country:—

"Ach Gott von Himmel, sieh darein!"
("O God of Heaven, look to it!")

And immediately the whole congregation joined in the singing, as though the choral had been regularly given out from the pulpit. The next day the Catholic clergy had to leave the city, and Lubeck stood redeemed to Protestantism.

1750. THE ITALIAN'S WANT OF MAGNANIMITY.

An Italian gentleman at Paris, the firmest item in whose creed was, that none but Italians could possibly sing well, refused to admit that Sontag (whom he had never heard) could at all equal the singers of Italy. With great difficulty he was induced to hear her. After listening five minutes, he rose to depart. "Nay, but do stay," said his friend; "you will be convinced presently." "I know it," said the Italian, "and therefore I go."

1751. THE COSSACK'S INVITATION.

A curious story is told of the effect of sacred music upon a party of Cossacks, who entered a church at Dresden, attracted by the sound of the organ, and while it was playing continued silent and attentive; but no sooner did the music cease, and the clergyman commence his service, than they

began to exhibit strong signs of impatience. At length, one of these rude soldiers, stealing softly up the steps of the pulpit, unobserved by the minister, startled him not a little by tapping him on the shoulder, in the midst of his harangue, and inviting him, as well as he could, by signs, accompanied with all sorts of grotesque gestures, to descend, and no longer interrupt the gratification which he and his comrades received from the organ.

1752. THE OLD OFFICER.

History tells us of an old officer, (under the great Duke of Marlborough,) who was naturally so timid as to show the utmost reluctance to an engagement, until he heard the drums and trumpets, when his spirits became raised to such a degree that he became the most ardent to be engaged with the enemy, and would then expose himself to the greatest dangers.

1753. DYING FOR MADMOISELLE GARCIA.

A Paris paper has this story: "Our readers doubtless remember the wonderful cure effected some time ago on the unfortunate Lord M., who had been mad ever since the death of Madame Malibran, by Mlle. Pauline Garcia, (now Madame Viardot,) who, by the power of her voice, restored the poor maniac to reason.

"We have now to relate the following mournful catastrophe: Lord M., on being taken by his talented medical attendant to see Otello, was so powerfully affected by hearing Pauline Garcia sing the 'Willow' scene, that he had a violent nervous attack, which terminated in the recovery of his intellect. He instantly besought Mlle. Garcia to complete the wonderful cure, and laid at her feet the homage of his heart, hand, and large fortune; but Mlle. Garcia gave the preference to M. Viardot, a literary gentleman, and ex-director of the Theatre Italien.

"On the day after the solemnization of her marriage, at the municipality of the third arrondissement, Lord M.'s valet, hearing the report of a pistol, hastened to his master's apartment, and found him suspended by a Cashmere scarf, and his head shattered by a couple of bullets. The tapestry and walls were covered with the brains of the deceased nobleman. It has been discovered that the pistol was wadded with the song of the 'Willow.' The scarf had been Madame Malibran's, and had been purchased from her *femme de chambre* at an exorbitant price by Lord M."

1754. JESUIT MISSIONARIES AND THE INDIANS.

At an early period in the history of America, it is related by one of the Jesuit missionaries, that once coming into the company of certain ignorant and fierce Indians, he met with a rude and menacing reception, which foreboded no very favorable termination. As it was not his design, however, to enter into any contention, if it could possibly be avoided, he immediately commenced playing on a stringed instrument. Their feelings were softened at once, and the evil spirit of jealousy and anger which they exhibited on his first approach to them fled from their minds.

1755. EFFECTS OF MUSIC ON CASPAR HAUSER.

Many of Caspar Hauser's senses appeared at first to be in a state of stupor, and only gradually to open to the perception of external objects. It was not before the lapse of several days that he began to notice the striking of the steeple clock and the ringing of the bells.

This threw him into the greatest astonishment, which was at first expressed only by his listening looks, and by certain spasmodic motions of his countenance; but it was soon succeeded by a stare of benumbed meditation.

Some weeks afterwards the nuptial procession of a peasant passed by the tower, with a band of music, close under his window. He suddenly stood listening, motionless as a statue; his countenance appeared to be transfigured, and his eyes, as it were, to radiate his ecstasy; his ears and eyes seemed continually to follow the movements of the sounds, as they receded more and more; and they had long ceased to be audible, while he still continued immovably fixed in a listening posture, as if unwilling to lose the least vibration of these, to him, celestial notes, or as if his soul had followed them, and left his body behind it in torpid insensibility.

1756. THE HIGHLAND BAGPIPER ENCOURAGING HIS COMRADES.

"In one of our battles in Calabria," says an English writer, "a bagpiper of the seventy-eighth Highland regiment, when the light infantry charged the French, posted himself on their right, and remained in his solitary situation during the whole of the battle, encouraging the men with a famous Highland charging tune; and actually upon the retreat and complete rout of the French, changed it to another, equally celebrated in Scotland, upon the retreat of, and victory over, an enemy. His next hand neighbor guarded him so well that he escaped unhurt. This was the spirit of the 'Last Minstrel,' who infused courage among his countrymen, by possessing it in so animated a degree, and in so venerable a character."

1757. CLAUDE DE JEUNE.

Claude de Jeune, when at the wedding of the Duc de Joyeuse, in 1581, caused a spirited air to be sung, which so animated a gentleman present, that he clapped his hand upon his sword, and said it was impossible for him to refrain from fighting the first person he met: upon this Le Jeune caused another air to be performed, of a more soothing kind, which soon restored him to his natural good humor.

1758. FARINELLI BEFORE THE MAD KING.

Farinelli, the famous singer, was sent for to Madrid to try the effect of his magical voice on the King of Spain. His majesty was buried in the profoundest melancholy; nothing could raise an emotion in him; he lived in a total oblivion of life; he sat in a darkened chamber, entirely given up to the most distressing kind of madness. The physicians ordered Farinelli at first to sing in an outer room; and for the first day or two this was done, without any effect on the royal patient. At length, it was

observed, the king, awaking from his stupor, seemed to listen; on the next day tears were seen starting in his eyes; the day after he ordered the door of his chamber to be left open; and at length the perturbed spirit entirely left our modern Saul, and the *medicinal voice* of Farinelli effected what no other medicine could.

1759. REVERENCE OF THE "FATHERS" FOR SACRED MUSIC.

Hood, in his *History of Music in New England*, speaking of the early part of the eighteenth century, says, "Singing psalms at that day had not become an amusement among the people. It was used, as it ever ought to be, only as a devotional act. So great was the reverence in which their psalm tunes were held, that the people put off their hats, as they would in prayer, whenever they heard one sung, though not a word were uttered."

1760. ST. VITUS'S DANCE CURED.

A Goffstown (N. H.) correspondent of the *Medical and Surgical Journal* mentions an extraordinary instance of the effect of music on the nervous system. A lady in that town, forty-five years of age, has been afflicted with St. Vitus's dance ever since she was a young girl. By strict attention to diet, and avoiding causes of excitement, years have intervened between the occurrence of the paroxysms. Latterly, however, spasmodic contraction of the muscles to some extent may be observed after the patient has experienced either pleasant or painful emotions. One of the most interesting of the exciting causes in this case is music. Any rapid tune—a dancing tune, for instance—will throw the voluntary muscles into the most uncontrollable and dissociated action imaginable; but by changing the tune to "Home, Sweet Home," the spasmodic twitching of the muscles gradually subsides, until she becomes calm again.

1761. WRATH OF THEODOSIUS APPEASED.

The citizens of Antioch, irritated by some exactions which the Emperor Theodosius had imposed on them, broke out into open revolt, and, among other excesses, pulled down the statues of the emperor and empress, and dashed them to pieces.

Shortly after, when the heat of their fury was past, they began to repent their indiscretion, and to be filled with alarm for the danger into which they had brought themselves and their city. Flavianus, their bishop, took a journey to Constantinople, in order to appease Theodosius; but the emperor repelled indignantly all his supplications, and vowed that nothing but the most signal vengeance would satisfy him for the insult which they had put upon his crown and dignity.

The good bishop was in despair at the danger which seemed impending over his flock; but being a man of lively fancy, and learning that the emperor was in the habit, while feasting, of having a number of young boys sing to him, he conceived the idea of making yet another appeal, through the medium of music's mighty influence, to the sensibility of the emperor's heart. He prevailed with those who had the charge of the songsters to place them under his direction for a short time, during

which he taught them to sing, in mournful strains, the woes of the Antiochians, the sorrow they felt for their transgressions, and their despair at having fallen under the displeasure of their prince.

A day was at length fixed, on which they were to try the effect of their lesson on the ear of the emperor. The attention of Theodosius was instantly arrested by the peculiar pathos of the strains addressed to him; he soon discerned the import of the supplication which they conveyed, yet continued to listen to them with undiminished fascination; and such at last was the effect they produced, that, watering the cup of wine which he held in his hand with his warm tears, he forgot all the displeasure he had conceived against the Antiochians, and called aloud, that "the city of Antioch was forgiven."

1762. MR. BUSHNELL'S SONG.

Mr. Bushnell, of Utica, having business in a neighboring town, was obliged in consequence to see the landlord of the village inn; so he stopped at his house. When he entered the bar-room, he saw about twenty men in it, most of whom were in a state of intoxication. After a while one of the company said something to Mr. Bushnell, who replied in a courteous manner, and spoke of the subject of temperance. The attention of the assembly was arrested, and the cause was denounced as the work of priests and politicians.

Mr. Bushnell, finding it impossible to stem the current of abuse by an appeal to their reason, proposed singing a temperance song, and accordingly commenced the "Staunch Teetotaller." On glancing around the room after he had concluded, he observed the tear trickling down the cheek of almost every man. The sentiment of the song, and the melodious, touching manner in which it was sung, had awakened their purest sensibilities; had carried their thoughts back to their families and firesides, surrounded as they once were with plenty, happiness, and affection; and then the contrast of a drunkard's home, its dark wretchedness and misery, were wisely presented to their minds, and those hardened men could not resist the appeal, but acknowledged its truth by tears.

Soon after, the landlord came in, and he was requested to repeat it for his special benefit. After Mr. Bushnell had concluded, he grasped him by the hand, and exclaimed, "I will never sell another glass of liquor as long as I live."

1763. THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Shakespeare says, music can

"—ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility."

The truth of this assertion is abundantly shown, both in ancient and modern history. Pythagoras instructed a woman, by the power of music, to arrest the fury of a young man who came to set her house on fire; and his disciple, Empedocles, used his lyre with such success as to prevent another person from murdering his father, when the sword was unsheathed for that purpose.

The fierceness of Achilles was allayed by playing on the harp, on which account Homer gives him nothing else out of the spoils of Actium.

With the same instrument Damon quieted wild and drunken youths; and Asclepiades, in a similar

manner, brought back seditious multitudes to temper and reason.

Clinias, a man of virtuous manners, who had embraced the Pythagorean philosophy, used to take up his harp and play upon it directly on passion rising within his breast, that he might allay its ebullition. If asked at such moments why he played, he pleasantly replied that it was with a view to compose himself.

Mr. Roland, a missionary at Bethelsdorp, South Africa, more than twenty years ago, made the following statement concerning the effects of music on the minds and hearts of the children in an infant school under his care: "They go to school with joy, and at their own free will; even the youngest, forgetting the bosom of their mothers, cry to go and join their little companions. And in leaving the school, not contented with what they have done

during their lessons, they cheer the village with their songs."

1764. HAMILTON AND GAINESBOROUGH.

Gainesborough's love of music was constant; and he seemed to have been kept under a spell by all kinds of melodious sounds. Smith relates, in his *Life of Nollekins*, that he once found Colonel Hamilton playing so exquisitely to Gainesborough on the violin, that he exclaimed, "Go on, and I will give you the picture of the Boy at the Stile, which you have so often wished to purchase of me."

The colonel proceeded, and the painter stood in speechless admiration, with the tears of rapture on his cheek. Hamilton then called a coach, and carried away the picture. This gentleman was a first-rate violin player.

§ 182. POWER OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

1765. CAT, DOG, HORSE, AND OTHER ANIMALS.

Marville has given us the following curious anecdote. He says, "Doubting the truth of those who say it is natural for us to love music, especially the sound of instruments, and that beasts themselves are touched with it, being one day in the country I inquired into the truth; and, while a man was playing on the trump marine, made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard under a window on which I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was the least affected, and I even judged, by her air, that she would have given all the instruments in the world for a mouse, sleeping in the sun all the time; the horse stopped short, from time to time, before the window, raising his head up now and then, as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing, as though they had been acquainted with us, went forward; some little birds that were in an aviary, and others on the trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock, who minded only his hens, who were solely employed in scraping a neighboring dunghill, did not show in any manner that they took the least pleasure in hearing the trump marine."

1766. CATCHING LIZARDS AND CHARMING SERPENTS.

A modern traveller assures us, that he has repeatedly observed in the Island of Madeira, that the lizards are attracted by the notes of music, and that he has assembled a number of them by the powers of his instrument. He tells us, also, that when the negroes catch them, for food, they accompany the chase by whistling some tune, which has always the effect of drawing great numbers towards them. Stedman, in his Expedition to Surinam, describes certain Silyls among the negroes, who, among several singular practices, can charm or conjure down

from the tree certain serpents, who will wreathe about the arms, neck, and breast of the pretended sorceress, listening to her voice. The sacred writers speak of the charming of adders and serpents; and nothing, says he, is more notorious than that the Eastern Indians will rid the houses of the most venomous snakes, by charming them with the sound of a flute, which calls them out of their holes. These anecdotes, which may startle some, seem to be fully confirmed by Sir William Jones, in his curious dissertation on the musical modes of the Hindoos.

1767. EFFECTS OF MUSIC UPON TWO MICE.

"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak."

CONGREVE.

Dr. Archer, of Norfolk, in Virginia, says, "On a rainy evening in the winter of 1817, as I was alone in my chamber, I took up my flute and commenced playing. In a few minutes my attention was directed to a mouse that I saw creeping from a hole, and advancing to the chair in which I was sitting. I ceased playing, and it ran precipitately back to its hole. I began again shortly afterwards, and was much surprised to see it reappear and take its old position. The appearance of the little animal was truly delightful; it crouched itself on the floor, shut its eyes, and appeared in ecstasy. I ceased playing, and it instantly disappeared again."

"This experiment I repeated frequently with the same success, observing that it was always differently affected, as the music varied from the slow and plaintive to the brisk or lively. It finally went off, and all my art could not entice it to return."

A more remarkable instance of this fact appeared in the Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal, in the year 1817. It was communicated by Dr. Cramer, of Jefferson county, who states that, "One evening in the month of December, as a few officers on board a British man-of-war, in the harbor of Plymouth, were seated round the fire, one of them began to play a plaintive air on the violin. He had scarcely performed ten minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the centre of the floor."

"The strange gestures of the little animal strong-

ly excited the attention of the officers, who with one consent resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment. It shook its head, leaped about the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed that in proportion to the gradation of the tones to the soft point, the feelings of the animal appeared to be increased, and *vice versa*.

"After performing actions which an animal so diminutive would at first seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the delighted spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired without evincing any symptoms of pain."

1768. A GOOD REMEDY.

Deacon Hunt, who was naturally a high-tempered man, used to beat his oxen over the head, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian, his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion, and beat them unmercifully; this made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

1769. THE ABBE AND THE SPIDER.

The Abbé Olivet has described an amusement of Pelisson during his confinement in the Bastille, which consisted in feeding a spider, which he discovered forming its web in the corner of the small window. For some time he placed his flies at the edge, while his valet, who was with him, played on a bagpipe. Little by little the spider used itself to distinguish the sound of the instrument, and issued from its hole to run and catch its prey. Thus calling it always by the same sound, and placing the flies at a still greater distance, he succeeded, after several months, to drill the spider by regular exercise, so that it at length never failed appearing at the first sound to seize on the fly provided for it, even on the knees of the prisoner.

1770. THE COBRA DA CAPELLO.

The power of music upon certain serpents seems well established. An honorable and distinguished officer in the East India Company's service relates the following curious story:—

"A travelling fakir called one day at my house, with a beautiful large snake, in a basket, which he caused to rise up and dance, as well as keep excellent time to the tune of a pipe, on which he played. Having been greatly annoyed by numerous snakes about my farm-yard, who contrived to destroy my poultry, and even attacked the animals, one of my servants inquired of the man whether he could pipe these snakes out of their holes and catch them; to which he hastily replied in the affirmative, and, being led to place where a snake had recently been seen, began to play upon his pipe.

In a short time a snake came gliding towards him, and was instantly caught; he commenced again, and had not continued five minutes, when a huge *cobra da capello*, the most venomous kind of serpent, thrust his head from a hole in the room. The magician approached him fearlessly, and played with more spirit, until the snake was half out of his hole, and ready to dart at him. He then played with one hand only, and advanced the other under the reptile as it was raising itself up to spring; the snake then darted at him, when, dexterously seizing it by the tail, he held it firmly until my servant despatched it. In the space of an hour, he destroyed no less than five large snakes, close about the house."

1771. TAKING THE RATTLESNAKE.

Mr. Neale, a French gentleman, residing for some time in North Carolina, having made a collection of *Rattlesnakes*, and imagining it possible to render them tame, made various experiments for the purpose, and at length fully succeeded. His means to effect this purpose are no further known than that the operation is musical, and that soft and tender melodies will subdue their highest irritations. Mr. Neale exhibited his living curiosities at Richmond and other American cities. If the writer of this has not been grossly misinformed, the above snake-subduer at last lost his life in an inconsiderate attempt to show his unlimited power over the reptiles, one of which wounded him so severely as to cause his death in about two hours.

1772. THE OFFICER'S EXPERIMENT.

A French officer, during his confinement in the Bastille, used to amuse himself with playing on the lute. He had thus for a long time diverted his melancholy, when, playing one day, he observed, to his great astonishment, a number of mice issuing from their holes, and even spiders creeping forth. He repeated the experiment with the same effect several times, and even found some entertainment in observing the attentive audience which he could assemble whenever he pleased. We have no reason to suppose this officer an Orpheus; yet it is certain that his lute captivated animals which might be supposed insensible to "the concord of sweet sounds."

1773. ALMOST TOO LARGE.

In a curious manuscript work by William Den- nis, who wrote in the middle of the eighteenth century, the author says, "Of all beasts, there is no one that is not delighted with harmony except the ass. H. Stephens avows that he saw a lion in London leave his prey to hear music; and Mr. Playford informs us that as he once travelled in Hertfordshire, he met a herd of stags upon the road, following a bagpipe and violin; that while the music played they went forward, but when it ceased they stood still; and in this manner they were brought from Yorkshire to the park of Hampton Court." Who will venture, after this, to call the story of Orpheus a fable?

§ 183. MUSIC PERFORMERS. EARLY HISTORY.

1774. SCENE IN AN ATELIER.

We extract from a German paper the following:—

Some time ago, a man of martial appearance went every morning regularly to the *atelier* of the celebrated sculptor Pradier, took off his cravat, and then sat immovably upon a chair while the artist modelled his well-marked features. During his visits no one was admitted into the *atelier*. One day, however, Pradier heard the voice of a friend, whom he had not seen for some time, at the door; and, after obtaining the permission of his sitter, he introduced the celebrated pianist Zimmermann into the room. The latter did not know the sitter, spoke a few words with his friend, and then took a seat at the piano.

"My dear Zimmermann," said Pradier, continuing at his work, "in the next room you will find a young girl who sits for me occasionally, and who has a very beautiful voice. If you will let her sing something, it will entertain this gentleman while he poses."

Zimmermann fetched in the pretty girl, and, when she had sung a song, said delightedly,—

"You have an excellent voice and great talent; why do you not attend the *Conservatoire*?"

The girl answered, "It is my most ardent wish, but my parents are old and feeble. To support them I have to pose in the *ateliers* and sing in the *cafés*. If I were to gain admittance into the *Conservatoire*, my parents would starve."

"You may enter the *Conservatoire*," interrupted the deep bass voice of the man who was sitting to Pradier; "I will take charge of your parents."

The girl looked surprised and doubtfully at the speaker. Pradier smiled; and Zimmermann, who rejoiced in the girl's good fortune, was profuse in his thanks, and said,—

"May I ask with whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"With General Cavaignac," replied the sitter, laconically, without moving a feature.

1775. EARL OF MORNINGTON'S FIRST EFFORTS.

The late Earl of Mornington furnished a striking instance of an early disposition to music, as well as early attention to musical instruments.

His father played well, for a gentleman, on the violin, which always delighted the child whilst in the nurse's arms, and long before he could speak. Nor did this proceed merely from a love, common to other children, of a sprightly noise, as may appear by the following proof. Dubourg, who was, thirty-four years ago, a distinguished performer on that instrument, happened to be at the family seat; but the child would not permit him to take the violin from his father till his little hands were held. After having heard Dubourg, however, the case was altered, and there was then much more difficulty to persuade him to let Dubourg give the instrument back to his father. Nor would the infant ever afterwards permit the father to play whilst Dubourg was in the house.

At the same period he beat time to all measures

of music, however difficult; nor was it possible to force him to do otherwise, the most rapid changes producing as rapid an alteration in the child's hands.

Though passionately fond of music, from indolence he never attempted to play on any instrument till he was nine years old. At that time an old portrait painter came to the family seat, who was a very indifferent performer on the violin, but persuaded the child, that if he tried to play on that instrument, he would soon be able to bear a part in a concert.

With this inducement, he soon learned the two old catches of "Christ Church bells," and "Sing one, two, three, come follow me;" after which, his father and the painter accompanying him with the two other parts, he experienced the pleasing effects of a harmony to which he himself contributed.

Soon after this he was able to play the second violin in Corelli's Sonatas, which gave him a steadiness in time that never deserted him. For the next musical stage he commenced composer, from emulation of the applause given to a country dance made by a neighboring clergyman. He accordingly set to work, and by playing the treble on the violin, whilst he sung a bass to it, he formed a minuet, the bass of which he wrote in the treble clef, and was very profuse of his fifths and octaves, being totally ignorant of the established rules of composition.

This minuet was followed by a duet for two French horns, whilst the piece concluded by an andante movement, thus consisting of three parts; all of which, being tacked together, he styled a *serenata*. At this time he had never heard any music but from his father, sisters, and the old painter.

He practised on the violin till he was fourteen, but had always a strong inclination to the harpsichord; from which his sister drove him continually, saying that he spoiled the instrument; notwithstanding which he sometimes stole intervals of practice.

About this time the old Lord Mornington declared his intention of having an organ for his chapel; telling his son that he should have been the organist had he been able to play on the instrument. On this the son undertook to be ready as soon as the organ could be finished; which being accomplished in less than a year and a half, he sat down at the maker's, and executed an extempore fugue, to the astonishment of the father, as well as others, who did not conceive that he could have executed a single bar of any tune.

It is well known that this instrument is more likely to form a composer than any other; and his lordship, in process of time, both read and studied music, whilst he at the same time committed his ideas to writing. As he had, however, never received the least instruction in this abstruse though pleasing science, he wished to consult both Rosengrave and Geminiani; who, on examining his compositions, said they could not be of the least service to him, as he had himself investigated all the established rules, with their proper exceptions.

Though simple melodies commonly please most in the earlier stage of life, he had always a strong predilection for church music and full harmony, as also for the minor third; in which, for that reason, he made his first composition.

In process of time his lordship was so distinguished for his musical abilities, that the University

of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of doctor and professor of music.

1776. ONLY TRY.

The following has been translated from a French paper:—

"They used to say that every soldier carried in his cartridge box a marshal's baton. Might not one say, in these days, that every chorister carries in his windpipe a fortune? Here is *one* example at least.

About thirty years ago, in a little city of Italy, at Bergame, by a singular contrast, the company at the Opera House was quite indifferent, while the choristers were excellent. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the greater part of the choristers have since become distinguished composers. Donizetti, Crivelli, Leodoro, Bianche, Mari, and Dolci commenced by singing in the choruses at Bergame. There were, among others, at that epoch, a young man, very poor, very modest, and greatly beloved by his comrades. In Italy, the orchestra and the choristers are worse paid than in France, if possible. You enter a bootmaker's shop,—the master is the first violin. The apprentices relax themselves after a day's work by playing the clarionet, the hautboy, or the timbrels, in the evening at the theatre. One young man, in order to assist his old mother, united the functions of chorister to the more lucrative employment of journeyman tailor.

One day, when he had taken to Nozari's house a pair of pantaloons, that illustrious singer, after looking at him earnestly, said to him, very kindly,—

"It appears to me, my good fellow, that I have seen you somewhere."

"Quite likely, sir; you may have seen me at the theatre, where I take a part in the choruses."

"Have you a good voice?"

"Not remarkably, sir; I can, with great difficulty, reach *sol*."

"Let me see," said Nozari, going to the piano; "begin the gamut."

Our chorister obeyed; but when he reached *sol* he stopped short, out of breath.

"Sound *la*—come, try."

"Sir, I cannot."

"Sound *la*, you fool."

"*La, la, la*."

"Sound *si*."

"My dear sir, I cannot."

"Sound *si*, I tell you, or I'll —"

"Don't get angry, sir; I'll try—*la, si, la, si, do*."

"I told you so," said Nozari, with a voice of triumph; "and now, my good fellow, I will say only one word to you. If you will only study and practise, you will become the first tenor in Italy."

Nozari was right. The poor chorister, who, to gain his bread, had to mend breeches, possesses now a fortune of two millions, and is called *Rubini*.

1777. MADAME PARADIES AND PIERRE WINTER.

Madam Paradies, a Viennese, blind from her fifth year, discovered extraordinary musical abilities. Before she reached her twelfth year, such was the delight excited by her performances on the piano, that the Empress Maria Theresa commanded her attendance at the palace, where the wonderful power of her ear and execution so enraptured the empress,

that she immediately settled upon her a pension of two hundred and fifty florins—a beggarly sum, by the way, on such an occasion. Even this paltry amount was lost on the death of the princess, and poor Paradies compelled to try her fortunes in England. In the year 1795, she gave performances in London, and numbered among her hearers the celebrated William Pitt, who was so much affected by her execution of a pathetic *concerte*, that he burst into tears.

The leader of the royal band, and chapel master to the King of Bavaria, was Pierre Winter, whose amazing acquirements, at the early age of twelve years, obtained him these high and honorable appointments.

At the same early age, the place of organist at Turin was supplied by the famous Blangini; and Henrietta Sophia Nowry, at the age of fourteen, produced the well-known romance of *Bonjour*, which has become so universally popular by the aid of Auber, who set it to music.

1778. HUMMEL.

Hummel, a distinguished name in musical annals, at a very early age discovered surprising talents. While quite a child, his wonderful progress on the piano-forte induced his father to place him, at seven years of age, under the care of Mozart, in whose house he lived for two years, after which he travelled, with his father, through various parts of Europe, and at length reached London, where his public performances were heard with admiration and delight. One of Haydn's finest piano-forte sonatas, written at this period, is dedicated to Master Hummel. He soon acquired great celebrity as a composer, as well as performer, and became, in 1820, *maestro di capella* to the Duke of Wiemar, thus proving an exception to the general deterioration so frequently noticed in precocious genius, musical as well as histrionic, and strongly instanced in the cases of Masters Betty, Payne, and Burke.

1779. THE RUSSIAN BOY.

In 1841 arrived in London a Russian boy, called Antoine Rubenstein, not twelve years of age, whose performances on the piano have excited wonder and delight among the musical amateurs. He was equally skilled in the ancient as well as modern style of playing, and gave with wonderful effect the most difficult passages of Bach or Thalberg. All this too was done with the utmost apparent ease, and in the most difficult passages he frequently indulged himself in grotesque imitations of the peculiar trickeries of the composer upon whose music he was engaged.

1780. BRIGIDA GEORGI BANTI.

The successor of Mara was the daughter of a Venetian gondolier, and in her youth nothing more than a street singer in Georgi, her native town, where a noble amateur, having noticed the brilliancy of her voice, had instructed her in singing at his expense. It is probable she was advised shortly after to try her fortune in a foreign country, for she soon left Venice on her road to Paris, not, however, as it would seem, in prosperous circumstances, since she sang at coffee-houses and inns at Lyons and other towns, for small sums collected from the guests.

M. de Visnes, then manager of the Opera at Paris, relates that in the year 1778 he stopped one evening at a coffee-house in the Boulevards, being struck by the sound of a beautiful voice. It was Banti whom he heard, as she was singing in the coffee-room. He put a louis d'or in her hand, desiring her to call on him next morning. The result was, that Monsieur de Visnes engaged her immediately for the *opera buffa*, where she made her *début* by an air sung between the second and third acts of *Iphigénie en Aulide*, and created a universal sensation of delight.

After the departure of Agujari from London, the managers of the Pantheon engaged Madame Banti for three years, upon condition that one hundred pounds a year should be deducted from her salary for the payment of a instructor to cultivate her voice. She, however, often changed her masters, all of them declaring it impossible to conquer her idleness and inattention; but with her genius supplied the place of science.

After the conclusion of her engagement she left the country, and sang with brilliant success in Germany and Italy. In 1790 she returned to England, and made her first appearance at the King's Theatre, in the opera of *Sceniramide*, and from that period until 1802, when Mrs. Billington rose to eminence, held unrivalled sway over the public mind. Previous to her final departure, she delighted once more the audience she had so long held enraptured by her singing, in conjunction with Mrs. Billington, in the opera of *Merope*.

1781. INFANT LYRA.

One of the most extraordinary instances of early talent appeared in the person of a child of three years and six months of age, who astonished the people of Dublin and Liverpool by her performances on the harp. She was called the infant Lyra, and

was brought to England from her native place, Dublin, about twenty years ago. She executed with perfect ease the difficult achievement of a *shake* on the harp—an accomplishment rarely reached by performers of a mature age.

1782. JENNY LIND AND GARCIA.

Jenny Lind was born in Stockholm, in 1820, and made her first appearance in public in that city, in 1838. At thirteen years of age Jenny lost her quality of voice, and with it vanished the young girl's hopes. She bravely supported this misfortune, and unremittingly pursued her musical studies. Garcia was reckoned the most finished of vocal professors, and it was to place herself under him at Paris that she aspired. To carry this project into execution, the young songstress made the tour of Sweden and Norway in her father's company, gave numerous and productive concerts, and, when her purse was sufficiently lined, she repaired to Paris.

Arrived at the master's residence, she sang several pieces in different styles. Garcia listened in silence, without expressing approbation or disapproval. He at length uttered these awful words: "My dear child, you have no voice, or, rather, you have one that you labor with your whole strength to ruin. Perhaps you sung when too young; for your voice is fatigued, or, rather, used up. My only recommendation at present is, that you do not articulate a note again for three months. You will then call again upon me."

At the expiration of the three months, the songstress returned to the master, who acknowledged that her voice had improved, and commenced giving her lessons.

On her return to Stockholm, she was received by her countrymen with the greatest enthusiasm.

From that time Jenny Lind became the delight and admiration of the musical world.

§ 184. SKETCHES, HABITS, &c.

1783. BRAHAM.

"With Billington," says Leigh Hunt, "Braham, who is still in some measure before the public, used to perform, from whose wonderful remains of power in his old age we may judge what he must have been in his prime. I mean with regard to voice; for as to general manner and spirit, it is a curious fact, that, except when he was in the act of singing, he was a remarkably insipid performer; and it was not till he was growing elderly, that he became the animated person we now see him. This, too, he did all on a sudden, to the amusement as well as astonishment of the beholders. When he sang he was always animated.

The probability is, that he had been bred under masters who were wholly untheatrical, and that something had occurred to set his natural spirit to reflecting on the injustice they had done him; though, for a reason which I shall give presently, the theatre, after all, was not the best field for his abilities.

He had wonderful execution as well as force, and his voice could also be very sweet, though it was too apt to betray something of that nasal tone which has been observed in Jews, and which is, perhaps, quite as much, or more, a habit in which they

have been brought up, than a consequence of organization.

Mr. Braham at length quitted the Italian stage, and devoted himself to his popular and not very refined style of bravura singing on the English stage. It was what may be called the loud-and-soft style. There was admirable execution; but the expression consisted in being very soft on the words *love*, *peace*, &c., and then bursting into roars of triumph on the words *hate*, *war*, and *glory*.

To this pattern Mr. Braham composed many of the songs written for him; and the public were enchanted with a style which enabled them to fancy that they enjoyed the highest gusto of the art, while it required only the vulgarest of their perceptions. This renowned vocalist never did himself justice except in the compositions of Handel. When he stood in the concert-room or the oratorio, and opened his mouth with plain, heroic utterance in the mighty strains of "Deeper and deeper still," or "Sound an alarm," or "Comfort ye my people," you felt indeed that you had a great singer before you. His voice, which too often sounded like a horn vulgar, in the catchpenny lyrics of Tom Dibdin, now became a veritable trumpet of grandeur and exaltation; the tabernacle of his creed seemed to

open before him in its most victorious days; and you might have fancied yourself in the presence of one of the sons of Aaron, calling out to the host of people from some platform occupied by their prophets.

1784. MADAME CATALANI.

"Madame Catalani," says Leigh Hunt, "was also one of the singers I first remember. I first heard her at an oratorio, where, happening to sit in a box directly opposite to where she stood, the leaping forth of her amazingly powerful voice absolutely startled me. Women's voices on the stage are apt to rise above all others, but Catalani's seemed to delight in trying its strength with choruses and orchestras; and the louder they became, the higher and more victorious she ascended. In fact, I believe she is known to have provoked and enjoyed this sort of contest.

"I suspect, however, that I did not hear her when she was at her best or sweetest. My recollection is, that with a great deal of taste and brilliancy, there was more force than feeling. She was a Roman, with the regular Italian antelope face,—if I may so call it,—large eyes, with a sensitive, elegant nose, and lively expression."

1793. A BENEVOLENT SINGER.

We find the following anecdote in the *Gazette Musicale*: "The principal singer of the great theatre at Lyons one day observed a poor woman with her four children begging in the street. Her decent and respectable appearance, in the midst of extreme poverty, interested the kind-hearted vocalist. He desired the poor woman to follow him into the place Bellcour, where, placing himself in a corner, with his back to the wall, his head covered with his handkerchief, and his hat at his feet, he began to sing his most favorite opera airs. The beauty of his voice drew a crowd round him; the idea of some mystery stimulated the generosity of the bystanders, and five-franc pieces fell in showers into the hat. When the singer, who had thus, in the goodness of his heart, transformed himself into a street minstrel, thought he had got enough, he took up the hat, emptied its contents into the apron of the poor woman, who stood motionless with amazement and happiness, and disappeared among the crowd. His talent, however, betrayed him, though his face was concealed; the story spread, and the next evening, when he appeared on the stage, shouts of applause from all parts of the house proved (says the French journalist) that a good action is never thrown away."

1786. NERO'S VANITY AND CRUELTY.

This man was truly a monster musician. In A. D. 60 he instituted music and other exercises to be performed once in five years. In the year 63 he mounted the stage at Naples as a public singer, his first appearance as a strolling minstrel. In the year 66 he visited Greece, and entered the lists as a player and singer, and contended for the prize in all the games. Of course he was always the victor. At each place he visited, he caused the statues which had been erected to other victors to be pulled down, dragged through the streets, and either broken to pieces or thrown into the common sewers.

Upon his return from Greece, he entered Naples, Antium, and other cities, through breaches in the walls, as an Olympic victor. He carried with him to Rome eighteen hundred prizes, which he had extorted from the judges at musical contests.

In the same car in which kings who had been vanquished by Roman generals used to be borne in triumph, with the same pomp, splendor, and solemnity, was seated Diodorus, a celebrated Greek performer upon the cithara, who, with other eminent musicians, was carried through Rome; so that it was doubtful which was the greater, the vanity of Nero in imagining himself superior to the professed musicians, or their adulation in confessing themselves vanquished by him.

Amid all this folly and vanity there was little harm done. Never, in his reign, did the tyrant cause so little misery as he did this year. Honor to fiddles! Would to God all tyrants would fiddle more and tyrannize less!

The care which he took to preserve his voice was excessive, and shows what was the practice of singers in his time. He used to lie upon his back, with a thin plate of lead upon his stomach. He took frequent emetics and cathartics, and abstained from all kinds of fruit, and all such meats as were not good for the voice. He ceased to harangue his troops, and gave his orders either by writing or by some of his officers.

When he returned from Greece, he appointed an officer to take care of his voice. He would never speak but in the presence of this person, who was to admonish him when he spoke too loud; and if Nero, upon some sudden emotion, would not listen to remonstrance, it was the duty of the officer to stop his mouth with a napkin. His voice was thin and husky; yet the easiest way to win his favor was to praise it, and to appear enraptured while he was singing.

He appeared upon the stage almost every day, inviting the whole populace to hear him at his theatre in his palace, where he often kept them all day and night: until he was tired no one was allowed to retire. Women even gave birth to children there. Some became so tired and disgusted, that they leaped the walls at the risk of their lives or bones, or counterfeited death that they might be carried out to be buried. Some, from being obliged to remain in the same posture so long, contracted mortal distempers. He even employed many persons to watch the countenances and behavior of his audiences, who set down the names of those who appeared dissatisfied. The common people were instantly punished for such an offence, while upon persons of higher rank his vengeance was wreaked in the most dreadful manner.

Vespasian, who was afterwards emperor, once provoked his anger by leaving the theatre. Fearing his displeasure, he returned, but fell asleep while Nero was singing, and his life was only saved by the prayers of his powerful friends. Nero sang while Rome ached, if he did not fiddle while it burned.

1787. ROSINGRAVE'S PASSION FOR MUSIC.

"Rosingrave's sweetness of temper," says Dr. Burney, "and willingness to instruct young persons who were eager in the pursuits of knowledge, tempted me frequently to visit him at Mrs. Bray's, at Hampstead, where he resided. His conversation was very entertaining and instructive, particularly

on the subject of music. Indeed, his passion for the art never quitted him to the day of his death, which happened in Ireland, about the year 1750.

"The instrument on which he had exercised himself in the most enthusiastic part of his life bore very uncommon marks of diligence and perseverance, for he had worn the ivory covering of many of the keys quite through to the wood. In his younger days, when his intellect was unimpaired, he was regarded as having the power of seizing the parts and spirit of a score, and of executing the most difficult music at sight, beyond any musician in Europe."

1788. JENNY LIND.



Jenny Lind.

"There was once," says Frederika Bremer, "a poor and plain little girl, dwelling in a little room in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl indeed then; she was lonely and neglected, and would have been very unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact, she sung to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sang."

"The woman who had her in care went out to work during the day, and used to lock in the little girl, who had nothing to enliven her solitude but the company of a cat. The little girl played with her cat, and sang. Once she sat by the open window, and stroked her cat, and—sang, when a lady passed by. She heard the voice, and looked up and saw the little singer. She asked the child several questions, went away, and came back several days later, followed by an old music master, whose name was Crelius. He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice, and was astonished. He took her to the director of the Royal Opera at Stockholm, then a Count Puho, whose truly generous and kind heart was concealed by a rough speech and a morbid temper. Crelius introduced his little pupil to the count, and asked him to engage her as '*élève*' for the Opera. 'You ask a foolish thing,' said the

count, gruffly, looking disdainfully down on the poor little girl. 'What shall we do with that ugly thing? See what feet she has! And then her face! She will never be presentable. No, we cannot take her! Away with her!'

"The music master insisted, almost indignantly. 'Well,' exclaimed he at last, 'if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself, and have her educated for the scene; then such another ear as she has for music is not to be found in the world.'

"The count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for *élèves* at the Opera, and with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombazine was procured for her. The care of her musical education was left to an able master, Mr. Albert Berg, director of the song school of the Opera.

"Some years later, at a comedy given by the *élèves* of the theatre, several persons were struck by the spirit and life with which a very young *élève* acted the part of a beggar girl in the play. Lovers of genial nature were charmed, pedants almost frightened. It was our poor little girl, who had made her first appearance, now about fourteen years of age, frolicsome and full of fun as a child.

"A few years still later, a young *débutante* was to sing for the first time before the public in Weber's *Freischütz*. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner which made the members of the orchestra once, as by common accord, lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who now had grown up, and was to appear before the public in the rôle of Agatha.

"I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May, perfect in form,—her hands and arms peculiarly graceful,—and lovely in her whole appearance through the expression of her countenance, and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners. In fact she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural geniality and grace. She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony.

"Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell her tones. Her *mezzo voce* was delightful. In the night scene where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes out her joy in a rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window, at the back of the theatre, to the spectators again, was *pale* for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life that called forth, not the mirth, but the tears of the auditors.

"From that time she was the declared favorite of the Swedish public, whose musical taste and knowledge are said to be surpassed nowhere. And year after year she continued so, though, after a time, her voice, being overstrained, lost some of its freshness, and the public, being satiated, no more crowded the house when she was singing. Still, at that time, she could be heard singing and playing more delightfully than ever in Pamina (in *Zauberflöte*) or in Anna Bolena, though the Opera was almost deserted. (It was then late in the spring, and the beautiful weather called the people out to nature's plays.) She evidently sang for the pleasure of the song.

"By that time she went to take lessons of Garcia, in Paris, and so give the finishing touch to her

musical education. There she acquired that warble in which she is said to have been equalled by no singer, and which could be compared only to that of the soaring and warbling lark, if the lark had a soul.

"And then the young girl went abroad, and sang on foreign shores and to foreign people. She charmed Denmark, she charmed Germany, she charmed England. She was caressed and courted every where, even to adulation. At the courts of kings, at the houses of the great and noble, she was feasted as one of the *grandees* of nature and art. She was covered with laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of her — 'In the midst of these splendors she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people.'

"One dusky October night, crowds of people — the most part, by their dress, seeming to belong to the upper classes of society — thronged the shore of the Baltic Harbor at Stockholm. All looked towards the sea. There was a rumor of expectation and pleasure. Hours passed away, and the crowds still gathered, and waited, and looked out eagerly towards the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out at the entrance of the harbor, and was greeted by a general buzz on the shore — 'There she comes! there she is!'

"A large steamer now came thundering on, making its triumphant way, through the flocks of ships and boats lying in the harbor, towards the shore of the Skeppsbro. Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowds on the shore pressed forward as if to meet it. Now the leviathan of the waters was heard thundering nearer and nearer; now it relented; now again pushed on, foaming and splashing; now it lay still. And there, on the front of the deck, was seen, by the light of lamps and rockets, a pale, graceful young woman, with eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles, waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on the shore.

"It was she again — our poor, plain, neglected little girl of former days — who now came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become rich; she had become celebrated; and she had in her slender person the power to charm and inspire multitudes.

"Some days later, we read in the papers of Stockholm an address to the public written by the beloved singer, stating, with noble simplicity, that, 'as she once more had the happiness to be in her native land, she would be glad to sing again to her countrymen, and that the income of the operas in which she was this season to appear would be devoted to raise a fund for a school, where *élèves* for the theatre would be educated to virtue and knowledge.' The intelligence was received as it deserved, and of course the Opera House was crowded every time the beloved singer sang there.

"The first time she again appeared in the *Somnambula*, (one of her favorite *roles*), the public, after the curtain was dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and received her, when she appeared, with a roar of hurrahs. In the midst of the burst of applause, a clear, melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we saw the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, somewhat bowing forward, graceful as a bird on its branch, warbling, warbling as no bird ever did, from note to note, — and on every one a clear, strong, soaring warble, — until she fell into the *réturnelle* of her last song, and again sang

that joyful and touching strain — 'No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart.'

"She has now accomplished the good work to which her latest songs in Sweden have been devoted, and she is again to leave her native land to sing to a far remote people. She is expected this year in the United States of America, and her arrival is welcomed with a general feeling of joy. All have heard of her whose history we have now slightly shadowed out. The expected guest, the poor little girl of former days, the celebrated singer of now-a-days, the genial child of Nature and Art is — JENNY LIND!"

1789. THE LAWYER TURNED MUSICIAN.

Thomas Augustine Arne was the son of Arne, the celebrated upholsterer of King Street, Covent Garden, at whose house the Indian kings lodged in the reign of Queen Anne, as mentioned in the *Spectator*, No. 50.

Arne had a good education, having been sent to Eton by his father, who intended him for the law. But even when he was at school his love for music operated upon him too powerfully for his own peace or that of his companions; for, with a miserable, cracked, common flute, he used to torment them night and day, when not obliged to attend school. And he himself told Dr. Burney, when he left Eton, such was his passion for music, that he used to avail himself of the privilege of a servant by borrowing a livery, and going into the upper gallery of the Opera House, which was then appropriated to domestics. At home he had contrived to secrete a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he used to practise in the night, when the rest of the family were asleep; for had his father discovered how he spent his time, he would probably have thrown the instrument out of the window.

This young votary of Apollo was at length compelled to serve a three years' clerkship to the law, without ever intending to make it his profession; but even during this servitude he dedicated every moment he could obtain, fairly or otherwise, to the study of music. Besides practising on the spinet, and studying composition by himself, he contrived, during his clerkship, to acquire some instruction, on the violin, of Festing; upon which instrument he had made so considerable a progress, that soon after he had quitted the attorney's office, his father, accidentally calling at a gentleman's house in the neighborhood upon business, found him engaged with company; but sending in his name, he was invited up stairs, where there was a large company and a concert, in which, to his great astonishment, he caught his son in the very act of playing the first fiddle! Finding him more admired for his musical talent than knowledge of the law, he was soon prevailed upon to forgive his unruly passion, and allow him to turn it to some account.

1790. THE MALIGNANT MUSICIAN.

Musical sensitiveness and irritable jealousies among men of the musical profession are fully illustrated by the following fact: Two celebrated vocalists in Waterford, Ireland, in 1834, gave a public exhibition of their skill. An umpire of disinterested men awarded the right of victory to one over the other; upon which the vanquished

vocalist coolly drew a pistol and shot his rival through the heart! We have known musical men who felt malignant enough for all this. They would not hold pistols to each other's breast, 'tis true, but they carried "razors under their tongues," and allowed no favorable opportunity to pass without using them.

1791. MUSICAL HUMBUGGERY.

The celebrated Indian chief Okah Tubbee, noted for his performances on the flute, is said to be none other than Carey, a negro, or rather mulatto, who lived in Louisville some ten or twelve years since! He was an excellent performer on the fife, flute, and other musical instruments, and belonged to the band of the old Louisville Guards, and when this fine company paraded he discoursed his music to the infinite delight of the crowds of urchins who "followed the sogers." Carey thought it would prove more profitable to turn Indian, and for several years he has been "starring" it through the country as *Dr. Okah Tubbee*, giving concerts, &c. He has shown himself to be a worthy rival of the prince of humbugs. He claims to be an Indian chief, and that his wife, who assists at his concerts, is an Indian princess.

1792. CATALANI.

In the Examiner of 1812, Leigh Hunt luxuriated in the following rapturous eulogium on Catalani:—

"The heaving gentleness of Tramianni's voice is full of sensibility, and plays very agreeably with a turn, or little wandering of notes, before conclusion; but when compared with Madame Catalani's warmth of feeling and vividness of execution, it is mere feebleness and timidity, and a stealing about in the dark. She occasionally throws out a note which reaches us at a distance, like *vocal lightning*, and makes us wonder what her voice would be if she exerted it through a whole song; but this vehemence and swell she can control with the utmost delicacy and the tenuity of warbling; her shake on the upper notes is pure crystal quivering like water in sunshine, and seems as if it would be as perpetual; and when she suddenly springs aloft, from a low note to one of inconceivable height and fineness, dropping down from thence a few still small utterances, you might shut your eyes and fancy a fairy being who had shot up to the music of the spheres, and with one finger and another touches them to our distant ears."

With all due allowance for musical enthusiasm, as well as the large price paid for a puff of this kind, one can scarcely conceive it possible that a man of Leigh Hunt's mind should condescend to write such hyperbolic stuff.

Of the origin of this extraordinary woman little is known; her family was certainly obscure, if not low, and her vocal talents were developed by mere accident. As an artist, she stood in her day as far beyond all competitorship as did Paganini in instrumentation, and artists were contended to look up with admiration at her powers, without any expression of envy or malignity, for she was far aloof from such small feeling. In her conduct she was unexceptionable, as in talent she was great, and has lived respected by all who knew her.

Her eminence took its rise in Lisbon, the Opera of which city she adorned for a considerable time. From thence she went to the Opera House in London, where her fame rose to its zenith, and where

she acquired much wealth. She married an extravagant man named Vallebregue, who wasted much of her earnings for several years; latterly, she became prudent, and restrained his prodigality. Those who have had the good fortune to hear Catalani sing "God save the king," "Rule, Britannia," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," assuredly will not forget them.

Catalani has been charged with extorting most extravagant terms for her services, and this has never been denied; but as a set-off, numerous instances are recorded of judicious and well-timed generosity on her part. When she performed for the benefit of musicians, or for public charities, she frequently returned the whole, or a large portion, of the sum for which she was engaged. When a great musical performance took place for the Westminster Hospital, in 1821, she was solicited to contribute her services, but declined on the ground that her own concerts, then announced, might be injured by her previous appearance elsewhere. But on the day after her first concert, she transmitted to the committee the whole proceeds of that performance, amounting to about three hundred pounds, as a gift to the hospital.

When she visited Cracow, in the height of her fame, she was engaged for a very large sum to sing in the theatre. When the amount was tendered to her, she returned more than half of it towards the fund for erecting a statue to Kosciuszko. At Bangor she heard the Welsh harp for the first time, and gave two guineas to the old blind harper. On one occasion, Catalani received from the late George IV. a magnificent diamond ring.

1793. CATALANI AND GOETHE

Catalani was almost entirely uneducated, even in music. Her want of literary attainments, joined to her vivacity in conversation, sometimes produced ludicrous scenes. When at the court at Weimar, she was placed, at a dinner party, by the side of Goethe, as a mark of respect to her from her royal host. The lady knew nothing of Goethe, but, being struck by his majestic appearance, and the great attention of which he was the object, she inquired of the gentleman on the other side what was his name.

"The celebrated Goethe, madame," was the answer.

"Pray, on what instrument does he play?" was the next question.

"He is no performer, madame; he is the author of Werter."

"O, yes, yes, I remember," said Catalani; and turning to the venerable poet, she addressed him,—

"Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of Werter!"

A low bow was the acknowledgment for so flattering a compliment.

"I never," continued the lively lady, "read any thing half so laughable in my life. What a capital farce it is, sir!"

"Madame," said the poet, looking aghast, "the Sorrows of Werter a farce?"

"O, yes; never was any thing so exquisitely ridiculous!" rejoined Catalani, laughing heartily as she enjoyed the remembrance.

And it turned out that she had been talking all the while of a ridiculous parody of Werter, which had been performed at one of the minor theatres of Paris, and in which the sentimentality of Goethe's tale had been unmercifully ridiculed.

The poet did not get over his mortification the whole evening; and the fair singer's credit at the court of Weimar was sadly impaired by the display of her ignorance of the Sorrows of Werter.

1794. GREAT MUSICAL ARTIST.

One of the greatest, if not the very first, of French musical artists was Larivée, who, from the humble station of a barber's boy, attained the nearest approach to the perfect standard of excellence, as established by the French critics. It was his peculiar good fortune to attract the notice, and soon after to receive the invaluable instructions, of the celebrated Gluck, under whose anxious care he acquired "a more impressive manner of delivering recitative" than had been known to the French before, and which approached nearer than had been conceived possible to the genuine style of French declamation. He is said to have united in a surprising degree all the qualities of a singer and actor; his voice was full and melodious; his taste and judgment pure and sound; and as his figure and countenance were noble and striking, his looks and attitudes were impassioned and expressive.

1795. MUSICAL ASTRONOMER.

Sir William Herschel was a good musician; yet such was his ardor for astronomical discovery, that at some benefit concert which he gave, he had his telescope fixed in the window, and made his observations between the acts.

1796. BACH AND THE DISCORD.

John Sebastian Bach entered a parlor where a large party were assembled, while an amateur was extemporizing upon the piano. The performer had just struck a dissonant chord, as he caught sight of the great master, and he immediately sprang from the piano without touching another note. The host was advancing to greet Bach, when, to the surprise of the whole company, the latter, unable to endure such a painful termination, ran past him, and reaching the piano before the keys had ceased vibrating, resolved the discord, closed with a popular cadence, and then turned and made to the host his entrance compliments.

1797. MOZART'S INFANCY AND DEATH.

John Chrysostome Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart, one of the greatest of modern composers, was born at Salzburg, Germany, in 1756, and was the son of an able musician. He began to display his musical abilities when he was only three years of age, and by the time he was twice as old, he was listened to as a prodigy in various parts of Germany. He next visited France, England, and Italy, and was every where received with enthusiasm. In his tenth year he applied himself strenuously to the study of composition, forming his taste on the works of the most celebrated masters. His first serious opera, *Mithridates*, which ran for twenty nights, was produced in his fifteenth year. After having made a second journey to Paris, he entered into the service of the Emperor of Germany, in which he remained until his decease, on the 5th December, 1792. His

last production was his celebrated *Requiem*. Of his operas, of which he composed twelve, the principal are *Idomene*, the *Clemency of Titus*, *Don Juan*, the *Marriage of Figaro*, and the *Enchanted Flute*.

1798. MOZART'S CHILDHOOD.

When Mozart, at six years of age, made his first musical tour through Germany, the Elector of Bavaria, by way of encouraging the boy, told him that he had nothing to fear from *his august presence*. "O," said the child, with great smartness, "I have played before the empress." Her majesty was one of the first who took notice of his extraordinary talents, and used to place him upon her knees while he played at the harpsichord.

When Mozart, two years afterwards, visited England, he published at London some sonatas for the harpsichord, which he dedicated to the queen, subscribing himself, "*Tres humble et très obéissant petit serviteur*."

Mr. Daines Barrington having been informed that this youthful prodigy was often visited with musical ideas, to which, even in the midst of the night, he would give utterance on the harpsichord, told M. Mozart, the father, that he would be glad to hear some of the child's extemporary compositions. "The father," says Mr. Barrington, "shook his head at this, saying that it depended entirely upon his being, as it were, musically inspired; but that I might ask him if he was in the humor for such a composition."

"Happening to know that little Mozart was much taken notice of by Manzoli, the famous singer, who came over to England in 1764, I said to the boy that I should be glad to hear an extemporary love song, such as his friend Manzoli might choose at the Opera."

"The boy, on this, (who continued to sit at the harpsichord,) looked back with much archness, and immediately began five or six lines of a jargon recitative, proper to introduce a love song. He then played a symphony, which might correspond with an air played to the single word *Affetto*. It had a first and second part, which, with the symphonies, was of the length that opera songs generally last. If this extemporary composition was not amazingly capital, yet it was really above mediocrity, and showed most extraordinary readiness of invention. Finding that he was in humor, and as it were inspired, I then desired him to compose a song of rage, such as might be proper for the Opera stage. The boy again looked back with much archness, and began five or six lines of a jargon recitative, proper to precede a song of anger. The word he pitched upon for his second extemporary composition was *Perfido*. This lasted also about the same time with the song of love; and in the middle of it he had worked himself up to such a pitch, that he beat his harpsichord like a person possessed."

After leaving England, young Mozart visited, among other courts, that of the Prince of Salzburg. His highness, not believing that such masterly pieces as those which Mozart played to him, as of his own composition, could really be the production of so mere a child, shut him up for a week, during which he was not permitted to see any one, and was left only with music paper and the words of an oratorio. In that short space of time, he composed a very capital oratorio, which completely set at rest every doubt as to his extraordinary talents.

1799. A MODEST MUSICIAN.

Christian Urban, the musician, who lately died at Paris, was a devout man, and endeavored to gain a livelihood, in his younger days, by sacred music.

Failing in the attempt, he became a theatrical musician; but although he played in the orchestra of the Opera upwards of a quarter of a century, he never saw a dance or looked upon the face of a singer. He invariably averted his eyes, that he might not behold the wickedness of the stage.

§ 185. HONORS AND VARIOUS FORTUNES.

1800. TARTINI AND HIS PUPILS.

The style of Tartini, in executing an adagio, has been represented by his contemporaries as imitable, and was almost, in their idea, supernatural. He formed the greatest school that the musical world had then known.

His favorite pupils were Bini and Nardini, who, in their turn, formed scholars of great abilities, and contributed to spread his reputation and manner of playing all over Europe. Ferrari, of Cremona, was also the immediate disciple of Tartini, but afterwards established a style of his own. Tartini's first master was an obscure musician of the name of Giulio di Terni, who afterwards changed places with Tartini, and became his scholar. This circumstance Mr. Wiseman had from Tartini himself, who used to say that he had studied very little till after he was thirty years of age. Tartini changed his style, in 1744, from extreme difficulty to grace and expression.

Bini was recommended to him at the age of fifteen, by Cardinal Olivieri. Tartini, finding him not only a youth of a happy disposition for music, but also of excellent morals, had a very great affection for him. This young musician practised with such assiduity, that in three or four years he vanquished the most difficult of Tartini's compositions, and executed them with greater force than the author himself. When he had finished his studies, his patron, Cardinal Olivieri, took him to Rome, where he astonished all the professors by his performance, particularly Montagnari, at that time the principal performer on the violin in that city; and it was generally believed that Montagnari was so mortified by the superiority as to have died of grief.

1801. CORELLI AND HIS COMPOSITIONS.

Corelli was not only a distinguished composer, but so eminent as a player on the violin that his fame reached throughout Europe; and wherever he went, persons were ambitious of becoming his disciples, and learning the practice of the violin from the greatest master of the art that had ever lived. And yet when Handel composed his serenata entitled *Il Trionfo del Tempo*, Corelli, who at that time regulated the Musical Academy at the palace of Cardinal Ottoboni, found the overture in a style so new and singular, that he was confounded in his first attempt to play it.

Corelli, though remarkable for the mildness of his temper, and the modesty of his deportment, was not insensible of the respect due to his skill and exquisite performance. When he was once playing a solo at the house of his great patron and friend, Cardinal Ottoboni, he discovered the cardinal and another person engaged in discourse, on which he laid down his instrument, and, being asked the

reason, gave for answer, that he feared the music interrupted their conversation.

The compositions of Corelli are celebrated for the harmony resulting from the union of all the parts. They are also equally intelligible to the learned and unlearned, while the impressions made by them have been found durable and universal. His music is the language of nature, and all that hear it become sensible of its effects. Of this there cannot be a stronger proof than that amidst all the innovations which the love of change has introduced, it continued to be performed, and was heard with delight in churches, in theatres, at public solemnities and festivities, in all the cities of Europe, for nearly forty years.

1802. FARINELLI AND THE KING'S PRESENT.

In 1735, his late majesty's father, then Prince of Wales, made a present of a fine wrought gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds and rubies, in which was enclosed a pair of diamond knee-buckles, as also a purse of one hundred guineas, to the famous Signior Farinelli. Returning to Italy, he raised, out of a small part of the sum he had acquired in England, a very superb building, in which he dwelt, and chose to dignify it with the significant appellation of the *English folly*.

1803. THE WONDER OF HER AGE.

The most celebrated female flute-player of antiquity was Lamia. She was regarded as a prodigy of excellence. Her abilities in her profession, united with wit and beauty, rendered her the wonder of her age. The honors she received, which are recorded by several authors, and particularly by Athenæus and Plutarch, are sufficient testimonies of her unlimited power over the passions of her hearers. Her claim to admiration from her personal attractions does not, even now, entirely depend upon the fidelity of historians; since an exquisite engraving of her head, upon an amethyst, is preserved in the royal collection of France, and authenticates the accounts of her external charms.

1804. PAGANINI'S DECLINE.

"An extraordinary change," says a London paper of 1833, "seems to have taken place in the public mind with respect to Paganini. His concerts, on his first visit to England, were so well attended, that frequently his receipts exceeded one thousand pounds, and on one occasion fourteen hundred pounds were received, (of which he had two thirds, leaving M. Laporte to pay the whole expenses out of the remaining third.) On his arriving here, about two months ago, he was advised to defer giving

any concert until the anger caused by his refusal to play for the distressed English actors in Paris should have blown over. It being supposed, however, finally, that this affair had been forgotten, and that there was every prospect of obtaining full houses, Paganini announced a concert for Friday evening. On Thursday, so few boxes and stalls had been taken that Paganini despaired of an attendance that would compensate him for his trouble, and dreading, perhaps, that there would be some disturbance arising out of the Paris affair, on Friday advertised that there would be no performance.

1805. JENNY LIND AND THE CLERGY.

A somewhat distinguished clergyman of Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. S. H. Cox, well known in this city, pays a very beautiful compliment to the really Christian aspirations and sentiments of the charming songstress. A volume had been presented for his autograph in which appeared the signature of Jenny Lind, with some lines, which the reverend gentleman furnishes for publication with an introduction, of which the following are the concluding passages:—

"Pleased with the lines, I copied them by permission; and finding them suitable, I quoted them in a sermon last Lord's day. The result was, that many remembered, and rehearsed, and wrote them, each in a peculiar way; and hence I resolved to publish them as in this communication. I quote them with perfect correctness, as I copied them with care. I think they show the characteristic purity of their source, and reveal our incomparable *cantatrice* in a way that might well engage for her a place in the affections and the prayers of the people of God, especially in this country of her transient sojourn. I have no personal acquaintance with her; having never heard nor seen her. Still, I admire her character.

"After this long portico to a small but beautiful temple, begging pardon for its violations of symmetry, I will introduce the poetry:—

"In vain I seek for rest
In all created good;
It leaves me still unblest,
And makes me cry for God.
And sure at rest I cannot be
Until my heart finds rest in Thee."

"We add, that if adulation or wealth could satisfy Jenny Lind, she need not 'cry for God' at all. It is grace and communion with God, by faith in his dear Son Jesus Christ, that keeps her steady and upright, sober, conscientious, and honorable, where others would become intoxicated with vanity."

1806. MADAME CATALANI'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON.

It was a night on which *Semiramide*, that masterly tragedy of the Italian stage, was announced for the leading text-piece. Catalani, with her brow all diamonded from foreign favor, was to appear for the first time in your Babylonian London. Catalani, as *Semiramide*, stood foremost on the stage. She was always handsome, and at this moment her noble cast of features, under the excitement of her part, was lit up with peculiar majesty; her form, too, tall and commanding, though less muscular, was almost like that of our own Siddons; and the whole blazing theatre, with its thousand eyes, was fixed upon her there. Her voice at first was grave and beautiful,

a rich and tunable soprano, laden with noble Italian words. "*Son Regina*," her soul, as if fired at the thoughts of her regality, at the glory on her brow, and the grandeur at her feet, poured out a peal of rapture so majestic, shook the whole house with so towering a harmony, that the walls seemed absolutely to act as a constraint and the roof as a confinement to her powers. Never, before, had its like been heard in London.

1807. MADAME MALIBRAN.

Malibran received in London three thousand five hundred pounds for two months' acting, (two or three nights a week,) besides two thousand pounds more for concerts, and her carriage followed by hundreds daily. At the Milan Theatre, she was called out by the audience seventeen times on one evening, to receive shawls, bouquets, garlands, and presents. On one of her visits to the British capital, she frequently realized the following comfortable sums: At Covent Garden her nightly salary was one hundred and twenty-five pounds. After the play, she repairs to the Hanover Square rooms, where, for one song, which occupies nine minutes, she receives twenty-five guineas. At a quarter past ten, she sometimes goes to Rothschild's, or some of the nobility's houses, sings another song, or perhaps two, for twenty-five guineas more. And several times lately she has attended *morning benefit* concerts at the King's Theatre, for each of which she receives an additional two hundred guineas, making three hundred and seventy-five pounds ten shillings in one day! At the Milan Theatre, her pay was, from the theatre alone, forty thousand dollars for the season, besides innumerable valuable presents. At Venice she was allowed the privilege of a white gondola, while the law ordains that all these vessels shall be black.

On one occasion, at Aix-la-Chapelle, at which she had been performing in an opera with the German *artistes*, by command of the king, the soldiers on duty, at her departure, presented arms, and gave the salute, (hitherto alone observed to members of the royal family,) as a mark of respect to her talents.

Malibran's last appearance was at the Manchester festival. On this occasion seven thousand tickets had been disposed of, and in the afternoon of that day she was to sing an air from the *Redemption of Haniel*. As she did not appear promptly at the conclusion of the previous piece, a quartet was introduced, to give her a moment to rally, as she evidently appeared quite unwell. She then came forward, and commenced in a tremulous vein, and gaining strength as she proceeded, finished with the well-known air, in the words, "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." It was remarked that what she lacked in power was made up in sweetness. In the course of the morning she sang, from Cimarosa's *Sacrificio di Abramo*, the air, *de parlato*, but not in her usual style. In the evening she sang again with some spirit from Don Giovanni, but her great effort was in a duet with Lablache, from *La Prava*, a serious opera by Gnecco. This is described as an astonishing performance, exciting the greatest enthusiasm in the audience, and producing an encore, which was followed by a still more extraordinary exhibition. On Wednesday morning, she again exerted herself in a duet with Clara Norvello. She executed this brilliant piece so much to the delight of the audience, that she was encored. Turning round to Sir George Smart, she said,—

"If I sing it again, I shall die!"

He answered that nothing remained but for her to leave the orchestra, and he would address the audience. She said, with renewed energy, —

"No, I will do it; but I shall die!"

In the evening she made her appearance in a canon from Beethoven's *Fidelio*, "What joy doth fill my breast!" And in this, her last piece, her efforts were almost supernatural. One of her shakes was given at the very top of her voice, with a fearless enthusiasm which filled every heart, and brought down thunders of applause. But nature and art gave way before the illness which now increased upon her: she sank exhausted under the effort, and being removed to the greenroom, was bled, and, as soon as possible, carried in a chair to her own lodgings. All the ensuing night she was in great agony, and her groans and shrieks resounded through the hotel. On the following day, notwithstanding, she insisted on going to church to sing, but was totally incapable of making the effort, when her friends insisted on her returning home. It appears, from the statement of her medical attendant, that she had a terrible fall from her horse about two months previous to her death, when she was dragged along the ground for the space of several yards. This caused a great shock of mind and body, contusions on the head, and an impossibility of moving the left arm at the shoulder. The same evening, she insisted on singing at Drury Lane Theatre — a circumstance which, of course, much retarded her recovery. It was hoped that she had entirely recovered from the effect of the accident, as she only experienced a slight pain in the head from time to time, on the spot where she received the blow. During her last illness, the pains at the shoulder, the arms, and at the several contusions, returned severely. She continued, in defiance of all advice, to pursue her professional labors, when suddenly, while she was singing, she felt a violent pain in her head, and was taken very ill. A tumor had been formed on the brain, which explains the cause of her premature death.

1808. MADAME MALIBRAN AND THE KING.

At Naples, the rule is, that when an actress is about to make her *début*, she waits and solicits the honor of his majesty's presence or her first appearance. In compliance with this regulation, Madame Malibran went to the king: she said, hesitatingly, "Sire, if it be agreeable to your majesty, I have come to request that your majesty will be graciously pleased not to appear at the theatre to-morrow evening." The king, not a little astonished, demanded the reason of a request so singular. "May it please your majesty, I have heard that it is the etiquette in Naples not to applaud in presence of royalty; that is to say, unless you graciously set the example." The king, perceiving that she was embarrassed, desired her to speak out. "Sire, as you are good enough to command me to speak, I will. The fact is, I am so much in the habit of being applauded the instant I appear on the stage, that I am sure, if I were received in silence, I couldn't sing a note." "Very well," said his majesty, "I will set the example. Fear not; you shall be abundantly applauded." Madame Malibran returned home highly satisfied by having thus secured powerful protection. In the evening, just before she had made her appearance on the stage, she got between the side scenes, where she might be seen from the royal box, and having caught the eye of the king, reminded

him of his promise by clapping her hands. His majesty, pleased with her freedom and originality, failed not to be as good as his word, and the whole house loudly responded to the royal signal.

1809. SARDINI'S DEBUT IN NORMA.

A curious circumstance occurred at the Opera at Leghorn. The opera season opened with *Norma*. The principal tenor having fallen sick, and the managers not being able to supply his place, the theatre was closed. This circumstance was considered a serious affliction to the inhabitants, at the commencement of the carnival, too; and an amateur undertook to learn the part in three days. As a forlorn hope, the proposal was accepted, and at the time appointed, Signor Giuseppi Sardini, the amateur alluded to, made a most brilliant *début* in *Norma*, and has since sung in the *Sonnambula*, with the same success. Thus Sardini, who, a month previous, could not get an engagement as a common chorus singer, is now considered to be one of the first vocalists in Italy, and the directors are outbidding each other in offering him extravagant terms.

1810. THE RICH HARPER AND EUPOLUS.

A rich man of Tarentum once took it into his head to distinguish himself at the Pythian games. Not having strength enough to shine as a wrestler, nor agility enough for running, he chose to be considered as a musical candidate. He made his appearance at Delphos, dressed in cloth of gold, with a crown, in the shape of a laurel, the leaves of which were of gold, adorned with the finest emeralds. His harp exhibited a proportionable grandeur; it was loaded with jewels, and decorated with figures of Orpheus, Apollo, and the Muses. The splendor of his appearance drew all eyes upon him, and every one expected something wonderful from one who had taken such pains to attract their notice. How great was their disappointment, when, on the magnificent harper's attempting to exert his powers, his voice and instrument both equally failed him, and all his efforts produced only the most jarring discords. Shouts of laughter rent the assembly, and the judges of the game whipped him out of the theatre, covered with confusion.

The next candidate was one Eupolus of Elis. Although he was meanly dressed, and his harp was but of homely fabric, he drew forth sounds from it which charmed and delighted the whole assembly, and he was universally pronounced worthy of the prize. After receiving the laurel, Eupolus is said to have thus addressed his Tarentine competitor: "You came crowned with gold and jewels, because you were rich; I, because I am poor, am only rewarded with laurel. But I am well satisfied. With that laurel I have the applause of all Greece, while your crown serves only to make you ridiculed and despised."

1811. MADAME MARA AT THE FESTIVAL.

Madame Mara, when in the height of her reputation, attended a musical festival at Oxford, (about 1784,) and not being accustomed to join in the choruses abroad, sat still during the performance of the first chorus; but when she rose to sing a solo, she was greeted with loud hisses, upon which she walked

out of the orchestra, and went to her lodgings. A deputation was sent after, to appease and bring her back; but on her remaining seated during the second chorus, the cry became universal, "*Turn Mara out.*" Not understanding this, she smiled, which provoked the audience further. The vice chancellor then told her it was a rule for every vocal performer to join in the chorus. On this being explained to her by Miss George, afterwards Mrs. Oldmixon, Mara replied,—

"O, me does not know his rules; me will go home."

And home she went.

1812. USEFUL HINT TO LEARNERS.

Madame Mara, one of the most distinguished of public singers, was, unfortunately, a person of ex-

pensive habits, and utterly without any prudent system of living. After retiring more than once from public life, her imprudent expenditures forced her, when no longer fit for the stage, to undertake the painful and laborious drudgery of teaching music, vocal as well as instrumental. The terms she exacted were considered extravagant by many, and elicited from the teacher the following sensible card:—

"When I teach, I sing with my pupils, by which they learn twice as much as they would by the usual mode of instruction. My scholars are not taught by precept alone; they have the advantage of example. Instead of having to follow the piano-forte, they hear my voice. Singing, I am convinced, can be *only taught by singers*; and the fatigue of the vocation of vocal tuition is so great, that only those should attempt to teach others to sing who have done with singing in public themselves."

§ 186. FACETIOUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

1813. LABLACHE AND HIS TWO HATS.

"Few there are in the world," says the *Courrier Français*, "who are not acquainted with the talent of Lablache; but his occasional absence of mind is not so universally known. The following is an instance:—

"When last at Naples, he was sent for to the palace,—an honor frequently conferred upon him,—his Neapolitan majesty being much delighted with the drolleries and unalterable good humor of the celebrated singer. On arriving, he entered the waiting-room, and, till called in to his majesty, conversed with the courtiers in attendance. Having a cold in his head, he requested and obtained permission to keep on his hat. Getting into full discourse with those around, he was suddenly startled by the gentleman in waiting crying out, 'His majesty demands the presence of Signor Lablache.'

"In his eagerness to obey the royal summons, he forgot the hat he had on his head, and, snatching up another, he entered the king's cabinet. Being received with a most hearty laugh, Lablache was confounded, but at length recovered himself, and respectfully asked his majesty what had excited his hilarity. 'My dear Lablache,' replied the king, 'pray tell me which of the two hats you have now with you is your own, that on your head or that in your hand? Or perhaps you have brought both as a measure of precaution, in case you should leave one behind you.' 'Ah, *maledetto!*' cried Lablache, with an air of ludicrous distress, on discovering his *étourderie*, 'two hats are indeed too many for a man who has no head.'"

1814. STORY OF INCLEDON.

We remember a story of Incledon, the once famous vocalist, that fits an "affair of honor" most capitally. Poor Incledon was one of the unsophisticated, and said and did a great many things out of sheer simplicity, that had been much better left unsaid and undone.

Something of this kind gave offence to a gentleman with whom Incledon happened to fall in company, and the offended party resolved upon satisfaction. He sought out the singer accordingly, and was lucky

enough to find him enjoying his bottle of Port, one fine afternoon at a noted hotel. "Mr. Incledon," says the waiter, "a gentleman wishes to see you, sir." "Show him up, then," says Incledon. "Sir," said the visitor, in a towering passion, "I'm told that you have been making free with my name in a very improper manner, and I've come to demand satisfaction."

After some parleying, Incledon rose, put on his hat, and planting himself at one side of the room, began warbling Black-eyed Susan, in his most delicious style. When he had finished, "There, sir," said he, "that has given complete satisfaction to several thousands, and if you want any thing more, I've only to say, you're the most unreasonable fellow I ever met with."

1815. HONESTY EXEMPLIFIED.

A set of parish officers, in a country village, applied to Snetzler, a celebrated organ builder, to examine their organ, and make improvements in it. "Gentlemen," said the honest Swiss, "your organ be wort von hundred pound just now. Vell, I will spend you von hundred pound upon it, and it shall then be wort fifty."

1816. TRICKS OF PUBLIC PERFORMERS.

The first solo violin player in England was a "Signor Eastpirini, lately arrived from Rome, who will play singly on the violin, at Hickford's Dancing School," according to a newspaper of November, 1702. It is by no means certain that this Signor E. was not a north country Englishman, who had brains enough to discover at that early period that John Bull's nationality did not extend to music, or matters of taste, and that a foreign title would prove an advantageous passport.

This same disreputable game has been played since, in almost innumerable instances. Signora Storce was an English woman. So were Mara, Madame Vestris, and a score more of Signoris and Signoras. It is laughable to find the trick resorted to even by tumblers and dwarfs. Monsier Gouffé, the great monkey performer, was entitled only to

the humble designation of Jim Guffey, the potboy; while Hervio Nano, the half man, translated his New England title of Hervey Leach into Nano, indicative of his calling. In the early part of the seventeenth century, this *ruse* was adopted very successfully by a certain John Cooper, an admirable performer on the viol da Gamba, an excellent lutist, and respectable composer. He conceived the advantage of assuming a foreign title, and adopted the sounding cognomen of Giovanni Coprario, by which he was known through life. The imposition was effectual; he was universally regarded as a native of Italy, and his compositions were esteemed accordingly.

1817. THE DEAF MAN'S ADMIRATION.

Litz, returning from abroad to Paris, was besieged instantly by a crowd of admirers—worshippers. One of these latter, an old man, made himself very remarkable by his phrenetic transports. Suddenly he began to cut his way through the crowd, and to exclaim,—

"Let me pass; let me pass, I say; I want to kiss the hand of the piano man."

Litz, touched with sympathy, advanced towards the old man, and kindly said,—

"I am profoundly agitated by so much kindness; it is a gentle homage that touches me nearly. Monsieur is a musician, doubtless."

"No," replied some one in the crowd, "he is deaf."

1818. GETTING A STAVE OUT OF HIM.

A young gentleman, being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them that he could not, observed, testily, they intended to make a *butt* of him. "No, my good sir," said Colman, "we only want to get a stave out of you."

1819. FOOTE'S REQUEST OF THE FIDDLER.

Foote, being once annoyed by a poor fiddler, "straining harsh discord" under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one *scrapper* at the door was sufficient.

1820. SIMPLIFYING INSTRUCTION.

A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach, thus initiated him into a knowledge of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers: "Here, Donald," quoth he, "tak ye're pipes, mon, and gie us a blast." But as we cannot make him in character speak Erse, we may as well make him talk English, and his lesson will be better understood. "Here, Donald," said he, "take your pipes, my lad, and give us a blast. So! very well blown indeed! But what is sound, Donald, without sense? You may blow on to all eternity without making a tune of it, if I do not tell you how the queer things on that paper must help. You see that fellow, with the white, round, open face, (pointing to a semibreve between the two lines of a bar;) he moves slowly from that line to this, while you beat one with your foot, and take a long blast; if, now, you put a leg to him, you make two of him, and he'll move twice as fast. If you blacken his face thus, he'll

run four times faster than the first fellow, with the white face. And what think ye, after blackening his face thus, if you bend his knee, or tie his legs? he will hop you still eight times faster than the white-faced fellow I showed you first. Now, whenever you blow your pipes, Donald, remember this; the tighter those fellows' legs are tied, the faster they will run, and the quicker they are sure to dance."

1821. ISMENIAS DELIGHTING THE GODS.

Plutarch relates the following story of Ismenias: Being sent for to accompany a sacrifice, and having played some time without the appearance of any good omen in the victim, his employer became impatient, and, snatching the flute out of his hand, began playing in a very ridiculous manner himself, for which he was reprimanded by the company; but the happy omen soon appearing, "There," said he, "to play acceptably to the gods is their own gift!" Ismenias answered with a smile, "While I played, the gods were so delighted that they deferred the omen in order to hear me the longer; but they were glad to get rid of your noise upon any terms." Thus we find that neither prodigality, vanity, nor impiety, is peculiar to modern musicians.

1822. PSALM SINGING IN OLDEN TIMES.

When line-by-line was sung in olden times in the meeting-houses, sad work was often made with the meaning of the Psalmist. For instance, "The Lord will come and he will not." After that line, the next is, "Keep silence, but speak out." Each line is a contradiction of itself separately; but by a proper union of these two lines, it becomes a truthful expression.

1823. A WOFUL PREDICAMENT.

In the olden times, when it was the custom in many parts of New England to sing the psalms and hymns by "deaconing" them, as it was called,—that is by the deacon's reading each line previous to its being sung,—one of these church dignitaries, after looking at his book some time, and making several attempts to spell the words, apologized for the difficulty he experienced in reading, by observing,—

"My eyes, indeed, are very blind."

The choir, who had been impatiently waiting for a whole line, thinking this to be the first of a common metre hymn, immediately sang it. The good deacon exclaimed, with emphasis,—

"I cannot see at all."

This, of course, they also sung, when the astonished pillar of the church cried out,—

"I really b'lieve you are bewitched!"

Response by the choir: "I really b'lieve you are bewitched."—The deacon added,—

"The mischief's in you all."

The choir finished the verse by echoing the last line, and the deacon sat down in despair.

1824. AN INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT.

A young man at a social party was vehemently urged to sing a song. He replied that he would first tell a story, and then, if they still persisted in their demand, he would endeavor to execute a song. When a boy, he said, he took lessons in singing; and one Sunday morning he went up into his father's garret to practise alone by himself. While in full cry, he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman.

"This is pretty conduct," said the father,—"pretty employment for the son of pious parents, to be sawing boards in the garret on a Sunday morning, loud enough to be heard by all the neighbors. Sit down and take your book."

The young man was unanimously excused from singing the proposed song.

1825. SINGING SUPERLATIVELY.

A lady, who had an excellent voice and great taste in singing, on being one day entreated to oblige the company with a proof of her ability, declared that she could not sing; she could not, positively. "That we are all very well aware of," said Miss Edgeworth, who was present, "for we know, my dear madam, you do not sing *positively*, but *superlatively*."

1826. MERELY A SQUALL.

A lady who had not been favored with the most harmonious voice would nevertheless attempt to sing. A gentleman, one of the company, said to another, "What does she call that?" He replied, "The tempest, I think." On which a seafaring gentleman present exclaimed, "Don't be alarmed; it is no *tempest*; it is merely a *squall*, and will soon be over."

1827. IN THE WRONG BOX.

John Hart was a musical genius of the first water, and, like many others of the same stamp, was somewhat erratic withal.

One night, at Newburyport, after being engaged in a serenade, where divers strong potations had been dealt out without stint, our hero stowed himself away under a friendly cart to sleep off the fumes caused by the many libations in which he had indulged. He was soon espied, by one in authority, and marched or lugged off to the almshouse, and there put to bed. As soon as morning came, John turned out, and thinking he had got into some tavern, hunted about for the bar, to get his morning dram. He soon came athwart Mr. Johnson, the master of ceremonies there, and asked of him if he was the landlord, as he would like some bitters, that morning. "I'll *bitter* you!" replied the great Sanheidran, taking our son of harmony by the collar, and dragging him towards the breakfast hall; "sit you down in there, and eat your breakfast; then come back to me." "Rather a queer tavern, and rough landlord," said our Festin to himself, as he sat down to his frugal meal; "never mind, I'll eat and be off, and make the best of it; he don't know me, I reckon."

Soon as breakfast was over, John goes up to the superintendent again, and asks him for his bill, as

he wished to be going. "I'll *bill* you!" roared forth the boss, as he took poor Jack by one ear, and dragged him into the "silk factory;" that is, the oakum room, and told him to go to work, or he'd fare worse. "Look you here," replied our hero; "let me tell you that this is rather out of my line of business. Now, if you would like a solo on the key bugle, a tune upon a clarionet, trombone, French horn, or almost any instrument; any particular song set to music or music arranged: in short, almost any thing in the music line I can do; but I do not like to meddle with another man's business; so you'll please excuse me." Mr. Johnson found, by a little inquiry, that his guest could do better than pick oakum, and, after a little salutary advice, was set at liberty.

1828. UNMUSICAL PITCHFORK.

When those aids to singing, called musical pitchforks, were first introduced, the precentor of Carnock parish, a few miles from Dunfermline, thought he might not be the worse for one, and accordingly ordered the Edinburgh carrier to bring it over. The honest carrier, who never heard of any other pitchfork but that used in the barnyard, purchased one at least ten feet long. It was late in the Saturday evening before he came home, and as a message had been left to bring it up when he came to church next day, he marched into the churchyard before the bell rung, where the master of song was standing amid a group of villagers. "Awel, John, here's the pitchfork you wanted; but I can tell you, I ne'er thought muckle o' your singing before, and I'm sair mista'en if ye'll sing any better now!"

1829. DR. EMMONS AND THE BASS VIOL.

Dr. Emmons, it is said, was a great lover of sweet sounds, and religiously excluded from his meeting-house all instrumental music except a little mahogany-colored wooden pitch-pipe of the size of an "eighteen mo." book. A member of his choir had learnt to play the bass viol, and, anxious to exhibit his skill, early one Sunday morning, most unadvisedly, introduced his big fiddle into the singing gallery. After the first prayer was ended, and the doctor began to handle his "Watts," the *bass violer* lifted up his profanation, and, trying his strings, instantly attracted the doctor's attention. He paused, laid down his hymn book, took his sermon from the cushion, and proceeded with his discourse, as if singing was no part of public worship, and finally dismissed the congregation without "note or comment." The whole choir was indignant. They staid after "meeting," and all the girls and young men resolved not to go into the "singing seats" at all in the afternoon, and the elders who did go there bore the visages of men whose minds were made up.

Services began as usual in the afternoon. The doctor took his book in his hand, looked over his spectacles at the gallery, and saw only a few there, but, nothing daunted, read a psalm, and sat down. No sound followed, no one stirred; and the "leader" looked up in utter unconsciousness. After a long and most uneasy silence, the good man, his face somewhat overflashed, his manner rather stern, read the psalm again, paused, then re-read the first verse, and, pushing up his spectacles, looked inter-

rogatively at the gallery. The leader could bear it no longer, and, half rising, said decidedly, "There won't be any singing here this afternoon." "Then there won't be any preaching," said the doctor, quick as thought; and taking his cocked hat from its peg, he marched down the pulpit stairs, through the broad aisle, and out of the house, leaving his congregation utterly astounded. We need not inform our readers that the big fiddle was not used in the "singing seats" afterwards.

1830. SINGING AND WHISTLING.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* gives this good 'un. "A feeble tenor singer lately made his appearance on the stage at Moulins, (Alliere.) He was received on his entrance with hisses. Without appearing to be moved by this stormy reception, the artist advanced to the front, and addressed himself to the pit.

"Gentlemen," said he, 'it is a pity to hear you whistle so badly; allow me to give you a lesson.'

"And with that the singer began to whistle, with the most harmonious modulations, the varied airs of the *Mesquetaires* of Halevy. At this unexpected concert, applauses succeeded the whistle, and from that the Bourbonesc public, parodizing the form of the conversation of the *Thousand and One Nights*, say every night to this actor,—

"Sir, if you do not sing, whistle us one of those airs you whistle so well." And the manager makes a good profit out of his nightingale."

The lamented Henry Finn used to give all the notes he could to a song, and, pointing upward with his finger, whistle the balance up the scale.

1831. IMITATING THE NIGHTINGALE.

A famous musician, who had made his fortune by marriage, being requested to sing in company, "Permit me," said he, "to imitate the nightingale, who never sings after he has made his nest."

1832. THE CLEAR OBSCURE.

It is said of Weber, that so completely conscious was he of his want of personal attractions, that when he had a song to sing between the play and farce, as is the custom in country theatres, he always contrived to have the stage partially darkened. "For," says he, "if they see my ugly phiz, they will hiss me, to a dead certainty."

1833. ABELL'S ALTERNATIVE.

John Abell, a celebrated English singer, distinguished himself by singing in public in Holland, at Hamburg, and other places; where, acquiring considerable wealth, he set up a splendid equipage, and affected the man of quality, though at intervals he was so reduced as to be obliged to travel through whole provinces with his lute slung at his back. In rambling he got as far as Poland, and at Warsaw met with a very extraordinary adventure. He was sent for to court, but, evading to go by some slight excuse, was commanded to attend. At the palace he was seated in a chair, in the middle of a spacious hall, and suddenly drawn up to a great height; and the king, with his attendants,

appeared in a gallery opposite to him. At the same instant a number of wild bears were turned in, when the king bid him choose whether he would sing or be let down among the bears. Abell chose to sing, and declared afterwards that he never sung so well in his life.

1834. CLERICAL JOKE.

A correspondent of a contemporary says that the origin of a difficulty, which resulted at last in the dismissal of a clergyman in a neighboring town, can be traced to a very trivial affair, which is as follows:—

At the meeting of the church, the pastor gave out the hymn, "I love to steal away," when the chorister commenced singing, but, owing to some difficulty in recollecting the tune, could proceed no farther than "*I love to steal*," which he did three or four times successively, when the clergyman, in order to relieve him from the dilemma, waggishly remarked that "it was very much to be regretted," and added, "Let us pray."

1835. AN INGENIOUS TRICK.

An English paper relates the following ingenious mode of "raising the wind," practised by a musician on the credulity of the inhabitants of a country town, not long since:—

"A foreigner, named Vogel, a celebrated flute player, advertised a concert for his benefit, and in order to attract those who

—had no music in their souls,
And were not moved by concord of sweet sounds,"

he announced that between the acts he would exhibit an extraordinary feat, never before witnessed in Europe. He would hold in his left hand a glass of wine, and would allow six of the strongest men in the town to hold his arm, and, notwithstanding all their effort to prevent him, would drink the wine.

"So novel and so surprising a display of strength, as it was naturally regarded, attracted a very crowded house, and expectation was on the tiptoe, when our hero appeared on the stage, glass in hand, and politely invited any half dozen of the audience to come forward to put his prowess to the test. Several gentlemen, amongst whom was the mayor of the place, immediately advanced to the stage, and, grasping the left arm of Vogel, apparently rendered the performance of his promised feat quite out of the question.

"There was an awful pause for a moment, when our arm-bound hero, eyeing the gentlemen who had pinioned him, said, in his broken English, 'Jonteelemen, are you all ready? Are you quite sure you have got fast hold?' The answer having been given in the affirmative by a very confident nod from those to whom it was addressed, Vogel, to the infinite amusement of the spectators, and to the no small surprise of the group around him, advancing his right arm, which was free, very coolly took the wine glass from his left hand, and bowing very politely to the half dozen gentlemen, said, 'Jonteelemen, I have de honor to drink all your good health,' at the same time quaffing off the wine, amidst a general roar of laughter, and universal cries of 'Bravo, bravo! Well done, Vogel!'

It cannot be denied that Vogel literally redeemed

his pledge. The condition was, that his arm should be held, but not a word was said about his hand. He very ingeniously availed himself of the oversight, nor could he be fairly charged with resorting to trick or subterfuge.

1836. PHILIPS'S SECRET.

The absurd but common prejudice in favor of foreign productions was pleasantly illustrated by Philips, on his return to Dublin from this country. He took home with him several songs, composed by Charles Gilfert, a man as remarkable for musical talent as notorious for prodigality and mismanagement of his theatre. The song alluded to was an old, well-known German air, to which Gilfert had appended some little graceful embellishments, and Philips sang it delightfully. Quite an impression was made by it, and, when published as the composition of Carl von Gilfert, the critics of London and Dublin united in the most unbounded praise of this piece, which, it was confidently asserted, must be Italian, as it was marked by all the peculiar excellences of that style of music.

Philips kept his secret for a while, but was never forgiven after he had confessed the trick.

1837. AMENDING HANDEL'S MUSIC.

Charles Dibdin, in one of his entertainments, used to relate a laughable story of some Cornishmen, whom he met as he was travelling to the Land's End, bearing music-books and instruments.

"Where are you going?" said Charles.

"To church, to practise our music for Sunday," was the reply.

"Whose music do you sing?" asked the poet.

"O, Handel, Handel," answered the men.

"Don't you find Handel's music rather difficult?" said Dibdin.

"Yees, it war at first, but we alter'd un, and so we does very well with un now."

This was conclusive. The Bard of the Ocean threw them a crown piece, and bade them drink the health of the author of Poor Jack.

1838. THE SULTAN'S GAUGE FOR A MUSICIAN.

A well-known pianist recently played some of his most astonishing pieces before the grand seignior.

At the conclusion of the performance, the sultan, who had been observing him with great apparent admiration, said to him,—

"I have heard Thalberg, [a low bow of the artist and a modest smile;] I have also heard Listz, [a still lower bow and devout attention;] but not one of all that have played before me *perspired* as much as you do."

1839. LIND'S RETORT TO LABLACHE.

On the occasion of Mademoiselle Lind's second rehearsal at the Opera House, the celebrated Lablache was so delighted with her singing, that he came up to her, and said, enthusiastically, "Give me your hand; every note in your voice is a pearl." "Give me your hat," was the reply of the fair singer; and then, putting it up to her mouth, and giving one of her incomparable *roulades*, "Here," said she, "is a hatful of pearls for you."

1840. PAT BLOWING THE ORGAN.

A correspondent of the Troy Budget tells the following good story: "It seems that the person who blows the bellows of the organ at St Luke's Church also attends to the furnace for warming the building; and having occasion, during the service, to 'mind the fires,' he left the bellows in charge of a man lately imported, and 'green' as the Emerald Isle of his nativity before the potato rot.

"During his absence, the *Gloria in Excelsis* came, in the order of exercises, to be chanted, and Patrick was directed to furnish the *organic* element. A short time elapsed, but no music followed the touch of the lady who presided at the instrument. 'Blow,' whispered the fair organist. 'Blow,' repeated the leader; and 'Blow, *blast* you, blow,' echoed the entire choir; but not a puff found its way into the vacant pipes, to wake the slumbering harmony.

"An investigation took place, and Patrick was found behind the organ, with both his hands tightly clinched around the bellows handle,—a stick of some five feet long and two inches thick,—the end stuck in his mouth, his cheeks swelled to the utmost expansion, his eyes distended, and the perspiration streaming from his face, engaged in the vigorous but vain attempt to force his breath through the pores of the wood into the body of the instrument.

"It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that some little time passed before the choir were able to screw up their mouths into that serious pucker requisite to the proper performance of the musical exercises."

§ 187. WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES.

1841. A PUZZLE FOR PHRENOLOGISTS.

A Paris paper contains a curious account of the musical capacity exhibited by an old woman of sixty, who had, from an early age, been an inmate of Salpêtrière—a receptacle for lunatics. A young actress of one of the minor theatres of Paris, having become an inmate of the asylum, was impressed with the idea that she was representing some character, and sung, danced, and recited by turns. One day the old woman, upon hearing the actress sing, beat time with wonderful precision, and ap-

peared highly delighted. The moment she heard an air, she was able to retain it, and could hum it over when asked, although she could not speak; and what is still more extraordinary, an individual having sung over an air, which he had composed off hand, she caught it instantly and repeated it. An air having been played to her upon the piano, she seemed quite enraptured, and appeared to appreciate the most striking passages with the taste of a finished musician.

The head of this woman is said to puzzle the phrenologists; for, so far from having the organ of

music strongly marked, she is totally destitute of it.

a proof of the general principle from the analogy between colors and sounds.

1842. MUSICAL MIMICRY.

It is related of a gentleman who resided in London some years ago, that he possessed such extraordinary musical talents, that he could play upon two violins at one time, and imitate the French horn, clarinet, organ, and trumpets, in so astonishing a manner as to make them appear a whole band, with the sound of different people singing at the same time. The pieces of music which he played were principally from Handel's oratorios. His imitative faculty was not confined to musical instruments. He could imitate a carpenter sawing and planing wood, the mail coach horn, a clap of thunder, a fly buzzing about a window, a flock of sheep with dogs after them, a sky-rocket going off, the tearing of a piece of cloth, the bagpipes, and the hurdy-gurdy. He generally finished his performance with the representation of beating a dog out of the room, which was accounted the most difficult, and, at the same time, the most natural imitation of all.



Sir Isaac Newton.

1843. MUSICAL INFANT.

In 1788, a musical prodigy of the name of Sophia Hoffman attracted the notice of the scientific and the curious. This child, when only nine months old, discovered so violent an attachment to musical sounds, that if taken out of a room where any person was playing on an instrument, it was frequently impossible to appease her but by bringing her back. The nearer she was carried to the performer, the more delighted she appeared, and would often clap her little hands together in accurate time. Her father, who was a musician, cultivated her infantine genius so successfully, that when she was a year and three quarters old, she could play a march, a lesson, and two or three songs, with tolerable correctness; and, when two years and a half old, she could play several tunes. If she ever struck a wrong note, she did not suffer it to pass, but immediately corrected herself.

From a number of experiments made on a ray of light with the prism, he found that the primary colors occupied spaces exactly corresponding with those intervals which constitute the octave in the division of a musical chord; and hence he has obviously shown the affinity between the harmony of colors and musical sounds.

Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Mason, and other eminent poets, all seem to favor the Pythagorean system. The first of these, whose vast mind grasped the whole creation, with its internal mechanism, at once, thus happily alludes to the subject in his play of the Merchant of Venice:—

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sing'st;
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls!
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

1844. THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

The imaginary music of the spheres is a doctrine of great antiquity, since we find allusion to it in the Holy Scriptures. Job, chapter 38, speaks of the creation, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Among the ancient writers, this was a favorite subject of philosophical inquiry. Pythagoras and Plato were of opinion that the Muses constituted the soul of the planets in our system; and the disciples of both these celebrated philosophers supposed the universe to be formed on the principles of harmony. The Pythagoreans maintained an opinion, which many of the poets have adopted, that music is produced by the motion of the spheres in their several orbits; that the names of sounds, in all probability, were derived from the seven stars.

Pythagoras says that the whole world is made according to musical proportion. Plato asserts that the soul of the world is conjoined with musical proportion.

Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion that the principles of harmony pervade the universe, and gives

1845. JEAN BAPTISTE AND HIS CHILDREN.

Jean Baptiste Raisin, a native of Troyes, in the province of Champagne, and by profession an organist, was burdened with a numerous family, besides a coquetish, extravagant wife, whose want of economy had brought him into distressed circumstances, though himself prudent and economical, and possessing considerable ability in his art.

Necessity sharpening his industry, he carefully instructed his children in music. Among the number was one who showed remarkable aptness and capacity; it was the youngest—a boy, whom, at the early age of three years, he taught to touch the harpsichord; and the tiny performer made a very rapid progress within a few months.

Astonished at the application and success of young Raisin, his father now conceived the project of giving a different complexion to his future fortune. He built his chief hopes on that child; nor was he disappointed in his expectations. The organist first contrived a spinet of novel construction; it was furnished with three sets of keys, was about three feet in length, and fifty-two inches in breadth. The

belly was double the usual size, for a reason which will appear in the sequel of the story.

When the *artiste* had completed his contrivance, he quitted his native place, and repaired to Paris with his wife and children, having taken good care not to forget his newly-invented spinet. Having presented himself at the office of the police, he declared his intention of giving to the public a most curious and extraordinary exhibition, and readily obtained permission to perform at the fair of St. Germain.

To fix the attention of a fickle public, it frequently becomes necessary to call in the aid of the marvellous. Jean Baptiste printed and circulated handbills, in which he promised that his wonderful instrument should, on his pronouncing certain words, play any tunes that were called for.

His first exhibition attracted an audience so numerous as far to surpass the most sanguine expectations of the musician. His second was still more encouraging; and his astonishing spinet was considered as a prodigy of mechanism. Its fame rapidly spread through the extensive capital, and people eagerly flocked from all quarters, to hear, admire, and applaud. In the first place, the eldest of Raisin's children, a boy not exceeding the age of five years and a half, sat down with his sister Babet, and his father, each to his own range of keys, and the three musicians together played a concert in the presence of the public. When the piece was finished, they raised their hands above their heads, when another row of keys, moving without hands, repeated the whole symphony from beginning to end, and with a degree of correctness and melody which astonished and delighted the audience.

The better to deceive his auditors, the cunning and ingenious organist had recourse to a most excellent stratagem, which deceived the most knowing among them, and puzzled the very best instrument makers in the whole city. After the prelude above described, he pretended to wind up his famous instrument, which he did by turning a denticulated wheel, that made a most dreadful and discordant noise. He appeared to labor very hard at the winch; and the late pleasure of the company was succeeded by sensations of a terrific kind; for the sounds produced by this manœuvre were so grating and frightful that one would have suspected a chorus of demons to lie concealed in his magical spinet.

"Pooh!" said many persons present. "there's no such mighty conjuration in the business; 'tis only a simple, foolish contrivance; nothing more than a barrel organ, with some weights or springs to turn the barrel."

Such was the very idea which the organist wished to encourage, and in which he triumphed. For, suddenly calling away his two children from the instrument, and addressing it in an authoritative tone, "Spinet," he cried, "play such a tune;" when immediately the obedient spinet paid punctual attention to his command, and performed the piece that had been called for. Again he said, "Spinet, be silent;" and the spinet ceased to play. "Spinet, go on;" and the spinet began anew. "Spinet, give us a light flourish;" and the spinet poured forth frolic sounds of sportive melody, which wafted delight and rapture to the hearts of all the audience.

Naturally struck with just surprise, and no less delighted, the company alternately stared at the instrument and at each other, exclaiming, "Astonishing! The fellow must certainly be a magician."

Although the supposed magician understood as little of the black art as any one of his auditors, he

collected, in less than five weeks, above twenty thousand crowns, which now enabled him to live in comfort, and compensated the poverty and distress which he had before suffered.

Meantime, the fame of the magical spinet, and of its contriver, hourly increased, till at length it reached the ears of the reigning monarch, who wished to see the organist and his instrument, and to regale the queen and the whole court with a specimen of his performance. The musician accordingly repaired to Versailles, resolved to exert every effort to support his lately-acquired reputation. Military marches, tender airs, complex pieces, of the best composers, were well executed by the two children, but still more excellently by the invisible performer.

But the organist, too punctually observant of his usual trick, and not reflecting that, on a change of scene, he ought also to have changed his plan, took care, as usual, to set his great wheel in motion. The hideous noise with which it filled the royal apartments was so dreadfully grating to the delicate ears of her majesty and the attending ladies, that they shuddered at the din. The queen in particular, more affected than the others, immediately ordered him to open the instrument, and discover what it contained.

The disconcerted musician at first declined obeying, under pretence that he had lost the key. "Well," said the king, "can't somebody break it open?" Hereupon, Raisin, seized with terror, stammered out some apology, but was forced to comply with the royal will.

When the interior of the spinet was exposed to view, how great was the astonishment of all present to behold a little puppet concealed in the hollow of the instrument, and seated before a row of keys contrived inside! This discovery explained the mystery of this magical performance, which had tortured the sagacity of so many persons in vain attempts to account for it.

The poor little prisoner was speedily released from his confinement, where he was, by this time, nearly suffocated, having remained much longer shut up than usual in that close box, where the air had no circulation. He was, moreover, quite terrified by the adventure, and ready to faint with terror; but he was gradually revived by the application of the ladies' smelling bottles.

When the young musician had perfectly recovered from the effects of his confinement and fright, he singly performed for the entertainment of their majesties and the court. While his eldest brother beat time, he touched the keys, and played to the entire satisfaction of all present. He was loaded with well-merited encomiums; and such a shower of sweetmeats and louis d'ors was poured around him that he and his father were together scarcely able to pick them up.

Finding that the discovery of his secret had not produced an effect so adverse to the success of his project as he had apprehended, the organist conceived new hopes of yet being able to gain a few more thousands of crowns by means of his little performer and his spinet. He therefore made his appearance again at the fair of St. Germain in the following year; he distributed new handbills, in which he set forth the brilliant success which he had experienced at court, and concluded by promising a disclosure of his secret.

He accordingly made the disclosure, amid the reiterated applause of the public, whose admiration was equally excited by the ingenious industry of the

father, and by the extraordinary talents of the children. With unsatisfied curiosity every eye gazed on the youthful performers, but more particularly on the youngest, who, though scarcely exceeding in dimensions a large-sized doll, executed pieces of music as elegant as difficult. The ladies fondled and caressed him; and each mother wished to possess a child so pretty and engaging, and who already displayed such talents and abilities at so tender an age.

In many cases drinking increases thirst; the thirst for money, in vulgar souls, is inflamed by the acquisition; and they seldom are satisfied. Such was the temper of Jean Baptiste Raisin. He now had it in his power to rear his family with decency, and to place himself in a respectable situation, to pass the remainder of his life in comfort and ease, since he was already possessed of above a hundred thousand livres, which his youngest child had enabled him to acquire in less than fifteen months. But he knew not how to set bounds to his avaricious desires, and suffered himself to be urged on by the lust of accumulation.

Founding his greedy calculations on the avidity of mankind in general for pleasure and amusement, and daily discovering in his children an increasing aptitude, correspondent to the culture which he bestowed on them, the organist felt no shame or scruple to convert them into a company of actors. They soon became qualified for that new profession, and the youngest particularly distinguished himself in it as much as he had already done in music.

Among the pieces which the young company performed, there was one which afforded considerable diversion to the mob, by whom it was very much admired. It was a kind of farce, called the Live Pudding. The youngest of the organist's children, who acted the chief part in it, played such a number of laughable tricks, that the crowd burned with insatiable curiosity to see and hear him.

The little comedian was slim and supple as an eel, which circumstance suggested to his ingenious father the extraordinary idea of encasing him, from head to foot, in a sheath of light black silk, and giving him the shape and appearance of a large black pudding, which was served up in a dish at a feast that took place about the conclusion of the third act. The other performers, seated round the table, showed themselves well provided with a good appetite, and heartily did honor to the banquet. After having plentifully eaten of the other dishes, one of the party attacked the black pudding, cut off several slices from one end, and helped the rest of the company.

After the preliminaries, another of the party proposed to cut the pudding into halves; which proposition being immediately approved by all present, he set his knife on the middle of it, when, lo! a miracle was performed: the pudding uttered a shrill, piercing shriek; the feasters turned pale, trembled, and stared at each other with every demonstration of astonishment. While they sat thus amazed, the pudding began to move, rolling itself over the plates and dishes, fell to the ground, and was converted into a young suckling pig, which ran up and down the stage, biting the legs of every person who came in its way.

"Egad, gentlemen," cries one of the company, trembling all the while, "we are no better than arrant fools and cowards. After all, 'tis only a little pig. We have nothing to do but to attack him, and put him on the spit; he will make a nice savory morsel. Let us roast and eat him."

So saying, he advanced one step, and recoiled two. He advanced again; but, at the moment when he was stooping and stretching out his hand to catch the pigling by the tail, a new metamorphose took place: the pigling was transformed into a little devil, whose countenance was black and hideous, and whose head was ornamented with a large pair of horns. At his side he wore a cutlass, which he suddenly drew from the scabbard, and, running about the stage, inflicted repeated blows on the black pudding eaters, who, seized with horror, tumbled all together in a heap, begging ten thousand pardons of the little devil.

On a certain occasion, one of the young actors, exceeding the part allotted to him, concealed under his coat a very sharp iron skewer, which he suddenly drew forth at the moment when he was pursued by the little devil, and, putting himself into a posture of defence, made several violent thrusts at him. But the comedy was now converted into tragedy: for, in the violence of his action, he twice plunged the skewer into the body of his opponent, and mortally wounded him.

"O," cried the poor little sufferer, "I am undone." He was instantly carried off: every possible assistance was procured for him; but, alas! every effort to save him proved ineffectual. He died the next morning; and his last words were, "I am not angry with him; he did not intend to hurt me; but, O, what will become of my poor sister!" Here his voice failed him; and that extraordinary child expired in the sixth year of his age, deservedly admired and beloved by all who knew him.

Nor was this the whole of the calamity; for, at the moment when the sad accident happened, his sister, seeing her brother fall mortally wounded, received so violent a shock that she immediately fainted away. On recovering her senses, the affectionate child abandoned herself to lamentations and tears; her grief would admit no consolation; she incessantly repeated her brother's name. By degrees her intellect was impaired, and she died delirious at the age of thirteen years and a half.

1846. THRESHING BY MUSIC.

A modern traveller in Germany gives an amusing account of the manner in which grain is threshed there—a business to be expert in which, one would think, must require a master for instruction as much as any other art or accomplishment. It is not unusual for pedagogues, in *threshing* idle urchins, to lay on the blows in a regular crescendo, running up through all the gradations to the loftiest staccato, but we never heard of musical harmony being introduced into grain-threshing before. Yet, after all, what is the story of Amphion building Thebes by the shakes of his hurdy-gurdy but an allegorical illustration of the same benefit of lightening labor by music?

But to our extract. "The Germans," says the writer, "thresh with a perfect regard to time, in all the alternations of triple and common measure, making the transition from one to the other with the greatest exactness. There are sometimes no fewer than seven or eight flails in concert: when it is a simple quarter, and one of the performers happens to drop out, which is frequently the case, the transition is immediately, and without the least interruption, into triplets. Occasionally the effect is graced by some very delicate gradations of forte and piano, *rallentando*, *crescendo*, *morendo*,

accelerando, and the whole executed with as much precision as if a note-book lay before each. When the piano is to be particularly delicate, the tips of the flails are used, which affords an opportunity of combining grace with dexterity; it is then the merest, scarcely audible tap, and costs the least possible effort. Then comes the *crescendo*, swelling into a tremendous barn-echoing staccato—down-right threshing, in fact; and what I particularly wish to enforce upon the farmer,—the flail, the whole movement, is never raised higher than the head, which I could not help especially taking a note of, for the good of our practical agriculturists, when I recollect how much unnecessary brawn is expended on our threshing floors to no purpose. Thus we see his genius for music never forsakes the German in any situation or occupation of life; it follows him into his commonest employments; and no doubt is to his advantage, on the principle of *studio fallere laborem*, in making it in all similar exertions an arithmetical operation."

1847. EXTREME SUSCEPTIBILITY.

A very singular and melancholy circumstance occurred at Paris, at the general rehearsal of Persiani's opera, *Inez de Castro*. The day before its performance, Madame Mattei, a young singer to whom one of the principal parts had been allotted, having made some trifling mistake in one of the pieces, had a nervous attack of so violent a description that she was *struck totally blind*. Her place was immediately supplied by Madame Albertazzi. "We do not believe," says the *Quotidienne*, "that there has been a similar instance of such deplorable susceptibility on the part of an artist, and we know nothing but the suicide of Vatel to which it can be compared." Vatel was the celebrated cook of Louis XIV., who shot himself on the day of a great banquet, on account of being disappointed in his supplies of fish, which arrived half an hour after.

We have heard of something approaching to it in the case of a distinguished young performer in an opera band, in London, who, in accompanying Catalani at a rehearsal, struck a false note, and received from that queen of song a look which made him drop from his seat in a fit, from which he was with some difficulty recovered.

1848. THE ITALIAN'S SUPERIORITY OVER THE FRENCH.

In proof that the Italians are more susceptible of the passions than the French, and by consequence express them more strongly in music, the French author of a *Parallèle des Italiens et des Français, en ce qui regarde la Musique*, refers to a symphony in a performance at the Oratory of St. Jerome at Rome, on St. Martin's day, in 1697, upon these two words—*mille saette*. The air, he says, consisted of disjointed notes, like those in a jig, which gave the soul a lively impression of an arrow, and that wrought so effectually upon the imagination that every violin appeared to be a bow, and their bows like so many flying arrows darting their pointed heads upon every part of the symphony.

1849. VOCAL PHENOMENON.

Says a gentleman, writing from Sicily, "We have here a vocal phenomenon, which is perhaps unpre-

cedented. It is a girl, only eighteen years old, gifted with a bass voice, which for extent and power rivals that of Lablache. Her name is Clorinda Senganelli. When she made her *début* at the opera of Messina, in the part of Orovisto, in Bellini's *Norma*, she was received with great favor. Her success is, however, solely ascribed to the extraordinary nature of her voice, for the method of singing is as yet very imperfect. Mlle. Senganelli, who was born in the village of Galbi, near Syracuse, may be termed a rustic beauty: she is tall and broad-shouldered, and her features, with her large black eyes, and long and thick hair of the same hue, denote a masculine and energetic temper."

1850. THE BLIND MUSICIAN.

James Watson, a native of Dundee, in Scotland, lost his sight by the small-pox when five years of age. About thirteen he was admitted into the Asylum for the Blind, at Edinburgh, where he soon distinguished himself by his knowledge of mechanics, and the improvements which he was able to make upon any piece of machinery submitted to him. He also showed a talent for music, which, however, from the necessity of gaining a livelihood by the labor of his hands, he was unable to cultivate for some time.

He played on the violin and violoncello at the same time. The stops, says the relater of this anecdote, by which he shortens the strings of his violoncello, have been fitted with more elegance and precision, additional springs having been added, to assist and relieve his leg in the operation of bowing; and the bow has been fastened to his foot by new machinery, which insures more powerful and steady execution. Indeed, the whole of this machinery is now so constructed, that he can play both instruments for a very great length of time, without more fatigue than if he played only upon one. Nor is this all; for, by the very nice and accurate application of mechanism, wholly invented by himself, he can perform upon two violoncellos at the same time; and the one upon which he plays the principal strain is so contrived as to have the power and tone of two played by different performers; so that he may be said to play three violoncellos—the principal strain upon two, and the bass upon a third. Nor is this compass limited, for the instrument upon which he plays the principal has a range of sixty-four semitones, and more could be added if necessary. Mr. Watson is now in London, (1821,) with the view of exhibiting his wonderful inventions.

1851. FRANCESCA MARGARITA DE L'EPINE.

From the days of Orpheus down to those of Ole Bull, an incessant line of musical prodigies has continued to flourish from time to time. Many of these may have been somewhat overrated; but from the wonders we constantly see achieved by modern *artistes*, we are warned against falling into the vulgar error of doubting what we are not able to comprehend. From the great fame-roll of musical excellence, a few remarkable instances shall be selected, some of which may not be familiar to general readers.

The first Italian lady singer who ever appeared in England was Francesca Margarita de l'Epine, who went there with a German musician, named

Greber, in 1692, when she announced a musical entertainment, to be given by "the Italian lady so famous for her singing," at the Yorkshire buildings. In some of the squibs of the day, she was called "Greber's Peg." She sang in Italian operas, and concerts, (Italian,) as well as other musical entertainments, until the year 1718, when she retired, and married the celebrated Dr. Pepesch. She was an admirable player on the harpsichord, as well as an accomplished singer, but, unfortunately, so swarthy and ill favored that her husband used to call her Hecate, to which she answered with perfect good humor. Nor did the plainness of *De l'Epine* prevent her from enjoying the uninterrupted favor of the public. She brought her husband a fortune of ten thousand pounds, which, relieving him from the daily cares and toils of his profession, enabled him to follow his favorite pursuit of learned researches into the history and antiquities of his art.

1852. THE PRINCE OF DRUMMERS.

Jan Henri, the famous tambour major of the Emperor Napoleon, exhibited his extraordinary talents at the London Lyceum Theatre, about twenty years since. Avoiding the noisy and monotonous sound of the drum, he raised the exercise of beating it to a musical art, by playing at one time on fifteen surrounding and different toned drums, in a soft and harmonious style, forming in effect a novel and complete instrument. He accompanied a full military band, and went through several such extraordinary evolutions as to astonish the audience, particularly in beating one rapid march. Among other unprecedented feats, he caused twenty-eight drumsticks to fly in the air in all directions, catching them in a peculiar manner under his arms and between his legs. Playing on his various drums, he passed from one to the other with such amazing rapidity, that the eyes of the spectators could scarcely follow the motion of his body and hands, and were left to wonder how the very novel effect was produced.

1853. THE BRAVEST SOLDIER.

Frederic the Great, after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers, "Who behaved most intrepidly during the contest?" The preference was unanimously given to himself. "You are mistaken," replied the king: "the boldest fellow was a fifer, whom I passed twenty times during the engagement, and he did not cease or vary a note the whole time."

1854. THE INVALID'S DREAM.

A daughter of Sir George Mackenzie, who died at an early age, was endowed with a remarkable genius for music, and was an accomplished organist. This young lady dreamed, during an illness, that she was at a party, where she had heard a new piece of music, which made so great an impression on her by its novelty and beauty, that, on awaking, she besought her attendants to bring her some paper, that she might write it down before she had forgotten it—an indulgence which, apprehensive of excitement, her medical attendant unfortunately forbade; for, apart from the additional psychological interest that would have been attached to the

fact, the effects of compliance would probably have been soothing rather than otherwise. About ten days afterwards, she had a second dream, wherein she found herself at a party, where she described on the desk of a piano-forte, in a corner of a room, an open book, in which, with astonished delight, she recognized the same piece of music, which she immediately proceeded to play, and then awoke. The piece was not of a short or fugitive character, but in the style of an overture.

1855. PRISONERS AT OLMUTZ.

When the Marquis de la Fayette and several general officers quitted the French army, then in insurrection, after the famous 10th of August, they were seized by the King of Prussia; from him transferred to the custody of Austria, and long confined in the Castle of Olmutz. To the honor of Madame de la Fayette, she desired and obtained leave to share the captivity of her husband; but other wives were less fortunate.

To maintain some intercourse with his family, M. de Pusy, one of the imprisoned party, concealed a toothpick, and mingling his spittle (and often his tears) with soot, he contrived to write in the blank pages and margin of some pious works, which he hired from a bookseller in the town, such information as he desired should reach his wife. That the bookseller had weighty reasons for tolerating the destruction of his treatises, need not be doubted.

But a much more remarkable circumstance attended this imprisonment, and which displays a singular instance of ingenuity. Although each of the prisoners was kept solitary, yet their apartments were so constructed, that they were within hearing of each other, when standing at the windows of their respective chambers. To improve this advantage, they thought of the following plan: There is at Paris a number of tunes, called airs of the Pont Neuf, or those popular ballads that were sung at corners of the streets, and at other public places. The words belonging to these airs were so well known, that to strike up a few of the notes was to recall to memory the words that accompanied them. The captives at Olmutz gradually composed for themselves a vocal vocabulary, by whistling these notes at their windows; and this vocabulary, after a short time, became so complete, and even rich, that two or three notes from each air formed their alphabet, and effected their intercourse. By this means they communicated news to each other concerning their families, the progress of the war, &c.; and when, by good fortune, one of them had procured a gazette, he whistled the contents of it to his partners in suffering.

The commander of the fortress was constantly informed of those unaccountable concerts. He listened, he set spies; but the whole being a language of convention, the most practised musician would have failed in detecting the intention and real expression of the notes he heard. In vain was whistling prohibited. At length the Austrian, weary of conjecture, interposed no further to prevent what he could not comprehend.

1856. CONCERT OF SWINE.

The Abbot of Baigne, a man of wit, and skilled in the construction of new musical instruments, was

ordered by Louis XI., King of France, more in jest than in earnest, to procure him a concert of swine's voices. The abbot said that the thing could doubtless be done, but that it would take a good deal of money. The king ordered that he should have whatever he required for the purpose. "The abbot," says Bayle, "then wrought a thing as singular as ever was seen; for out of a great number of hogs of several ages, which he got together, and placed under a tent or pavilion, covered with velvet, before which he had a table of wood painted, with a certain number of keys, he made an organical instrument, and as he played upon the said keys with little spikes, which pricked the hogs, he made them cry in such order and consonance that he highly delighted the king and all his company."

1857. THE CLERGYMAN AND 'MAGGY LAUDER.'

Mr. Combe, describing the functions of the organ of tune, mentions a curious case of a morbid excitement of that organ in a pious and exemplary clergyman, who resided near Edinburgh, and who was fond of music. One Sunday morning he awoke, and began to hum the tune of Maggy Lauder. He recollected that it was on the Sabbath, and endeavored to turn his thoughts into a graver channel. This, however, was very difficult, as the tune of Maggy Lauder was still uppermost in his mind. It haunted him through the forenoon, and during his services in the church he was often tempted to break off from his serious and important duties, and sing Maggy Lauder. After the services were closed, he adopted the only remedy for the disease which his reason suggested. He took a walk to a secluded and lonely spot on his estate, and indulged the instinctive feeling which he so strongly experienced. He sang Maggy Lauder at the top of his voice, till the fields rang again, returned home, and was no longer troubled by a morbid excitement of the organ of tune.

1858. IMITATIONS.

Imitations, by musical notes, of certain effects in nature have been carried, by various composers, to a most extravagant and ridiculous extent. Froberger, organist to the Emperor Ferdinand III., is said to have represented the passage of Count Thum over the Rhine. Kuhnau, a musician of celebrity, composed six sonatas, in which he attempted to give a lively picture of David combating Goliath. Buxtehude, of Luba, composed a suite of lessons descriptive of the motions of the planets. Vivaldi, in his *Concentus*, strove to depict the four seasons. Geminiani translated a whole episode of *Jerusalemme liberata* into musical notes! Handel, in his *Israel in Egypt*,

affected to represent the sun standing still, and Haydn, in his *Creation*, has imitated *light* with sound, in order, it is presumed, to inform the blind what light really is. Can human folly or absurdity go beyond this? Winter, in his opera of *Tamerlane*, describes by notes the entry of *Tamerlane* into Adrianople, with such wonderful effect, that some of his enthusiastic admirers insisted that it was impossible to listen to it and not fancy we are spectators of the triumph of the Tartar!

All these efforts, however, sink into insignificance before the master effort of "the great violinist" (*Ole Bull*) to express, by musical sounds, not only the appalling external effects of Niagara Falls, but also, if we comprehend the programme correctly, the effect of this sublime scene upon the *feelings of the performer*. After this, we no longer dare question the virtues of Orpheus, Amphion, and other musical marvels.

Perhaps the first attempt in this country to describe, by musical instruments, the wonders of nature, as well as the workings of human passion, was made in the city of New York many years since. A complete band was imported from England, some fifty years ago, for the old theatre in New York, from which great anticipations were formed. In order to give the public a taste of their talents, as well as to repay themselves a part of their voyage expenses, a grand concert was announced, in the course of which was promised "a vivid representation," by music, of "preparations for a voyage, parting from friends, leaving home, a storm, a calm, escape from danger, safe arrival, welcome to America," &c., &c. Of this large promise, so little was performed, that utter disappointment and angry disgust exhibited themselves boldly before half the failure had been yawned over.

A late able critic writes, "All attempts at improving music by the gross imitation of material objects have been failures, from the piping nightingale of the stage to the idea of Napoleon's band-master, of a discharge of cannon for a military *fortissimo*."

1859. A CONCERT WITH GREAT BELLS AND CANNON.

The French leaders of the grand orchestra had long urged the introduction of bells and ordnance, in order to complete certain grand musical effects, and, on the occasion of inaugurating the Casino at Ghent in 1835, the experiment was made on a grand scale, and with perfect success. Among other performances, a song of the fifteenth century, found in manuscript in the library at Cambrai, and attributed to the composer Ghrarkin de Hiondt, was given as an introduction to a triumphal march, with accompaniments of the *chimes* and *great bells* of the church, and the explosions of *real cannon*.

§ 188. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1860. FRANKLIN AND LEIGH HUNT'S MOTHER.

Leigh Hunt, in his autobiography, tells the following anecdote of Franklin, which shows him to have been a far different person than we should suppose by the staid look and sober dress of his portraits. "My mother had no accomplishments but the two best of all—a love of nature and of books. Dr. Franklin offered to teach her the guitar; but she was too bashful to become his pupil. She regretted this afterwards, possibly from having missed so illustrious a master. Her first child, who died, was named after him."

1861. FRANKLIN'S HARMONICA.

It is said that when Dr. Franklin invented the harmonica, he concealed it from his wife till the instrument was fit to play, and then awoke her with it one night, when she took it for the music of the angels.

1862. REMARKABLE ORGAN.

A correspondent of the New York Observer says, in one of his letters, that the famous organ at Freyburg, in Switzerland, has seven thousand three hundred pipes, some of them thirty-five feet long, and sixty-four stops. It is an instrument of tremendous power, and though the traveller is compelled to pay eleven francs to hear it on a week day, it is worth the money. At first, one imagines a trick is played upon him, and that a full orchestra accompanies the organ. The mellow tones melt in and float away with the heavier notes, as if a band of musicians were playing out of sight. Many refuse to believe it is not a deception till they go up and examine every part of the instrument. The effect is perfectly bewildering. There is the trombone, the clarinet, the flute, the fife, and ever and anon the clear ringing note of the trumpet. The performance is closed with an imitation of a thunder storm, in which the wonderful power of the instrument is fully tested. At first, you hear the low, distant growl swelling up, and then slowly dying away. The next peal breaks on the ear with a more distinct and threatening sound. Nearer and nearer rolls up the thunder cloud, sending its quick and heavy discharges through the atmosphere, till clap follows clap with stunning rapidity, rolling and crashing through the building till its solid arches tremble as if the real thunders of heaven were bursting overhead. Who could have dreamed that a single instrument possessed so much power?

1863. EXTRAORDINARY MUSICAL MECHANISM.

A beautiful clock was constructed by M. Droy, an ingenious mechanic of Geneva, in Switzerland, capable of the following surprising movements: There were seen on it a negro, a dog, and a shepherd. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute; and the dog, as if delighted with the music, jumped up and fawned upon him. This

musical machine was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly struck with its wonderful powers.

"The playful gentleness of my dog," said Droy, "is his least merit; if your majesty will be pleased to touch one of the apples which are in the shepherd's basket, you will admire his fidelity."

The king took an apple, and the dog, in a musical tone, barked so loud, that the king's dog began also to bark. At this, the attendant courtiers, not doubting that the whole was a musical witchcraft, immediately left the room, devoutly crossing themselves as they went out.

Ingenuous as this machine undoubtedly was, it has been fully equalled by Maelzel, well remembered for his extraordinary skill in musical mechanics particularly. Not many years since, in 1809 or '10, he exhibited a masterpiece of art. From a tent Mr. Maelzel led out a fine, manly, martial figure, in the uniform of an Austrian dragoon trumpeter, with his instrument to his mouth; the figure, being pressed on his shoulder, played not only the Austrian cavalry march, and the different signals for the manœuvres of the army, but also a march and an allegro, which was accompanied by the whole orchestra. After this, the dress of the figure was completely changed into that of a French trumpeter of the guard. It then began to play the French cavalry march, with the signals for cavalry manœuvres, and lastly a march of Dussck's, and an allegro of Pleyel, also accompanied by a full orchestra.

This figure produced a clear and perfect tone, and only required to be wound up twice during the programme; and this was effected on the left hip. This very curious figure was exhibited in various cities of the United States, and is by many well remembered.

Some years previous, the same mechanist constructed an instrument, which, by the descent of a weight, attached to a revolving wheel, performed a variety of Turkish compositions, and comprised within itself all the powers of a complete military band. It was purchased by an Hungarian nobleman for three thousand guineas; and in 1806, he produced an improvement on his original plan, in the panharmonicon, which produced the large sum of five thousand dollars.

1864. DRYING WOOD FOR VIOLINS.

Some amusing instances are related of the efficiency of "the application of heated currents to manufacturing and other purposes," lately patented by Davison and Symington. Thus a violin had been in the owner's possession for upwards of sixteen years; how old it was when he first had it is not known. Upon being exposed to this process, it lost in eight hours no less than five sixths (nearly five and two thirds) per cent. of its weight. This, there is every reason to believe, was owing to the blocks glued inside, for the purpose of holding the more slender parts together. Instrument makers would do well to see that all parts, however mean their position in the instrument, are properly seasoned, or divested of moisture; for surely water cannot improve sound.

A violin maker of high reputation, having an order to make an instrument for one of the first

violinists of the day, was requested to have the wood seasoned by the new process; only three days were allowed for the experiment, in which the wood was seasoned and sent home. The two heaviest pieces were reduced in weight two and one half pounds, which is equal to two pints of water.

It is ascertained that, by this means of drying, the effect of age has been given to the instrument made from the above wood; and it is now the *first fiddle* in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre. The wood had been in the possession of its owners for eight years; and it was sent from Switzerland, in the first instance, as dry wood.

In proof of the economy of Messrs. Davison and Symington's invention applied to the manufacture and cleansing of brewers' casks, it is stated that since its adoption at Truman's brewery, Spitalfields, a saving of three hundred tons of coals has been effected annually.

1865. THE PHONOMIME.

An ingenious mechanic of Vienna, some years ago, invented a new instrument, to which he has given the name *phonmime*, (from the Greek *phonos*, signifying to imitate the human voice.) In outward appearance, the instrument resembles a cabinet piano-forte; but the key-board is not more extensive than that of the old clavichord. The tone, which is produced by means of pipes, presents an exact similarity to the human voice—an effect which has never yet been produced so perfectly by any musical instrument.

The *phonmime* has four registers; bass, baritone, tenor, and soprano, or, as it may properly be demonstrated, falsetto; for the inventor has, by some ingenious contrivance, avoided any approximation to the tone of the flute or the female voice.

Every chord performed on the *phonmime* produces an effect similar to the harmony of sonorous male voices, and the hearer can scarcely persuade himself that he is not listening to a fine chorus executed by men. This effect may be said to be perfect when a vocal composition is performed on several *phonmimes* played together.

An experiment of this effect was tried in the house of a distinguished *dilettante* of Vienna. The instruments and performers were placed in an apartment adjoining the drawing-room in which the company were assembled. The illusion was complete. All present imagined they were listening to a chorus of excellent singers, and bestowed high praise on their fine voices and accurate execution.

1866. COLEMAN'S IMPROVED PIANO.

The readers of the Saturday Courier will remember our having described to them, a few months ago, an improvement made to the common piano by our young and respected friend and townsman, Ovid M. Coleman; which consisted in an *Æolian* or wind attachment, more than doubling the sweetness and effect of the plain instrument. Mr. C. subsequently placed in our hands evidence of his almost incredible success, in disposing of the right to attach them in this country, and signified his intention to visit Europe with the invention. We now find the following in the New York Republic, which, we are sure, will be read with great interest by all who take pride in the success of "our arts and sciences."

The extract is somewhat florid, but doubtless the writer is an enthusiast on the subject.

"We can give no stronger proof of the high estimate put upon this extraordinary invention than stating the remarkable price at which the patent was sold in this city. Reynolds and Clarke, of this city, bought it for the enormous sum of one hundred thousand dollars, granting, besides, a certain amount on all pianoes manufactured of this description. It may justly be inferred that the improvement is indeed a remarkable one to command such a purchase, nor is it to be doubted nor denied. There are certain jealous parties who would seek, from interested motives, to depreciate the merit of this striking demonstration of the inventor's musical genius; but the rapidly-spreading favor of this great novelty will soon triumph over all cavil or unfair comment.

"The past summer Mr. Coleman displayed the power of this marvellous instrument at his beautiful residence in Saratoga, and his house was literally run down with curious and enthusiastic visitors. The effect upon all was marked and irresistible. Many were moved to tears by the touching sweetness of its liquid tones, that seemed to come down from some heavenly sphere, rather than to be evoked by mortal hand. The constant excitement of his mind had such a pernicious effect upon the overstrained nerves of young Coleman, who was reduced to a mere shadow by his previous devotion to his musical studies, that he was compelled to fly precipitately from his home, to seek that calm and tranquillity which was necessary to preserve his life. On his arrival at London, he for a while escaped the dreadful stimulus he had undergone here; but no sooner was his piano opened than its fame spread like wildfire. We cannot forbear to notice the kind, almost paternal attentions that Coleman received at the hands of that distinguished and amiable gentleman, who, to the honor of himself and the credit of his native country, presides with such ability and ease over the vast operations of the greatest commercial house in London. Mr. Bates no sooner heard this wonderful instrument, and finding young Coleman alone and friendless in London, than he determined at once to lend his valuable aid and influence in procuring a just fame for so remarkable an invention. He had the piano that Coleman brought with him, made by Reynolds and Clarke, — and a superb one it is, — transported to his beautiful house, and invited some distinguished members of the diplomatic corps and nobility to listen to it; and the effect was, as always, to interest and enchant them.

"The pianists of the queen, Madame Duclaken and Bendick, heard it afterwards, and they went into ecstasies — into downright musical paroxysms."

1867. GUZIKOW'S NOVEL INVENTION.

Mr. Guzikow was a Polish Jew, a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest childhood, music seemed to pervade his whole being. As he tended his flocks in the loneliness of the fields, he was forever fashioning flutes and reeds from the trees that grew around him. He soon observed that the tone of the flute varied according to the wood he used. By degrees he came to know every tree by its sound; and the forests stood round him a silent oratorio.

The skill with which he played on his rustic flutes attracted attention. The nobility invited him

to their houses, and he became a favorite of fortune. Men never grew weary of hearing him. But soon it was perceived that he was pouring forth the fountains of his life in song. Physicians said he must abjure the flute, or die. It was a dreadful sacrifice, for music to him *was* life.

His old familiarity with trees of the forest came to his aid. He took four round sticks of wood, and bound them closely together with bands of straw; across these he arranged numerous pieces of round, smooth wood, of different kinds. They were arranged irregularly to the eye, though harmoniously to the ear; for some jutted beyond the straw-bound foundation at one end, and some at the other, in and out, in apparent confusion. The whole was lashed together with twine, as men would fasten a raft. This was laid on a common table, and struck with two small ebony sticks.

Rude as the instrument appeared, Guzikow brought from it such rich and liquid melody, that it seemed to take the heart of man on its wings, and bear it aloft to the throne of God. They who have heard it describe it as far exceeding even the miraculous warblings of Paganini's violin.

The Emperor of Austria heard it, and forthwith took the Polish peasant into his own especial service. In some of the large cities he now and then gave a concert, by royal permission; and on such an occasion he was heard by a friend of the writer at Hamburg.

The countenance of the musician was very pale and haggard, and his large dark eyes wildly expressive. He covered his head, according to the custom of the Jews; but the small cap of black velvet was not to be distinguished in color from the jet black hair that fell from under it, and flowed over his shoulders in glossy, natural ringlets. He wore the costume of his people, an ample robe, that fell about him in graceful folds. From head to foot all was black as his own hair and eyes, relieved only by the burning brilliancy of a diamond on his breast. The butterflies of fashion were of course attracted by the unusual and poetic beauty of his appearance; and ringlets *à la Guzikow* were the order of the day.

Before this singularly gifted being stood a common wooden table, on which reposed his rude-looking invention. He touched it with the ebony sticks. At first you heard a sound as of wood; the orchestra rose higher and higher, till it drowned its voice; then, gradually subsiding, the wonderful instrument rose above other sounds, clear, warbling, like a nightingale; the orchestra rose higher, like the coming of the breeze; but above them all swelled the sweet tones of the magic instrument, rich, liquid, and strong, like a sky-lark piercing the heavens! They who heard it listened in delightful wonder, that the trocs could be made to speak thus under the touch of genius.

1868. THE STRANGE MUSICAL MACHINE.

The organ has been appropriately called "the glory of music," from the sublimity of its subject, the extent and magnificent union of vocal with instrumental power, and a strange command over the human feelings wholly unattainable by any other instrument.

The first mention of an organ is by a French

writer, about the year 757, when the Eastern Emperor Constantine Cupronymus sent to Pepin, King of France, among other rich presents, a *musical machine*, which the French writers describe to have been composed of pipes and large tubes of tin, and to have sometimes imitated the roaring of thunder, and sometimes the warbling of a flute. A lady was so affected, on first hearing it performed upon, that she fell into a delirium, and could never afterwards be restored to her reason.

In the reign of the Emperor Julian, these instruments had become so popular, that Amianus Marcellinus complained that they occasioned the study of the sciences to be abandoned.

1869. A GREAT FIDDLE.

There was, in the time of Charles IX., at the French court, a viol so large that several boys could be placed within it, who sang the air, while the man who played upon it sang the tenor. It was often thus used at the concerts which were given to amuse Queen Margaret.

Some years since, an instrument of the fiddle kind was used at concerts in Boston, which was so large, that, to play upon it, the performer was obliged to be mounted upon a table. It obtained the name of the Grandfather of Fiddles. The French instrument would, it seems, as well deserve the appellation of Grandmother of Fiddles.

1870. THE PYTHAGOREAN LYRE.

Pythagoras considered music not only as an art to be judged of by the ear, but as a science to be reduced to mathematical maxims and relations, and nearly allied to astronomy. Tradition makes him the inventor of a musical instrument, called the *octochordum Pythagoræ*, or Pythagorean lyre, which, after his death, was engraved on brass, and preserved in the temple of Jupiter at Samos.

The invention of the harmonic canon or monochord—an instrument of a single string, which served for the measurement of musical intervals—has been also ascribed to him, both by ancient and modern writers.

1871. THE DIVINE HARMONICA.

Pythagoras, moreover, had much to say of the "music of the spheres." He believed that the heavenly circuits in which the planets move, dividing the ether in their course, produced tones, and that the tones must be different according to their size, velocity, and distance. That these relations were in concord,—that these tones produced the most perfect harmony,—he necessarily believed, as a consequence of his notions of the supreme perfection of the universe. The real meaning of this doctrine was, that he regarded the world as an harmonically arranged whole,—a *cosmos*,—in which the relations of numbers were realized. His followers took occasion to say, from this doctrine of their master, that he was the only mortal whom the gods had permitted to hear "the harmony of the spheres."

§ 189. DESTITUTION OF MUSICAL TASTE AND TALENT.

1872. POPE'S OPINION OF HANDEL.

Handel used frequently to meet Pope at the Earl of Burlington's. The poet one day asked his friend Arbuthnot, of whose knowledge in music he had a high opinion, what he really thought of Handel as a musician. Arbuthnot replied, "Conceive the highest you can of his abilities, and they are far beyond any thing you can conceive." Pope, nevertheless, declared, that Handel's finest performances gave him no more pleasure than the airs of a common ballad singer.

1875. JOHNSON'S REPLY TO BURNLEY.

Although Dr. Johnson had no ear for music, yet he was sensible that to many persons it was a source of exquisite delight, and, in his opinion, all such enjoyed an additional sense. The doctor, when one day at Mrs. Thrale's, listened very attentively while Miss Thrale played upon the harpsichord. Dr. Burney, who was present, observing it, said, "I believe, sir, we shall make a musician of you at last." Johnson, with great complacency, replied, "Sir, I shall be glad to have a new sense given to me."

1873. JOHNSON, FOX, AND OTHERS.



Sir James Mackintosh.

Dr. Johnson, Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Sir James Mackintosh, had all an antipathy to music. The latter has frequently been dragged to the Italian Opera; and a more woful figure in the pit of that theatre was never seen. Richard Sharpe once proposed as a thesis for the physiological schools of Edinburgh, "What was the precise effect of music on the sensorium of Mackintosh?"

1874. DR. JOHNSON'S WISH.

Dr. Johnson was observed by a musical friend of his to be extremely inattentive at a concert, whilst a celebrated solo player was running up the divisions and subdivisions of notes upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him how extremely difficult it was. "Difficult, do you call it, sir?" replied the doctor; "I wish it were impossible."

1876. ANY ONE CAN SING.

One of the most distinguished schoolmasters of which this country can boast is at the same time an excellent reader. Both his reading and conversation are musical—highly so; and his various and beautiful intonations might be graduated by a scale. Yet he has never learned to sing, having been early led to believe himself destitute of the necessary taste and talent.

We have seen a little girl who appeared to be as destitute of an ear for music, or a power to execute, as was this schoolmaster. Yet her parents, being determined she should sing, contrived to set her a daily example. This example, though not the most perfect, aided by the custom of singing in the day school and Sabbath school which she attended, at length wrought a change on her, and she is now, and long has been, a good singer.

A friend of ours—a plain, common-sense man—was accustomed to say, in his quaint and vulgar way, "Any one who can call hogs can sing." The remark has truth in it, even though we should admit a somewhat wide diversity in natural character. Every one can read and speak with more or less of accuracy, and of *music*, too: why cannot every one sing?

1877. STORY OF THEMISTOCLES.

Themistocles, the Greek, though he appears to have been without taste, or ear, in regard to music, was, nevertheless, not wholly destitute of good qualities. The law of compensation often obtains in these cases. What is lost on one side, or in regard to one particular quality, is often made up on another.

It is said that the people of Athens, on a certain occasion, took it in their heads to laugh at Themistocles, and openly revile him in the streets, because he was ignorant of the accomplishments of fashionable society. When they were through, Themistocles replied to these ignorant and thoughtless railers with the keenest asperity. "It is true," said he, "I never play upon the lute; but I know how to raise a small and inconsiderable city to greatness and glory."

§ 190. MISCELLANEOUS.

1878. THE EMPEROR'S ADMONITION.

When Farinelli was at Venice, he was honored with the most marked attention from the Emperor Charles VI., but of all the favors he received from that monarch, he used to say that he valued none more than an admonition which he received from him on his style of singing. His imperial majesty condescended to tell him one day, with great mildness and affability, that his singing was, indeed, supernatural; that he neither moved nor stood still like any other mortal; but "these gigantic strides," continued his majesty, "these never-ending notes and passages, only surprise, and it is now time for you to please; you are too lavish of the gifts with which nature has endowed you. If you wish to reach the heart, you must take a more plain and simple road." These few words brought about an entire change in Farinelli's manner of singing; from this time he mixed the pathetic with the spirited, the simple with the sublime, and by these means delighted as well as astonished every hearer.

1879. HANDEL'S LABORS DURING BLINDNESS.

Handel not only continued to perform in public after he was afflicted with blindness, but to compose in private. The duet and chorus in Judas Maccabæus, "Sion now his head shall raise," were dictated to Mr. Smith by Handel, after the total privation of sight. Handel not only exhibited great intellectual ability in the composition of his duet and chorus, but manifested his power of invention, in extemporaneous flights of fancy, to be as rich and rapid a week before his decease as they had been for many years. Subsequent to his privation of sight, he was always much disturbed and agitated, whenever the affecting air in Samson, "Total Eclipse," was performed. The last oratorio at which he attended and performed was on the 6th of April, and he expired on Friday, the 13th, 1759.

1880. CHARACTER OF BEETHOVEN'S GENIUS.

One of the most celebrated of modern composers is Beethoven, whose style is decidedly different from that of Haydn. The symphonies of Haydn may be compared to little operas, formed upon natural occurrences, all within the verge of probability; those of Beethoven are romances of the wildest invention, exhibiting a supernatural agency, which powerfully affects the feelings and imagination.

The genius of Beethoven is of that character which is scarcely likely to receive justice from his contemporaries; it seems to anticipate a future age. In one comprehensive view, he surveys all that science has hitherto produced, but regards it only as the basis of that superstructure which harmony is capable of raising. He measures the talents and resources of every preceding artist, and, as it were, collects into a focus their scattered rays. In sacred music he is preëminently great. The dark tone of his mind is in unison with that solemn style which the services of the church require; and the

gigantic harmony which he wields enables him to excite by sounds a terror hitherto unknown.

This sublimity is fully displayed in the "Mount of Olives." The movement which describes the march of the Roman soldiers, when they go out in search of Jesus, is remarkable for novelty and effect. The passage, "He came towards this mountain; he'll not escape our search," partakes of the solemnity of a march, yet possesses a character of activity and enterprise. The mutations of the harmony are constantly turning the course of the melody into every direction.

The last chorus may be quoted as a specimen of the true sublime. The *sinfonia* which introduces it, when performed in a spacious church, is a continued clash of sounds, so tremendous as to awaken the sentiment of danger in the highest degree. During the solemn enunciation of the words, "Hallelujah to the Father, and the Son of God," a succession of vivid and appalling shocks of sound proceeds from the accompaniment, the effect of which is truly electrical.

1881. DUPREZ AND THE CHORISTER.

The distinguished tenor Duprez, whilst performing at the great theatre of Nantes, was struck by a peculiarly rich and harmonious voice proceeding from the choir.

The moment the curtain fell, the *artiste* inquired who the singer was. A young private of diminutive size immediately answered, —

"I am he."

"My friend," said Duprez, "fame and fortune await you. Nature never intended you to remain in the choir of a provincial theatre. Your place is among the highest, and with a little study you will soon attain it. Come with me to Paris, and I will get you admitted to the Conservatoire."

"Impossible!" answered the chorister.

"Why impossible?"

"I am engaged for seven years."

"To the theatre?"

"No; to my regiment."

The young man then explained that he was corporal in one of the regiments of the line, garrisoned at Nantes, and that it was only through the favor and with the permission of his colonel that he came occasionally to sing in the theatre.

Duprez immediately sought the colonel, and obtained a *congé* of two years for the little corporal, who accompanied his patron to Paris, and entered the Conservatoire, where his voice, naturally rich and powerful, has been greatly improved by study and cultivation. He sung at a concert given very recently by the *élite* of the Parisian *dilettanti*, which was attended by the most celebrated *artistes* and composers. His success was complete. De-laurens, the young soldier, has also sung at several other assemblies, and always with great applause. There are in him all the materials for a great *artiste* — an incomparable vocalist; but, unfortunately, the *artiste* is not as yet fully formed. The vocalist needs further study and preparation, and the leave of absence will soon expire, when the little corporal will be obliged to join his regiment under penalty of being punished as a deserter.

Would it not be well to obtain his full dismissal? Soldiers, even corporals, are plenty, whilst great *artistes* are rare.

1882. A DAY IN JENNY'S LIFE.

Many suppose that Jenny Lind's tour in America is, and is to be, one of uninterrupted pleasure and profit; but we opine they will change their opinion when they read the following report of the experience of a single day in New York—the day previous to her leaving for this city, and after she had given away in charity to thousands of deserving objects no less than thirty thousand dollars. We extract from the *Home Journal*:—

But while all these sufferers were receiving her bounty, and she was settling with banks and managers for the payments,—what else was her life made up of on that day?

It was half past nine in the morning, and three servants of the hotel, and two of her own servants, had been ordered to guard her rooms till she could eat her breakfast. Well-dressed ladies cannot be stopped by servants, in this country, however, and her drawing-room was already half full of visitors, "on particular business," who had crowded past, insisting on entrance. Most of them were applicants for charities, some for autographs, some to offer acquaintance, but none, of course, with the least claim whatever on her pocket or her time. A lady friend, who was admitted by her servant, saw the onslaught of these intruders, as she rose from her breakfast, (fatigued and dispirited as she always is after the effort and nervous excitement of a concert;) and this friend was not a little astonished at her humble and submissive endurance.

First came a person who had sent a musical box for her to look at, and, "as she had kept it," he wanted the money immediately. Jenny knew nothing of it; but the maid was called, who pointed to one, which had been left mysteriously in the room, and the man was at liberty to take it away, but would not do it, of course, without remonstrance and argument. Then advanced the lady beggars, who, in so many instances, have "put the screw to her," in the same way, that, without particularizing, we must describe them as a class. To such unexamined and unexpected applications Miss Lind has usually offered twenty or thirty dollars as the shortest way to be left to herself. In almost every instance, she has had this sum returned to her, with some reproachful and disparaging remark, such as, "We did not expect this pittance from you." "We have been mistaken in your character, madam, for we had heard you were generous." "This, from Miss Lind, is too little to accept, and not worthy of you." "Excuse us—we came for a donation, not for alms"—these, and similar speeches, of which, we are assured, Jenny Lind has had one or more specimens every day of her visit to New York. With one or two such visitors, on the morning we speak of, were mingled applicants for musical employment; passionate female admirers, who had come to express their raptures to her; a dozen ladies with albums; one or two with things they had worked for her, for which, by unmistakable tokens, they expected diamond rings in return; one who had come indignantly to know why a note containing a poem had not been answered; and constant messages, meantime, from those who had professional and other authorized errands requiring answers. Letters and notes came in at the rate of one every other minute.

This sort of "audience" lasted at Miss Lind's rooms *all day*! To use her own expression, she was "torn in pieces;" and it was by those whom nothing would keep out. A police force would have protected her, but, while she habitually declined the calls and attentions of fashionable society, she was in constant dread of driving more humble claimants from her door. She submitted, *every day*, to the visits of strangers, as far as strength and her professional duties would any way endure; but as her stay in the place drew to a close, the pressure became so pertinacious and overwhelming as to exceed what may be borne by human powers of attention, human spirits and human nerves.

1883. CARISSIMI'S REPLY TO A COMPLIMENT.

Carissimi, a celebrated composer of music, being complimented for the extraordinary grace and ease of his music, answered, "*Ah, questo facile quanto e difficile!*"—Ah, with what difficulty is this ease acquired!

1884. PROCEEDS OF A MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

A great musical festival was given in Westminster Abbey, in 1838, when the enormous profit of five thousand pounds sterling was realized for the funds of Westminster Hospital, after deducting compensation to all performers, (except Madame Grisi, who declined receiving any.) Braham received fifty pounds, and Laporte one hundred pounds for his chorus people and assistants from the Opera House.

1885. CHARLES V. AND HIS CHOIR.

Charles V., after his abdication, often retired to an apartment near the high altar, where he sung and beat the time during the performance of *masses*. If any of his singers sung out of time or tune, he could be overheard calling them names, as "red-headed blockhead."

He selected about fifteen friars, who were good singers, for his choir, and if one ever sang wrong, he would cry out and mark him. He would allow no singers but those of some religious order in his choir. One day a layman with a contralto voice sang a part well, but all the thanks he got for his pains was an order from Charles to leave, or to hold his tongue.

1886. COUNT FORBIN AND THE FRENCH CONSUL.

Count Forbin, in his travels, gives the following account of the manner in which he was entertained at Damietta, by the French consul, Vasili Fackre. "Good cheer," he says, "presided at his board; the breakfast was often spread on the banks of the Nile, and we quaffed the exhilarating wines of Champagne under the shade of the citron groves of the Delta. Arabian music, the identical music which regaled the ears of the caliphs of Bagdad, gave a zest to the entertainments of this hospitable mansion, where our slightest wishes were anticipated by a numerous train of slaves.

"The Arab musicians are always accompanied by a buffoon, who skips about, ridicules the musi-

cians, throws himself into the most singular postures, and never fails to gratify the company."

1887. MUSICAL TASTE IN CHINA.

There are upwards of five hundred journals in China consecrated exclusively to the musical art, and almost all the considerable capitals contain two or more theatres for operas.

1888. NAPOLEON AND MUSIC.

When Napoleon was cross, he walked about with his hands behind him, humming a tune as falsely as possible, and then few dared to approach him. "If you have any thing to ask of the general," said Junot to M. Arnault one day, "I advise you not to go near him just now, for he is singing."

1889. HERSCHEL AND WAINWRIGHT.

Dr. Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, was originally brought up to his father's profession, that of a musician, and accompanied a German regiment to England, as one of the band performing on the hautboy. While acting in this humble capacity in the north of England, a new organ was built for the parish church of Halifax, by Snetzler, which was opened with an oratorio by the well-known Joah Bates. Mr. Herschel and six other persons became candidates for the organist's situation. A day was fixed on which each was to perform in rotation; when Mr. Wainwright, of Manchester, played, his finger was so rapid, that old Snetzler, the organ builder, ran about the church, exclaiming, "He run over de key like one cat; he will not give my pipes time to speak."

During Mr. Wainwright's performance, Dr. Miller, the friend of Herschel, inquired of him what chance he had of following him. "I don't know," said Herschel, "but I am sure fingers will not do." When it came to his turn, Herschel ascended the organ loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the old hundredth psalm, which he played better than his opponent. "Ay, ay," cries old Snetzler, "'tish is very goot — very goot intect. I will luf tis man; he gives my pipes room for to speak."

Herschel, being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, "I told you fingers would not do;" and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, "One of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above; and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands, instead of two." This superiority of skill obtained Herschel the situation; but he had too many other and higher objects in view to suffer him long to retain it.

1890. DR. COOKE AND THE NOBLEMAN.

Dr. Cooke was giving lessons on the flute to a young man of a noble family. The young man was beginning to play; but, in the common impetuosity of a novice, he passed over all the rests, and therefore soon left his master far behind him. "Stop, stop, sir," said the doctor; "just take me with you."

This was a very unpleasant check to one who fancied he was "going on famously;" and it required to be more than once enforced, till at length it was necessary to argue the point, which the doctor did with his usual candor, representing the necessity of these observances. The pupil, instead of showing any sign of conviction, replied, rather coarsely, "Ay, ay, it may be necessary for you, who get your living by it, to mind these trifles, but I don't want to be so exact."

1891. ABUSE OF MUSIC.

A London critic, speaking of Thalberg's execution in instrumental performance, says, "He puts on a twenty-finger power, flies over the keys like lightning, and produces a complication of sounds which were never before heard from a single instrument, and straightway the room is in a tumult of applause. This, we have often said, and we say it again, is the abuse of music. It is the perversion of the most captivating of the arts into an exhibition of equal value to that of tight-rope dancing." So much for English criticism in matters of music.

But the abuse of a good thing is no valid objection to its use. Besides, the love of rhythm is one of the most general or universal principles of the human soul.

1892. MUSICAL AND MILITARY.

Frederic the Great was a celebrated musician, both as a composer and performer; and his productions are very numerous, having composed, *for his own use only, one hundred solos on the flute*, on which he played skilfully, until within a few years of his death, when, by the loss of several of his fore teeth, he was unable to practise his favorite instrument. When he was not in the field, he dedicated four hours every day to the study or practice of music. Quants, his favorite, composed three hundred concertoes for him, one of which he performed every night.

1893. CAROLAN, THE IRISH BARD.

The celebrated Irish bard Carolan, who lived towards the close of the seventeenth century, and was blind from his infancy, had, from an error in his education, at an early period of his life, contracted a fondness for spirituous liquors, which he retained even to the last stage of it. But inordinate gratifications bear their own punishment; nor was Carolan exempt from this general imposition. His physicians assured him that, unless he corrected this vicious habit, he would soon put an end to his mortal career. He obeyed with reluctance, and seriously resolved upon never tasting that forbidden, though to him delicious, cup. The town of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, was at that time his principal place of residence. There, while under so severe a regimen, he walked, or rather wandered, about in a reverie; his usual gayety forsook him; no sallies of a lively imagination escaped him; every moment was marked by a dejection of spirit approaching to the deepest melancholy; and his harp, his favorite harp, lay in some obscure corner of his habitation, neglected and unstrung.

Passing one day by a grocer's shop in the town, our Irish Orpheus, after a six weeks' quarantine, was tempted to step in; undetermined whether he should abide by his late resolution, or whether, he

should yield to the impulse which he felt at the moment. "Well, my dear friend," cried he to the young man who stood behind the counter, "you see I am a man of constancy; for six long weeks have I refrained from whiskey: was there ever so great an instance of self-denial? But a thought strikes me, and surely you will not be cruel enough to refuse one gratification which I shall earnestly solicit. Bring hither a measure of my favorite liquor, which I shall smell to, but indeed shall not taste." The lad indulged him on that condition, and no sooner did the fumes ascend to his brain than every latent spark within him was rekindled. His countenance glowed with an unusual brightness; and the soliloquy which he repeated over the cup was the effusion of a heart newly animated, and the ramblings of a genius which a Sterne would have pursued with raptures of delight. At length, to the great peril of his health, and contrary to the advice of his medical friends, he once more quaffed the forbidden draught, and renewed the brimmer, until his spirits were sufficiently exhilarated, and until his mind had fully resumed its former tone. He immediately set about composing his much-admired song, which goes by the name of Carolan's (and sometimes Stafford's) Receipt. For sprightliness of sentiment, and harmony of numbers, it stands unrivalled in the list of our best modern convivial songs. He commenced the words, and began to modulate the air, in the evening at Boyle, and before the following morning he sang and played this noble offspring of his imagination in Mr. Stafford's parlor at Elfin.

It is somewhat remarkable that Carolan, in his gayest mood, and even when his genius was most elevated by "the flowing bowl," never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett in the county of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp with a mixture of rage and grief, and addressing himself in Irish, of which he was a pleasing and elegant speaker, to her mother, "Mudam," said he, "I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty, in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long among us; nay," said he, emphatically, "she will not survive twelve months." The event verified the prediction, and the young lady died within the period limited by the unconsciously prophetic bard.

1894. FREDERIC THE GREAT AND HIS FLUTES.

The king's chief amusement was playing on the flute, on which he performed very well for an amateur, though, compared with the professional performers, he necessarily made rather an unkindly figure. Frederic, who was afraid of nothing else, was so much afraid of failure in his flute playing, that, whenever he had a new piece of music, he shut himself up in his closet some hours beforehand to practise it; and although no one was permitted to be present at those concerts except a very few select friends, he was always observed to be remarkably nervous at the commencement. He had a fine

collection of flutes, all made by the same man, and for which he paid one hundred ducats apiece. He had an attendant, whose sole office was to keep those flutes in order. During the war, when his finances were reduced to so low an ebb that he paid bad coin to every one, he took care that his flute maker should be paid in good coin, lest for bad money he should give him bad flutes.

1895. A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

The son of Sir Gore Ouseley is said to have composed an opera at eleven years of age. He was one of the greatest musical prodigies of his time.

1896. SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LOVE FOR MUSIC.

"Pleased," says Moore, "as my illustrious friend appeared really to be when I first sung for him at Abbotsford, it was not till an evening or two after, at his own hospitable supper table, that I saw him in his true sphere of musical enjoyment. No sooner had the *quagh* taken its round, after our repast, than his friend, Sir Adam, was called upon, with the acclaim of the whole table, for the song of *Hey tuttie tattie*, and gave it out to us with all the true national relish. But it was during the chorus that Scott's delight at this festive scene chiefly showed itself. At the end of every verse, the whole company rose from their seats, and stood round the table, with arms crossed, so as to grasp the hand of the neighbor on each side. Thus interlinked, we continued to keep measure to the strain, by moving our arms up and down, all chanting vociferously, '*Hey tuttie tattie, hey tuttie tattie*.' Sir Walter's enjoyment of the old Jacobite chorus, a little increased, doubtless, by seeing how I entered into the spirit of it, gave to the whole scene, I confess, a zest and charm in my eyes such as the finest musical performance could not have bestowed on it."

1897. A GOOD BARGAIN.

Mr. L., a well-known professional singer in the metropolis, one day entered a cheesemonger's shop, or grocer's shop, to make a purchase.

"Have you any more of this paper?" said he to the master, regarding with curiosity and astonishment that in which his purchase was wrapped.

"Plenty, sir; a great pile of it."

Mr. L. requested to see it, and followed the tradesman into a little back room, where many reams of waste paper were collected, to be used in his business.

"Well," said Mr. L., after inspecting the pile from whence the wrapper of his parcel had been taken, "will you sell this? what would you ask for it?"

"Twopence halfpenny per pound," answered the man, much astonished at the uncommon greenness of his customer; "you can have it as waste paper at that price, if you like."

Mr. L. readily assented, and thus purchased for a few shillings thirty-three complete oratorios and operas of Handel, besides fragments of the best, viz., Arnold's edition. Henceforth let no one despise the literature that may find its way to the trunkmaker's and chandler's, &c.

1896. VALUE OF MUSICAL EDUCATION.

Horace Walpole, writing to the Countess of Ossory, says, "Had I children, my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor yet thought of music, the preference seems odd; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, madam, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most probable method. It is a resource which will last their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures, it is the cheapest."

1899. A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

"'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

In the mountains of the Tyrol, hundreds of the women and children come out when it is bedtime, and sing their national song until they hear their husbands, fathers, or brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. They sing the first verse, and then listen for some time; they then

sing the second verse, and listen until they hear the answer come from the fishermen, who are thus guided by the sounds to their own village.

1900. BEAUTIFUL SWISS CUSTOM.

It was formerly the usage of the Swiss peasantry to watch the setting sun, until he had left the valleys, and was sinking behind the ever snow-clad mountains, when the mountaineers would seize their horns, and sing through the instrument, "Praise the Lord." This was caught up from Alp to Alp by the descendants of Tell, and repeated until it reached the valleys below. A solemn silence then ensued, until the last trace of the sun disappeared, when the herdsman on the top sang out, "Good Night," which was repeated as before, until every one had retired to his resting-place.

The Swedish mountaineers, since the days of the great Gustavus, have been extravagantly fond of music. The female mountaineers blow on an instrument called a *lar*, a sort of long trumpet, sometimes twelve feet in length. Its sound is strong, and at the same time sharp, yet by no means unpleasant. When supported by one and played on by another, it presents a very odd appearance, and may be heard at a very great distance.

§ 191. NAMES AND TITLES.

1901. ACADEMIC AND ARCADIAN TITLES.



THE Italians are a fanciful people, who have often mixed a grain or two of pleasantry, and even folly, with their wisdom. This fanciful character betrays itself in their architecture, in their poetry, in their extemporary comedy, and their *improvvisatori*; but an instance not yet accounted for of this national levity appears in those denominations of exquisite absurdity given by themselves to their academies. Who could have suspected that the most eminent scholars and men of genius were associates of

the *Oziosi*, the *Fantastici*, the *Insensati*? Why should Genoa boast of her "Sleepy," Viterbo of her "Obstinates," Sienna of her "Insipids," her "Block-heads," and her "Thunderstruck," and Naples of her "Furioso," while Macerata exults in her "Madmen chained"? The consequence of having adopted ridiculous titles for these academies suggested to them many other characteristic fopperies. At Florence every brother of the "Umidi" assumed the name of something aquatic, or any quality pertain-

ing to humidity. One was called "the Frozen," another "the Damp;" one was "the Pike," another "the Swan;" and Grazzini, the celebrated novelist, is known better by the cognomen of *La Lasca*, "the Roach," by which he whimsically designates himself among the "Humids." I find among the *Insensati* one man of learning taking the name of *Stordito Insensato*, another *Tenebroso Insensato*. The famous Florentine Academy of *La Crusca*, amidst their grave labors to sift and purify their language, threw themselves headlong into this vortex of folly. Their title, the Academy of "Bran," was a conceit to indicate their art of sifting; but it required an Italian prodigality of conceit to have induced these grave scholars to exhibit themselves in the burlesque scenery of a pantomimical academy, for their furniture consists of a mill and a bakehouse; a pulpit for the orator is a hopper, while the learned director sits on a millstone; the other seats have the forms of a miller's dossers, or great panniers, and the backs consist of the long shovels used in ovens. The table is a baker's kneading-trough, and the academician who reads has half his body thrust out of a great bolting sack, with we know not what else for their inkstands and portfolios. But the most celebrated of the Italian academies is that of the *degli Arcadia*, at Rome.

The Arcadian Society derived its title from a spontaneous conceit. It first held its meetings on summer evenings, near the Tiber; for the fine climate of Italy promotes such assemblies in the open air. In the recital of an eclogue, an enthusiast, amidst all he was hearing and all he was seeing, exclaimed, "I seem at this moment to be in the Arcadia of ancient Greece, listening to the pure and simple strains of its shepherds." Enthusiasm is contagious amidst susceptible Italians, and this name, by inspiration and by acclamation, was conferred on the society! Whoever aspires to be

curiosity." The Gateshead Observer says, "We take Mr. Carson to be a Doctor of Medicine; Bachelor of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin; Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; and Chief Trumpeter to the Prince of Wales."

1911. M. D. F. R. S.

The keeper of a paltry Scotch alehouse having on his sign, after his name, the letters M. D. F. R. S., a physician, who was a fellow of the Royal Society, asked him how he presumed to affix those letters to his name. "Why, sir," said the publican, "I have as good a right to them as you have." "What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel?" replied the doctor. "I mean, sir," returned the other, "that I was Drum-Major of the Royal Scots Fusiliers."

1912. "DUN."

Some have derived this word from the French word *donnez*, signifying *give*, implying a demand of something due; and others, amongst whom is the celebrated Dr. Johnson, from the Saxon word *dunon*, to *clamor*. Both are wrong. The origin of the word is simply this: In the reign of Henry VII., a famous bailiff, named Joe Dun, lived in the town of Lincoln. This man was so extremely dexterous in his rough business, that it was usual, when a person refused to pay his debts, to say, "Why don't you DUN him?"—that is, Why don't you send DUN to arrest him? And hence the custom of calling a person who presses another for the payment of money a *Dun*.

1913. THE CHOICE OF A FRENCH QUEEN.

Herrera, the Spanish historian, records an anecdote in which the choice of a queen arose entirely from her name. When two French ambassadors negotiated a marriage between one of the Spanish princesses and Louis VIII., the names of the royal females were *Urraca* and *Blanche*. The former was the elder and the more beautiful, and intended by the Spanish court for the French monarch; but they resolutely preferred *Blanche*, observing that the name of *Urraca* would never do; and for the sake of a more mellifluous sound, they carried off, exulting in their own discerning ears, the happier named, but less beautiful princess.

1914. THE TERM "PURITANS."

In the days of bloody Mary, when the fires of Smithfield blazed, and the bodies of the pious Protestants of England became fuel to the flames, many fled to foreign countries to enjoy the liberty denied them at home. Some settled at Frankfort, and were allowed the use of the French church. A new liturgy was prepared, and the use of the surplice laid aside. But upon the arrival of Dr. Cox, who had also abandoned his native country, the harmony which existed was interrupted, and the responses of the English liturgy were introduced. One party agreed, and another disagreed, and that party which could not, with a good conscience, submit to the superstitious inventions and impositions of men in the worship of God, and exerted their zeal, their

labors, and their influence to promote a purer reformation, obtained the appellation of *Puritans*, which has been retained as a distinguishing mark ever since.

1915. CAPTAIN SILK.

On it being reported, in a party of ladies, that a Captain Silk had arrived in town, they exclaimed, with one exception, "What a name for a soldier!" "The fittest name in the world," rejoined a witty female; "for *silk* never can be *worsted*."

1916. CHANGING NAMES.

In the barbarous age of Louis XI., they felt a delicacy respecting names which produced an ordinance from his majesty. The king's barber was named *Oliver le Diable*. At first the king allowed him to get rid of the offensive part, by changing it to *Le Malin*; but the improvement was not happy, and for a third time he was called *Le Mauvais*. Even this did not answer his purpose; and as he was a great racer, he finally had his majesty's ordinance to be called *Le Dain* under penalty of law if any one should call him *Le Diable*, *Le Malin*, or *Le Mauvais*. According to Platina, Sergius II. was the first pope who changed his name in ascending the Papal throne, because his proper name was *Hog's mouth*—very unsuitable to the pomp of the tiara. The ancients felt the same fastidiousness; and among the Romans, those who were called to the equestrian order, having low and vulgar names, were new named on the occasion, lest the former one should disgrace the dignity.

1917. SOPHI AND PHILOSOPHI.

The masters of olden times at Athens, and afterwards at Oxford, were called *Sophi*, and the scholars *Sophistæ*; but the masters, taking it in scorn that the scholars should have a larger name than they, called themselves *Philosophi*,—that is, lovers of science,—and so got the advantage of the scholars by one syllable. Every body has heard of Foote's celebrated motto for a tailor friend of his, about to sport his coat of arms—"List, list, O, list!" But every body has not heard, probably, though it is noticed in his memoir, that the learned Cambridge divine and antiquary, Dr. Cocks Macro, having applied to a Cambridge acquaintance for an appropriate motto to his coat of arms, was pithily answered with, "Cocks may crow."

1918. "BEEN TO KILL-MANY, AND GOING TO KILLMORE."

During the civil wars in Ireland, a watchword was required of every passenger, after a certain hour, with liberty for the sentinel to interrogate at will.

A poor, harmless Irishman, travelling from Killmainey to Killmore, being asked concerning his place of departure and place of destination, answered, to the astonishment of the inquirer,—

"I have been to Kill-many, and am going to Kill-more."

"That you shall not," said the sentinel, and immediately run him through with a bayonet.

1919. FATAL MISTAKE.

It is not in the work of translating the New Testament alone that there has been a great degree of negligence—to give it no worse a name—in regard to the auxiliaries *shall* and *will*. Ignorance, if not carelessness, has sometimes outdone even the Saxon translators themselves.

A Welshman one day fell into the Thames. Unable to swim, he cried out, "I *will* be drowned; nobody *shall* help me." This was the saddest misapplication of words we remember to have heard of.

1920. THE WORD "RACE."

The Arabs call their thorough-bred horses race-horses, or horses of a family or race, because they can trace their families or breeds as high as a Welsh pedigree. The imaun is at once both priest and civil magistrate, and it is equally his duty to register the birth of children and the foaling of blood mares. On the sale of one of these horses, the imaun delivers a certificate of the pedigree, carefully copied from his register, to the buyer, of which an Arab is as proud as if it were his own pedigree. As these horses of race or family were, in Europe, bred only for the course, we evidently, in preserving the French expression, *cheval de race*, or race-horse, gave the name of *race* to the course itself, being a contest between race-horses, from whence the expression became popular to denote any contest in running.

1921. WOLFE AND THE SUBALTERN.

General Wolfe, happening to overhear a young officer talk of him in a very familiar manner, as, "Wolfe and I drank a bottle of wine together," and so on, appeared, and said, "I think you might say General Wolfe." "No," replied the subaltern, with a happy presence of mind, "did you ever hear of General Achilles, or General Julius Cæsar?"

1922. A BUMPER.

When the English were good Catholics, they usually drank the pope's health in a full glass after dinner: *au bon père*; whence the word *bumper*.

1923. ORIGIN OF THE WORD "WHIG."

In the sixteenth century, there arose in England a party opposed to the king, and in favor of a republican form of government, in which the people would have a voice. This party adopted as their motto, "We Hope In God." The initials, or first letter of each word combined, read *Whig*, and were used to name or designate the party. Thus the word *Whig* originally meant opposition to kings and monarchies, and friendship for the very form of government under which we exist. It originated in England, a century and a half before our revolution.

1924. "MINISTERS."

The hall of the School of Equity at Poitiers, where the Institutes were read, was called *La Ministerie*; on which head, Florimond de Remond, speaking of Albert Babinot, one of the first disciples of

Calvin, after having said he was called "the good man," adds, that because he had been a student of the Institutes at this *Ministerie* of Poitiers, Calvin and others styled him Mr. *Minister*; from whence, afterwards, *Calvin* took occasion to give the name of *MINISTERS* to the pastors of his church.

1925. THE EMPEROR AND THE SULTAN.

It would fill three columns of the present pages to transcribe the titles and attributes of the grand seignior, which he assumes in a letter to Henry IV. Selden, in his *Titles of Honor*, first part, p. 140, has preserved it. This "emperor of victorious emperors," as he styles himself, at length condescended to agree with the Emperor of Germany, in 1606, that in all their letters and instruments they should be only styled *father* and *son*; the emperor calling the sultan his *son*; and the sultan the emperor, in regard of his years, his *father*.

1926. CHRISTIAN NAMES OF THE PURITANS.

The Puritans, in the reign of Elizabeth, among other objects of reformation which they laid down in their discipline, as it was called, had this article: "Let persuasions be used that such names as do savor either of paganism or Popery be not given to children, but principally those whereof there are examples in the Scriptures." They were not content with the plain scriptural names of Abraham, Obadiah, Zechariah, Ruth, and Rebecca; they adopted phrases, and sometimes sentences, for their children, such as "The Lord is near," "More tryall," Reformation," "Discipline," "Joy again," "Sufficient," "From above," "Heavenly mind," "Free gifts," "More fruit," "Dust," &c.; and one of the Puritanical ministers was so bigoted in this respect, that he refused to christen a man's child because he insisted on having him called Richard.

This ridiculous superstition continued to prevail till the reign of Charles II., as may be seen by examining the accounts of many persons of eminence, who were born about the period of the great rebellion, as, for instance, *Accepted Frewen*, Archbishop of York, *Offspring Blackhall*, Bishop of Exeter.

Praise God Barebone, a respectable leather-seller in Holborn, was one of the most active members of the Parliament assembled by Cromwell, and which took its denomination from his surname. It is said there were three brothers of this family, each of whom had a sentence to his name, viz.: "Praise God Barebone," "Christ came into the world to save, Barebone," and "If Christ had not died, thou hadst been d—d, Barebone." But this last name was so long, that many persons took the liberty of abridging it, and called the owner only "D—d Barebone."

Mr. Brome, in his *Travels over England*, gives the following list of a jury impanelled in Sussex about the same time:—

Accepted Trevor, of Horsham; *Redeemed Compton*, of Battle; *Faint-not Hewet*, of Heathfield; *Make Peace Herton*, of Hare; *God-reward Smart*, of Fivehurst; *Stand-fast-on-high Stringer*, of Crowhurst; *Earth Adams*, of Warbleton; *Called Lower*, of the same; *Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White*, of Emer; *More Fruit Fowler*, of East Hadley; *Hope for Bending*, of the same; *Graceful Harding*, of Lewes; *Weep-not Billing*, of the same; *Meek Brewer*, of Okeham.

1927. DULL, DUNSE, AND DRONE.

The equivocality of many of the names of places in Scotland has given occasion to a very amusing saying regarding a clergyman. "He was born in the parish of *Dull*, brought up at the school of *Dunse*, (*quasi* Dunce,) and finally settled minister in the parish of *Drone*!"

1928. JOHN CUTS AND THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

We almost hesitate to credit what we know to be true, that the *length* or the *shortness* of a name can seriously influence the mind. The Spaniards have long been known for cherishing a passion for dignified names, and are marvellously affected by long and voluminous ones: to enlarge them they often add the places of their residence.

The Spaniards then must feel a most singular contempt for a *very short name*, and on this subject Fuller has recorded a pleasant fact. An opulent citizen of the name of *John Cuts* (what name can be more unluckily short?) was ordered by Elizabeth

to receive the Spanish ambassador; but the latter complained grievously, and thought he was disparaged by the *shortness* of his name. He imagined that a man bearing a monosyllabic name could never, in the great alphabet of civil life, have performed any thing great or honorable; but when he found that honest *John Cuts* displayed a hospitality which had nothing monosyllabic in it, he groaned only at the utterance of the name of his host.

1929. KNIGHTING A LOIN OF BEEF.

The surloin of beef is said to owe its name to King Charles II., who, dining upon a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint. On being told, he said, "For its merit, then, I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called Sir-Loin."

In a ballad of the New Sir John Barleycorn, this circumstance is thus mentioned:—

"Our second Charles, of fame *factte*,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleased, o'er the meat —
'Arise, thou fained Sir-Loin.'"

§ 192. NEWSPAPERS, ANNUALS, AND OTHER PERIODICALS.

1930. ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.



HUMANITY are indebted to the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, for the first printed newspaper. It was entitled the English Mercurie, and was, by authority, "imprinted at London by her highness's printer, 1588." The earliest number is preserved in the British Museum Library, dated July 23, in that year, and contains the usual intelligence, given after the fashion of the London Gazette of the present day. In these Mercuries we meet with advertisements of books,

and they differ not very much from the announcements of our own time. During the civil wars, periodical papers, the champions of the two parties, became more generally circulated, and were edited by writers of ability. Among the principal we may notice Marchmont Needham, Sir John Birkenhead, and Sir Robert L'Estrange. At the restoration, the proceedings of Parliament were interdicted to be published, unless by authority; and the first daily paper after the revolution took the popular title of the *Orange Intelligencer*. In the reign of Queen

Anne, there was but one daily paper, the *Daily Courant*. The first provincial journal in England was the *Orange Postman*, started in 1706, at the price of a penny, "but a halfpenny not refused." The earliest Scottish newspaper made its appearance under the auspices of Cromwell, in 1652.

1931. THE FIRST MAGAZINE.

The Gentleman's Magazine unaccountably passes for the earliest periodical of that description; while, in fact, it was preceded nearly forty years by the Gentleman's Journal of Motteux, a work much more closely resembling our modern magazines, and from which Sylvanus Urban borrowed part of his title, and part of his motto; while on the first page of the first number of the Gentleman's Magazine itself, it is stated to contain "more than any book of the *kind* and price."

1932. ORIGIN OF GAZETTES.

M. de Saintfoix, in his *Historical Essays on Paris*, gives this account of their introduction:—

"Theophrastus Renaudot, a physician of Paris, picked up news from all quarters to amuse his patients: he presently became more in request than any of his brethren; but as the whole city is not ill, or at least does not imagine itself to be so, he began to reflect, at the end of some years, that he might gain a more considerable income by giving a paper every week, containing the news of different countries. A permission was necessary: he obtained it, with an exclusive privilege, in 1632.

Such papers had been in use a considerable time at Venice, and were called *gazettes*, because a small piece of money, called *gazetta*, was paid for the reading of them.

This is the origin of our gazette, and its name. About ten years afterwards, they were common in England by the name of *mercuries*.

1933. THE PATRIARCH OF NEWSPAPER WRITERS.

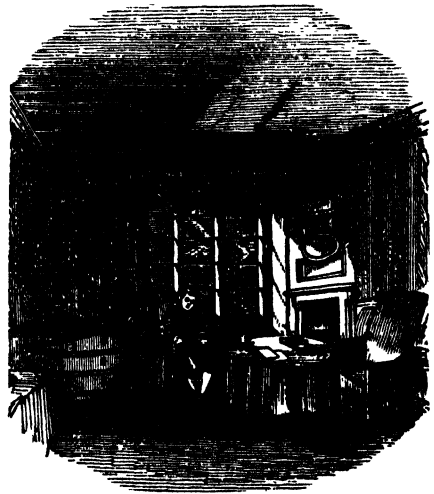
Marchmont Needham, the great patriarch of newspaper writers, was a man of versatile talents and more versatile politics; a bold adventurer, and most successful, because the most profligate of his tribe. We find an ample account of him in Anthony Wood. From college he came to London: was an usher in Merchant Tailors' School; then an under clerk in Gray's Inn; at length studied physic, and practised chemistry; and finally he was a captain, and in the words of honest Anthony, "siding with the rout and scum of the people, he made them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble, in his Intelligence, called *Mercurius Britannicus*, wherein his endeavors were to sacrifice the fame of some lord, or any person of quality, and of the king himself, to the beast with many heads." He soon became popular, and was known under the name of Captain Needham, of Gray's Inn; and whatever he now wrote was deemed oracular. But whether from a slight imprisonment for aspersing Charles I., or some pique with his own party, he requested an audience on his knees with the king, reconciled himself to his majesty, and showed himself a violent royalist in his *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, and galled the Presbyterians with his wit and quips. Some time after, when the popular party prevailed, he was still further enlightened, and was got over by President Bradshaw as easily as by Charles I. Our Mercurial writer became once more a virulent Presbyterian, and lashed the royalists outrageously in his *Mercurius Politicus*. At length, on the return of Charles II., being now conscious, says our friend Anthony, that he might be in danger of the halter, once more he is said to have fled into Holland, waiting for an act of oblivion. For money given to a hungry courtier, Needham obtained his pardon under the great seal. He latterly practised as a physician among his party, but lived universally hated by the royalists, and now only committed harmless treasons with the College of Physicians, on whom he poured all that gall and vinegar which the government had suppressed from flowing through its natural channel.

1934. THE ENGLISH MERCURIE.

Newspapers began to appear in England during the civil war. The paper called the *English Mercury*, which gave the first example of this kind of publication, scarcely deserves to be mentioned in a general estimate. It seems to have been established by Queen Elizabeth, in times of great difficulty and danger, in order to communicate such intelligence as she felt interested in making known, and counteracting such rumors as her enemies were anxious to propagate. Of this publication there are to be seen three printed numbers in the collection of state papers in the British Museum. The earliest number preserved is No. 50, dated July 23, 1588. It is entitled "The *English Mercurie*, published by authority, for the prevention of false reports;" and is said at the end to be "imprinted by Christopher Barker, her highness's printer." It would appear not to have been published at regular periodical

intervals, but as occasion required, or events of importance occurred. We observe, for instance, the publication of No. 50, on the 23d of July, and No. 51, on the 26th; while subsequently more than a month elapsed without a new number. The first article in number 50, dated Whitehall, July 23, 1588, contains advices from Sir Francis Walsingham, that the Spanish Armada was seen on the 20th in the Chops of the Channel, making for the entrance of the Channel with a favorable gale. An account is then given of her majesty's fleet, which consisted of eighty sail, divided into four squadrons, commanded by the lord high admiral, in the *Ark Royal*, Sir Francis Drake, Admirals Hawkins and Forbisher. By the best computation, it is added, the enemy could not have fewer than one hundred and fifty ships; but as soon as they were seen from the top-mast of the English fleet, instead of exciting any fear of the result, they were hailed by the English sailors with acclamations of joy. An account is then given of the attack made on the Armada on the 21st of July, after which it fled.

1935. ORIGIN OF JOHNSON'S IDLER.



Dr. Johnson's Room in Pembroke College.

When the late Mr. John Newberry, of St. Paul's Churchyard, projected the publication of a weekly newspaper, in 1758, now ninety years ago, to be called the *Universal Chronicle*, he employed the celebrated Dr. Johnson to furnish a short essay on such subjects of a general or temporary kind as might suit the taste of newspaper readers, and distinguish the new paper from its contemporaries.

The reason assigned for printing this essay is not only extremely curious to caterers of public news of the present day, but is a remarkable fact in the history of newspapers. The printer stated that the occurrences of the week were not sufficient to fill its columns. Those who now publish weekly newspapers find it not only difficult, but impossible, to insert half the articles which have entertained other readers during the intervals of publication, and which, from the common impulses of domestic or public curiosity, their readers think they have a

right to expect. It is also worth mentioning, that the essays written for the purpose of filling a vacant column in the above-mentioned paper, by Dr. Johnson, were afterwards collected into a volume, and form the well-known work called the *Idler*.

1936. JOHNSON AND THE CREDULOUS LADY.

On a question, one day, at Miss Porter's, concerning the authority of a newspaper for some fact, Johnson related that a lady of his acquaintance implicitly believed every thing she read in the papers; and that, by way of curing her credulity, he fabricated a story of a battle between the Russians and Turks, then at war; and "that it might," he said, "bear internal evidence of its futility, I laid the scene in an island at the conflux of the Borysthenes and the Danube—rivers which run at the distance of a hundred leagues from each other. The lady, however, believed the story, and never forgave the deception; the consequence of which was, that I lost an agreeable companion, and she was deprived of an innocent amusement." And he added, as an extraordinary circumstance, that the Russian ambassador sent in great haste to the printer to know from whence he had received the intelligence.

1937. DRAKE'S OPPOSITION TO THE NEWS-PAPER TAX.

When the tax on newspapers, proposed by William Pitt, in 1789, was under discussion in the House of Commons, Mr. Drake said that he disliked the tax, and would oppose it from motives of gratitude. "The gentlemen concerned in writing for them had been particularly kind to him: they had made him deliver many well-shapen speeches, though he was convinced he had never spoken so well in his whole life."

1938. LARGE PERIODICAL CIRCULATION.

The American Messenger, a religious paper, issued monthly, at New York, is said to have nearly two hundred thousand subscribers—a circulation which many believe unparalleled. Yet Moore's Almanac, published by the Stationers' Company, in England, and edited by Henry Andrews, who died in 1820, had a circulation of four hundred and thirty thousand copies annually.

1939. MANSFIELD'S PROPHECY.

The Duke of Northumberland, in conversation one day with Lord Mansfield, spoke of the comfort of reading the newspapers at breakfast. "The comfort of reading the newspapers!" said Lord Mansfield; "mark my words: you and I shall not live to see it, but sooner or later these newspapers, if they go on as they now do, will most assuredly write down the Dukes of Northumberland out of their titles and possessions, and the country out of its king. Mark my words, for this will happen."

1940. NEWS CORRESPONDENTS.

The desire of the English for news from the capital, on the part of the wealthier country resi-

dents, and probably the false information, and the impertinence of the news writers, led, anciently, to the common establishment of a very curious trade—that of a news correspondent, who, for a subscription of three or four pounds per annum, wrote a letter of news every post day to his subscriber in the country. This profession probably existed in the reign of James I.; for in Ben Jonson's play, the *Staple of News*, written in the first year of Charles I., we have a very curious and amusing description of an office of news manufacturers.

"This is the outer room where my clerks sit,
And keep their sides, the register i' the midst:
The examiner, he sits private there within;
And here I have my several rolls and files
Of news by the alphabet, and all put up
Under their heads."

The news thus communicated appears to have fallen into as much disrepute as the public news. In the advertisement announcing the first number of the *Evening Post*, September 6, 1709, it is said, "There must be three or four pounds per annum paid by those gentlemen who are out of town, for written news, which is so far generally from having any probability of matter of fact in it, that it is frequently stuffed up with, *We hear, &c.*; or, *An eminent Jew merchant has received a letter, &c.*; being nothing more than downright fiction." The same advertisement, speaking of the published papers, says, "We read more of our own affairs in the Dutch papers than in any of our own." The trade of a news correspondent seems to have suggested a sort of union of written news and published news; for towards the end of the seventeenth century, we have *news letters* printed in type to imitate writing. The most famous of these was that commenced by Ichabod Dawks, in 1696, the first number of which was thus announced: "This letter will be done upon good writing paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It does undoubtedly exceed the best of the *rewritten news*, contains double the quantity, is read with abundantly more ease and pleasure, and will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand."

1941. ELEVEN TONS OF NEWS.

The weight of newspapers from London which, in 1844, passed by the mails on every Saturday night, was not less than eleven tons.

1942. SINGULAR DEVICE.

One afternoon, a great deal of interest and curiosity was excited by the fact of a tall, fine-looking man being seen leisurely promenading along Second Street, Philadelphia, wearing a coat, on the back of which, in large, staring gilt letters, were the words, "Newspaper Dun." As a matter of course, he was the "observed of all observers," and a train of the curious followed at his heels, wondering at the sight, and unable to comprehend the mystery.

On inquiry, we ascertained he was employed by an association of newsmen, for the purpose of collecting hopeless bills, and shaming debtors into the payment of their debts. He operates in this manner when he has a bill to collect: He stops at the house of the debtor, and the large letters on his back tell to all passers by what his errand is, and, at the same time, give a timely caution against

trusting the occupant of the house. Any person thus harassed would sooner pay the bill than have the "Dun" calling upon him continually, with the great letters upon his back. If he has a bill against a person whom he cannot catch any where except in the street, he presents his account, much to the shame of the debtor, who is perceived and shunned by every one as a person not to be trusted. The "Dun" appears to be a determined man, possessed of the greatest *sang froid*, and not to be frightened at trifles. Those who owe had better take warning and pay immediately, or the "Dun" may give them a call.

1943. NAPOLEON'S DEFINITION OF A JOURNALIST.

The worst recommendation that any man could have, in Napoleon's eyes, was to be a newspaper writer. Shortly after the 18th Brumaire, Fabre de l'Aude, who was always a favorite with Napoleon, solicited, in hearing, an appointment for one of his acquaintances. "What has he done?" "He has been a journalist." "A journalist!" repeated the first consul. "That means a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. The *cabanons* of Bicetre are the fittest places for people of that stamp."

1944. CHINESE GAZETTE.

In China, the Official Gazette, which is published daily, is considered as the organ of government in every thing connected with the religion, laws, manners, and customs of the country. In its plan, it totally differs from the gazettes of Europe, wherein articles of a miscellaneous description are inserted for money. No article appears in the gazette of China which has not first been submitted to the inspection of the emperor; and having received his approbation, not a syllable can be added to it.

In 1818, an officer in a court of justice, who was also employed in the post-office, suffered death for having published some false intelligence through the medium of this gazette. The reason assigned by the judges in passing sentence was, that the party culpable had been wanting in respect to his imperial majesty.

1945. BOSTON NEWS LETTER AND NEW ENGLAND COURANT.

The first newspaper printed in the British colonies was the Boston News Letter, in 1704. It was printed weekly, by Nathaniel Greene, for the proprietor, John Campbell, postmaster of Boston. No other paper was required, until 1719, a period of fifteen years, when William Brooker, then at the head of the post-office, published the Boston Gazette, and employed, as printer, James Franklin, an elder brother of the celebrated Benjamin Franklin. In 1721, James began the publication of another journal, the New England Courant. Its patrons formed themselves into a club, and furnished it with short, original essays, in imitation of the Spectator, which soon brought the Courant into notice. It was warmly opposed by the rigid Puritans, whilst it was, with equal ardor, supported by men of more liberal opinions. But the press was

then, as it had been during more than fifty years, in Massachusetts, under a rigorous censorship. Nothing could, with impunity, be published, unless pleasing to the colonial government. Franklin was soon imprisoned, and ordered to discontinue his paper, unless he would submit it to a previous supervision; but, not inclining to yield submission, he conducted it, for some years, in the name of Benjamin, who had been one of its ablest contributors.

1946. FIFTY DOLLARS PER ANNUM FOR A NEWSPAPER.

The first newspaper published in Virginia was established in 1780. The subscription was fifty dollars a year. Price for advertising, ten dollars the first week, and seven dollars for each subsequent insertion. The paper was issued weekly.

1947. BEGINNINGS OF THE PENNY PAPER SYSTEM.

Fifteen years ago, two journeymen printers commenced the New York Sun, writing and setting up their own editorials, &c. They issued seven hundred copies daily, which they sold to the news boys for sixty-two and a half cents a hundred, and the boys sold them for a cent each. An old Ramage press was worked with their own hands. As their edition increased, the printing was done on a Napier press. Afterwards they employed a steam press. One of the partners sold his interest for ten thousand dollars, and became a lawyer and a candidate for Congress at the west. Now, some twenty-five thousand copies of the Sun are issued daily, and a brood of penny papers are rivalling the original penny daily in their enterprise and the extent of their circulation.

1948. SERVED HIM RIGHT.

A long-winded subscriber to a newspaper, after repeated dunnings, promised that the bill should be paid by a certain day, if he were then alive. The day passed over, and no money reached the office.

In the next number, therefore, of the newspaper, the editor inserted among the deaths a notice of his subscriber's departure from this life. Pretty soon after this announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor—not with the pale and ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions, nor like them did he wait to be spoken to, but broke silence with—"What, sir, did you mean by publishing my death?" "Why, sir, I mean what I mean when I publish the death of any other person, viz., to let the world know that you are dead." "Well, but I am not dead." "Not dead! then it is your own fault; for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived to that time. The day passed, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead; for I will not believe that you would forfeit your word." "O, ho! I see you have got round me, Mr. Editor; but say no more about it; here's the money. And harkee, my wag, you'll contradict my death next week?" "O, certainly, sir, just to please you; though upon my word I can't help thinking you were dead at the time specified, and that you have really come back to pay this bill on account of your friendship to me."

1949. NEWS BOY WIT.

A gentleman crossing one of the New York ferries was accosted by one of those peripatetic vendors of cheap literature and weekly newspapers, who are to be found in shoals about all our public places, with "Buy Bulwer's last work, sir? Only two shillin." The gentleman, willing to have a laugh with the urchin, said, "Why, I am Bulwer myself!" Off went the lad, and whispering to another, at a little distance, excited his wonderment at the information he had to impart. Eyeing the pretended author of Pelham with a kind of awe, he approached him timidly, and, holding out a pamphlet, said, modestly, "Buy the Women of England, sir? *You're not Mrs. Ellis, are you?*" Of course, the proposed sale was effected.

1950. TELLING THE "BIGGEST LIE."

"We received on Saturday last," says the Washington Commonwealth, "the name of an individual, who directed us to enter it upon our subscription list, on condition that we would 'tell a bigger lie than either of the other town papers.' We have accordingly entered the name, and in compliance with the 'condition,' have only to say that our new subscriber is a *perfect gentleman*."

1951. "SO MANY WAYS FOR HIS MONEY."

"Travelling one day in the country," says a writer in the Erie Observer, "we fell in company with a man whom we soon ascertained to be a well-to-live-in-the-world farmer. In the course of conversation upon various subjects, principally agricultural, we found that he was just returning from our town, where he had that day contracted for the sale of five hundred bushels of wheat at seventy-five cents per bushel. From this our conversation passed to that of newspapers; and upon ascertaining that he was not a subscriber to any paper, we offered him ours. But the man had 'so many ways for his money' he could not afford it. We then asked him if he would become a subscriber in case we would convince him that, if he had taken the paper, he would have saved, in one bargain alone, five times the cost of it for a year. He agreed to this, and we took from our pocket one of our latest papers, in which was an advertisement, offering to contract for any quantity of wheat at eighty-one cents per bushel. Thus we illustrated to our farmer friend that if he had been a reader of our paper, he might have saved six cents on each of his five hundred bushels of wheat; making a total of thirty dollars — sufficient to pay for the paper fifteen years. He paid us two dollars, and left us, growling at himself for having been so negligent of his true interest."

1952. EDITORIAL COURTESY.

Courtesy in public as well as private life is a mark of the gentleman. We sometimes see editors quarrelling, and there is nothing we regret more, for neither is raised in the estimation of the public, which generally laughs at both as fools. A noble instance of such courtesy, almost chivalric in its character indeed, lately transpired in Europe. It seems that the messenger of the London Morning Herald, while on his way from Marseilles to Paris,

was striving to distance the courier of the Times, with the intelligence by the latest mail from Calcutta. But unfortunately he was killed by a fall from his carriage, just as he was entering Roans. With true generosity, the courier of the Times took the despatches of his rival and carried them on to London. More than this, the Times caused the despatches to be immediately remitted to the office of the Herald, thus waiving all the advantages to be derived from the accident that befell its rival.

1953. REV. MR. CALHOUN'S STATEMENT.

At a public meeting, held at the American Tract House, the Rev. Mr. Calhoun, from Mt. Lebanon, said that in all Syria, with a population of a million and a half, not a single newspaper is published. And in the entire region in which the Arabic language is spoken, comprising Syria, Arabia, Egypt, and the Barbary States, including a population of forty millions, there is believed to be only one, if indeed one, newspaper in that language, and only three or four in English or French. There is but one in the Turkish language, in all the Turkish dominions, (including a population of sixty millions,) and that conducted by an Englishman. Such facts, he said, afforded an illustration of Mohammedanism, a religion which has no tendency to improvement, either of intellect, morals, or economics.

The first newspaper in the Turkish dominions, as well as in several of the heathen countries, he said, was started by American missionaries. But they are multiplying, and it is an interesting fact, that Armenian, Greek, and Judea journals, as also those of China, Africa, and the Sandwich Islands, are now copying *religious*, as well as political intelligence from *American daily papers*. And it is surely a consummation devoutly to be wished, that the impress of pure Christianity be stamped upon all these numberless channels of intelligence, as an example to the nations among whom newspapers are extending.

1954. COWPER'S POSTBOY.

In Cowper's Task we find the following highly amusing description of a postboy as he appeared in those days in England: —

"Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world;
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful; messenger of grief,
Perhaps, to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writers' cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill.
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all."

1955. A LEGACY DISCOVERED.

A poor aged woman, who had long earned her livelihood by knitting, one day coming to the end

of her worsted ball, found it to be wound on a piece of an old newspaper, which she had the curiosity to read; when, to her astonishment and delight, she

discovered it to contain an advertisement respecting herself, as the heir of a large property, which, had she been unable to read, she might never have possessed.

§ 193. OBSCURITY AND PERSPICUITY OF STYLE.

1956. HAMANN.

Hamann, the German author, belonged to that class of writers who love the shade and lose more by obscurity than they gain by originality—who repel, by the uncouth shapes in which their thoughts are disguised, more readers than they attract by the rarity and pickiness of the thoughts themselves. He is a humorist, but of a sombre complexion, with a strong dash of cynicism.

"The kernel of his works," says Herder, "contains many seed-corns of great truths, new observations, and the results of wonderfully extensive reading; the shell is a laborious texture of strong expressions, allusions, and word-flowers. He read much and with taste, (*multum et multa*), but the balsam odors from the ethereal table of the ancients, mixed with occasional vapors of Gaul and the steam of British humor, formed a perfect cloud around him. His observations often combine a whole view in a single view-point; but let the reader stand at that view-point, otherwise he will see every thing askew, and common mould instead of microscopic forests. Every thought of his is an unstrung pearl; every thought is wrapped in the very word without which it could neither have been thought nor spoken."

"The great Hamann," says Jean Paul, "is a deep sky full of telescopic stars, with many a nebula which no eye can resolve." And again, "Hamann's style is a river which the storm drives back towards its source, making it innavigable for Dutch market-boats."

But the best account of Hamann is that given by Goethe in his autobiography.

"Since I was tempted to the sibylline character which I gave to these leaves, as well as to the publication of them, by Hamann, this seems to me a proper place to speak of that worthy and influential man, who was to us then as great a mystery as he has been to his country ever since. His Socratic Memorabilia excited attention, and were especially dear to those who could not adjust themselves to the dazzling spirit of the times. They seemed to reveal a deep-thinking, thorough man, who, while he was well acquainted with the public world and literature,

still held to something secret and inscrutable, and expressed himself in a very peculiar way concerning it."

1957. LYCOPHRON'S POEM.

Lycophron was an advocate for obscurity. He declared publicly he would hang himself if he found a person who could understand his poem of the Prophecy of Cassandra. He succeeded to the utmost of his wishes. His poem was the stumbling-block of all the grammarians, scholiasts, and commentators, and it is at this period equally inexplicable as when it first appeared.

This work may be compared to those subterraneous places, where the air is so thick, that whatever light is carried there is extinguished. It is useless endeavoring to develop such obscurity; the greatest mental powers are not adequate to the penetration of such darkness.

1958. THE STATUE OR THE SPEAR.

Want of perspicuity in writing may lead to serious evils, of which a curious example is given by Quintilian. "A curious man ordered in his will that his heir should erect for him a statue holding a spear made of gold." A question of great consequence to the heir arose from the ambiguity of the expression; as it admitted of doubt whether the words "made of gold" were to be applied to the statue or to the spear.

1959. THE RHETORICIAN AND HIS PUPILS.

We are told that, in the time of Titus Livius, there was a rhetorician so great a partisan for obscurity, that he made his scholars correct those passages in their works which appeared intelligible. The greatest praise that could be bestowed on the eloquence of that school was to say, "*I do not comprehend the smallest portion of it.*"

194. ORATORY AND ORATORS.

1960. CONTRAST OF MIND AND BODY.

Curran, the Irish advocate, possessed talents of the highest order. His wit, his drollery, his eloquence, and his pathos were irresistible, and the splendid daring style of his oratory inimitable; and yet, strange contrast! his personal appearance, like Paul's, was mean and diminutive.

1961. DESTRUCTION OF ROBESPIERRE.

The celebrated Jean Lambert Tallien had formed a tender friendship with the beautiful Madame Ca-

barus, so celebrated in revolutionary history; but at the period in question, mutual jealousy had interrupted their happiness. She was thrown into a dungeon by order of Robespierre; and when it was conceived that she had been sufficiently terrified by imprisonment, and the prospect of the guillotine, she was offered life and liberty if she would betray the counsels of Tallien, and enable his enemies to ruin him. Although her lover had been faithless, and had deserted her, she refused the offer with indignation; and, with great difficulty, had the following letter sent to Tallien:—

"The minister of police has announced to me

that to-morrow I am to appear at the tribunal, that is to say, I am to ascend the scaffold. I dreamed last night that Robespierre was no more, and that my prison doors were opened. A brave man might realize my dream; but, thanks to your notorious cowardice, no one remains who is capable of its accomplishment."

Tallien wrote back to her,—

"Be prudent as I shall prove brave; and above all, be tranquil." The next day he hurried to the tribunal, and, regardless of danger, accused the miscreant Robespierre in his own presence.

The eloquence of Tallien had always been commanding and impressive; but on this occasion it was compared to the impetuous flowing of a river, whose course had been prematurely stopped. He portrayed the vices of Robespierre and his companions; the cruelty and other excesses of their government, which had deprived France of her most illustrious citizens. Then, taking a dagger from his bosom, he rushed towards the statue of Brutus, his own immortal prototype, and swore that he himself

would stab the tyrant to the heart, if his countrymen did not deliver themselves from their disgraceful bondage. His language, his action, and his animated eye were irresistible; for they recalled the Roman hero to the minds of all the auditors. Robespierre was astounded, and attempted to defend himself. The moment was critical; the life of Tallien hung upon a thread; but his eloquence prevailed, and the tribunal regained its lost character. The tyrant was sent to the scaffold. Madame Cabarus and other intended victims were saved, and the reign of terror was abolished.

1962. LORD NORTH'S OPPONENT.

A dog, having one day got into the House of Commons, by his barking interrupted Lord North, who happened to be opening one of his budgets. His lordship pleasantly inquired by what new oppositionist he was attacked. A wag replied, "It was a member from *Bark-shire*."

§ 195. ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN.

1963. THE FATHER OF GOLDSMITH.

Some families seem to inherit kindness and incompetency, and to hand down virtue and poverty from generation to generation. Such was the case with the Goldsmiths. "They were always," according to their own accounts, "a strange family; they rarely acted like other people; their hearts were in the right place, but their hands seemed to be doing any thing but what they ought." "They were remarkable," says another statement, "for their worth, but of no cleverness in the ways of the world." Oliver Goldsmith will be found faithfully to inherit the virtues and weaknesses of his race.

His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, with hereditary improvidence, married when very young and very poor, and starved along for several years on a small country curacy and the assistance of his wife's friends. His whole income, eked out by the produce of some fields which he farmed, and of some occasional duties performed for his wife's uncle, the rector of an adjoining parish, did not exceed forty pounds,—

"And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Goldsmith himself says, "My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted."

1964. EPICTETUS, ABBÉ HAUY, AND OTHERS.

Epictetus, the celebrated stoic philosopher, was born a slave, and spent many years of his life in servitude. This was the fact also with *Æsop*, *Publius*, *Syrus*, and *Terence*.

The Abbé Haury, who died in Paris a few years since, celebrated for his writings and discoveries in crystallography, attained his distinguished elevation in spite of every disadvantage of birth.

Winckelmann, one of the most distinguished writers on classic antiquities and the fine arts that modern times have produced, was the son of a shoemaker. He contrived to keep himself at college, chiefly by teaching some of his younger fellow-students, while at the same time he, in part, supported his poor father at a hospital.

Arnigio, an Italian poet of the sixteenth century, of considerable genius and learning, followed his father's trade, that of a shoemaker, and in the course of his life published a very elaborate work on the shoemaking of the ancients.

The celebrated Italian writer Gelli, when holding the high dignity of council of the Florentine Academy, still continued to work at his original profession of a tailor.

Metastasio was the son of a common mechanic, and used, when a little boy, to sing his extemporaneous verses about the streets.

The father of Haydn, the great musical composer, was a wheelwright, and filled also the humble occupation of a sexton; while his mother was at the same time a servant in the establishment of a neighboring nobleman.

The father of John Opie, the great English portrait painter, was a working carpenter in Cornwall. Opie was raised from the bottom of a sawpit, where he was employed in cutting wood, to the professorship of painting, in the Royal Academy.

The parents of Castalio, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, were poor peasants, who lived among the mountains of Dauphiny.

1965. THE JOURNALIST'S COLLECTION.

At a political meeting in the north of England, a noble lord and his adherents ventured to speak disrespectfully of several distinguished individuals of opposite principles, because either they or their forefathers had been concerned in trade.

This unwarranted aspersion excited the just indignation of a neighboring journalist, and called forth from him a spirited article, wherein he asserted that the origin of many of the most illustrious char-

acters could be traced to tradesmen, mechanics, and farmers. To prove this, he submitted the next week a formidable list of names, that might have put the revilers of obscure parentage to the blush. We submit the journalist's list, with a different arrangement and several additions.

Euripides was the son of a fruiterer, and Terence in early life was a slave. Virgil's father was a potter or brick maker, and Horace's a freedman. Plautus was a baker.

Greathead, Bishop of Lincoln, in the thirteenth century, began his career as a beggar; but his powerful talents adorned his brow with a mitre.

Luther was the son of a poor miner, Zuinglius of a shepherd, and Calvin's father was not distinguished either for "affluence or learning."

Boccaccio was the natural son of a merchant. Columbus was the son of a weaver, and originally a weaver himself. Bunyan was the son of a travelling tinker. Bloomfield, Gibbon, Gifford, Linnæus, Lackington, Dr. Carey, Roger Sherman were shoemakers; so is Whittier; and Shakspeare was the son of a wool stapler and butcher, Cowley of a grocer, Milton of a scrivener, Ben Jonson of a mason, Fletcher of a chandler, Pope of a linen draper, Collins of a hatter, Gray of a notary, Beattie and Butler of farmers, Akenside of a butcher, Whitehead of a baker, Henry Kirke White of a butcher, and Thomas Moore of a grocer. Gay was apprenticed to a silk mercer; Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Tenterden, and Jeremy Taylor were sons of barbers. Dr. Maddox, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a pastry cook. Dr. Milner was a weaver, and Sir Samuel Romilly was the son of a goldsmith. Richardson, the gifted writer, and Franklin, the philosopher, were printers. John Hunter was the son of a carpenter, and Scott, the commentator, of a grazier. Ferguson, the astronomer, was a shepherd in his youth. Defoe was a hosier, and son of a butcher; and Dymond, author of *Principles of Morality*, was a linen draper, and *traded or wrote*, according as he had, or had *not*, customers. Woods, Curran, Jeffrey, Brydges, Atkins, and Lord Ellenborough were all the sons of humble tradesmen.

Turning to France, we find that Amyot was the son of a currier, Rabelais of an apothecary, Voiture of a tax-gatherer, Lamothe of a hatter, Massillon of a turner, Griennault of a baker, Molière of a tapestry maker, Rousseau of a watchmaker, and Rollin of a herdsman. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook. Quintin Matsys was a blacksmith.

1966. EMINENT SHOEMAKERS.

Linnæus, the founder of the science of botany, was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Sweden, but afterwards taken notice of, in consequence of his ability, and sent to college.

David Pareus, the elder, who was afterwards a celebrated professor of theology at Heidelberg, Germany, was at one time apprenticed to a shoemaker.

Joseph Pendell, who died some time since at Gray's Buildings, London, and who was a profound and scientific scholar, leaving an excellent library, was bred to, and pursued through life, the trade of a shoemaker.

Hans Sachs, one of the most famous of the early poets, was the son of a tailor, served an apprentice-

ship to a shoemaker, and afterwards became a weaver, in which he continued.

Benedict Baddouth, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century, was a shoemaker, as likewise was his father. This man wrote a treatise on the shoemaking of the ancients, which he traced up to the time of Adam himself. Thus Adam was a shoemaker, and Eve a tailoress. She "sewed fig leaves together," proving truly the antiquity of these two branches of industry and skill.

To these may be added those ornaments of literature, Holcroft, the author of the *Critic* and other works; Gifford, the founder, and for many years the editor, of the *London Quarterly Review*, one of the most profound scholars and elegant writers of the age; and Bloomfield, the author of the *Farmer's Boy* and other works; all of whom were shoemakers, and the pride and admiration of the literary world.

John Brand, secretary of the London Antiquarian Society, and author of several learned works, was originally a shoemaker, but fortunately found means to complete his studies at Oxford.

Winckelmann, the learned German antiquary, was the son of a shoemaker, and was for some time engaged in the same employment, but finally burst from his obscurity, and became a professor of belles-lettres. He was the friend and correspondent of the most learned men of his time.

Fox, the founder of the sect called Quakers, was the son of a weaver, and apprenticed to a shoemaker and grazier.

Roger Sherman, the American statesman, was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and found ample time, during his minority, to acquire a stock of knowledge that assisted him in the acquisition of fame and fortune.

1967. TOOKE AND THE ETONIAN.

Tooke was the son of a poulterer, which he alluded to when called upon by the proud striplings of Eton to describe himself. "I am," said young Horne, "the son of an eminent Turkey merchant."

1968. INSOLENCES REBUKED.

Baumarchais, the author of the *Marriage of Figaro*, was the son of a Parisian watchmaker, but raised himself to fame, wealth, and rank by the mere force of his talents. A young nobleman, envious of his reputation, once undertook to wound his vanity and pride by an allusion to his humble origin—handing him his watch, and saying, "Examine it; sir; it does not keep time well; pray ascertain the cause." Baumarchais extended his hand awkwardly, as if to receive the watch, but contrived to let it fall on the pavement. "You see, my dear sir," replied he, "you have applied to the wrong person; my father always declared that I was too awkward to be a watchmaker."

1969. MICHAEL ANGELO.

The husband and father of the woman that nursed Michael Angelo were stone masons, and the chisel was often put into the hands of the child as a plaything.

§ 196. ORTHOGRAPHY.

1970. MULCASTER'S FAILURE.

The learned Mulcaster, in his zealous labor to the "right writing of the English tongue," failed, though his principle seems one of the most obvious in simplicity. This scholar, a master of St. Paul's school, freed from collegiate prejudices, maintained that "words should be written as they are spoken." But where were we to seek for the standard of our orthography? Who was to furnish the model of our speech, in a land where the pronunciation varied from the court, the capital, or the county, and was mutable from age to age? The same effort was made among our neighbors. In 1570, the learned Joubert attempted to introduce a new orthography, without, however, the aid of strange characters. His rule was only to give those letters which yield the proper pronunciation; thus he wrote, *œuvres*, *uvres*; *françoise*, *fran-saise*; *temps*, *tems*.

1971. CURIOUS RELIC.

A curious instance of the monstrous anomalies of our orthography in the infancy of our literature, when a spelling-book was yet a precious thing which had no existence, appears in this letter of the Duchess of Norfolk to Cromwell, Earl of Essex:—

"My ffray gode lord: her I sand you in tokyen hoff neweyer a glasse hoff Setyl set in Sellfer gyld I pray you tak hit (in) wort An hy wer habel het showlde be bater I woll hit war wort a m crone."

These lines were written by one of the most accomplished ladies of the sixteenth century, "the friend of scholars and the patron of literature." Dr. Nott, who has supplied this literary curiosity, has modernized the passage word by word; and though the idiom of the times is preserved, it no longer wears any appearance of vulgarity or of illiteracy.

"My very good lord: Here I send you, in token of the New Year, a glass of Setyll set in silver gilt; I pray you take it (in) worth. An I were able it should be better. I would it were worth a thousand

1972. SMITH'S FAILURE.

The learned Sir Thomas Smith, under Elizabeth, composed his treatise on the English Commonwealth, both in Latin and in English—the worthy companion of the great work of Fortescue. Not deterred by the fate of his friend, the learned Cheke, he projected even a bolder system, to correct the writing of English words. He designed to relieve the ear from the clash of supernumerary consonants, and to liquefy by a vowelly confluence. But though the scholar exposed the absurdity of the general practice, where, in certain words, the redundant letters became mutes, or do not comprehend the sounds which are expressed, while in other words we have no letters which can express the sounds by which they are spoken, he had only ascertained the disease, for he was not equally fortunate in the prevention. An enlargement of the alphabet, ten vowels instead of five, and a fantastical mixture of the Roman, the Greek, and the Saxon characters, required

an Englishman to be a very learned man to read and write his maternal language. This project was only substituting for one difficulty another more strange.

Were we to course the wide fields which these early "rackers of orthography have run over," we should start at every turn some strange "winged words;" but they would be fantastic monsters, neither birds with wings, nor hares with feet. Shakspeare sarcastically describes this numerous race: "Now he is turned ORTHOGRAPHER; his words are a very fantastical banquet; just so many strange dishes."

1973. VARIOUS WAYS OF SPELLING THE SAME WORD.

In such disorder lay our orthography in early times, that writers, however peculiar in their mode of spelling, did not even write the same words uniformly. Elizabeth herself wrote one word, which assuredly she had constantly in her mind, seven different ways; for thus has this queen written the word *sovereign*. The royal mistress of eight languages seemed at a loss which to choose for her command.

The orthography of others, eminent for their learning, was as remarkable, and sometimes more eruditely whimsical, either in the attempt to trace the etymology, or to modify exotic words to a native origin; or, finally, to suit the popular pronunciation. What system or method could be hoped for at a time when there prevailed a strange discrepancy in the very names of persons, so variously written not only by their friends but by their owners? Lord Burleigh, when secretary of state, daily signing despatches with the favorite Leicester, yet spelt his name *Lecester*; and Leicester himself has subscribed his own name eight different ways.

At that period down to a much later, every one seems to have been at a loss to write his own name. The name of *Villers* is spelt fourteen different ways in the deeds of that family. The simple dissyllabic but illustrious name of *Percy*, the bishop found in family documents, they had contrived to write in fifteen different ways.

Noah Webster, our great lexicographer, says the proper pronunciation of the name of a place is that which prevails—he probably means in good society—in and about the place. If a similar rule were applied to the orthography, both of persons and names,—that is, if the true mode of spelling names and places was that which was adopted by the best society, and by the best informed individuals, who are most immediately concerned,—and if such a mode were adopted and practised, it would lead to just such a condition of things in this particular as we now see.

The evil is probably irremediable. The law of freedom of opinion and action has gone out, and is not likely soon to be changed. Indeed, the frequency of legislation on this subject has done much to render confusion, in this respect, still more confounded than before. And the end of these things can hardly now be predicted. However, it is, after all, one of the smaller evils of our fashionable republicanism, and we may as well submit to it, believing that, according to the old adage, "What cannot be cured must be endured."

PAINTING AND PAINTERS.

§ 197. HISTORICAL FACTS.

1974. THE DARK AGE FOR ARTISTS.



It is curious to reflect that mistaken views of religion have, in all times, been the prime cause of the ruin of art. It was not Alaric or Theodoric, but an edict from Honorius, that ordered the early Christians to destroy such images, if any remained.

Flaxman says, "The commands for destroying sacred paintings and sculpture prevented the artist from suffering his mind to rise to the contemplation or execution of any sublime effort, as he dreaded a prison or a stake,

and reduced him to the lowest drudgery in his profession. This extraordinary check to our national art occurred at a time which offered the most essential and extraordinary assistance to its progress." Flaxman proceeds to remark, that "the civil wars completed what fanaticism had begun; and English art was so completely extinguished that foreign artists were always employed for public or private undertakings."

In the reign of Elizabeth, it became a fashionable taste to sally forth and knock pictures to pieces; and in the State Trials is a curious trial of Henry Sherfield, Esq., recorder of Salisbury, who concealed himself in the church, and with a long pike knocked a window to pieces. As he was doing this, he was watched through the door, and seen to slip down, headlong, where he lay groaning for a long time, and a horse was sent for to carry him home. He was fined five hundred pounds, and imprisoned in the Fleet; and the attorney general for the crown (1632) said there were people, he verily believed, who would have knocked off the cherubim from the ark. By the witnesses examined, it was evidently a matter of religious conscience in Sherfield, who complained that his pew was opposite the window, and that the representation of God by a human figure disturbed him at prayer.

Queen Elizabeth was the bitterest persecutor; she ordered all walls to be whitewashed, and all candlesticks and pictures to be utterly destroyed, so that no memorial might remain of the same.

In Charles I.'s time, on the Journals of the House is found, (1645, July 23,) "Ordered, that all pictures having the second person in the Trinity shall be burnt." Walpole relates, that one Blessie

was hired at half-a-crown a day to break the painted glass window at Croydon Church. There is extant the journal of a parliamentary visitor, appropriately enough named *Dowsing*, appointed for demolishing superstitious pictures and ornaments of churches, &c.; and by calculation, he and his agents are found to have destroyed about four thousand six hundred and sixty pictures, from June 9, 1643, to October 4, 1644, evidently not all glass, because when they were glass he specifies them.

The result of this continued persecution, says Haydon, was the ruin of "high art;" for the people had not taste enough to feel any sympathy for it independently of religion, and every man who has pursued it since, who had no private fortune, and was not supported by a pension, like West, became infallibly ruined.

Historical painters, left without employment, began to complain. In the time of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, we find them petitioning for bread. They revived a little with Charles I. and II. Thornhill got employed in the early part of the last century; then came the Society in St. Martin's Lane, 1760; and in 1768 was established the Royal Academy, to help high art; but there being still no employment for it, the power in art fell into the hands of portrait painters, who have wielded it ever since, with individual exceptions, to the further decay and destruction of this eminent style.

1975. AN ANTIQUE OIL PAINTING.

The oldest oil painting now in existence is believed to be a Madonna and Child in her arms, with an Eastern countenance. It has marked on it the date, which is thus expressed: DCCCLXXXVJ. If we express these with Arabic characters, it would make 886; and the period of this piece would fall about the time of Basilus or Charlemagne. This singular and valuable painting formed part of the treasures of art in the old palace of the Florentine republic; and was purchased by the director, Benicivni, from a broker in the street for a few livres.

1976. THE YOUNG INDIAN.

About the year 1830, a Catholic priest established a school for the children of a remnant of the Penobscot tribe of Indians at Oldtown, on the Penobscot River, in Maine, a little above Bangor. Besides spelling, reading and writing, he also taught them vocal and instrumental music.

One of the pupils of this school, by the name of Paul Joseph Osson, had distinguished himself by unusual intelligence and proficiency. After leaving the school, he returned, for a year or two, to his Indian habits and manners. But at the end of this time, being on a visit to Bangor, he happened to fix his eye on some engravings in the shops, which made a very strong impression on his mind. This bent of his mind soon attracted notice, and he was taken to the room of a painter, and shown a considerable

collection of portraits and other paintings. From that time painting seemed to take possession of his whole soul. He employed himself continually in sketching figures upon wood and bark. The priest who had been his teacher encouraged and assisted him; and he commenced drawing and painting flowers, animals, miniature likenesses of his fellow-Indians, and landscapes of considerable compass. Several of these were so handsomely executed, and he made such improvement, that the painter above mentioned consented to take him under his tuition. His progress in the art has been highly respectable.

1977. THE OLDEST PAINTING IN ENGLAND.



Chaucer.

The oldest picture in England is the portrait of Chaucer, who died in 1402, and which was probably painted in the Low Countries about twenty years before his death. It was discovered in a lumber garret in the house in which Cromwell was born, at Huntingdon, by Sir Richard Phillips, in 1802. The celebrated collector, Count Truchsess, conceived that it was first painted in water colors, and oiled afterwards for preservation; and he certified that the name *Chaucer*, in the background, was laid on with the painting.

The next portrait, in point of antiquity, is that of King Henry IV., who began his reign in 1400, and is the property of the Earl of Oxford, and kept at Hampton Court, in Herefordshire.

1978. MONOCHROMATIC PAINTING.

A very delicate experiment, yet a very natural one, which Buffon appears to have first noticed, led, in all probability, to the invention of the monochromatic mode of painting, or painting with a single color. If, at the moment which precedes sunset, at the close of a cloudless day, a body is placed near a wall, or against another polished body, or on a smooth, chalky soil, the shadow caused by this body is *blue*, instead of being *black* or *colorless*.

This effect is produced by the light of the sun being so weakened that the blue rays, which are reflected from the sky, which has always this color on a clear day, fall, and are again driven back, or reflected on that part of the wall which the dying light of the sun cannot strike; for, even at its last moment, the light which falls straight and direct is sufficiently strong to destroy that of the heavens, which is only reflected wherever they meet.

1979. PROFILES.

The first profile taken, as recorded, was that of Antigonus, who, having but one eye, had his likeness so taken, 330 B. C.

1980. SIGN PAINTING IN THE TIME OF GEORGE III.

Before the change which took place in the general appearance of London, soon after the accession of George III., the general use of signs, not only for taverns and alchouses, but also for tradesmen, furnished no small employment for the inferior rank of painters, and sometimes even for the superior professors. Mr. Canton painted several good signs; but among the most celebrated practitioners in this branch was a person by the name of Lamt, who possessed a considerable degree of ability. His pencil was bold and masterly, and well adapted to the subjects on which it was generally employed.

Mr. Wale, who was one of the founders of the Royal Academy, and appointed the first professor of perspective in that institution, also painted some signs, the principal of which was a whole length of Shakspeare, above five feet high, which was executed for and displayed before the door of a public house, at the north-west corner of Little Russel Street, Drury Lane. It was enclosed in a sumptuously carved gilt frame, and suspended by rich iron work. But this splendid object of attraction did not hang long, before it was taken down, in consequence of the act of Parliament which was passed for removing signs and other obstructions from the streets of London. Such was the total change of fashion, and the consequent disuse of signs, that this representation of the immortal Shakspeare was sold for a trifle to a broker, at whose door it stood for several years, until it was totally destroyed by the weather and other accidents.

1981. MOSAIC PAINTING.

Mosaic, as Wotton describes it in his work on architecture, is a kind of painting in small pebbles, cockles, or shells of sundry colors; and in recent times likewise with pieces of glass figured at pleasure. It is used chiefly for pavements and floorings.

The term *mosaic* is derived from the Latin *musivum*; and a noble lord ought not to have been laughed at in the House of Peers, when he pronounced the word, as it ought to be pronounced, *mosaic*. It is odd enough that many persons have really conceived it to originate from the name of the great Jewish legislator!

Pliny shows that the Greeks were the first who practised this art, and notices a curious work of the kind, which was called "an unswept piece." This singular performance exhibited to the eye crums of bread, and such other things as fall from a table, which were so naturally imitated, that observers

were completely deceived into the belief that "an unswept" payment lay before them. It was formed of small shells painted with different colors.

Mosaic has been practised in Italy for these two thousand years. The manner of working it is by copying, with morsels of marble of different colors, every thing which a picture can imitate. Instead of common stones, difficult to be collected for works of magnitude, and requiring much time to prepare and polish, the Mosaic artists have sometimes recourse to a paste composed of glass and enamel, which, after passing through a crucible, takes a brilliant color. All the pieces are inlaid, and very thin, and their length is proportioned to their slenderness. They sometimes inlay a piece not thicker than a hair. They are easily fixed in a stucco or plaster of Paris placed to receive them, and soon dry and harden. Such works are so solid that they are capable of resisting the assaults of time through many ages. The mosaic of St. Mark at Venice has existed above nine hundred years, in perfect splendor and beauty.

The Church of St. Dominico at Siena has to boast of a peculiarly elegant mosaic pavement. Duccio, of Siena, in 1350, began that part of it which is beneath the altar of St. Ausano. In 1424, the pavement under the three steps of the high altar, representing David, Samson, Moses, Judas Maccaheus, and Joshua, was completed; and forty years afterwards, Matteo de Siena proceeded to embellish the part under the altar of the crucifix with the history of the martyrdom of the Innocents. The twelve Sibyls were added in 1483; and in 1500, Dominico Beccafumi, *alias* Mearino, completed this magnificent pavement, by executing the middle part, next the pulpit.

How much is it to be lamented that the mosaic art was not in ancient Rome practised with the per-

fection it has obtained there in modern times. Had mosaic been applied to exact imitations of the pictures of Apelles, Zeuxis, and other great artists, they might still have remained to us; a new polish would have renewed their fading beauties, and restored them to immortal youth.

Some curious and playful effects have been produced in mosaic. A piece of this kind, when viewed standing, exhibited the head of a Satyr, but, seen another way, displayed a beautiful landscape; another, observed on one side, showed a bundle of herbs, and on the other the head and face of a man. It is not, however, supposed to require much skill to copy in mosaic a picture with the utmost faithfulness. The artists of this class are often persons quite ignorant of the art of painting; the chief things wanted are patience and a good eye. When the picture is finished, it appears at first in a most rude state, so rough and full of inequalities that one can scarcely trace the subject; but by close polishing, it becomes as smooth and lustrous as glass.

1982. LOST CHANCE OF A NATIONAL GALLERY.

George IV., when regent, proposed to connect Carlton House, in Pall Mall, with Marlborough House and St. James's Palace, by a gallery of portraits of the sovereigns and other historic personages of England; but, unfortunately, Mr. Nash's speculation of buying Carlton House and Gardens, and overlaying St. James's Park with terraces, prevailed; and this magnificent design of an historical gallery was abandoned, although the crown of England possesses materials for an historical collection, which would be infinitely superior to that of Versailles.

§ 198. SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

1983. RUSSELL, THE CRAYON PAINTER.

This ingenious man was a native of Guildford, and the eldest son of Mr. John Russell, bookseller, of that town. In early youth he evinced a strong predilection for drawing, and was placed under the tuition of Mr. Francis Coates, an academical of great talent, after whose decease "he enjoyed the reputation of being the first artist in crayon painting, in which he particularly excelled in the delineation of female beauty." In 1789, Russell was chosen a member of the Royal Academy, and soon after appointed crayon painter to the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York. Notwithstanding this constant succession of professional employment, he devoted considerable attention to astronomical pursuits; and his *Selenographia*, or Model of the Moon, which occupied the whole of his leisure from the year 1785 until 1797, affords a remarkable instance of his ingenuity and perseverance. At the time of his decease he had finished two other drawings, which completed his plan, and exhibit an elaborate view of the moon in a full state of illumination. Mr. Russell died at Hull in 1806. He published, in 1772, a small quarto tract on the Elements of Painting in Crayons, a work now exceedingly scarce.

We remember seeing two very clever portraits (large ovals) in crayons, by this artist, in the cabinet

of Mr. Newland, of Guildford. They are, John Palmer, in the character of Comus, and Mrs. Wells, as Anne Page, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and both have been engraved. Mr. Wilberforce sat to Russell for his portrait when young, and in recording this in his Diary, he characterizes the painter as "high church, very high."

1984. BENJAMIN WEST IN ITALY.

Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford, on whom West had a letter of credit for the amount of his little fortune, furnished him with recommendations to Cardinal Albani and some other persons of talent and large consideration in Rome. He arrived in that city on the 10th of July, 1760, being then nearly twenty-two years old. Almost fifteen years had passed since his first childish attempts at drawing, and six years since he had devoted his whole time to the profession of painting with unremitting application.

A mistaken report having spread that an American savage had crossed the Atlantic to study the arts in Italy, he was at once an object of general curiosity and interest. The Irish gentry in Rome, on hearing his name, at first mistook him for West, the chief director of the Dublin Academy, who had obtained the prize for drawing the human figure

when a student in the Academy at Paris. But when Mengs, the painter, requested to see a sketch of his drawing, he was obliged to own to an English gentleman, his friend, that his want of practice from the naked model and antique statues rendered him incapable of producing a drawing like those of other students.

This fact shows that his progress in America had been made upon canvas, and with the oil pencils only, excepting the mere chalking in the outlines of his sitters. We may presume that in perspective and anatomy, as well as in drawing the living model, he had little or no opportunity of acquirement. Dr. Shippen did not deliver the first lecture on anatomy and surgery, in Philadelphia, until 1764, four years after West had sailed for Italy. The merits of his *Death of Socrates*, and *Trial of Susannah*, must have been confined to character, expression, and composition; the two former being to be acquired by painting portraits, and observations on nature; the latter, by good taste and practice in sketching with the pen and ink, or any other material.

In attempting to paint history in Philadelphia, he might be compared to a man of genius, who, having acquired his language by the ear, and only used it orally, rises, under the powerful impulse of nature, to address a public assembly on some great occasion. The "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" may show his courage and the powers of his mind; but his want of method and of grammatical construction will also show the orator's want of intellectual cultivation. A genius for historical painting is born with the man. The power of telling a story impressively on canvas, which constitutes the high classical language of the pencil, is an artificial acquirement.

West's natural endowments impelled him to paint history before he had acquired the knowledge or skill of a draughtsman. He felt his want; but he knew that the latter alone is only the cold and empty learning of a pedant, which can never make a painter. In the arts of war and peace it is the same. The courage of the soldier, the soul of the hero, exists before he has learnt the use of arms. The coward when locked up in steel is only more exposed; and the fool who acquires the power of speaking a hundred tongues will only utter his mother tongue of folly in them all. A mere draughtsman, with a strong faculty of eye, a practised hand and sterile mind, in the midst of his noisy pretensions, is a *fac-similist*, not a painter.

Mr. West's first specimen of his art in Rome was a portrait of Mr. Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham. This picture, having been privately painted, was afterwards mistaken, when submitted to the inspection of artists and amateurs, for a performance by Mengs, and spoken of as one of his best colored pictures. This was no ordinary compliment; for although Mengs was a man of cold fancy, and no great natural endowments, he was an artist of intense meditation, great practice, and great acquirements. At first, Mr. West was diverted from study by the various spectacles in the capital. This continual excitement of his sensations, the change of air, and different mode of living, produced a nervous affection, attended by a feverish debility, which compelled him to leave Rome, and return to Leghorn for quiet and retirement. He was there soon enabled, by the use of the baths, to return to Rome; but the same causes occasioned a relapse, which drove him back again to Leghorn. Although speedily relieved from his fever, he was

long afflicted with a painful swelling in one of his ankles. To obtain the advice of Nanoni, a surgeon famous for his successful treatment of diseased joints, he was obliged to go to Florence, where he lingered for eleven months in confinement, before he was completely cured. During this melancholy period his enthusiasm was active. He had a drawing desk made, which enabled him to sketch and compose historical subjects in bed, and thus contrived to amuse and improve himself during his illness. Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford corresponded with him; and Sir Horace Mann, (the British minister at the court of the grand duke,) Mr. Dundas, (afterwards Lord Dundas,) Lord Cooper, Sir John Thorold, and many more of the English nobility and gentry, then resident there, were unsparing in their kind attentions. The Cardinal Albani wrote to him from Rome; the Marquises of Pandolphini, Mozzi, Ricardi, and Gerini, with several more of the Florentine nobles, were equally flattering in their civilities. These circumstances served to animate his professional ambition, and no doubt contributed to his recovery.

As soon as he was able to travel, pursuant to a former advice of Mengs, he visited Bologna, Parma, Verona, and Venice. He staid in each of those cities long enough to inspect the chief works of the celebrated masters. His course of study was necessarily hurried, but marked by intense application. Part of each day was devoted to inspecting the works of art, and a portion to attending dissections and lectures on anatomy, studying perspective, and drawing regularly from the human figure and best antique statues. He made slight drawings and sketches of the groups, or single figures, in the pictures of the old masters, which he most admired. In some instances, he sketched the entire composition. He painted but a few finished copies in oil, and these, principally with a view to acquire the method of impasting, pencilling, and coloring. Titian, Tintoretto, and Correggio, were his models for execution, *chiaro-oscuro*, and color. In this tour he was accompanied by a Mr. Matthews, of the house of Jackson and Rutherford, who united pleasure and business, and had affairs to settle and connections to extend, in the cities which they visited. This gentleman possessed classical attainments and a taste for the arts, and was delighted with the opportunity of acquiring further improvement and gratification by accompanying Mr. West in his visits to view the pictures and sculpture in the churches and palaces. The latter had been enabled to pursue his studies, and travel at his ease, by the public spirit of some American merchants. His enthusiastic application, the estimation in which he was held, and his success in his profession, had reached Mr. Allen, in Philadelphia. That gentleman received the letter which communicated this intelligence from Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford, on a day when he gave a dinner to Mr. Hamilton, the governor of Pennsylvania, and the principal magistrates of Philadelphia. Mr. Allen, justly considering Mr. West an honor to America, communicated his intention, before the company, to remit him the means of prosecuting his studies. In this, Mr. Hamilton, with equal pride and patriotism, begged leave to join; and the result was, that Mr. West, when setting out on his journey for improvement, was met by a letter of unlimited credit at Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford's. This is not mentioned as a piece of good fortune, but as one among many proofs, that if West had not preferred *historical painting in England*, his country was proud

of him as the first American who had studied painting, and would have welcomed him home with public patronage as a portrait painter, had he chosen to recross the Atlantic.

On his return to Rome, he pursued the same course of study, and painted, about this time, a picture of Cymon and Iphigenia, which surprised Mengs. That artist, although he was weak enough to be flattered by some ignorant parasites, who spoke of his own works as being superior to those of Raphael, had the candor to praise this picture highly to Mr. Robinson. "If this young man," said he, "in his very first composition is superior to Battoni, what will he be by and by?" Battoni himself, on seeing the Cymon and Iphigenia, advised Mr. West to quit painting portraits, for that "history and poetry were his proper province."

He next paints a picture of Angelica and Medoro. This was received with equal applause, and proved the astonishing advance he had made in correctness of drawing, and the sense of beautiful forms. He painted many other studies, and made a number of sketches from the best pictures in Rome, and chiefly from those of Raphael. He had, just then, the good fortune to be introduced to Mr. Wilcox, the author of that admirable work, the Roman Conversations, and derived important advantages from his immense stores of knowledge in every thing relative to the costume and manners of the ancients.

Nearly three years had now passed, and the time approached of his engagement to revisit America; but his own wish, and a letter from his father, determined him to see the best collection of pictures in England, prior to his return. He, therefore, availed himself of an opportunity to accompany Mr. Patoune, a Scotch physician and amateur of the fine arts, who was for travelling homeward. West took leave of his friends at Florence, and finished, in Parma, a copy in oil colors, which he had begun when formerly in that city, from Correggio's famous Marriage of St. Catharine. That picture is generally called the St. Jerome, from a conspicuous figure of that saint, and is well known to collectors by the fine prints engraved from it by Cornelius Cort and Agostino Carracci.

Mr. Patoune, in the mean time, visited Florence, and then met Mr. West at Parma, from whence they journeyed to Genoa and Turin, and passed through Lyons to Paris. In each of these cities West found some hours daily to make pen and ink and chalk sketches from groups and figures in the fine works of art, which he passed his whole time in examining. He every where compared the differences of style, and formed solid conclusions of his own direction. His accomplished fellow-traveller frankly communicated his own opinions, and reaped a pleasure and instruction from his observations. In August, 1763, they both arrived in London.

1765. JOHN ASTLEY.

John Astley, the painter, was born at Wem, in Shropshire. He was a pupil of Hudson, and was at Rome about the same time with Sir Joshua Reynolds. After his return to England, he went to Dublin, practised there as a painter for three years, and in that time earned three thousand pounds. As he was painting his way back to London, in his own post chaise, with an outrider, he loitered in his neighborhood, and, visiting Nutsford Assembly, he there saw Lady Daniel, a widow, who was so cap-

tivated by him, that she contrived to sit to him for her portrait, and then offered him her hand, which he at once accepted. Poor Astley, in the decline of life, was disturbed by reflections upon the dissipation of his early days, and was haunted with apprehensions of indigence and want. He died at his house, Duckenfield Lodge, Cheshire, November 14, 1787, and was buried at the church of that village.

1786. SPAGNOLETO.

The Spanish painter Ribera, known by the name of Spagnoletto, was of very humble parentage; but, though suffering the extreme of poverty, he felt within himself such powers of genius as were superior to depression. After being some time with Ribalta, he went to Rome, and, enlisting himself in the Academy, pursued his studies with an industry which knew no remission, even whilst he was in the pursuit of the scanty necessities of life, which he obtained by the sale of drawings and sketches in the Academy. Without friends, and, at times, almost without food or raiment, he persisted in his course with a stubborn perseverance, which nothing could divert from its object.

One day, a cardinal, passing in his coach, observed a tattered figure employed in painting a board affixed to the outside of one of the ordinary houses in the streets of Rome. The youth and wretchedness of the spectacle excited his pity, and the singular attention with which he pursued his work attracted his notice. It was Ribera, in the act of earning his bread, of which his appearance showed he was absolutely in want. The cardinal called him to his coach, and, ordering him to his palace, immediately domiciliated the lucky youth.

Here he lived in ease and affluence; but that virtue which the frowns of fortune could not shake was not proof against her caresses. Young Ribera became a slave to pleasures of which he had not before even speculative enjoyment. At length the ruin which his genius was menaced with alarmed his pride. With one gallant effort he burst the shackles of temptation, and, rallying out of the palace of the cardinal, reassumed his dignity of soul and poverty at once.

He had now all his former mimeries to encounter, with the aggravated contrast of experienced delights. The slender encouragement he met with at Rome determined him to go to Naples. He set out in a ragged jacket, having pledged his cloak to make provision for the journey. In Naples he engaged himself to a common painter for hire. This man, however, had some science and much humanity; the abilities of Ribera surprised him, he clearly saw how superior his talents were to the low occupation in which he was engaged. He employed him on better subjects; and a further acquaintance opening to him his good qualities, he gave him his only daughter in marriage.

It was now that Ribera's genius was enabled to display itself. A new choice of subjects presented themselves to the world; and people saw, with a terror partaking of delight, martyrdoms, executions, and torments, expressed with a truth and fidelity hitherto unknown. Ribera selected all that sacred or classic history afforded in the terrible, for "horror was not displeasing to him." All that the pagan theology, or the poetical hell, had represented to appall the guilty, was to be found on the canvass of Ribera. A martyred St. Bartholomew, stripped to the muscles, became a study for anatomists. Cato

of Utica, in the act of tearing out his bowels, brought the horror of self-murder to the eyes and hearts of men. Hercules, struggling in the throes of death, and all tortured in the fabulous realm of Pluto, were now exhibited like Eschylus's Furies on the stage of Athens, and in some instances with the same effects. His pictures were, from that time, eagerly sought after, and adorned the best collections in Europe.

1697. SHORT SKETCH OF GAINSBOROUGH.

Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727, and had the good fortune to take Nature for his mistress in art, and to follow her through life. His place of nativity will be long remembered. A beautiful wood, of four miles' extent, is shown, whose ancient trees, winding glades, and sunny nooks inspired him, while yet a schoolboy, with the love of art. Scenes are pointed out where he used to sit and fill his copy-books with pencillings of flowers and trees, and whatever pleased his fancy. No fine clump of trees, no picturesque stream nor romantic glade, no cattle grazing, nor flocks reposing, nor peasants pursuing their work, nor pastoral occupations, escaped his diligent pencil. He received some instruction from Gravelot, and from Hayman, the friend of Hogarth. Having married, he settled in Ipswich, but in his thirty-first year removed to Bath, where he was appreciated as he deserved, and was enabled by his pencil to live respectably.

He then removed to London, where he added the lucrative branch of portrait painting to his favorite pursuit of landscape. The permanent splendor of his colors, and the natural and living air which he communicated to whatever he touched, made him at this time, in the estimation of many, a dangerous rival of Sir Joshua himself.

Gainsborough was quite a child of nature, and every thing that came from his easel smacked strongly of that raciness, freshness, and originality the study of nature alone can give. The Woodman and his Dog in the Storm was one of his favorite compositions; yet, while he lived, he could find no purchaser at the paltry sum of one hundred guineas. After his death, five hundred guineas were paid for it by Lord Gainsborough, in whose house it was subsequently burnt. The Shepherd's Boy in the Shower, and the Cottage Girl with her Dog and Pitcher, were also his prime favorites. Although he had the good taste to express no contempt for the society of literary or fashionable men, unlike the courtly Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough cared little for their company.

1698. THE PAINTER OPIE.

When Opie was ten years old, he saw Mark Oates—an elder companion, and now a captain of marines—draw a butterfly; and, looking anxiously on, he exclaimed, "I think I can draw a butterfly as well as Mark Oates." Accordingly he took a pencil, tried, succeeded, and ran breathless home to tell his mother what he had done.

Soon afterwards, he saw a picture of a farm-yard, in a house in Truro, where his father was at work. He looked and looked, went away, returned again and looked, and seemed unwilling to be out of sight of this prodigy. For this forwardness, his father, whose hand seems to have been ever ready in that way, gave him a sharp chastisement; but the lady

of the house interposed, and indulged the boy with another look.

On returning home, he procured cloth and colors, and made a tolerable copy of the painting, from memory alone. He likewise attempted original delineations from life, and, by degrees, hung the humble dwelling round with likenesses of his relatives and companions, much to the pleasure of his uncle, a man of sense and knowledge above his condition, but greatly to the vexation of his father, who could not comprehend the merit of such an idle trade.

"Dr. Wolcot," (better known as Peter Pindar,) says Smith, "compassionately took him as a lad to clean knives, feed the dog, &c., purposely to screen him from the beating his father would now and then give him for chalking the sawpit all over."

"He always staid a long time when he went to the slaughter-house for paunches for the dog. At last, the doctor was so wonderfully pleased by John's bringing him home an astonishing likeness of his friend the carcass butcher, that he condescended to sit to him, and the production was equally surprising."

How long he remained with Wolcot has not been mentioned. When yet very young, we find him commencing portrait painting by profession, and wandering from town to town in quest of employment. "One of these expeditions," says Prince Hoare, "was to Padstow, whither he set forward, dressed, as usual, in a boy's plain short jacket, and carrying with him all necessary apparatus for portrait painting. Here, among others, he painted the whole household of the ancient and respectable family of Prideaux, even to the dogs and cats of the family."

"He remained so long absent from home, that some uneasiness began to arise on his account, but it was soon dissipated by his returning dressed in a handsome coat, with very long skirts, laced ruffles, and silk stockings. On seeing his mother, he ran to her, and taking out of his pocket twenty guineas, which he had earned by his pencil, he desired her to keep them, adding that in the future he should maintain himself."

For his mother he always entertained the deepest affection, and neither age nor the pressure of worldly business diminished his enthusiasm in the least. He loved to speak of the mildness of her nature and the tenderness of her heart—of her love of truth and her maternal circumspection. He delighted to recall her epithets of fondness, and relate how she watched over him when a boy, and warmed his gloves and great-coat in the winter mornings, on his departure for school. This good woman lived to the age of ninety-two, enjoyed the fame of her son, and was gladdened with his bounty.

1699. HENRY HOWARD.

Mr. Howard, the well-known secretary and professor of painting to the Royal Academy, died October 5, 1847, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was born in 1770, and was at Rome in 1794. When in his twenty-fourth year, he forwarded his first work, the Death of Cain, to the Royal Academy exhibition. In 1807, he painted the Infant Bacchus brought by Mercury to the Nymphs of Nysa; and in the autumn of the same year he was elected a royal academician.

Of his fellow-academicians, in 1848, only two out of forty survived—Sir Martin Archer Shee and Mr. J. M. W. Turner. Others, however, elected

after him, have died before him — Callcott and William Daniell, for instance; Wilkie, Dawe, Raeburn, Hilton, Collins, Jackson, Chantrey, Constable, and Newton. His diploma picture on his election was the *Four Angels*, loosed from the River Euphrates. For fifty-three years, from 1794 to 1847, Mr. Howard never missed sending to a Royal Academy exhibition. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find another example of such assiduity; yet, where

his pictures went — for he had few or no patrons, so called — it is hard to say. Banks and Flaxman, the two great sculptors, took notice of Howard's early efforts, gave him friendly encouragement in all he did, and suggested, it is said, new subjects for his pencil. Yet his pictures were not very popular; they are classically cold; his place, therefore, in the history of art is not likely to be high or lasting.

§ 199. BLUNDERS AND ABSURDITIES.

1990. GETTING OVER A DIFFICULTY.

A countryman brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher, as large as life. "But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. "That's a bad job," said he; "but lookee, sir, ye can let his legs hang down over the edge of the board."

1991. PICTORIAL ABSURDITIES.

Janfranc has thrown Churchmen in their robes at the feet of our Savior, when an infant; and Algarotti relates, that Paul Veronese introduced several Benedictines among the guests at the feast of Cana.

An altar piece, in a church at Capua, painted by Chella delle Puera, representing the Annunciation, is a curious collection of absurdities. The Virgin is seated in a rich arm-chair of crimson velvet, with gold flowers; a cat and parrot placed near her seem extremely attentive to the whole scene; and on a table are a silver coffee-pot and cup.

A modern Italian has painted the same subject in a way equally absurd. The Virgin is on her knees near the toilet: on a chair are thrown a variety of fashionable dresses, which show that, in the painter's opinion at least, she must have been a practised coquette; and at a little distance appears a cat, with its head lifted up towards the angel, and its ears on end to catch what he has to say.

Paolo Mazzochi painted a piece representing the four elements, in which fishes marked the sea, moles the earth, and a salamander the fire. He wished to have represented the air by a chameleon; but not knowing how to draw that scarce animal, he contented himself, from a similarity of sounds, to introduce a camel, who, extending his long neck, snuffs up the breezes around him.

Anachronisms of this description have been so often noticed, that they are now scarcely worth collecting; but there are others, of a rarer sort, which owe their existence to the barbarous transformations which pictures, originally correct, have undergone, to please the passions and prejudices of the day; and which it is well to treasure up as marks of the impotence of power, when it would torture genius into a violation of sincerity and truth.

In the chapel of one of the principal colleges in Paris, there was a picture representing the general-in-chief of the army of Egypt, attended by some of his *aides-de-camp*, paying a visit to the plague hospitals. Since the restoration of the Bourbon family to the throne of France, Bonaparte has been converted into Christ, and his *aides-de-camp* into apostles. The artist who has made these alterations has not, however, thought it necessary entirely to change the costume, and our Savior appears in the boots of Napoleon.

An instance of similar absurdity occurred at Naples, where, to preserve Gros's magnificent picture of the battle of Aboukir, a Neapolitan general, who never set foot in Egypt, has been substituted for Murat.

1992. BARRETT'S CATS.

The anecdote of the two cats, which has been told of many learned men, originated with the painter Barrett. His only pets were a cat and a kitten, its progeny. A friend, seeing two holes in the bottom of his door, asked him for what purpose he made them there. Barrett said it was for his cats to go in and out.

"Why," replied his friend, "would not one do for both?"

"You silly man," answered the doctor, "how could the big cat get into the little hole?"

"But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?"

"Egad," said Barrett, "and so she could; but I never thought of that."

§ 200. FIRST DEVELOPMENTS AND EFFORTS OF GENIUS.



The Blacksmith of Antwerp, or Quintin Matsys.

1993. ALL FOR LOVE.

Quintin Misius or Matsys, was a blacksmith at Antwerp. When in his twentieth year, he became enamored of a young woman of his condition in life, who was at the same time sought in marriage by a painter of some repute. The damsel confessed to Quintin that she had a greater inclination for him than for the painter, but that she and her friends had an unconquerable aversion to his trade.

Quintin, who from his childhood had evinced a strong taste for designing, instantly resolved to be on equal terms with his rival, and to abandon the hammer for the brush. He applied to his new art with so much liking and assiduity, that in a short time he produced pictures which gave a promise of the highest excellence. He gained for his reward the fair hand for which he sighed; and rose ere long to a high rank in his profession. We shall give his story more fully, and even with "poet license," on page 457.

Among other productions of Quintin's pencil were the portraits, in one piece, of the two friends, Erasmus and Egidius, which afterwards formed part of the collection of Charles I. of England. Sir Thomas More, in some lines which he wrote on his painting, apostrophized the artist in terms which show the high estimation in which he was held, both by his countrymen and foreigners.

*"Quintine, Ouerteris Novat artis
Magno non minor artifex Apelle
Mire composito frotens colore," &c.*

Quintin died in 1529. A hundred years afterwards a monument was erected to his memory in the cathedral of Notre Dame, at Antwerp, the inscription on which records, in a few expressive words, the singular story of his life:—

"Connubialis amor de muliebri fecit Appellen."

1994. OPIE'S EARLY TRAINING.

"I first discovered Opie," said Dr. Wolcot, "in a little hovel in the parish of St. Agnes, in Cornwall.

He was the son of a poor sawyer. I was first led to notice him by accidentally seeing some little rude drawings which he had made, and, finding that he had a genius that way, I used to give him little paints, brushes, money, and at length, finding that he was a youth of promise, I boarded and lodged him in my house gratuitously, during which time I instructed him in drawing; for I used to draw tolerably well myself, before my sight became so bad.

"Opie soon excelled his master, and began to paint portraits in Devonshire, at seven shillings and sixpence a head; when he was not a little proud of his success." He further observed, his "powers in landscape painting were so great, that, had he devoted his mind alone to that study, he would have been second only to Wilson.

"In a short time, Opie sprung into notice, and being invited to dine at the mansion of a rich country squire, I thought it right to give him the following advice how to deport himself under this distinguished honor; for Opie was as rough a cub as was ever turned out from the wilderness. I told him, 'Be sure, now, not to blow your beer before you drink; do not pick your teeth with your fork; and take care not to turn round and drink the servant's good health.'

"His celebrity having attracted the notice of the royal family, he was commanded to repair to Buckingham House with some of his pictures. Accordingly, he went, and the subject of that which pleased the king most was a man struck blind by lightning. This picture the king purchased for ten guineas, having previously told Mr. West that he could only afford to pay a gentleman's price for any of Opie's pictures which he might purchase. Opie flew back on the wings of delight to tell me what a liberal sum the king had promised him for his picture. I soon threw a wet blanket over Opie's ardor, by dryly saying, 'Thou art a raw fellow, to let the king make such a bargain with thee; for do you not remember that I offered to give you as much for it without the frame, which is of itself worth two guineas more?' 'So you did,' said Opie; 'I will go back to the

king, and tell him I cannot let him have the frame at that money; so I will.' Upon which he took his hat, and I had the greatest difficulty to prevent his carrying his intention into execution."

1995. FIRST ATTEMPTS IN ART OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

This excellent painter, at an early period of his life, made some trifling attempts at drawing from common prints; but they were not such as to give much promise of future excellence. There is now one of these very early essays in the possession of his family. It is a perspective view of a book-case, under which his father has written, "Done by Joshua, out of pure idleness."

1996. ANECDOTES OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

When only seventeen, Michael Angelo executed for Lorenzo a *basso rilievo* in bronze: the subject was the Battle of Centaurs. When very old, the great painter once came to see this work of his early youth, and was heard to say that he regretted that he had not entirely devoted himself to sculpture. His next work was a Sleeping Cupid. The wise of that age thought it impossible for modern art to produce any thing equal to the antique; and they were not far wrong, for Michael Angelo had not then arisen. So the dealer who purchased his Cupid had the cunning adroitness to stain it in imitation of the defacements of time, and bury it in a vineyard. He afterwards pretended to discover it by accident, and sold it as an antique statue of Cardinal San Giorgio. The praise it obtained induced him to reveal the secret; the deceived public generously forgave the trick, and the artist was invited to Rome.

1997. SIR JOHN SINCLAIR THE CAUSE OF WILKIE'S BECOMING A PAINTER.

Sir John Sinclair happening once to dine in company with Mr. Wilkie, the painter, that distinguished artist was asked, in the course of conversation, if any particular circumstances had led him to adopt his profession. Sir John inquired, "Had your father, mother, or any of your relations a turn for painting? or what led you to follow that art?" To which Mr. Wilkie replied, "The truth is, Sir John, that you made me a painter." "How, I!" exclaimed the baronet; "I never had the pleasure of meeting you before." Mr. Wilkie then gave the following explanation: "When you were drawing up the Statistical Account of Scotland, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a colored drawing of a soldier, in the uniform of your Highland Fencible Regiment. I was so delighted with the sight, that I was constantly drawing copies of it, and was thus insensibly transformed into a painter."

1998. THE GARLAND TWINER.

Pausias, the celebrated painter of Sicily, in his youth became enamored of a beautiful female of the name of Glycera, who had a singularly elegant taste in the arrangement of flowers into chaplets. Pau-

sius, painting after nature and his mistress, became highly distinguished for his skill as a painter of flowers. The last effort of his pencil was a picture of Glycera herself, seated, and in the act of arranging a chaplet. A production, in the creation of which, love, genius, and gratitude equally assisted, necessarily became a masterpiece; it was called the Garland Twiner, and a copy of it sold for no less a sum than two talents.

1999. THE CAT RAPHAEL.

Gottfried Mind, a celebrated Swiss painter, was called the *Cat Raphael*, from the excellence with which he painted that animal. This peculiar talent was discovered and awakened by chance. At the time when Frendenberger painted his picture of the Peasant cleaving Wood before his Cottage, with his wife sitting by and feeding her child with pap out of a pot, round which a cat is prowling, Mind cast a broad stare on the sketch of this last figure, and said, in his rugged, laconic way, "That is no cat!" Frendenberger asked, with a smile, whether he thought he could do it better. Mind offered to try; went into a corner, and drew the cat, which Frendenberger liked so much that he made his new pupil finish it out, and the master copied the scholar's work; for it is Mind's cat that is engraved in Frendenberger's plate. Prints of Mind's cats are now very common.

2000. HOGARTH.

Hogarth was bound apprentice to a mean engraver of arms on plate, but did not remain long in this occupation before an accidental circumstance discovered the impulse of his genius, and that it was directed to painting. One Sunday, he set out with two or three of his companions on an excursion to Highbury. The weather being hot, they went into a public house, where they had not remained long before a quarrel arose between two persons in the room, one of whom struck the other on the head with a quart pot, and cut him severely. Hogarth drew out his pencil, and produced an extremely ludicrous picture of the scene. What rendered this piece the more pleasing was, that it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with the portrait of his antagonist, and the figures, in caricature, of the persons gathered round him.

2001. GENIUS IN BOYHOOD.

There was once, in the Franklin school, Boston, an exceedingly dull boy. One day the teacher, wishing to look out a word, took up the lad's dictionary, and on opening it found the blank leaves covered with drawings. He called the boy to him.

"Did you draw these?" said the teacher.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, with a downcast look.

"I do not think it is well for boys to draw in their books," said the teacher; "and I would rub these out if I were you; but they are well done. Did you ever take lessons?"

"No, sir," said the boy, his eyes sparkling.

"Well, I think you have a talent for this thing. I should like you to draw me something when you are at leisure at home, and bring it to me. In the mean time, see how well you can recite your lessons."

The boy felt he was understood. He began to love his teacher. He became animated, and fond of his books. He took delight in gratifying his teacher by his faithfulness to his studies; while the teacher took every opportunity to encourage him in his natural desires. The boy became one of the first scholars, and gained the medal before he left school. After this he became an engraver, laid up money enough to go to Europe, studied the works of old masters, sent home productions from his own pencil, which found a place in some of the best collections of paintings, and is now one of the most promising artists of his years in the country.

2002. MORLAND.

The unfortunate George Morland gave very early indications of his genius. He used to draw objects on the floor; and when his father, who was a painter on crayons, stooped to pick up the scissors or the crayons which appeared on the floor, the laugh was often enjoyed against him. These, and a thousand other monkey tricks, made George the favorite child; his father saw the germ of future excellence in his own favorite art, and at the age of fourteen, he had him apprenticed to himself for seven years, during which his application was incessant. His days were devoted to painting, his summer evenings to reading, and those of winter to drawing by lamp light. It was during this period that he gained nearly his whole knowledge, acquired correctness of eye, with obedience of hand, and those principles which laid the foundation of his future excellence.

2003. ALLSTON'S DECISION ON HIS OWN PICTURE.

There is something inimitably touching, simple, and beautiful in the following fact: Some years after Allston had acquired a considerable reputation as a painter, a friend showed him a miniature, and begged he would give a sincere opinion upon its merits, as the young man who drew it had some thoughts of becoming a painter by profession. Allston, after much pressing, and declining to give an opinion, candidly told the gentleman he feared the lad would never do any thing as a painter, and advised his following some more congenial pursuit. His friend then convinced him that the work had been done by Allston himself, for this very gentleman, when Allston was quite young.

2004. ALLSTON AT COLLEGE.

"My leisure hours at college," says Allston, "were chiefly devoted to the pencil, to the composition of figures and landscapes. I do not remember that I preferred one to the other; my only guide in the choice was the inclination of the moment. There was an old landscape at the house of a friend in Cambridge (whether Italian or Spanish, I know not) that gave me my first hints in color in that branch: it was of a rich, deep tone, though not by the hands of a master—the work perhaps of a moderate artist, but of one who lived in a *good age*, when he could not help catching something of the good that was abroad. In the coloring of figures, the pictures of Pine in the Columbian Museum, in Boston, were my first masters. Pine had certainly, as far as I can recollect, considerable merit in color. But

I had a higher master in the head of Cardinal Bentivoglio, from Vandyke, in the college library, which I obtained permission to copy one winter vacation. This copy from Vandyke was by Smybert, an English painter, who came to this country with Dean, afterwards Bishop Berkeley. At that time, it seemed to me perfection; when I saw the original, some years afterwards, I found I had to alter my notions of perfection. However, I am grateful to Smybert for the instruction he gave me—his work rather. Deliver me from kicking down even the weakest step of an early ladder."

2005. JARVIS SPENCER.

Jarvis Spencer was a miniature painter of much celebrity, contemporaneous with Hogarth. He was originally a gentleman's servant; but, having a natural turn for art, he amused himself with drawing. It happened that one of the family with whom he lived sat for a portrait to a miniature painter, and when the work was completed, it was shown to Spencer, who said he thought he could copy it. He was allowed to make the attempt, when his success was so great, that the family he lived with at once patronized him, and by their interest he became a fashionable painter of the day.

2006. INMAN'S EARLY HISTORY.

About the year 1814, Wertmuler's celebrated picture of Danaë was exhibited at Mr. Jarvis's rooms in Murray Street, New York: and thither, as to other exhibitions, the father of the young Inman took him. His second visit to the studio of Jarvis he has thus described:—

"On a second visit, when I went alone, I saw Mr. Jarvis himself, who came up from his painting room into the apartment in which the Danaë, with other works of art, was placed. On observing his entrance, with a maul-stick in his hand, and palette on his arm, I removed my hat and bowed, presuming that he was the proprietor of the establishment. At that time, I regarded an artist with peculiar reverence. Without noticing my salutation, he walked rapidly towards me, and, with his singular look of scrutiny, peered into my face. Suddenly he exclaimed, 'By Heavens! the very head for a painter!' He then put some questions to me, invited me below stairs, and permitted me to examine his portfolios.

"He shortly after called upon my father, and proposed to take me as a pupil. I was at this time preparing for my entrance to the West Point institution as a cadet, for which I had already obtained a warrant. My father left the matter to myself, and I gladly acceded to Mr. Jarvis's proposal. I accordingly entered upon a seven years' apprenticeship with him.

"Notwithstanding his phrenological observations upon my cranium, a circumstance connected with my first effort in oil colors would seem to contradict the favorable inference it contained. Another of his students and myself were set down before a small tinted landscape, with instructions to copy it. Palettes and brushes were put into our hands, and to work we went. After much anxious looking and laborious daubing, Mr. Jarvis came up to see what progress we had made. After regarding our work some moments in silence, he astounded us with these words: 'Get up! Get up! These

are the worst attempts I ever saw. Here, Philip, (turning to a mulatto boy, who was grinding paints in another part of the room,) take the brushes, and finish what these gentlemen have begun so bravely.' All this took place in the presence of several strangers, who had come to look at the gallery. You can imagine what a shock our self-love received. Such mortifications are the most enduring of all remembrances. Notwithstanding this rebuff, I managed to make other and more successful efforts."

Inman was in the studio of Jarvis seven years, under steady and thorough training. His improvement was so rapid, that ere long Jarvis used to put him "upon his own canvases."

2007. FUSELI.

For several years after Fuseli came to England, he devoted himself mainly to literature, and wrote largely, particularly for the Analytical Review. At length he found his way to the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and submitted several of his drawings to the president's examination, who looked at them for some time, and then said, "How long have you studied in Italy?" "I never studied in Italy. I studied at Zurich. I am a native of Switzerland;—do you think I should study in Italy? and, above all, is it worth while?" "Young man," said Reynolds, "were I the author of these drawings, and were there offered me ten thousand a year *not* to practise as an artist, I would reject the proposal with contempt."

This very favorable opinion, from one who considered all he said, and was so remarkable for accuracy of judgment, decided the destiny of Fuseli; he forsook forever the hard and thankless *trade* of literature, refused a living in the church from some patron who had been struck with his talents, and addressed himself to painting with heart and hand.

2008. MICHAEL ANGELO IN BOYHOOD AND OLD AGE.

This great man showed from his infancy a strong inclination for drawing, and made so early a proficiency in it, that, at the age of fourteen, he is said to have corrected the drawings of his master, Dominico Gilhandai. When Michael Angelo was an old man, one of these drawings being shown to him, he said, "In my youth I was a better artist than I am now."

2009. LOVE MAKES A PAINTER.

Matsys was a blacksmith at Antwerp, but dared to love the beautiful daughter of a painter. The damsel returned his passion—but meekly, hesitatingly; as is the way of young damsels, at an age when the heart one moment trembles before that mythological child with whom it plays the next. The father was inexorable.

"Wert thou a painter," said he, "she should be thine; but a blacksmith!—never!"

The young man mused and mused; the hammer dropped from his hand; the god stirred within him; a thousand glorious conceptions passed like shadows across his brain.

"I *will* be a painter," said he. But again his soul was cast down as he reflected on his ignorance of the mechanical part of the art, and genius trembled

at his own fiat. His first efforts reassured him. He drew, and the lines that came were the features of that one loved and lovely face engraved on his heart.

"I will paint her portrait!" cried he. "Love will inspire me!" And he made the attempt. He gazed upon her till his soul became drunken with beauty. In the wild inspiration of such moments, his colors flashed fast and thick upon the canvas, till they formed what one might have imagined to be the reflection of his mistress.

"There!" said he, showing the work to the astonished father,— "there! I claim the prize; *for I am a painter!*"

He exchanged his portrait for the original; continued to love and to paint; became eminent among the sons of art in his day and generation; and dying was buried honorably in the cathedral of his native city, where they wrote upon his tomb, "*Connubialis amor de muliebri fecit Apellen!*"

2010. SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S BOYHOOD.

When Lawrence was but ten years old, his name had flown over the kingdom; he had read scenes from Shakspeare in a way that called forth the praise of Garrick, and drawn faces and figures with such skill as to obtain the approbation of Prince Hoare. His father, desirous of making the most of his talents, carried him to Oxford, where he was patronized by heads of colleges, and noblemen of taste, and produced a number of portraits, wonderful in one so young and uninstructed. Money now came in. He went to Bath, hired a house; raised his price from one guinea to two; his Mrs. Siddons, as Zara, was engraved; Sir Henry Harpur desired to adopt him as his son; Prince Hoare saw something so angelic in his face, that he proposed to paint him in the character of Christ; and the artists of London heard with wonder of a boy who was rivaling their best efforts with the pencil, and realizing, as was imagined, a fortune.

The Hon. Daines Barrington has the following record of Lawrence's precocious talent in his *Miscellanies*: "This boy is now, (viz., February, 1780,) nearly ten years and a half old. But at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of Peter denying Christ. In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace."

2011. CORREGGIO ROUSED.

Among the many legends respecting this illustrious artist, it is said that when young he looked long and earnestly on one of the pictures of Raphael, his brow colored, his eye brightened, and he exclaimed, "I also am a painter!" Titian, when he first saw his works, exclaimed, "Were I not Titian, I would wish to be Correggio."

2012. BENJAMIN WEST.

The first display of talent in the infant mind of Mr. West was curious, and still more so from its occurring where there was nothing to excite it.

America, his native spot, had scarcely a specimen of the arts, and, being the son of a Quaker, he had never seen a picture or a print; his pencil was of his own invention; his colors were given to him by an Indian savage; his whole progress was a series of invention; and painting to him was not the result of a lesson, but an instinctive passion.

When only seven years of age, he was one day left in charge of an infant niece in the cradle, and had a fan to flap away the flies from the child: after some time, it happened to smile, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure which he never before experienced; and observing some paper on a table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavored to delineate a portrait; although at this period he had never seen an engraving or a picture. Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavored to conceal what he had been doing; but the old lady, observing his confusion, inquired what he was about, and asked him to show her the paper. He obeyed, entreating her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, "I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally;" and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say, that if it would give her any pleasure, he would make pictures of the flowers which she held in her hand; for his genius was awakened, and he felt that he could imitate the forms of any of those things which pleased his sight.

Young West continued to make drawings with pen and ink, until camel hair pencils were described to him, when he found a substitute in the tapering fur of a cat's tail. In the following year, a cousin sent him a box of colors and pencils, with several pieces of canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings.

The box was received with delight, and in the colors, the oils, and the pencils, young West found all his wants supplied. He rose at the dawn of the following day, and carried the box to a room in the garret, where he spread his canvas, prepared a palette, and began to imitate the figures in the engravings. Enchanted with his art, he forgot the school hours, and joined the family at dinner without men-

tioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon, he again retired to his study in the garret; and for several days successively he thus withdrew, and devoted himself to painting. Mrs. West, suspecting that the box occasioned the neglect of school, went into the garret, and found him employed on a picture. Her anger was soon appeased by the sight of the performance. She saw not a mere copy, but a composition from two of the engravings. She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would intercede with his father to pardon him for absenting himself from school. Sixty-seven years afterwards, this piece, finished when the artist was in his eighth year, was exhibited in the same room with the sublime painting of Christ rejected; and Mr. West declared, that there were inventive touches in his first and juvenile essay, which all his subsequent experience had not enabled him to surpass.

2013. TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS

Dr. Johnson informs us that Sir Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness of his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise.

2014. TRICK OF CRAASBECK.

Craasbeck, a Flemish painter, entertaining some doubts as to the affection of his wife, who was a modest and agreeable woman, and being anxious to ascertain if she really loved him, one day stripped his breast naked, and painted the appearance of a mortal wound on his skin; his lips and cheeks he painted of a livid color, and on his palette near him he placed his knife, painted on the blade with a blood-like color. When every thing was prepared, he shrieked out, as if he had been that instant killed, and lay still. His wife ran in, saw him in that terrifying condition, and showed so many tokens of unaffected natural passion, and real grief, that he rose up convinced of her affection, dissuaded her from grieving, and freely told her his motive for the whole contrivance, which he would not have violated truth by describing as a very despicable trick.

§ 201. VARIOUS STYLES, HABITS IN PAINTING, &c.

2015. ARTISTICAL RAPIDITY.

Weenix, the Dutch painter, called the *Old*, frequently sketched and finished a picture, five or six feet high, in the course of a single day, and particularly one representing a bull baited by dogs, painted after nature in that space of time. It is also asserted that, in one summer's day, he began and finished three portraits, on canvas, of a three quarter size, and the heads were full as large as life.

2016. DOMENICHINO.

Domenichino, the painter, was accustomed to act the characters of all the figures he would represent on his canvas, and to speak aloud whatever the passion he meant to describe could prompt. Painting the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, Carracci one day caught him in a violent passion, speaking in a ter-

rible and menacing tone. He was at that moment employed on a soldier who was threatening the saint. When this fit of enthusiastic abstraction had passed, Carracci ran and embraced him, acknowledging that Domenichino had been that day his master; and that he had learnt from him the true manner to succeed in catching the expression—that great pride of the painter's art.

Thus different are the sentiments of the intelligent and the unintelligent on the same subject. A Carracci embraced a kindred genius for what a Le Clerc or a Selden would have ridiculed.

2017. GERARD DOUW'S NICETY.

Douw was the most wonderful of all the Flemish masters in the nicety of his finishing. Sandrart gives a striking proof of his inexhaustible patience in this respect. He says that, having once, in

company with Bamboccio, visited Douw. they could not forbear expressing their admiration of the prodigious neatness of the finishing of a minute object. Douw told them he could spend three days more in working on that broom, before he should account it entirely complete.

The same author says, that in a family picture of Mrs. Spiering, the lady had sat days for the finishing of one of her hands, that leaned on an arm-chair. For this reason, not many would sit to him for their portraits; and he therefore indulged himself mostly in works of fancy, in which he could introduce objects of quiet life, and employ on them as much time as suited his inclination.

2018. DOUW'S PATRON.

Houbraken affirms that Douw's great patron, Mr. Spiering, allowed him a thousand guilders a year, and paid, besides, whatever he demanded for his pictures, and purchased some of them for their weight in silver. But Sandrart, with more probability, assures us that the one thousand guilders were paid to Gerard on no other consideration than that he should give his benefactor the option of every picture he painted, for which he was immediately to receive his utmost demand.

2019. REYNOLDS'S DESIRE FOR IMPROVEMENT.

"The earnest desire," says Northcote, "which Sir Joshua Reynolds had to render his pictures perfect, to the utmost of his ability, and in each succeeding instance to surpass the former, occasioned his frequently making them inferior to what they had been in the course of the process; and when it was observed to him, 'that probably he never had sent to the world any one of his paintings in as perfect a state as it had been,' he answered, that he believed the remark was very just, but that, notwithstanding, he certainly gained ground by it on the whole, and improved himself by the experiment; adding, 'If you are not bold enough to run the risk of losing, you can never hope to gain.'

"With the same ardent wish of advancing himself in his art, I have heard him say that whenever a new sitter came to him for a portrait, he always began it with a full determination to make it the best picture he had ever painted; neither would he allow it to be an excuse for his failure, to say, 'The subject was a bad one for a picture.' 'There was always nature,' he would observe, 'which, if well treated, was fully sufficient for the purpose.'

The youthful reader of the foregoing anecdote may learn from it a lesson of greater worth than all Sir Joshua Reynolds's reputation or money. He who means to excel in any department must continually strive to do better than ever he did before; he must strive to excel himself. Paul had taught this doctrine eighteen hundred years ago.

2020. YEARS OF STUDY.

Titian, whom Sir Joshua Reynolds valued so highly that he used to say he would be content to ruin himself to possess one genuine production of his pencil, devoted no less than eighty years of his patriarchal term of life to the prosecution of the art. He was but ten years of age when he became

a scholar of Bellini, of whose style he was soon able to present imitations, which excited universal astonishment. Happening afterwards to see the works of Bellini's pupil Giorgione, he found that he had been excelling in the imitation of a very inferior model, and for some time made it a rule to copy after the elegant, but gaudy, style of Giorgione. At length, abandoning the trammels of example altogether, he gave himself up to the study of nature alone, and thus arrived at that pitch of perfection which has procured him so enviable an immortality.

2021. OBSERVATIONS OF SIR D. WILKIE.

Sir D. Wilkie, in his Remarks on Portrait Painting, says, "No representations of female character have equalled in sweetness and beauty the female portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds; yet a contemporary has remarked, that this was accomplished greatly at the expense of likeness. Hoppner, who was himself distinguished for the beauty with which he endowed the female form, remarked, that even to him it was a matter of surprise that Reynolds could send home portraits with so little resemblance to the originals. This indeed, in his day, occasioned portraits to be left on his hands, or turned to the wall, which, since the means of comparing resemblances have ceased, have blazed forth in all the splendor of grace and elegance which the originals would have been envied for, had they ever possessed them.

"I may add to this what is remarked of Sir Thomas Lawrence: his likenesses were celebrated as the most successful of his time; yet no likenesses exalted so much or refined more upon the originals. He wished to seize the expression, rather than copy the features. His attainment of likeness was most laborious: one distinguished person, who favored him with forty sittings for his head alone, declared he was the slowest painter he had ever sat to, and he had sat to many."

"This distinguished person," says Burnet, in his Practical Essays, "I believe, was Sir Walter Scott. The picture was painted for his majesty, and Lawrence was most anxious to make the picture the best of any painted from so celebrated a character. At other times, however, Sir Thomas was as dexterous with his pencil as any artist. I remember his mentioning that he painted the portrait of Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister, in one day: he came in the morning, remained to dinner, and left at dusk; or, as Lawrence expressed it, quoting his favorite author,—

'From morn till noon,
From noon to dewy eve.'"

2022. PETER JONES

Peter Jones, a pupil of Hudson, may be considered a portrait painter, though his chief excellence was in painting draperies. In this branch of the art, so useful to a fashionable face painter, he was much employed by Reynolds, Cotes, and West. Many of Sir Joshua's best whole lengths are those to which Jones painted the draperies. Among them was the portrait of Lady Elizabeth Keppell, in the dress she wore as bridesmaid to the queen. For this Jones was paid twelve guineas; but Sir Joshua was not remarkably liberal on such occasions, of which Jones did not neglect to complain. When

the Royal Academy was founded, he was chosen one of its members.

2023. LOGAN, THE FAN PAINTER

Mr. Logan, the fan painter at Tunbridge, was an odd, diminutive figure, but a most sensible, honest, and ingenious man; and for some years kept a shop at the extreme end of the parade; from whence he could see the whole company, and constantly delineated any particular character among them in his fans, so as to be immediately known by their forms, which he introduced in his views of the parade, the cold bath, the fish ponds, &c., and for which he had constant employ.

But his character, good sense, jokes, and smart repartees were better remembered at the Hot Wells, at Bristol, where he died much respected. He was originally dwarf to the Prince of Wales. One of his drawings, containing forty-seven portraits, was, in 1822, in possession of Sir Richard Phillips, the only one known to be in existence.

2024. GERARD DOUW'S METHOD OF PAINTING.

Gerard Douw was the son of a glass painter, which profession he also followed for some time. During the three years he was under Rembrandt, he made extraordinary progress; but seemed more taken with his master's earlier and more finished manner than with his latter mode of rapid execution. He evidently had a mind naturally turned to precision and exactness, and would have equally shown this quality in any other profession which he might have happened to have fallen into.

It is a fact well known that, in a portrait which he made of a certain Madam Spiering, he consumed no less than five days' labor on one of the hands alone. Methodical and regular in all his movements, he ground his colors, and made his brushes, all with his own hand, and kept them always locked up in his box, made for that purpose, that they might be free from soil. Scarcely ever was a breath of air allowed to ventilate his painting-room, for fear of its raising the dust. He entered it as softly as he could tread, and, after taking his seat, waited some moments, till the air was settled, before he opened his box, and set to his work.

Into this *sanctum*, as may be imagined, few persons ever were admitted. Sandrart and Peter de Laer were, however, of this number, and seem to have been astonished at the extreme attention he paid to detail, which, though conversant with his works, was more even than they were prepared to expect. He had then been three days employed in painting a single broom.

Gerard Douw was in the habit of using a very ingenious artifice to assist his eye in representing the minutiae of objects. This consisted of a concave mirror, in which his model was reflected, and on its front was placed a screen, divided by threads into several square compartments; then, by tracing corresponding marks on his canvas, he transferred the objects to it, according to the usual rules adopted for reduction.

His assiduity and skill were paid by the extreme high prices at which his pictures sold, and he well deserved it; for with all his minuteness, he makes no sacrifice of other excellences in order to attain it. One of his chief patrons, M. Spiering, (the Swedish

minister at the Hague,) made him an annual present of a thousand florins, merely to be allowed the first choice of all his pictures painted within the year, paying for them afterwards the regular fixed price.

The scale upon which he regulated the value of these does not appear exorbitant; being, it is said, an allowance only of twenty sous for each hour's labor. One of his pictures, the subject of which was a woman, with a child on her knees playing with a little girl, was purchased by the Dutch East India Company, and thought worthy to be made a present by them to Charles II., as a congratulatory offering upon his return to take possession of the throne of England.

2025. VANDYKE.

This distinguished painter, whose works adorn so many galleries of the fine arts in England, was indefatigable in his studies; and although he died at the age of forty-two, his works are equal in number to those of Rubens.

He was much addicted to pleasure and expense, and kept an excellent table, often detaining the persons he had invited to dinner, for an opportunity of studying their countenances, and retouching their pictures in the afternoon.

Vandyke would not suffer any portrait to go from his pencil until he was convinced that it was a good likeness. Laurens sat seven entire days, taking morning and evening; and notwithstanding all his time and pains, Vandyke would not let him look at the picture till he was satisfied with it himself. It was this portrait that induced Charles I. to invite him to England.

2026. PAINTINGS FOR IMMORTALITY.

Pliny the elder bestowed upon Zeuxis that extraordinary and judicious praise which conveys to us a high idea of his talents. Speaking of the picture which Zeuxis painted of Penelope, Pliny says, "He painted the *manners* of that queen."

Zeuxis never attempted to finish his works with rapidity; and when a person reproached him for his tardiness, he said, the reason of his slow progress was, "that he painted for immortality."

His last picture was an old woman: it was so comical and ridiculous, that he is said to have died with laughing at it.

2027. RICHARDSON STUDYING VANDYKE.

When Richardson was a very young man, in the course of his practice he painted the portrait of a very old lady, who, in conversation at the time of her sitting to him, happened to mention, that when she was a girl about sixteen years of age, she sat to Vandyke for her portrait. This immediately raised the curiosity of Richardson, who asked a hundred questions, many of them unimportant. However, the circumstance which seemed to him, as a painter, to be of the most consequence in the information he gained, was this: she said she well remembered that, at the time when she sat to Vandyke for her portrait, and saw his pictures in his gallery, they appeared to have a white and raw look, in comparison with the mellow and rich hue which we now see in them, and which time alone must have given to them, adding much to their excellence.

§ 202. STRATAGEMS, RUSES, AND INGENIOUS DEVICES.

2028. MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE NOBLEMAN.

Michael Angelo, the famous painter, in order to be revenged on a cardinal who had vexed him, be thought himself to draw his picture to the life, and to put him among the damned in the representation of the last day, to be seen in the chapel of Pope Sixtus V., in St. Peter's Church at Rome.

The cardinal, nettled at this grievous affront, complained of it to his holiness, who, having a greater esteem for the painter than for the prelate, gravely answered him, "Sir, if you were in purgatory, I might indeed take you from thence; but as you are unfortunately in hell, you know my power does not reach that place." So that the poor cardinal was forced to be in hell before his death, and there to remain.

2029. SIMON HEMMI'S WIT.

Simon Hemmi, who flourished at Siena in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was the first painter who, by way of explanation, put written scrolls in the mouths of his figures—a practice which afterwards became common. There is a piece of his now in existence, wherein the devil, almost expiring from the severe pursuit of a saint, exclaims, "*Oime! non posso piu.*" "O! O! it is all over with me."

2030. SEYMOUR AND THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Seymour, the celebrated painter of horses, having been affronted by Charles, the old haughty Duke of Somerset, in consequence of having intimated that he believed he had the honor to belong to his grace's family, when he was afterwards requested to return to Petworth to complete a picture which no other painter of the day was able to finish, haughtily answered, "My lord, I will now prove that I am of your grace's family; for I won't come." Upon receiving this laconic reply, the duke sent his steward to demand repayment of a loan of one hundred pounds. Seymour briefly replied that he "would write to his grace." He did so, and directed his letter, "Northumberland House, opposite the trunk-maker's, Charing Cross." Enraged at this additional insult, the duke threw the letter into the fire unopened, ordering his steward at the same time to have him arrested. But Seymour, struck with an opportunity of evasion, carelessly observed, that "it was hasty in his grace to burn his letter, because it contained a bank note for one hundred pounds, and that therefore they were now quits."

2031. SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

This eminent artist, having painted a whole-length portrait of the Duke of Hamilton, requested that, before it was sent home, his grace would come to inspect it, and see if he wished any alteration. The duke examined it closely, looked serious, went

to the glass and looked at himself, then returned and looked at the picture, and with some appearance of ill humor, returned to the glass. Sir Godfrey, rather piqued at this strange behavior, asked him if any thing was wrong. "Why, yes," said the duke; "when I look at the picture I feel myself a man of rank; when I return to the glass I look like a paltrion: however, for making me so

the same picture; you have overpaid it already."

2032. AN ARTIST'S STRATAGEM.

One of the most distinguished artists in Paris painted for a lady, occupying a brilliant position in society, her portrait, with the intention of placing it in an exhibition, soon afterwards. The lady, although for a long time celebrated for her beauty, had arrived at that age which is never admitted, (forty years,) notwithstanding which she dissimulated, and was as amiable and as graceful as in her younger days. Paris is full of resources, and ointments are to be obtained there to heal even the wounds of time.

Our heroine had her portrait taken in the most graceful attitude, with all possible advantages, splendidly dressed, and leaning on an arm-chair, smiling in the looking-glass, which should return her the most amiable compliments. The painter made a most striking likeness; but this was a great mistake—a flattering one was expected, and the lady consequently declared that she did not recognize herself in this painting, and the portrait was left in the painter's hands.

This was a double injury. Attacked in his pride of talent, and in his finances, he had not philosophy enough to see a portrait worth three thousand francs left coolly on his hands, and an idea of vengeance presented itself to his mind, which he put into execution at once.

A few days before the one fixed for the final reception of pictures at the Louvre, the lady was secretly informed that her portrait was ornamented with certain accessories rather compromising her. She went immediately to the artist, and there was the portrait, the same striking likeness certainly; but the painter had thinned the hair on the head of the picture, and the lady so faithfully painted held in her hand two large tresses of false hair. On the toilet were several facons of small bottles, labelled thus: "Whitewash," "Vegetable Red," "Cosmetic to efface Wrinkles," "Blonde Water to dye the Hair in a minute."

"It is abominable," said the lady, greatly excited.

"Of what do you complain?" coldly replied the artist. "Have you not declared that it is not your portrait. You are right; it is a mere fancy sketch, and it is with that view I shall present it to the public."

"What, sir, you intend to exhibit this painting?"

"Certainly, madame; but as a *tableau de genre*, (cabinet picture,) as the catalogue will indicate it, under the title of the '*coquette at forty-five years.*'"

At this last word the lady fainted, and on her

recovery immediately paid for the portrait. The accessories were effaced in her presence, the portrait restored to its original state, and the three thousand francs transferred to the purse of the painter.

2033. HOGARTH'S PICTURE OF THE RED SEA.

Hogarth was once applied to, by a miserly old nobleman, to paint on his staircase a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became quite dissatisfied. The miser was unwilling to give more than half the real value of the picture. At last Hogarth, out of all patience, agreed to his patron's terms.

Within a day or two the picture was ready. The nobleman was surprised at such expedition, and immediately called to examine it. The canvas was painted all over red.

"Zounds!" said the purchaser, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea."

"The Red Sea you have," said Hogarth, still smarting to have his talents undervalued.

"But where are the Israelites?"

"They are all gone over."

"And where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all drowned."

The miser's confusion could only be equalled by the haste with which he paid his bill. The bitter was bit.

2034. SUCCESSFUL EXPEDIENT OF HOGARTH.

A nobleman, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed, sat for his picture, which was executed in his happiest manner, and with singular and rigid fidelity. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, was not disposed very readily to pay for a reflection that would only insult him with his deformities. After some time had elapsed, and numerous unsuccessful attempts had been made for payment, the painter resorted to an expedient which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride. He sent him the following card:—

"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——. Finding he does not mean to have the picture drawn for him, Lord —— is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's pressing necessity for money. If, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail, and some other appendages, to Mr. Pare, the famous wild beast man; Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture, on his lordship's refusal." This intimation had the desired effect; the picture was paid for and committed to the flames.

2035. REYNOLDS AND HAYDN'S PORTRAIT.

When Haydn was in England, one of the princes commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to take his portrait. Haydn went to the painter's house, and sat to him, but soon grew tired. Sir Joshua, careful of his reputation, would not paint a man of acknowledged genius with a stupid countenance, and deferred the sitting till another day. The same weariness and want of expression occurring at the next attempt, Reynolds went and communicated the circumstance to his royal highness, who contrived the following

stratagem: He sent to the painter's house a pretty German girl, in the service of the queen. Haydn took his seat for the third time, and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native language, with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; his countenance recovered its animation, and Sir Joshua rapidly seized its traits.

2036. THE CONNOISSEURS.

A painter was censured for not taking good likenesses when he painted portraits. He was piqued at the censures of his friends, and wished to ascertain whether the fault imputed to him was real or not. He informed them he had finished a portrait of a person they knew perfectly well, which he flattered himself was nature itself. They all hastened to see the picture; and all, without hesitation, pronounced it to be one of the very worst attempts he had ever made at a likeness. "You are mistaken, friends," said a voice from the head of the picture, "it is myself." These words were spoken by the person who had entered into the stratagem of the painter, and put his head through the canvas.

2037. SKILFUL FRAUD.

It is related of Cross, an English painter, who was remarkable for his talent in copying correctly, that, being employed by King Charles I. to copy some of the works of the best Italian masters, and being permitted by the state of Venice to copy a famous Madonna of Raphael, in the Church of St. Mark, he executed his commission so happily that he brought away the original, and left the copy in its stead. The deception was not immediately perceptible, and the discovery was made too late to regain it; for, although several messengers pursued him expeditiously, they were all disappointed.

2038. MARC WILLEMS AND ONE OF HIS SISTERS.

Every one has heard of Hogarth threatening to convert into a monkey the portrait of a person who refused him his price. The following stratagem of Marc Willems may serve as a companion to it:—

He had a scholar and brother-in-law named Jacques de Foindro, whose pursuits were history and portrait painting, but chiefly the latter. A curious and amusing tale is related by Deschamps of this last, who, like many professional men, had sometimes found those who sat to him much less solicitous than he could have desired about the recompense of his labors.

Having observed that an English officer, named Peter Andrew, whose likeness he had painted, was in this way remiss in the performance of his promises, he conceived the idea of painting a grating of iron bars, in distemper, upon the surface of the portrait, so that the poor man appeared as if literally placed in limbo. Having done this, he exposed it in a conspicuous part of a window looking towards the street, when, from the fidelity of the resemblance to its original, it was immediately recognized by all his acquaintances; and he was constantly rallied upon the subject. He appears to have been greatly annoyed at the circumstance, and the painter's

scheme succeeded to perfection; Mr. Peter Andrew making what haste he could to pay down his money and redeem his effigy from disgrace. When this was done, one stroke with a wet sponge restored the appearance of the picture, and gave the prisoner his liberty.

2039. CUTTING SHORT THE DEBATE.

Jarvis, the painter, was one day engaged in painting Bishop —; and during the progress of the sitting, the venerable prelate began to remonstrate with him upon the dissipated course into which he had fallen. Jarvis made no reply; but, dropping his pencil from the forehead of his portrait to the lower part of the face, he said, with a slight motion to the reverend sitter, "*Just shut your mouth, bishop!*" By painting upon that feature he "changed the subject."

2040. MABUSE.

The Emperor Charles V. once paid a visit to the Marquis de Veren, who made magnificent preparations for his reception, and, among other expenses, ordered all his household to be dressed in white damask. Mabuse, the painter, who was in the service of the marquis, always wanted money to waste in extravagance; and when the tailor came to take his measure, he desired to have the damask, under the pretence of inventing a singular habit. He sold it immediately, spent the money, and then painted a suit of paper so like damask that it was not distinguished as he marched in the procession between a philosopher and a poet, other pensioners of the marquis, who, being informed of the trick, asked the emperor which of the three suits he liked best. The emperor pointed to that of Mabuse, as exceeding in whiteness and beauty of the flowers; nor did he, until convinced by the touch, doubt of its being genuine silk.

2041. DISLIKE TO HANGING.

A painter at Bologna had painted the portrait of an English lady, who refused to pay for it, under the pretext that it was not a likeness. The picture would have remained a long time on his hands, if one of his friends had not undertaken to disencumber him of it. By his means the portrait was exposed to the gaze of the passers by in the town, and underneath was written *a vendre*, (to be sold;) but the writer had constructed his letters so ill that the *v* resembled *p*, and the inscription, therefore, appeared to some to be *a pendre*, (to be hanged.) The countrymen of the young English lady did not fail to stop before this little exhibition, and instantly recognized the original. The interpreters, whom they consulted to explain the writing, read no better than the writer had written; and some odd mistakes occurred. At last, the family of the young lady, being informed of what was passing, hastened to possess themselves of the picture by paying the painter the price of the work.

2042. GAINSBOROUGH AND THE FRUIT THIEF.

Gainsborough was making a sketch of his father's garden, when he observed a country fellow looking

over the wall at a pear-tree: he immediately sketched him in, and the likeness was so striking, that it was recognized by several neighboring farmers, who had had their orchards robbed; and upon the countryman being taxed with being the depredator, he admitted the fact, and, to avoid a prosecution, at once enlisted in the army.

2043. A PAINTER'S JOKE.

In the western part of this city live and flourish two jolly young fellows who follow sign painting for a livelihood, and who are sometimes in the habit of cutting up what are termed "high shins."

It so occurred that one of the painters had some out-door business to attend to, and left the shop in charge of his partner and a little boy who was employed to grind paints. During his absence, the partner remaining went to work and painted the boy's neck so as to represent a large gash, and a cut over the eye. He then took red paint, bespattered it over the floor, and clotted the boy's hair, and made him lie down in a corner. He then painted a great gash on his own cheek, bared his bosom, disordered his dress, dipped a long-bladed knife in the red paint pot, and patiently awaited the coming of his partner.

Directly afterwards he heard him at the door, and the performance commenced. The partner stuck his head into the room door: one glance was sufficient—the boy was prostrate on the floor, with his throat cut, groaning and crying murder; chairs, tables, benches, jugs, and paint pots were strewed around the room in dire confusion, while the murderous-looking partner, with the bloody-looking knife in his uplifted hand, was running through the room and uttering wild and incoherent expressions.

It was evident to the partner at the door that his partner had killed the boy.

The thought was horrid. Swift as lightning he flew to his father, and informed him of the circumstances. A number of friends were mustered, who repaired forthwith to the scene of action. The crowd augmented as it neared the shop, and in walked the whole posse; but what was their astonishment to find the boy, without a mark of any kind, the room in perfect order, no marks of blood perceptible, and the partner engaged in lettering a sign! and utter ignorance of any transaction of the kind avowed by both him and the boy, to the other partner's great mortification—more especially as the persons he brought there hinted to one another that during his absence he might have indulged too freely in "fire water."

2044. SWARTZ, THE GERMAN ARTIST.

Swartz was a drunkard. He was once engaged to ornament the ceiling of a public building, and was to be paid so much per day for his work; but he was so fond of tipping that his employers were obliged to hire another man to watch the tipsy painter. Finding he could not go to the tavern as often as he wished, he resolved upon practising a little piece of deception. He stuffed a pair of stockings and shoes similar to those he was in the habit of wearing, and hung them down from his stinging whenever he left his work. The watchman called in two or three times every day, but seeing a pair of legs hanging down, suspected nothing, and reported to his employers that Swartz had reformed.

The roguish painter did not go near his work for a fortnight.

3045. THE MILLER'S PORTRAIT.

A worthy miller, wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it accomplished. "But," said he, "as I am a very industrious man, I wish to be painted, *as looking out of the window of my mill*; but when any one looks at me, I wish to pop my

head in; so as not to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window."

"Very well," said the painter, "it shall be done so." He painted the mill, and the mill window. The miller looked at it, and inquired, "Where is myself looking out?" "O," said the painter, "when-ever one looks at the mill, you know you pop in your head to preserve your credit for industry." "That's right," said the miller; "I'm content; that's right; that will do!"

§ 203. FRAUDS AND IMPOSTURES IN THE SALE OF PAINTINGS.

2046. NAMING OF PICTURES.

A very fine picture by Agostino Carracci—the Baptist of our Savior in Jordan—was imported into England by one Arthur Champernown, Esq., and sold by him as a fine work by that master. Domenichino happened to be the fashion of the day; for the St. John of Domenichino had been recently imported, and sold to Mr. Hart Davis, at a large price; and, from a strong similarity which existed in the picture by Agostino to the compositions of Domenichino, it was afterwards resold as a work of the latter, although always known at Rome to have been a celebrated picture by Agostino; thus, in order to humor the caprice of the day, and without a good and sufficient cause, robbing the true master of his just honors.

2047. STORY OF A MINIATURE.

M. Averani, a young French artist at Florence, had extraordinary talent for copying miniatures, giving them all the force of oil. "I had frequently," says Mr. Gordon, "seen him at work in the gallery, and I purchased of him a clever copy of the Fornarina of Raphael, and one of the Venus Vesita of Titian, in the Pitti Palace, said to be the only miniature painted by this great man. It had a good deal of the character of Queen Mary Stuart, was painted on a gold ground, had great force, and was highly finished. I gave the artist his price, (six sequins,) and brought it to England.

"When I disposed of my *vertu*, in Sloane Street, previous to my settling in Scotland, this miniature made a flaming appearance in the catalogue. The gem was bought by a gentleman for fifty-five guineas. I thought I had done very well by this transaction, until I saw it advertised in the Morning Chronicle, stating that 'an original portrait of Mary, Queen of Scotland, the undoubted work of Titian, value one thousand guineas, was to be seen at No. 14, Pall Mall; price of admission, 2s. 6d.' The bait took;

the owner put three or four hundred pounds into his pocket by the exhibition, and sold the portrait for seven or eight hundred pounds.

"Here was I an innocent accessory to the greatest imposition that was ever practised on the public. As a work of art, it was worth all I got for it; and I was offered nearly that sum by a friend who knew its whole history. I understand that a nobleman was the purchaser of this beautiful miniature."

2048. STUDENTS BOUND FOR ITALY.

There is much truth in the sarcastic admonition of Northcote to his pupils on departing for Italy: "Go, my lads, go, and remember you cross the Alps to steal."

2049. DYING IN VAIN.

Rembrandt, being in want of money, and finding his work went off heavy, put into the newspapers that he was dead, and advertised a public sale of the finished and unfinished paintings in his house.

Crowds flocked to the auction, eager to possess one of the last efforts of so great a master. The meanest sketch sold at a price which entire pictures had never brought before. After collecting the proceeds, Rembrandt came to life again; but the Dutch, who resent improbity even in genius, never would employ him after his resurrection.

2050. HANNIBAL AND THE PAINTERS.

Two painters undertook a portrait of Hannibal: one of them painted a full likeness of him, and gave him two eyes, whereas disease had deprived him of one. The other painted him in profile, but with his blind side from the spectators. He severely reprimanded the first, but handsomely rewarded the second.

§ 204. VANITY, HAUGHTINESS, AND SELF-IMPORTANCE.

2051. WILLIAM GANDY.

William Gandy was at all times totally careless of his reputation as a painter, and more particularly so if any thing happened in the course of his business to displease him.

He was once employed to paint the portrait of a Mr. John Vallack, an apothecary of Plymouth, who had amassed a large fortune in that town; and as Gandy had no room of his own fit for receiving his patrons, he always attended at the houses of his employers to execute his work. Among his gratifications was a good dinner; and now, thought he within himself, I shall be well entertained.

But it was Mr. Vallack's custom to have a certain fixed dinner for each day of the week, and by ill luck it happened to be a Saturday when the portrait was begun, and the dinner on that day was nothing more than pork and peas, to the utter mortification of the artist, who at his return to his lodgings vented his rage in curses on his employer's meanness, and, not having good nature enough to be thoroughly reconciled to him afterwards, totally neglected the picture.

This anecdote, says Northcote, is certified by the performance itself, which I have seen, and a very indifferent performance it is.

2052. GENIUS *versus* NOBILITY.

As the Duke of Clarence was once sitting to Northcote, he asked the artist if he knew the prince regent.

"No," was the brief reply.

"Why," said the duke, "my brother says he knows you."

"O," answered Northcote, "that's only his brag."

2053. VANITY OF HOGARTH.

Writing of himself, Hogarth says, "The portrait which I painted with most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram, for the Foundling Hospital." And he adds, in allusion to the detraction as a portrait painter, "If I am as wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first I painted of the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it."

2054. THE ARTIST'S VANITY.

Concerning Hogarth's vanity, some one told the following story to Nichols, whose ear was ever open to any thing that confirmed his own theory of the artist's ignorance and want of delicacy.

"Hogarth, being at dinner with Dr. Cheselden and some other company, was informed that John Freke, surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, had asserted in Dick's coffee-house that Greene was as eminent in composition as Handel. 'That fellow,

Freke,' cried Hogarth, 'is always shooting his bolt absurdly one way or another. Handel is a giant in music; Greene only a light Florimel kind of composer.' 'Ay, but,' said the other, 'Freke declared you were as good a portrait painter as Vandyke.' 'There he was in the right,' quoth Hogarth, 'and so I am, give me but my time and let me choose my subject.'"

2055. REYNOLDS'S NEW STYLE.

There was a time when the grace of nature, which Sir Joshua Reynolds so powerfully shed over his pictures, had to maintain a serious struggle against the prejudices of the age, in favor of the constrained and uniform style of his predecessors in portrait painting, for they had possession of the public mind.

Ellis, who was an eminent painter at the time of Sir Joshua's beginning to attract the notice of the world, was naturally enough attached to the older fashions, with which he had long been familiarized. Having heard of the well-known picture of the Turkish Boy, he called on Reynolds in order to see it; and perceiving his mode of painting to be very unlike the manner to which he had himself always been accustomed, and, indeed, unlike any thing he had ever seen before, he was much astonished, and exclaimed, "Ah, Reynolds, this will never answer; why, you do not paint in the least degree in the world in the manner of Kneller." But when Reynolds began to expostulate, and to vindicate himself, Ellis, feeling himself unable to give any good reason for the objection he had advanced, cried out in a great rage, "Shakspeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, for me!" and immediately ran out of the room.

2056. STUART'S MANTLE.

A conceited painter, who could sometimes produce a pretty tolerable copy from one of Stuart's portraits, and who could swell with pride, like the frog in the fable, to almost a fatal bursting, was told by a wag, that the mantle of Stuart would descend on him as the most talented descendant of the great master spirit in the art.

This he at last believed to be his honest inheritance, and often made mention of it to his friend. It reached, at length, the ears of Stuart, who observed, "that if it did, it would crush the little fellow to death. Here," said he, "take my old *mantel-piece* to him, that has just been removed for a new one, and tell him to be content with that, if he knows when he is well off."

2057. KNELLER.

Sir Godfrey Kneller was a man easily tickled by flattery. He was very covetous, but then he was very vain, and a great epicure. Old Tonsen, the bookseller, got many pictures from him by playing one of these passions against the other. He used to tell Kneller that he was the greatest master that

ever lived, and frequently sent him a haunch of venison and a dozen of claret. Kneller once said to Vanderghucht, How this old Jacob loves me!

he is a very good man. You see, my friend, how he loves me, for he sends me good things; the venison was fat."

§ 205. JEALOUSIES, QUARRELS, AND PERSECUTIONS.

2058. PICTORIAL CHALLENGE.

Closterman, being jealous of the fame of Sir Godfrey Kneller, to whom, though a good painter, he was inferior, sent him a challenge to paint a picture with him for a wager. Sir Godfrey wisely declined the contest, and sent him word he allowed him to be his superior.

2059. REYNOLDS IN HIS YOUTH.

While Reynolds was a pupil of Hudson, he painted a head from an elderly female servant of the family, in which he discovered a taste superior to most of the painters of the day. It is said that his master, upon seeing the portrait, foretold the future success of his pupil, not without discovering, in his subsequent behavior towards young Reynolds, some symptoms of jealousy of his becoming a future rival.

2060. BOLOGNA SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

The establishment of the famous *Accademia*, or school of painting, at Bologna, which restored the art in the last stage of degeneracy, originated in the profound meditations of Lodovico. There was a happy boldness in the idea; but its great singularity was that of discovering those men of genius, who alone could realize his ideal conception, amidst his own family circle; and yet these were men whose opposite dispositions and acquirements could hardly have given any hope of mutual assistance; and much less of melting together their minds and their work in such unity of conception and execution, that even to our days they leave the critics undetermined which of the Carraccis to prefer; each excelling the other in some pictorial quality. Often combining together in the same picture, the mingled labor of three painters seemed to proceed from one palette, as their works exhibit which adorn the churches of Bologna. They still disputed about a picture, to ascertain which of the Carraccis painted it; and still one prefers Lodovico for his *grandiocita*, another Agostino for his invention, and others Annibale for his vigor or his grace. The secret history of this *Accademia* forms an illustration of literary jealousy.

Careless of fortune as they were through life, and freed from the bonds of matrimony, that they might wholly devote themselves to all the enthusiasm of their art, they lived together in the perpetual intercourse of their thoughts; and even at their meals laid on their table their crayons and their papers, so that any motion or gesture which occurred, as worthy of picturing, was instantly sketched. Annibale caught something of the critical taste of Agostino, learned to work more slowly, and to finish with more perfection, while his inventions were enriched by the elevated thoughts and erudition of Agostino.

Yet such was the mordacity and envy of Anni-

bale at the superior accomplishments of his more learned brother, that they could neither live together nor endure absence.

Many years their life was one continual struggle and mortification; and Agostino often sacrificed his genius to pacify the jealousy of Annibale, by relinquishing his palette to resume those exquisite engravings, in which he corrected the faulty outlines of the masters whom he copied, so that his engravings are more perfect than their originals. "To this unhappy circumstance," observes Lanzi, "we must attribute the loss of so many noble compositions which otherwise Agostino, equal in genius to the other Carraccis, had left us."

The jealousy of Annibale, at length, forever tore them asunder. Lodovico happened not to be with them when they were engaged in painting together the Farnesian Gallery at Rome. A rumor spread that in their present combined labor the engraver had excelled the painter. This Annibale could not forgive; he raved at the bite of the serpent; words could not mollify, nor kindness any longer appease, that perturbed spirit—neither the humiliating forbearance of Agostino, the counsels of the wise, nor the mediations of the great. They separated forever—a separation in which they both languished, till Agostino, broken-hearted, sunk into an early grave; and Annibale, now brotherless, lost half his genius: his great invention no longer accompanied him, for Agostino was not by his side. After suffering many vexations, and preyed on by his evil temper, Annibale was deprived of his senses.

2061. BENEFIT OF RIVALRY.

Giorgione is, in some of his portraits, still unsurpassed. Du Fresnoy observes of him that he dressed his figures wonderfully well; and it may truly be said that, but for him, Titian would never have attained that perfection which was the consequence of the rivalry and jealousy which prevailed between them.

2062. CASTILLO AND MORILLO'S PAINTINGS.

In the jealousy of genius there is a peculiar case, where the fever rages not in its malignancy, yet silently consumes. Even the man of genius of the gentlest temper dies under its slow wastings; and this infection may happen among dear friends, when a man of genius loses that self-opinion which animated his solitary labors, and constituted his happiness—when he views himself, at the height of his class, suddenly eclipsed by another great genius. It is then the morbid sensibility, acting on so delicate a frame, feels as if under the old witchcraft of tying the knot on the nuptial day; the faculties are suddenly extinct by the very imagination. This is the jealousy, not of hatred, but of despair.

A curious case of this kind appears in the anecdote of the Spanish artist Castillo, a man distin-

guished by every amiable disposition. He was the great painter of Seville. When some of Morillo's paintings were shown to him, who seems to have been his nephew, he stood in meek astonishment before them, and when he recovered his voice, turning away, he exclaimed with a sigh, "*Ya murio Castillo!*" (Castillo is no more!) Returning home, the stricken genius relinquished his pencil, and pined away in hopelessness.

2063. MONOPOLY OF PATRONAGE.

Three painters at Naples, Corenzio, Caracciolo, and Spagnoletto sought to establish a monopoly of patronage, to the exclusion of every other person, whatever talents he might possess.

The Cavalier d' Arpino was engaged to paint the cupola of the Chapel of St. Gennario; but, as this gave great displeasure to the triumvirate, they united with one Belisario, a man of equally audacious spirit with themselves, and forced the knight, by their ill treatment, to quit the city before he had well entered upon his employment.

Upon his departure, Guido was appointed to the charge; but he also was driven away. The mode they adopted was, to lay hands upon his servant, and, after beating him violently, to bid him go and relate to his master what had happened, and adding, that he should say it was done by two men in disguise, who intended his death unless he took warning by what had happened to his servant. Guido lost no time in availing himself of the hint, and instantly fled.

His scholar, Gessi, succeeded him, and, by way of strengthening himself against the attack, took care to be accompanied in preparations for the work by two able-bodied assistants. The adverse party still pursued their plan, and finding means to decoy these men on board a vessel lying in the roads, gave orders to set sail and carry them out to sea. Their sudden disappearance was sufficient to awaken the fears of Gessi, and he consulted his safety by retiring as speedily as possible from the place. In this instance, also, they succeeded to the utmost of their wishes, and the decoration of the chapel was intrusted to their own hands.

Scarcely, however, had they commenced, when the deputies, who had the management of the concern, changed their mind, and punished their treachery with the disappointment it deserved. Their work was effaced, and Domenichino solicited to perform the task; and by his vigorous pencil it was at last executed. The remuneration made for this splendid work, which is still one of the chief boasts of Naples, was extremely large; and this circumstance may in some degree account for the extraordinary pains taken to obtain the commission. He received a hundred ducats for every whole figure, fifty for every half length, and twenty for every head introduced into the painting.

Even Domenichino, however, was not permitted

by these restless men to continue his labors without great interruption, and his death, which took place before it was entirely finished, has been ascribed by some to poison.

2064. SELF-MURDER FOR ENVY.

At the time when Raphael possessed at Rome the reputation of being the mightiest living master of his art, the Bolognese gave all their suffrages to their countryman, François Francia, who had long exercised his art among them, and was undoubtedly a man of first-rate talents.

These two artists had never personally met, neither had the one ever seen the works of the other; but a very friendly correspondence had been opened and continued between them. The desire of Francia to see some of the works of Raphael, of which he was every day hearing statements more and more encomiastic, was extreme; but advanced years deterred him from undertaking the fatigues and perils of a journey to Rome. A circumstance at last occurred which gave him, without this trouble, an opportunity of seeing what he had so long desired.

Raphael having painted a picture of St. Cecilia, to be placed in a chapel at Bologna, he wrote to Francia, as his friend, requesting him to see it put up, and even to correct any defects he might observe in it. As soon as Francia drew the picture from its case, and put it in a proper light for viewing it, he was struck with admiration and wonder, and felt painfully how much he was Raphael's inferior. This picture was indeed one of the finest that ever came from Raphael's pencil; but it was only so much the more a source of grief to poor Francia. He assisted, as desired, in placing it in the situation for which it was intended, but he had never after a happy hour.

In one moment he had seen all he had ever done — all that had been once so much admired — thrown far into the shade; he was too old to entertain any hope, by renewed efforts, of coming up with the excellence of Raphael, or even approaching to it; and struck to the heart with grief and despair, he took to his bed, from which he never again arose. He was inaccessible to all consolation, and in a few days expired, the victim of sublime melancholy, in his sixty-eighth year.

2065. LE SŒUR.

This excellent painter, who died at the age of thirty, was pupil to Simon Vouet; but he soon surpassed his master, and, though he never quitted France, became one of the first painters of his day. His contemporary Le Brun appears to have been very jealous of his superior talents, for on hearing of his death, he malignantly said, "I feel now as if I had a thorn just taken out of my foot."

§ 206. ARTISTS UNAPPRECIATED, ABUSED, PERSECUTED.

2066. NEGLECT OF TRUE MERIT.

It was the misfortune of Wilson to be unappreciated in his own day; and he had the additional mortification of seeing works wholly unworthy of being ranked with his admired by the public, and purchased at large prices. The demand for the pictures of Barret was so great, that the income of that indifferent dauber rose to two thousand pounds a year; and the equally weak landscapes of Smith, of Chichester, were of high value in the market at the time when the works of Wilson were neglected and disregarded, and the great artist himself was sinking, in the midst of the capital, under obscurity, indigence, and dejection. He was reduced, by this capricious ignorance of the wealthy and the titled, to work for the meanest of mankind.

2067. POUSSIN ROMANIZED.

When the court of France was at variance with the holy see, a considerable acrimony existed among his holiness's troops against all Frenchmen; consequently, wherever they met them in Rome, they instantly attacked them with sticks and stones, and sometimes even with more formidable weapons.

It happened one day, that, as Poussin and three or four of his countrymen were returning from a drawing excursion, they met at the Quattro Fontane, near Monte Cavallo, a company of soldiers, who, seeing them dressed in the French costume, instantly attacked them. They all fled but Poussin, who was surrounded, and received a cut from a sabre between the first and second finger. Passeri, who relates the anecdote, says that the sword turned, otherwise "a great misfortune must have happened both to him and to painting." Not daunted, however, he fought under the shelter of his portfolio, throwing stones as he retreated, till the passengers taking his part, he effected his escape to his lodgings. From that day he put on the Roman dress, adopted the Roman way of living, and became so much a Roman that he considered the city his true home.

2068. SALVATOR ROSA'S MANIFESTO CONCERNING HIS SATIRICAL PICTURE "LA FORTUNA."

In Salvator Rosa's celebrated picture of *La Fortuna*, the nose of one powerful ecclesiastic, the eye

of another, were detected in the brutish physiognomy of the swine who were treading pearls and flowers under their feet; a cardinal was recognized in an ass, scattering with his hoof the laurel and myrtle which lay in his path; and in an old goat reposing on roses, some there were who even fancied the infallible lover of Donna Olympia, the sultana queen of the Quirinal!

The cry of atheism and sedition—of contempt of established authorities—was thus raised under the influence of private pique and long-cherished envy: it soon found an echo in the painted walls where the conclave sat "*in close divan*," and it was banded about from mouth to mouth, till it reached the ears of the inquisitor, within the dark recesses of his house of terror. A cloud was now gathering over the head of the devoted Salvator, which, it seemed, no human power could avert. But ere the bolt fell, his fast and tried friend Don Mario Ghigi threw himself between his *protégé* and the horrible fate which awaited him, by forcing the sullen satirist to draw up an apology, or rather an explanation of his fatal picture.

This explanation, bearing a title of a "*manifesto*," he obtained permission to present to those powerful and indignant persons in whose hands the fate of Salvator now lay; Salvator explained away all that was supposed to be personal in his picture, and proved that his hogs were not churchmen, his mules pretending pedants, his asses Roman nobles, and his birds and beasts of prey the reigning despots of Italy.

2069. SPECIMEN OF SALVATOR'S WIT.

Salvator Rosa exhibited a clever picture, the work of an amateur, by profession a surgeon, which picture had been rejected by the academicians of St. Luke. The artists came in crowds to see it; and by those who were ignorant of the painter, it was highly praised.

On being asked, by some one, who had painted it, Salvator replied, "It was performed by a person whom the great academicians of St. Luke thought fit to scorn, because his ordinary profession was that of a surgeon. But," continued he, "I think they have not acted wisely; for if they had admitted him into their academy, they would have had the advantage of his services in setting the broken and distorted limbs that so frequently occur in their exhibitions."

§ 207. VARIOUS MISFORTUNES, REVERSES, AND DIFFICULTIES.

2070. RISE AND FALL OF OPIE.

About the time when Mr. Opie, the painter, came to settle in London, accompanied by his friend Dr. Wolcot, the novelty and originality of his manner in his pictures, added to his great abilities, drew a

universal attention from the connoisseurs, and he was immediately surrounded and employed by all the principal nobility of England. Sir Joshua Reynolds himself compared him to Caravaggio.

"However, it is curious to observe the changes which frequently happen in the course of a very

short period; and if we oftener made this the subject of our reflection, it would have a great tendency to check our vanity in prosperity, and give us consolation even in situations apparently the most forlorn. For in a very little space of time, that capricious public, who had so violently admired and employed Opie, when first he appeared, and was a novelty among them, and was, in reality, only the embryo of a painter, left him in disgust. He was no longer a novelty among them; though he was a real artist, and admitted to be so. But they now looked out for his defects alone, and he became in his turn totally neglected and forgotten, and instead of being the sole object of public attention, and having the street, where he lived, so crowded with coaches of the nobility as to become a real nuisance to the neighborhood, — when, as he jestingly observed to me, that he thought he must place cannon at his door to keep the multitude off from it, — he now found himself as entirely deserted as if his house had been infected with the plague." Such is the world.

2071. WILSON.

Wilson painted his Cæx and Alcyone for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese. His chief resource for subsistence was in the sordid liberality of pawnbrokers, to whose hands many of his finest works were consigned wet from the easel.

One person, who had purchased many pictures from him, when urged by the unhappy artist to buy another, took him into his shop garret, and, pointing to a pile of landscapes, said, "Why, look ye, Dick, you know I wish to oblige; but see! there are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years." To crown his disappointments, in a contest for fame with Smith, of Chichester, the Royal Society decided against Wilson.

2072. INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ALONZO CANO.

An event happened to Alonzo Cano, while in the height of his fame, which involved him in much trouble. Returning home one evening, he discovered his wife murdered, and his house robbed, while an Italian journeyman, on whom suspicion fell, had escaped. The magistrates, having discovered that Cano had been jealous of this Italian, and was also attached to another woman, acquitted the fugitive, and condemned the husband.

On this, he fled to Valencia, and took refuge in a Carthusian convent; but afterwards was so imprudent as to return to Madrid, where he was apprehended, and put to the torture, which he suffered without uttering a word. The king, hearing of this, received him again into favor; and as Cano saw there was no protection save through the church, he solicited the king's permission, which was granted, and he was named residentiary of Granada. The chapters objected to his nomination, but were obliged to submit, and their church profited by the appointment, in receiving from him many sculptures and paintings.

The last years of his life he spent in acts of devotion and charity. When he had no money to bestow in alms, he would give a beggar a drawing, directing him where to take it for sale. To the Jews he bore an implacable antipathy. On his death bed he would not receive the sacrament from a priest, because he had administered it to a converted Jew; and from another he would not receive

a crucifix in his last moments, because it was so bungling a piece of work that he could not endure the sight of it. In this manner died Alonzo Cano, at the age of seventy-six, in 1676.

2073. GEORGE MORLAND.

After George Morland left his father's house, and became his own master, his first employer was an Irishman in Drury Lane, who kept him constantly at the easel, by being always at his elbow. His meals were carried to him by the shop boy; and when dinner was brought, which generally consisted of sixpennyworth of meat from a cook's shop, and a pint of beer, he would sometimes venture to ask if he might have a pennyworth of pudding. If he asked for five shillings, the Hibernian would reply, "D'ye think I'm made of money?" and give him half a crown. Morland, however, painted pictures enough for this man to fill a room, the price of admittance to which was half a crown.

From this state of bondage he was released by an invitation from Mrs. Hill, a lady of fortune then at Margate, to paint portraits there for the summer season. Morland stole away from his Irish keeper to Margate, and was there introduced to abundance of lucrative employment.

In the ensuing winter he returned to London. He was now rising so much in repute, that the prints engraved from his pictures had an unparalleled sale, both at home and abroad. In a short time, so great was the demand for any thing from his hand, that though often ill paid, he could earn from seventy to a hundred guineas a week. Unfortunately, no man could be more regardless of money; and while affluence was at his command, he scarcely ever knew what it was to be out of want. He was in the constant habit of giving bills of credit, and when they became due, he rarely had the cash ready to discharge them. In order to have a note of twenty pounds renewed for a fortnight, he has been known to give a painting that has been immediately sold in his presence for ten guineas. Morland's easel was always surrounded by associates of the lowest class, horse dealers, boxers, jockeys, cobblers, &c. He had a wooden frame placed across his room, similar to that in a police office, with a bar that lifted up, to allow those to pass with whom he had business, or who enjoyed his special favor. He might have been said to have lived in an academy in the midst of models. He would get one to stand or sit for a hand, another a head, an attitude, or a figure, according as their countenance or character suited. In this manner he painted some of his best pictures, while his companions were regaling on red herring around him.

Morland never let slip an opportunity which he could turn to his professional advantage. Just as he was about to begin his four pictures of the Deserters, a sergeant, drummer, and private, on their way to Dover in pursuit of deserters, came in for a billet. Morland, seeing that these men would answer his purpose, treated them plentifully, while he was making inquiries on the different modes of recruiting, with every particular attendant of the trial of deserters by court-martial, and on their punishment. He then took them to his house, where he gave them plenty of ale, wine, and tobacco, and caroused with them all night, employing himself busily in sketching and noting down whatever was likely to serve his purpose.

Nature was the grand source from which Morland

drew all his images. He was fearful of becoming a mannerist. With other artists he never held any intercourse, nor had he prints of any kind in his possession; and he often declared that he would not go across the way to see the finest assemblage of paintings that ever was exhibited. He was once induced to make a journey with Mr. Ward, on purpose to view Lord Bute's collection; but having sauntered through one of the rooms, he refused to see any more, declaring that he was averse to contemplate any man's works, lest he should become an imitator.

At the death of his father, Morland was advised to claim the dormant title of baronet, which had been conferred on one of his lineal ancestors by Charles II. Finding, however, that there was no emolument attached to it, he relinquished the distinction, observing that a "plain George Morland would always sell his pictures, and there was more honor in being a fine painter than a titled gentleman; that he would have borne the vanity of a title, had there been any income to accompany it, but, as matters stood, he would wear none of the fooleries of his ancestors."

2074. MORLAND SUSPECTED OF CRIME.

A memorable circumstance occurred to Morland during his retreat at Hackney, for in his retirement here he applied closely to his profession, remaining singularly sober, and seemed about to recover that composure and serenity of mind to which he had long been a stranger. All the pictures sent from his easel while at Hackney were very carefully finished; his drawings also showed a minuteness of attention which was wanted in many others produced under the pressure of immediate necessities.

His works, in consequence of this great and obvious improvement, now rose very highly in value; and although, through the craft of picture dealers, the artist himself derived from his paintings a small part only of the price which they produced, still Morland received such sums of money, in his retirement as produced a suspicion that he was connected with a band of forgers or coiners. Information was accordingly communicated to the Bank of England, and a party of officers were despatched to the harmless dwelling of poor Morland, in order to secure the suspected criminal. He had notice of their approach, and having no doubt that they were coming to arrest him for debt, made his escape over the garden wall, and effected his retreat undiscovered into London. The officers, after rummaging all his boxes, drawers, &c., discovered their error; and the directors, when the affair was represented to them, sent the terrified artist, as an indemnification for the inconvenience he had suffered, a paltry present of twenty guineas. The mischief to Morland, however, was irreparable: the spot which had afforded him an asylum was no longer secure, and the tranquillity he had begun to enjoy was destroyed.

2075. HAYDON'S PECUNIARY WANTS.

When his late majesty, George IV., sent five hundred guineas to Haydon, the painter, for his celebrated picture of the Mock Election, he had but three shillings and sixpence in his possession; and, to give a stamp receipt for the money, he was obliged to borrow four shillings of the gentleman commissioned to purchase.

2076. STUART IN PRISON.

The Duke of Rutland invited Stuart to his house in Dublin. Stuart "got money enough together somehow" to pay his passage to Ireland; but when he got there, he found the duke had died the day before. If any body else had gone there, the duke would have been just as sure to live, for something extraordinary must happen to Stuart, of course.

He soon got into the debtor's prison again; but he was a star still. He would not let people give him money. Rich people and nobles would be painted by him, and they had to go to jail to find the painter. There he held his court; flashing equipages of lords and ladies came dashing up to prison, while their exquisite proprietors waited for their first sitting.

"He began," says Dunlap, "the pictures of a great many nobles and men of wealth and fashion, received half price at the first sitting, accumulated enough to enfranchise himself, and left their Irish lordships imprisoned in effigy. Having thus liberated himself, and there being no law that would justify the jailer in holding half-finished peers in prison, the painter fulfilled his engagement, more at his ease, in his own house, and in the bosom of his own family; and it is probable that the Irish gentlemen laughed heartily at the trick, and willingly paid the remainder of the price."

2077. TRUMBULL IN LONDON.

Soon after young Trumbull had commenced his studies under West, in London, a movement was set on foot against him by some American loyalists, and he was arrested for high treason, and taken off, at eleven o'clock at night, to the lock-up house in Drury Lane. Examined the next morning by three police magistrates, who seemed to desire to know something about the traitor, he thus addressed them:—

"You appear to have been much more habituated to the society of highwaymen and pickpockets than to that of gentlemen. I will put an end to all this insolent folly by telling you frankly who and what I am. I am an American; my name is Trumbull; I am a son of him whom you call the rebel governor of Connecticut; I have served in the rebel American army; I have had the honor of being an aide-de-camp to him whom you call the rebel George Washington. These two have always in their power a greater number of your friends, prisoners, than you have of theirs. Lord George Germaine knows under what circumstances I came to London, and what has been my conduct here. I am entirely in your power; and, after the hint which I have given you, treat me as you please, always remembering that as I may be treated, so will your friends in America be treated by mine."

The painter's commitment was made out for a loathsome prison,—the only one the Gordon riots had left standing in London,—and the first night the son of the governor of Connecticut slept with a highwayman. Lord George Germaine was appealed to; and although he could not "interrupt the course of justice," he offered the young rebel a lodging in the Tower, where Raleigh and some other distinguished men had lodged centuries before, or any prison in England. Trumbull had no money to waste, and he declined the Tower, and chose Tithill Fields Bridewell, behind Buckingham House. Here the painter had a parlor on the ground floor, a garden

to walk in, and other et ceteras, which made him quite comfortable.

Death was the only probable or apparently possible termination of this affair. The moment West heard what had befallen his pupil, he hurried to Buckingham House, asked an audience of the king, and was admitted. "I am sorry for the young man," said the king; "but he is in the hands of the law, and must abide the result. I cannot interpose. Do you know whether his parents are living?"

"I think I have heard him say that he has very lately received news of the death of his mother. I believe his father is living."

"I pity him from my soul!" He mused a few moments, and then added, "But, West, go to Mr. Trumbull immediately, and pledge to him my royal promise, that, in the worst possible event of the law, his life shall be safe." With this kind answer, West hurried away to the prison. "I had now," says Trumbull, "nothing more to apprehend than a tedious confinement, and that might be softened by books and my pencil. I therefore begged Mr. West to permit me to have his beautiful little Correggio and my tools. I proceeded with the copy, which was finished in prison during the winter of 1780—

81, and is now deposited in the Gallery at New Haven.

"In the course of the winter I received kind visits from many distinguished men, among whom were John Lee, lately attorney general, Charles J. Fox, and others. Mr. Fox was very kind; he recommended a direct application to ministers, on the ground of impolicy, and added, 'I would undertake it myself, if I thought I could have any influence with them; but such is the hostility between us, that we are not even on speaking terms. Mr. Burke has not lost all influence—has not thrown away the scabbard, as I have; I will converse with him, and desire him to visit you.'

"A few days after, Mr. Burke came to see me, and readily and kindly undertook the negotiation, which, after some unavoidable delay, ended in the order of the king in council to admit me in bail, with the condition that I should leave the kingdom in thirty days, and not return until after peace should be restored. Mr. West and Mr. Copley became my sureties, and I was liberated in the beginning of June, after a close confinement of seven months.

"I remained in London a few days, and then determined to return to America by the shortest route."

§ 208. EXCELLENCES IN OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

2078. INVENTION AND EXPERIENCE.

"Invention," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is one of the great marks of genius; but, if we consult experience, we shall find, that it is by being conversant with the inventions of others, that we learn to invent; as by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think.

"It is in vain for painters or poets to endeavor to invent without materials on which the mind may work, and from which invention must originate. Nothing can come of nothing. Homer is supposed to have been possessed of all the learning of his time; and we are certain that Michael Angelo and Raphael were equally possessed of all the knowledge in the art which had been discovered in the works of their predecessors."

2079. THE BOY "THE FATHER OF THE MAN."

Henry Fuseli's father, a scholar and an artist, had probably experienced some of the sorrows common to both characters, and, desirous that his son should at least have bread, proposed to educate him for the church. The wayward temper of the boy, and his already enthusiastic love for painting, opposed strong obstacles to this sensible plan, and the father, with much of his own wilfulness of spirit, resolved to enforce obedience. For a while he was successful. Henry made great progress in learning: having overcame the first difficulties, he became an ardent admirer of the classics; but it was only, or chiefly, to find in the poetry of Greece and Rome vivid images of heroic life and daring flights of imagination.

The time which the school demanded was thus spent by one who could do in minutes what would have cost his fellows hours. For the rest of the day he had other occupation.

As soon as he was released from his class, he withdrew to a secret place to enjoy, unmolested, the

works of Michael Angelo, of whose prints his father had a fine collection. He loved, when he grew old, to talk of those days of his youth, of the enthusiasm with which he surveyed the works of his favorite masters, and the secret pleasure which he took in acquiring forbidden knowledge.

With candles which he stole from the kitchen, and pencils which his pocket money was hoarded to procure, he pursued his studies till late at night, and made many copies from Michael Angelo and Raphael, by which he became familiar, thus early, with the style and ruling character of the two greatest masters of the art.

A wild German work caught his fancy, called the Hour-Glass, and he illustrated it with outlines, representing fantastic imps and elves engaged in strange dances, ludicrous gambols, and mischievous tricks. Etchings of those early attempts were afterwards published, and are now exceedingly rare: they are said not to be without merit, and to show, as the poet says, that "the boy is father of the man."

2080. ROSA IN NAPLES AND ROME.

It was during the residence of Salvator Rosa in Naples, that the memorable popular tumult under Massaniello took place; and our painter was persuaded by his former master, Aniello Falcione, to become one of an adventurous set of young men, principally painters, who had formed themselves into a band, for the purpose of taking revenge on the Spaniards, and were called *La Campagna della Morte*. The tragical fate of Massaniello, however, soon dispersed these heroes, and Rosa, fearing he might be compelled to take a similar part in that fatal scene, sought safety in flight, and took refuge in Rome.

Here our painter met with great encouragement, and painted many excellent pictures. But though indefatigable in this department of the fine arts, he did not entirely confine himself to it, for at this

time he wrote some of his so justly celebrated satires, and also several beautiful sonnets. His house was the resort of the most distinguished persons in Rome, ecclesiastical as well as secular, who were drawn hither, not merely to see his paintings, but for the pleasure of hearing him read his satires, and conversing with him.

This notice, added to other causes, made him much disliked among the painters—a result by no means uncommon in such circumstances.

2081. WEST A SKATER.

Very small matters sometimes help a man on to popularity in his profession. In the case of West we have an interesting illustration of the truth of this remark.

West was a skilful skater, and in America had formed an acquaintance on the ice with *Colonel*, afterwards too well known in the colonial war as *General Howe*. This friendship was dissolved with the thaw, and was forgotten, till one day the painter,

having tied on his skates at the *Serpentine*, he was astonishing the timid practitioners of London by the rapidity of his motions, and the graceful figure which he cut.

Some one who beheld him cried out, "West! West!" It was *Colonel Howe*. "I am glad to see you," said he, "and not the less so that you come in good time to vindicate my praises of American skating." He called to him *Lord Spencer*, *Hamilton*, and some of the *Cavendishes*, to whom he introduced West as one of the *Philadelphia* prodigies, and requested him to show them what was called "the salute." He performed this feat so much to their satisfaction, that they went away spreading the praises of the American skater over London.

Nor was the considerate Quaker insensible to the value of such commendations; he continued to frequent the *Serpentine*, and to gratify large crowds by cutting the *Philadelphia* salute. Many to their praise of his skating added panegyrics on his professional skill; and not a few, to vindicate their applause, followed him to his easel, and sat for their portraits.

§ 209. REMARKABLE POWERS AND PERFORMANCES OF CERTAIN ARTISTS.

2082. CLOSE RESEMBLANCE.

"I have read somewhere," says *Urban Chevreau*, "that *Raphael* and *Titian* painted a man in a fever, and that the painting was so naturally and artfully executed, that a physician, on looking at the picture, declared at once that the original must have been sick of a quartan fever."

2083. BACICI.

Bacici, a *Genoese* painter who flourished in the seventeenth century, had a very peculiar talent of producing the exact resemblance of deceased persons whom he had never seen. He first drew a face at random, and afterwards altering it in every feature, by the advice and under the inspection of such as had known the party, he improved it to a striking likeness.

2084. STUART'S FIRST PORTRAIT.

One of *Stuart's* first portraits, after his return in the "*Collier*," was of his mother, who had died some ten years before, when he was in his eleventh year. It was painted from recollection, and yet so striking was the likeness, his uncle from *Philadelphia* recognized it the moment he entered the room.

2085. KETEL'S PERFORMANCES.

Cornelius Ketel, a native of *Gouda*, who visited England in 1573, and finally settled at *Amsterdam*, sought to make himself known by a method of painting entirely new. He discarded his brushes, and painted only with his fingers, beginning with his own portrait. The whim took; he repeated the practice, and, it is said, executed these fantastic works with great beauty of coloring. As his success increased, so did his folly. His fingers appeared

too easy tools, and he undertook to paint with his feet. His pretended first essay he made in public on a picture of *Silence*. That part of the public, who, like *Ketel*, began to think the more a painter was a mountebank, the greater was his merit, were so indulgent as to applaud even his caprice.

2086. POWER OF HARLOW'S MEMORY.

Mr. Harlow commenced his professional career at the age of sixteen; and before he had doubled that age he rose to the first rank, whether considered as to the variety of his talent, the purity of his taste, or the transcendency of his genius.

His first introduction to that sort of notice which is favorable to an aspiring artist arose from a curious circumstance, which involved a singular, rare, and precocious talent. Walking with his mother in *Piccadilly*, she pointed out to him a gentleman knocking at the Duke of *Devonshire's* gate. This was *Mr. Hare*, the well-known associate of his grace, of *Mr. Fox*, and other celebrated persons, and a gentleman of whom *Mrs. Harlow* had often spoken as being an intimate friend of her family. No further attention was paid to the matter at the time; but, *Mr. Hare* dying soon after, it became a subject of deep regret to the *Duchess of Devonshire* and others, that no likeness had been taken, to preserve the memory of one so much valued.

By accident this reached the ear of *Harlow*, who told his mother that he thought he could execute a portrait of *Mr. Hare* from recollection. He accordingly set about it, and with very slight assistance produced a picture, which was universally allowed to be an excellent likeness. This extraordinary talent never left the artist, and he could almost invariably retrace from memory such portraits as he had formerly copied. In one case, when he did so for *Sir Thomas* (then *Mr.*) *Lawrence*, the work was so perfect, that that gentleman refused to credit the possibility of its being performed without the original.

This excellent artist, after visiting Rome, and executing paintings which would do honor to any age or country, died in his thirty-second year.

3087. SALVATOR ROSA'S HARPSICHOED.

Salvator Rosa's confidence in his powers was as frankly confessed as it was justified by success. Happening one day to be found by a friend, in Florence, in the act of modulating on a very indifferent old harpsichord, he was asked, how he could keep such an instrument in his house. "Why," said his friend, "it is not worth a scudo." "I will lay what you please," said Salvator, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again." A bet was made, and Rosa immediately painted a landscape with figures on the lid, which was not only sold for a thousand scudi, but was esteemed a capital performance. On one end of the harpsichord he also painted a skull and music-books. Both these pictures were exhibited in the year 1823, at the British Institution.

3088. DAVID BEEK.

This artist was a pupil of Vandyke, from whom he acquired that excellent manner of pencilling and sweetness of coloring which distinguished the works of Vandyke and those of his school. He possessed, besides, that freedom of hand and readiness, or rather rapidity, of execution, for which Vandyke was so remarkably famous; and King Charles I. when he observed the expeditious manner of Beek's painting, was so exceedingly surprised, that he told him it was his opinion he could paint if he was riding post.

He was appointed portrait painter and chamberlain to Queen Christina of Sweden; and, by her recommendation, most of the illustrious persons in Europe sat to him for their pictures. He was agreeable, handsome, and polite, and lived in the highest favor with his royal mistress; but having an earnest desire to visit his friends in Holland, and leaving the court of Sweden much against the queen's inclination, she imagined that he intended never to return; and as he died soon after at the Hague, it was strongly and generally suspected he died of poison.

3089. CHANGES OF THE ARTIST.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany was amusing himself, one day, with beholding Peter de Cortona, while engaged in painting a picture, which represented an infant shedding tears of distress. "I am now going," said the artist, "to make a change in this figure." Accordingly, he gave a stroke with his pencil; and instantly the same child appeared

laughing, with the best grace in the world. Presently, by another touch, he restored the picture to its former state. "You see," cried the painter, "what trifles make children laugh or weep."

3090. TINTORET'S FACILITY OF COMPOSITION.

The facility of composition for which this artist was remarkable was a source of great inequality among his paintings. He preferred being the author of a great many good conceptions to wasting his time in giving what is called a high finishing to any one. Hence the remark of Annibale Carracci, in a letter from Venice to his cousin Louis Carracci, that "he had seen Tintoret sometimes equal to Titian, and at others much below Tintoret."

Some Flemish painters, being at Rome, showed Tintoret two or three heads, which they had painted and finished with great care. He asked them how long they had taken to do them. They replied they had taken several weeks. Tintoret on this dipped his pencil in some black color, and, with a few strokes, drew on a canvas a figure, which he filled in with white. Turning towards the strangers, "See," said he to them, "how we poor Venetian painters are accustomed to make pictures."

3091. CARRACCI'S PERFORMANCE.

The famous Annibale Carracci, the painter, had a brother named Agostino, a poet of some celebrity, and a man eminent in literature. Agostino having delivered a long and animated discourse in praise of that admirable group of statuary, the Laocoon and his sons, it was observed to Annibale that it was extraordinary he did not add his share of eulogium on that wonderful performer. Annibale took up a crayon, and immediately drew the group with as much exactness as if he had the statues before him. This simple action was a panegyric that exceeded in felicity all that the most brilliant figures of speech, or the most energetic expression, could have produced. Turning round to his brother, Annibale observed to him, "Poets paint with words, and painters speak with their pencil." It was a principle of that extraordinary painter, that pictures were always good exactly in proportion to the nearness of the approximation to nature; and he related that he was decided in his opinion respecting the merits of the two celebrated rival pictures of the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, the one painted by Dominichino, and the other by Francisco Albani, by observing, that an old woman and her daughter had stood a long time talking about and surveying the picture of Dominichino, and then passed by that of Albani, without taking any particular notice of it.

§ 210. ENTHUSIASM, SENSIBILITY, AND SENSITIVENESS.

3092. BARRY'S ENTHUSIASM.

Barry, the painter, has left behind him works not to be turned over by the connoisseur by rote, nor by the artist who dares not to be just, and will not suffer even the infirmities of genius to be buried in its grave. That enthusiast, with a temper of mind

resembling Rousseau's, the same creature of imagination, consumed by the same passions, with the same fine intellect disordered, and the same fortitude of soul, found his self-taught pen, like his pencil, betray his genius. A vehement enthusiasm breaks through his ill-composed works, throwing the sparkle of his bold and rich conceptions, so philosophical

youth of genius. When, in his character of professor, he delivered his lectures at the academy, he never ceased speaking but his auditors rose in a tumult, while their hands returned to him the proud feelings he adored. The self-educated and gifted man, once listening to the children of genius whom he had created about him, exclaimed, "Go it, go it, my boys! they did so at Athens." Thus high could he throw up his native mud into the very heaven of his invention.

2093. CALMNESS OF VERNET.

Vernet was on board a ship in the midst of a raging tempest, and all hope was given up; the astonished captain beheld the artist of genius, his pencil in his hand, in calm enthusiasm, sketching the terrible world of waters—studying the wave that was rising to devour him.

2094. PICTORIAL ENTHUSIASM AND BRAVERY.

William Vandervelde was such an enthusiast in his art, that in order more exactly to observe the movements and various positions of ships engaged in battle, he did not hesitate to attend those engagements in a small, light vessel, and sail close to the enemy, attentive only to his drawing, and without the least apparent anxiety about the danger to which he was every moment exposed. In this way he took a sketch of the severe battle between the Duke of York and Admiral Opdam, in which the duke, admiral, and five hundred men were blown up, and of the memorable engagement between Monk and De Ruyter, sailing alternately between the fleets, so as to represent minutely every movement of the ships, and the most material circumstances of the action, with incredible exactness and truth.

2095. SALVATOR AND THE HIGGLING PRINCE.

A Roman prince, more notorious for his pretensions to *virtu* than for his liberality to artists, sauntering one day in Salvator's gallery in the Via Babuina, paused before one of his landscapes, and after a long contemplation of its merits exclaimed, "*Salvator mio!* I am strongly tempted to purchase this picture: tell me at once the lowest price."

"Two hundred scudi," replied Salvator, carelessly.

"Two hundred scudi! *ohime!* that is a price! but we'll talk of that another time."

The illustrissimo took his leave; but bent upon having the picture, he shortly returned, and again inquired the lowest price.

"Three hundred scudi!" was the sullen reply.

"*Carpo di bacco!*" cried the astonished prince; "*mi burla, vostra signoria*; you are joking! I see I must e'en wait upon your better humor; and so *addio, Signor Rosa.*"

The next day brought back the prince to the painter's gallery; who, on entering, saluted Salvator with a jocular air, and added, "Well, Signor Amico, how goes the market to-day? Have prices risen or fallen?"

"Four hundred scudi is the price to-day!" replied Salvator, with affected calmness; when, suddenly giving away to his natural impetuosity, and no

longer stifling his indignation, he burst forth: "The fact is, your excellency would not now obtain this picture from me at any price; and yet so little value do I put upon its merits, that I deem it worthy no better fate than *this*;" and snatching the panel on which it was painted from the wall, he flung it to the ground, and with his foot broke it into a hundred pieces. *His excellency* made an unceremonious retreat, and returned no more to drive a hard bargain.

2096. SELF-POSSESSION OF VERNET.

Vernet, the painter, was so attached to his profession, that he used to make voyages in bad weather on purpose to see the sky and ocean in picturesque perturbation. One day the storm was so violent that the ship's crew were in great consternation. Vernet desired a sailor to bind him to the mast. When every one was crying and praying, Vernet, with his eyes now upon the lightning, and now upon the mountainous waves, continued to exclaim, "How fine this is!"

2097. PROTOGENES AND PARMEGGIANO.

The painters Protogenes and Parmeggiano found their senses locked up as it were, in meditation, so as to be incapable of withdrawing themselves from their work even in the midst of the terrors and storming of the place by the enemy.

2098. SENSIBILITY OF WEST.

When West, the venerable president of the Royal Academy, was very young, he had attained great skill in the use of the bow and arrow, and was one day unfortunately successful in bringing down a dove, at which he aimed rather in the thoughtlessness of play than design. The moanings of its widowed mate made an impression on his mind which was never erased, and caused him frequently to introduce the dove in his pictures. This was a sensibility quite unaffected, and closely allied to the highest energies of intellect. An anonymous writer, in some tributary verses to the memory of West, thus alludes to the circumstance:—

"——— Age had not chilled
Thy genuine sensibility, nor care,
That upas of the soul, impaired its powers.
Still couldst thou mourn the fluttering dove's distress,
Which struck thy heart in boyhood's silent hour,
And on thy latest canvas claims a sigh."

2099. WEST'S REMINISCENCES.

West, in his old age, in conversing with a friend, said, "Yesterday was fifty years since I arrived in London. I remember travelling on the top of the Canterbury coach, and stopping about two miles from London, at a mean tavern, and taking dinner before I entered the metropolis to seek my fortune; and I could not avoid yesterday going to the same tavern, calling for a dinner alone in the same room, looking back on the fifty years I had spent, the progress I had made in my profession, the friends I possessed, and the adventures I had met with." This was a singular epoch in the life of an individual.

2100. ENTHUSIASM OF DROUAIS.

Drouais, a pupil of David, the French painter, was a youth of fortune; but the solitary pleasure of his youth was his devotion to Raphael. He was at his studies at four in the morning till night. "Painting or nothing!" was the cry of this enthusiast of elegance. "First fame, then amusement," was another. His sensibility was as great as his enthusiasm; and he cut in pieces the picture for which David declared he would inevitably obtain the prize. "I have had my reward in your approbation; but next year I shall feel more certain of deserving it," was the reply of the young enthusiast. Afterwards he astonished Paris with his Marius; but while engaged on a subject which he could never quit, the principle of life itself was drying up in his veins.

2101. HAYDON'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE ELGIN MARBLES.

"At my entrance among these divine things," says Haydon, "for the first time, with Wilkie, 1808, in Park Lane, the first thing I saw was the wrist of the right hand and arm of one of the Fates, leaning on the thigh; it is the Fate on the right side of the other, which, mutilated and destroyed as it was, proved that the great sculptor had kept the shape of the radius and ulna, as always seen in fine nature, male and female.

"I felt at once, before I turned my eyes, that *there* was the nature and ideal beauty joined, which I had gone about the art longing for, but never finding! I saw at once I was among productions such as I had never before witnessed in the art; and that the great author merited the enthusiasm of antiquity, of Socrates, of Plato, of Aristotle, of Juvenal, of

Cicero, of Valerius Maximus, and of Plutarch and Martial. If such were my convictions on seeing this dilapidated but immortal wrist, what do you think they were on turning round to the Theseus, the Horse's Head, and the Fighting Metope, the Frieze, and the Jupiter's Breast?

"O, may I retain such sensations beyond the grave! I foresaw at once a mighty revolution in the art of the world forever. I saw that union of nature and ideal perfected in high art, and before this period pronounced by the ablest critics as *impossible*. I thanked God with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my being, that I was ready to comprehend them from dissection. I bowed to the Immortal Spirit, which still hovered near them. I predicted at once their vast effect on the art of the world, and was smiled at for my boyish enthusiasm.

"What I asserted in their future influence and enormous superiority, Canova, eight years after, confirmed. On my introduction by Hamilton, author of *Egyptiaca*, I asked Canova what he thought of them; and he instantly replied, with a glistening Italian fire, '*Ils renverseront le système des autres antiques.*' [They will reverse the system of other antiques.] Mr. Hamilton replied, 'I have always said so; but who believed me? and what was the result of the principles I laid down? Why, many a squeeze of the hand to support me under my infirmities, and many a smile in my face in mercy at my delusion. "You are a *young man*," was often said; "and your enthusiasm is *all very proper*.'"

"After seeing them myself," says Haydon, "I took Fuseli to see them, and, being a man of quick sensibility, he was taken entirely by surprise. Never shall I forget his uncompromising enthusiasm; he strode about, thundering out, 'The Greeks were gods! the Greeks were gods!' When he got home, he wanted to modify his enthusiasm, but I always reminded him of his first impressions."

§ 211. GENEROSITY, MODESTY, AND OTHER EXCELLENCES.

2102. ROUBILLIAC.

On the return of that sculptor from Rome, he paid a visit to Reynolds, and expressed himself in raptures on what he had seen on the continent; on the exquisite beauty of the works of antiquity, and the captivating and luxuriant splendor of Bernini. "It is natural to suppose," said he, "that I was infinitely impatient till I had taken a survey of my own performances in Westminster Abbey; but, after having seen such a variety of excellence, my own work looked to me as meagre and starved as if made of nothing but tobacco pipes."

2103. GENEROSITY OF REYNOLDS.

A painter of considerable merit, having unfortunately made an injudicious matrimonial choice, was, along with that and its consequences, as well as an increasing family, in a few years reduced so very low that he could not venture out without danger of being arrested—a circumstance which, in a great measure, put it out of his power to dispose of his pictures to advantage.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, having accidentally heard

of his situation, immediately hurried to his residence to inquire into the truth of it, when the unfortunate man told him all the melancholy particulars of his lot, adding, that forty pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors.

After some further conversation, Sir Joshua took his leave, telling him that he would do something for him; and when he was bidding him adieu at the door, he took him by the hand, and, after squeezing it in a friendly way, hurried off with that kind of triumph in his heart which the exalted of human kind only experience, while the astonished artist found that he had left in his hand a bank note for one hundred pounds.

2104. DISINTERESTEDNESS OF ENGLISH PAINTERS.

"There are no examples in the history of painting," says Haydon in his lectures, "of such noble disinterestedness as has ever been shown by the English historical painters. Hogarth and others adorned the Foundling for nothing; Reynolds and West offered to adorn St. Paul's for nothing, and yet were refused. Barry painted the Adelphi without remuneration."

neration; but, as Burke beautifully says, 'The temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.'

2105. REYNOLDS'S CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

It is recorded of Reynolds, as an instance of his prizing extraordinary merit, that when Gainsborough asked him but sixty guineas for his celebrated *Girl and Pigs*, yet being conscious in his own mind that it was worth more, he liberally paid him down one hundred guineas for the picture.

2106. HOGARTH.

Hogarth treated those who sat for their portraits with a courtesy which is not always practised now.

"When I sat to Hogarth," said Mr. Cole, "the custom of giving vails to servants was not discontinued. On taking leave of the painter at the door, I offered his servant a small gratuity; but the man politely refused it, telling me it would be as much as the loss of his place, if his master knew it. This was so uncommon and so liberal in a man of Hogarth's profession, at that time of day, that it much struck me, as nothing of the kind had happened to me before." Nor is it likely that such a thing would happen again: Sir Joshua Reynolds gave his servant six pounds annually for wages, and offered him one hundred pounds a year for the *door*!

2107. REYNOLDS AND DAYES.

The kindness of Sir Joshua Reynolds's manner, and readiness to oblige, were particularly exemplified by a little incident, thus noted by Mr. Dayes, the artist, who says,—

"Malice has charged him with avarice; probably from his not having been prodigal, like many of his profession. His offer to me proved to the contrary. At the time that I made the drawings of the king at St. Paul's, after his illness, Reynolds complimented me handsomely on seeing them, and afterwards observed that the labor bestowed must have been such that I could not be remunerated from selling them; but, if I would publish them myself, he would lend me the money necessary, and engage to get me a handsome subscription among the nobility."

2108. GAINSBOROUGH AND HIS FRIEND WILTSHIRE.

One of Gainsborough's acquaintances in Bath was Wiltshire, the public carrier, a kind and worthy man, who loved him and admired his works. In one of his landscapes he wished to introduce a horse, and as the carrier had a very handsome one, he requested the loan of it for a day or two, and named his purpose: his generous neighbor bridled it and saddled it, and sent it as a present. The painter was not a man to be outdone in acts of generosity: he painted the wagon and horse of his friend, put his whole family and himself into it, and sent it well framed to Wiltshire, with his kind respects. It is considered a very capital performance.

From 1761, when Gainsborough began to exhibit

his paintings at the Academy, till his removal from Bath in 1774, Wiltshire was annually employed to carry his pictures to and from London. He took great care of them, and constantly refused to accept money, saying, "No, no; I admire painting too much," and plunged his hands into his pockets to secure them against the temptation of the offered payment. Perceiving, however, that this was not acceptable to the proud artist, the honest carrier hit upon a scheme which pleased both. "When you think," said he, "that I have *carried* to the value of a little painting, I beg you will let me have one, sir; and I shall be more than paid." In this coin the painter paid Wiltshire, and overpaid him. His son is still in possession of several of these pictures, and appreciates their value. Many of Gainsborough's productions were not so worthily disposed of.

2109. THE MODESTY OF GENIUS.

"Never," relates Haydon, "was any thing more extraordinary than the modesty and simplicity of Wilkie, at the period of his production of the *Village Politicians*. Jackson told me he had the greatest difficulty to persuade him to send this celebrated picture to the exhibition; and I remember his (Wilkie's) bewildered astonishment at the prodigious enthusiasm of the people at the exhibition, when it went, May, 1806.

"On the Sunday after the private day and dinner, the *News* said, 'A young Scotchman, by name Wilkie, has a wonderful work.' I immediately sallied forth, took up Jackson, and away we rushed to Wilkie. I found him in his parlor, in Norton Street, at breakfast. 'Wilkie,' said I, 'your name is in the paper.' 'Is it, really?' said he, staring with delight. I then read the puff, *ore rotunde*, and Jackson, I, and he, in an ecstasy, joined hands and danced round the table."

2110. LOVE OF COUNTRY ABOVE PECUNIARY REMUNERATION.

The *Dead Man* of Allston won the first prize, of two hundred guineas, from the British Institution, and the painter could have sold it for a large sum; but a fortunate occurrence brought it to this country. Mr. McMurtie, of Philadelphia, proposed to Allston to put the picture into his hands, and the Pennsylvania Academy paid for it three thousand five hundred dollars—hardly a tithe of its real value. But the reader will see the noble spirit of the painter in the extract here given from his letter to Mr. McMurtie. He writes from London, the 13th of June, 1816.

"When you first made me the generous offer of taking out my picture, you may remember with what implicit confidence I submitted the entire management and disposal of it to yourself and Mr. Sully. I would not have done this, if I had not been fully assured that whatever might be the event, I should have every reason to be grateful; for, even if it had wholly failed of profit, I should still have felt myself indebted for every exertion that kindness and liberality could make. If such would have been my feelings in the event of a total failure,—an event which I had suffered myself almost to anticipate,—you may well judge what I now feel at the account of this most agreeable and unexpected result. I beg you both to accept my warmest and most grateful acknowledgments. The sale is in every respect highly

gratifying, both as affording a very seasonable pecuniary supply, and on account of the flattering circumstances attending it. As necessary and acceptable as the money is to me, I assure you I think more of the honor conferred by the Academy, in becoming purchasers of my work."

2111. WEST'S CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

The Quakers of Philadelphia requested West to aid them in erecting a hospital for the sick of his native town: he told them his circumstances scarcely admitted of his being generous, but he would aid them after his own way, and paint them a picture, if they would provide a place to receive it in their new building. They were pleased with this, and Christ healing the Sick was painted for Philadelphia.

When exhibited in London, the rush to see it was very great; the praise it obtained was high, and the British Institution offered him three thousand guineas for the work. West accepted the offer, for he was far from being rich, but on condition that he should be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for his native place. He did so; and when the copy went to America, the profits arising from its exhibition enabled the committee of the hospital to enlarge the building and receive more patients.

2112. ALLSTON EXCEPTING TO ONE OF HIS OWN PAINTINGS.

From a biographical sketch of Mr. Allston, in the *Phrenological Journal*, the following is taken, which speaks volumes to the honor of the painter and the man:—

"A friend of Allston tells me a hundred touching stories about him. Here is one: 'While in England, he threw off a little painting of great beauty, the subject of which, though perfectly free, to his own perception, from all moral objection, might be perverted to evil associations. The idea occurred to him while sitting alone the evening he had sent it to the purchaser. No sooner did the impression seize him, than, with conscientious sensibility to the high claims of his art, he wrote the owner of the picture, stating his scruples—begging its return. His desire was reluctantly granted. He sent back the gold with his thanks, and burnt the picture.' And yet the painter was poor, and needed money in that solitude of London. The artist who *knew* these facts had known Allston for years. He says that when he looked on him after this sublime act, notwithstanding his familiarity with the painter, he was struck with a sudden veneration."

2113. POOR GOVERNESS.

The widow of a clergyman who kept the grammar school at Plympton, on the decease of her husband, opened a boarding-school for young ladies, but, having few friends, was unable to make a sufficiently reputable appearance at their accustomed balls. The daughter of a neighbor, an only child, and then a very young girl, felt for the poor governess. Her pitiable insufficiency in the article of finery first arrested her attention, and being unable to help her from her own resources, devised the means by which it might be done.

Having heard of the great fame of Sir Joshua

Reynolds, his character for generosity and charity, and recollecting that he had formerly belonged to the Plympton school, she, without mentioning it to her companions, addressed a letter to Sir Joshua, whom she had never seen, stating the forlorn condition of the poor governess's wardrobe, and begged the gift of a silk gown for her. Very shortly after, silks of different patterns, sufficient for two dresses, reached the astonished governess, who was wholly unacquainted with the compassionate means that had procured her so welcome a present.

2114. FROLICS OF MIERIS AND JAN STEEN.

Mieris had conceived a real friendship for Jan Steen, and delighted in his company, though he was by no means so fond of drinking freely as Jan was accustomed to do every evening at the tavern. Notwithstanding this, he often spent whole nights with his friend in a joyous manner, and frequently returned very late to his lodging.

One evening, when it was almost midnight, and very dark, as Mieris strolled home from the tavern, he unluckily fell into the common sewer, which had been opened for the purpose of cleansing, and the workmen had left it unguarded. There he must have perished, if a cobbler and his wife, who worked in a neighboring stall, had not heard his cries, and instantly ran to his relief. Having extricated Mieris, they took all possible care of him, and procured the best refreshment in their power.

The next morning Mieris, having thanked his preservers, took his leave, but particularly remarked the house, that he might know it another time. The poor people were totally ignorant of the person who had been relieved by them; but Mieris had too grateful a spirit to forget his benefactors, and having painted a picture in his best manner, he brought it to the cobbler and his wife, telling them it was a present from the person whose life they contributed to save, and desired them to carry it to his friend Cornelius Plaats, who would give them the full value for it. The woman, unacquainted with the real value of the present, concluded she might receive a moderate gratuity for the picture; but her astonishment was inexpressible when she received the sum of eight hundred florins.

2115. BARRY'S GENEROSITY.

In 1777, Mr. Barry undertook to decorate the rooms at the Society of Arts, London, and his offer was accepted. It would have been singular, indeed, if such an offer had been rejected, as his labor was to be gratuitous. He had been heard to say that at the time of his undertaking this work, he had only sixteen shillings in his pockets, and that in the prosecution of his labor, he was often, after painting all day, obliged to sketch or engrave at night some design for the print-sellers, which was to supply him with the means of his frugal subsistence. He has recorded some of his prints as done at this time, such as his *Job*, dedicated to Mr. Burke; *Birth of Venus*; *Polemon*; head of Lord Chatham; *King Lear*, &c.

Of his terms with the society, we know only that the choice of subjects was allowed him, and the society was to defray the expense of canvas, colors, and models. In the course of his labors, however, he found that he had been somewhat too disinterested, and wrote a letter to Sir George Saville, soli-

citing such a subscription among the friends of the society as might amount to one hundred pounds a year. He computed that he should finish the whole in two years, and pay back the two hundred pounds to the subscribers by means of an exhibition; but he very candidly added, that if the exhibition should produce nothing, the subscribers would lose their money.

This subscription did not take effect, and the work employed him seven years; at the end of which, the society granted him two exhibitions, and at different periods voted him fifty guineas, their gold medal, and again two hundred guineas, and a seat among them. These pictures were afterwards engraved, but what they produced is not known. In 1792, however, he deposited seven hundred pounds in the funds, and to this wealth he never afterwards made any great addition, for he never possessed more than sixty pounds a year from the funds; a sum barely sufficient to pay the rent and other charges of his house; but as his domestic economy was of the plainest kind, this sum was probably not insufficient.

2116. REYNOLDS'S GIFT.

In the year 1760, a youth named Buckingham, a scholar of Mr. King's academy, in Chapel Street, Soho, presuming upon his father's knowledge of Sir Joshua Reynolds, asked the president if he would paint him a flag for the next breaking up of the school; when Sir Joshua good-naturedly replied, if he would call upon him at a certain time, he would see what he could do. The boy accordingly went, accompanied by a school-fellow, named Williamson, (the narrator of this anecdote,) when Sir Joshua Reynolds presented them with a flag, about a yard square, on which he had painted the king's coat of arms. This flag was carried in the breaking-up procession to the Yorkshire Stingo, an honor to the boys, and a still greater honor to him who painted it, and gave up his valuable time to promote their holiday amusements.

2117. GAINSBOROUGH.

Among those who sat to Gainsborough was the Duchess of Devonshire, then in the bloom of youth, at once the loveliest of the lovely and the gayest of the gay. But her dazzling beauty, and the sense which she entertained of the charms of her looks, and her conversation, took away that readiness of hand, and hasty happiness of touch, which belonged to him in his ordinary moments. The portrait was so little to his satisfaction that he refused to send it to Chatsworth. Drawing his wet pencil across a mouth which all who saw it thought exquisitely

lovely, he said, "Her grace is too hard for me." The picture was probably destroyed. Among his papers were found two sketches of the duchess, both exquisitely lovely and graceful.

2118. REYNOLDS'S MODESTY.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, like many other distinguished persons, was never satisfied with his own efforts, however well they might satisfy others. When the ingenious M. Mosnier, a French painter, was one day praising to him the excellence of one of his pictures, he replied, "*Ah! Monsieur, je ne fais que des ébauches, des ébauches.*" (Alas! sir, I can only make sketches, sketches.)

2119. ROUBILLIAC'S HONESTY AND ITS REWARD.

It is a pleasing circumstance to relate that Roubilliac's own goodness of heart first brought his excellent talents into notice; and that his great success in life seems to have depended, in some degree, on his honest and liberal conduct, soon after he came to England.

At that time, he was merely working as a journeyman; and, having spent an evening at Vauxhall, on his return he picked up a pocket book, which contained a considerable quantity of bank notes. He immediately advertised it, and a claimant soon appeared, who was so pleased with the integrity of the youth, and so struck with his genius,—of which he showed several specimens,—that he not only gave him a handsome remuneration, but, being a man of rank and fortune, became his patron.

2120. HOGARTH'S MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

This celebrated picture was disposed of by the painter by lottery. There were eighteen hundred and forty-three chances subscribed for. Hogarth gave the remaining one hundred and sixty-seven tickets to the Foundling Hospital, and the same night delivered the picture to the governors. The fortunate number is generally stated to have been among the tickets which the painter handed to the hospital; but it is related in the Gentleman's Magazine, though anonymously, that a lady was the possessor of the fortunate number, and intended to present it to the Foundling Hospital, but that some person having suggested what a door would be open to scandal, were any of her sex to make such a present, it was given to Hogarth, on the express condition that it should be presented in his own name.

§ 212. PECUNIARY AID, PATRONAGE, AND REMUNERATION.

2121. HOGARTH'S MANNER OF SELLING HIS PICTURES.

Hogarth supported himself by the sale of his prints: the prices of his paintings kept pace neither with his fame nor with his expectations. He knew,

however, the passion of his countrymen for novelty—how they love to encourage whatever is strange and mysterious; and, hoping to profit by these feelings, the artist determined to sell his principal paintings by an auction of a very singular nature.

On the 25th of January, 1745, he offered for sale

the six paintings of the *Harlot's Progress*, the eight paintings of the *Rake's Progress*, the four *Times of the Day*, and the *Strolling Actresses*, on the following conditions :—

1. Every bidder shall have an entire leaf numbered in the book of sale, on the top of which will be entered his name and place of abode, the sum paid by him, the time when, and for what picture.

2. That on the day of sale, a clock, striking every five minutes, shall be placed in the room; and when it has struck five minutes after twelve, the first picture mentioned in the sale book shall be deemed as sold; the second picture, when the clock has struck the next five minutes after twelve, and so on in succession till the whole nineteen pictures are sold.

3. That none advance any thing short of gold at each bidding.

4. No person to bid on the last day, except those whose names were before entered in the book. As Mr. Hogarth's room is but small, he begs the favor that no persons, except those whose names are entered on the book, will come to view his paintings on the last day of sale."

This plan was new, startling, and unproductive. It was probably planned to prevent biddings by proxy, and so secure to the artist the price which men of wealth and rank might be induced to offer publicly for works of genius. "A method so novel," observes Ireland, "probably disgusted the town; they might not exactly understand this tedious formula of entering their names and places of abode in a book open to indiscriminate inspection; they might wish to humble an artist who, by his proposals, seemed to consider that he did the world a favor in suffering them to bid for his works, or the rage for paintings might be confined to the admirers of the old masters." Be that as it may, he received only four hundred and twenty-seven pounds seven shillings for his nineteen pictures—a price by no means equal to their merit.

The prints of the *Harlot's Progress* had sold much better than those of the *Rake's*, yet the paintings of the former produced only fourteen guineas each, while those of the latter were sold for twenty-two. That admirable picture, *Morning*, brought twenty guineas, and *Night*, in every respect inferior to almost any of his works, six and twenty. Such was the reward, then, to which these patrons of genius thought these works entitled. More has been since given, over and over again, for a single painting, than Hogarth obtained for all his paintings put together.

2122. RAPHAEL.

Francis I. having received a picture of St. Michael from the hand of Raphael d'Urbino, which he much coveted, he remunerated Raphael far beyond what his modesty conceived he ought to receive. The generous artist, however, made him a present of a Holy Family, painted by himself, which the courteous monarch received, saying, that "persons famous in the arts partake of the immortality of princes, and are upon a footing with them."

2123. CORREGGIO'S LAST WORK.

Correggio was chosen, by the canons of the cathedral at Parma, to paint its cupola in fresco. The subject was the Assumption of the Virgin. Correggio painted the holy Mary, surrounded by happy spirits and adoring angels, the faces of the heavenly

choir glowing with rapturous, celestial joy. This was a subject fitted for Correggio's genius; it was his last and his greatest work. The innumerable company of cherubs—some singing, others scattering incense, and all full of holy delight—gave an opportunity for the display of that childlike grace which was peculiar to Correggio. The picture was wonderful—beautiful; but this was unacknowledged by the mean and cold-hearted dignitaries with whom the artist had to deal.

When Correggio came to receive payment for his finished work, that he might joyfully take home the price of his labors to his poverty-stricken family, the canons found fault with the picture, and finally refused to give him more than half the paltry sum originally promised.

Correggio's necessities were too overpowering to allow him to debate the point. He took the money, which his mean patrons paid all in copper coins. Correggio took the heavy burden on his shoulders. His home was six or eight miles from Parma, and he had to walk that distance under the burning heat of an Italian sun, laden with the weight of the copper, his heart sinking with despondency. He reached his cottage at last, and, thirsty and exhausted, drank plentifully of some water which his children brought. He was immediately seized with a fever, and lay down on his straw bed, from whence he never rose. In three days Antonio Correggio was no more.

2124. STUART AND HIS FRIENDLY ADVISERS.

Stuart related an anecdote of himself to Mr. Frazer worth preserving. "Lord St. Vincent, the Duke of Northumberland, and Colonel Barré, came unexpectedly one morning to my room, locked the door, and then explained the intention of their visit: this was shortly after my setting up an independent easel. They understood that I was under pecuniary embarrassments, and offered me assistance; which I declined. They then said they would sit for their portraits. Of course I was ready to serve them. They then advised that I should make it a rule that half price should be paid at the first sitting. They insisted on setting this example, and I followed the practice ever after this delicate mode of their showing their friendship."

2125. BEFRIENDING GENIUS.

Those who befriend genius, when it is struggling for distinction, befriend the world; and their names should be held in remembrance. There is good sense and right feeling in the reply of Mahomet to the insinuations of the fair Ayesha, that his first wife, Cadijah, was old and unlovely, and that he had now a better in her place—"No, there never was a better: she believed in me when men despised me; she relieved my wants when I was poor and persecuted by the world."

The names of Smith, Hamilton, Kelly, Allen, Jackson, Rutherford, and Lord Grantham must be dear to all the admirers of West: they aided him in the infancy of his fame and fortune; they cheered him when he was drooping and desponding, and watched over his person and purse with the vigilance of true friendship.

The story of his success with the portrait of Lord Grantham found its way to Allen, of Philadelphia, when he was at dinner with Governor Ham-

ilton. "I regard this young man," said the worthy merchant, "as an honor to his country; and as he is the first that America has sent out to cultivate the fine arts, he shall not be frustrated in his studies, for I shall send him whatever money he may require." "I think with you, sir," said Hamilton; "but you must not have all the honor to yourself: allow me to unite with you in the responsibility of the credit."

Some time afterwards, when West went to take up ten pounds from his agents, the last of the sum with which he had commenced his studies, one of the partners opened a letter, and said, "I am instructed to give you unlimited credit: you will have the goodness to ask for what sum you please." It is not without cause that Mr. Galt says, "The munificence of the Medici was equalled by these American magistrates."

§126. SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Sir Godfrey Kneller lessened his own reputation by making it subservient to his fortune. He united the highest vanity with the most consummate negligence of his character. He had the singular honor of painting the portraits of ten sovereigns, and amassed a fortune of two thousand pounds a year, although he lived magnificently, and lost twenty thousand pounds in the South Sea scheme. He is said to have given as a reason for preferring portrait painting, that "painters of history make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live."

§127. SALVATOR ROSA.

Salvator Rosa was one of the greatest painters of the seventeenth century. He was gifted, too, with unusual talents for poetry and music, and has justly been reckoned one of the most extraordinary men the world has ever produced.

He was the son of a poor architect, who made many ineffectual efforts to divert his mind from the bent which nature and genius gave it; but it was all in vain. Poverty and misfortune, however, followed his steps, till some time after his twenty-first year. At length the patrons of art at Rome instituted two public exhibitions of paintings in that city, and a picture, which Salvator sent to a friend at Rome, was placed in the hall of exhibition. It decided his fate: the best judges placed it above Titian's paintings in merit, and nought was heard but praises and applause. No sooner did these reach our hero than he quitted Naples, and hired a house in Rome, where he received the visits and secured the friendship of all the great men of the day. Not only as a painter was he admired, but as a poet, a musician, and a man of great knowledge and acquirement.

In the midst of these happy days arrived the carnival of 1639. The carnivals of Rome were then, as now, very famous, and all the great men of the day contributed to the general amusement. Plays were performed, and cars were drawn through the streets, in which were men wearing masks, who danced, sung, and acted. Among these, at the carnival to which we allude, was an actor, who announced himself as a Signor Formica, from Naples. He attracted the attention of all present by his wit, eloquence, and above all by his songs, which he accompanied with the lute. Various were the conjectures as to who or what this Signor Formica really

was; and what was the surprise of the people, when, on the last day of the carnival, he removed his mask, and displayed the well-known features of Salvator Rosa, the painter.

All Rome was now filled with his fame, and there was no longer any doubt of his obtaining that high rank which his ambition had so long desired in vain. No sooner was the carnival past, than Salvator applied himself with increased diligence to his art, and numerous and beautiful were the pictures sent forth from his easel. Poverty was now unknown to him, and he became remarkable for the elegance of his dress and habits. Men of talent flocked around him, and his musical acquirements procured him admittance into the highest society. Orders for pictures increased in number, and he was soon at the height of his fame.

§128. BENJAMIN WEST.

Mr. West, on his return to England, from his studies in Italy, soon displayed his powers for historical painting in a most excellent picture. The subject was that of Pylades and Orestes — one of his very best works. As any attempt at history was at that period an almost unexampled effort, this picture became a matter of much surprise: his house was soon filled with visitors from all quarters to see it; and those among the highest rank, who were unable to come to his house to satisfy their curiosity, desired his permission to have it sent them. Nor did they fail, every time it was returned to him, to accompany it with compliments of the highest commendation on its great merits.

But the most wonderful part of the story is, that notwithstanding this vast bustle and commendation bestowed upon this justly-admired picture, by which Mr. West's servants gained upwards of thirty pounds for showing it, no mortal ever asked the price of the work, or so much as offered to give him a commission to paint any other subject. Indeed, there was one gentleman who was so highly delighted with the picture, and spoke of it with such great praise to his father, that the latter immediately asked him the reason he did not purchase, as he so much admired it, when he answered, "What could I do if I had it? You would not surely have me hang up a modern English picture in my house, unless it was a portrait."

§129. CHARLES AND TITIAN.

Titian had painted the portrait of Charles several times, but now being called to the court of that prince, he for the last time painted his portrait, just as he then appeared in the latter part of his life; and this picture also much pleased the renowned emperor. Certain it is that the very first portrait Titian drew of him so struck him with admiration, that he would never after sit to any other artist; and for every portrait Titian took of him he gave him a thousand crowns in gold.

Titian in all painted three portraits of the emperor; and when he last sat to him, at the conclusion of the picture, Charles said with emphasis, "This is the third time I have triumphed over death."

§130. SIR ANTONIO MORE.

Sir Antonio More, for his portrait of Queen Mary, received from Philip a chain of gold, with the more

substantial addition of a pension of four hundred a year, as painter to the king. More followed Philip into Spain, lived in much splendor, and in close intimacy, too, with the monarch, which was not without its danger.

One day, it is said, Philip laid his hand jestingly on More's shoulder, in the presence of his courtiers; and as the artist was professionally engaged, he touched the royal hand with a brush dipped in carmine. The courtiers stood aghast at this criminal breach of court etiquette, and Philip himself surveyed for a moment, in silence, that awful hand which even ladies knelt to kiss, with a serious look. The painter saw his error: he knelt, sued for forgiveness, and obtained it from the king, but not from the Inquisition, who believed, or said, that More had got from the English heretics a charm, wherewith he bewitched Philip. He retired from a country so dangerous for a man of free manners, and pleased the Duke of Alva so much with some portraits of favorite ladies that he was made receiver of the revenue of West Flanders—a lucrative appointment; whereon Sir Antonio forthwith threw away his brushes and burned his easel.

2131. CARLO MARATTI AND SALVATOR ROSA.

While Carlo Maratti was working with daily assiduity in the magnificent gallery of the most interesting palace in Rome, (the Colonna,) condescending to paint Cupids and roses on fragile mirrors, which, however, still decorate walls dismantled of nobler and more lasting ornaments, Salvator Rosa was employed by the Constable Colonna in painting historical pictures for the same gallery, and even affected to barter compliments with the puissant prince. By more than one ill-timed but generous present to a man so greatly his superior in rank and fortune, he unconsciously laid the foundation of a calumny against his noted disinterestedness, which, inconsistent as it is, still stamps his liberal character with one solitary incident of ridicule, or of avarice.

"The Constable Colonna," says a modern retailer of historical anecdotes, "sent a purse of gold to Salvator on receiving one of his beautiful landscapes. The painter, not to be outdone in generosity, sent the prince another picture as a present, which the prince insisted on remunerating with another purse: another present and another purse followed; and this struggle between generosity and liberality continued to the time of many other pictures and presents, until the prince finding himself the loser by the contest, sent Salvator two purses, with the assurance that he gave in, '*et lui ceda le champ de bataille*.' The pictures painted at this time for the Constable Colonna were Mercury and the Peasant, Moses found by Pharaoh's Daughter, the two sublime St. Johns, and the landscapes which give rise to the anecdote above recited."

2132. ELEGANT ANECDOTE.

We do not know when we have read a more elegant anecdote than the following, translated from the French for the National Intelligencer. It is told of Horace Vernet, the great French historical painter:—

Vernet had been received in Russia with all the distinction due to his eminent rank in the arts. At Warsaw he was greeted with double enthusiasm on

account of his professional fame, and his being, at the same time, one of that nation between which and Poland there is so strong a sympathy. The following anecdote is told with the strongest asseverance of its truth. The Emperor Nicholas engaged Horace Vernet to paint him a picture of the taking of Warsaw, for which his majesty agreed to pay two hundred thousand francs. In the course of their conversation on the subject, the emperor asked the artist whether he might not feel some repugnance in doing a work that would be a record of the fall of Poland. "No, sire," replied Horace Vernet, "I have several times painted the Crucifixion of Christ."

2133. TRIUMPH OF NEEDLEWORK.

The celebrated Miss Linwood copied the *Salvator Mundi* of Guido, in the collection of the Marquis of Exeter, so exquisitely that she was offered three thousand guineas for that performance alone.

2134. BROOKING.

Brooking, a ship painter of rare merit, about the middle of the last century, like many of the artists of the time, worked for the shops. Mr. Taylor White, treasurer of the Foundling Hospital, one day saw some of the sea pieces of this artist in a shop window in Castle Street, Leicester Square. He inquired his name, but was answered equivocally by the dealer, who told Mr. White that if he pleased he could procure other pictures by the same painter.

Brooking was accustomed to write his name upon his pictures, which mark was as often obliterated by the shopkeeper before he placed them in his window. It, however, happened that the artist carried home a piece on which his name was inscribed; and the master being from home, his wife, who received it, placed it in the window without effacing the signature. Luckily, Mr. White saw the picture before it was removed, and thus discovered the name of the painter whose works he so much admired. He instantly advertised for the artist to meet him at a certain wholesale linen draper's in the city. To this invitation Brooking, at first, paid no regard; but, seeing it repeated, with assurance of benefit to the person to whom it was addressed, he prudently attended to it, and had an interview with Mr. White, who, from that time, became his friend and patron. One of Brooking's sea pieces hangs in the Foundling Hospital: it was painted in eighteen days, and is, altogether, a first-class picture.

2135. OLD MIERIS.

Old Francis Mieris used to value his time at a ducat an hour; and for one picture of a lady fainting he was paid, at that ratio, the large sum of fifteen hundred florins. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is said to have offered three thousand for it, but was refused. One of the most beautiful of the works of Francis Mieris in England, where they are not very common, is known by the name of the *Shrimp Man*.

2136. GUIDO SELLING HIS TIME.

Guido, when in embarrassment from his habit of gaming and extravagance, is related by Malvasia, his well-informed biographer, to have sold his time,

at a stipulated sum per hour, to certain dealers, one of whom tasked the painter so rigidly, as to stand by him, with watch in hand, while he worked. Thus were produced numbers of heads and half figures, which, though executed with the facility of a master, had little else to recommend them. Malvasia relates that such works were sometimes begun and finished in three hours, and even less time.

2137. POVERTY OF CORREGGIO.

"Flanders," says Zimmerman, "amidst all the horrors of civil discord, produced painters as rich in fame as they were poor in outward circumstances.

"The celebrated Correggio had been so seldom rewarded during his life, that the paltry payment of ten pistoles of German coin—and which he was obliged to travel as far as Parma to receive—created in his mind a joy so excessive, that it caused his death."

2138. THE ROYAL PRISONER.

Goupy, an ingenious artist, was in great favor with Frederic, Prince of Wales, and frequently attended at Leicester House, to draw such designs as his royal highness chose to dictate. One morning, on his arrival, the prince said, "Come, Goupy, sit down and paint me a picture on such a subject." But Goupy, perceiving Prince George, his late majesty, standing as a prisoner behind a chair, took the liberty humbly to represent to his royal patron, how impossible it was for him to sit down to execute his commands with spirit, while the prince was standing, and under his royal displeasure. "Come out, then, George," said the good-natured prince, "Goupy has released you."

When Goupy was eighty-four, and very poor, he had a mad woman to nurse and maintain, who had been the object of his delight when young: he therefore put himself in the king's way, at Kensing-

ton, where he lived. One morning the king saw him, and stopped the coach, saying, "How do you do, Goupy?" asking him also if he had sufficient to live upon. "Little enough, indeed," answered Goupy; "and, as I once took your majesty out of prison, I hope you will not let me go into one." His majesty was graciously pleased to order him a guinea a week for the remainder of his life, which, however, was but short.

2139. CORREGGIO.

It is related of this artist, justly styled the Apelles of Europe, that, instigated by the desire of beholding the frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican, he visited Rome; and after having long gazed on these celebrated works, conscious of his own transcendent but less regarded talents, he broke forth with the memorable words, "*Anch' io son pittore!*" (I also am a painter.)

Vasari commiserates the fate of Correggio, whom he represents as of a melancholy turn of mind; timid and diffident of his own powers; burdened with a numerous family, which, with all his prodigious talents, he could scarcely support; ill recompensed for his works.

This picture, however, is exaggerated; for although the situation of Correggio was far beneath his merits, yet it was by no means deplorable. His family was highly respectable, and possessed considerable landed property, which is said to have been augmented by his own earnings. For the Cupola and Tribuna of the Church of St. Giovanni, he received four hundred and seventy-two sequins; for that of the Duomo, three hundred and fifty—payments by no means inconsiderable in those times. For his celebrated *Notte*, he had forty sequins; for his St. Jerome, which cost him six months' labor, forty-seven. It does not appear probable that he acquired great riches; but there is no doubt that he was equally screened from the evils attendant on penury and affluence.

§ 213. TRIBUTES OF HONOR AND ADMIRATION TO GIFTED ARTISTS AND THEIR WORKS.

2140. REFLECTION ON A PICTURE.

When Wilkie was in the Escorial looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the refectory there, an old Jeromionite said to him, "I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years. During that time, my companions have dropped off one after another, all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many or most of those who were younger than myself. More than one generation has passed away, and these, the figures in the picture, have remained unchanged. I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but the shadows."

2141. TRIBUTE TO GAINSBOROUGH.

Shortly after Gainsborough's death, Sir Joshua Reynolds, then president of the Royal Academy, delivered a discourse to the students, of which "the

character of Gainsborough" was the subject. In this he alludes to Gainsborough's method of handling—his habit of *scratching*. "All these odd scratches and marks," he observes, "which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which, even to experienced painters, appear rather the effect of accident than design,—this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance, assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places; so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence, under the appearance of chaste and hasty negligence."

2142. HAYDON'S JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

This picture was bought of the artist by Sir W. Elford and Mr. Tingcomb, for seven hundred pounds. While painting it, Haydon got embroiled in a controversy on the Elgin Marbles with Mr. Payne Knight, one of the directors of the British Institu-

tion. This gave great offence; and when the painter had been four months at work on the Solomon, he was left without resources; but, by selling successively his books, prints, and clothes, he was enabled to go on with his picture.

At length, after a labor of two years, and by a closing exertion of painting six days, and nearly as many nights, the picture was completed, and exhibited in Spring Gardens, with great success. The directors of the British Institution then showed their sense of Haydon's genius by a vote of one hundred guineas, and all ill feeling was forgotten.

For this work, Haydon was presented with the freedom of the borough of Plymouth, says the vote, "as a testimony of respect for his extraordinary merit as an historical painter, and particularly for the production of his recent picture, the Judgment of Solomon, a work of such superior excellence as to reflect honor on his birthplace, distinction on his name, lustre on the art, and reputation on the country."

Miss Mitford addressed to the painter the following sonnet on this picture:—

"Tears in the eye, and on the lips a sigh;
Haydon, the great, the beautiful, the bold,
Thy Wisdom's King, thy Mercy's God unfold!
There art and genius blend in unison high,
But this is of the soul. The majesty
Of grief dwells here: grief cast in such a mould
As Niobe's of yore. The tale is told
All at a glance. 'A childless mother I!'
The tale is told, and who can e'er forget,
That e'er has seen that woe of despair?
With unaccustomed tears our cheeks are wet;
Heavy our hearts with unaccustomed care;
Upon our thoughts it presses like a debt;
We close our eyes in vain: that face is there!"

Mr. West, on seeing the picture, was affected to tears at the figure of the pale, fainting mother.

2143. THE MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVING OF RUBENS.

James Mac Ardell, the mezzotinto engraver, having taken a very good print from the portrait of Rubens, came with it one morning to Sir Joshua Reynolds, to inquire if he could inform him particularly of the many titles to which Rubens had a right, in order to inscribe them properly under his print; saying he believed that Rubens had been knighted by the kings of France, Spain, and England; was secretary of state in Flanders, and to the privy council in Spain; and had been employed in a ministerial capacity from the court of Madrid to the court of London, to negotiate a treaty of peace between the two crowns, and that he was also a magistrate of Antwerp, &c.

Dr. Johnson happened to be in the room with Sir Joshua Reynolds at the time, and understanding Mac Ardell's inquiry, interfered rather abruptly, saying, "Pooh! pooh! Put his name alone under the prints—Peter Paul Rubens: that is sufficient, and more than all the rest."

2144. TITIAN.

During the residence of Titian in Spain, he composed many admirable works, and received many princely rewards from the Emperor Charles V., who gave him the Key, the order of Santiago at Brussels, and constituted him a count palatine of the empire at Barcelona, in 1553.

These favors alarmed the jealousy of the nobles both of Germany and Spain; but their envy drew no other answer from Charles than that he had many nobles, but only one Titian. The artist, who was at some distance, overheard the retort with conscious satisfaction; and as he made his obeisance to the emperor, he dropped a pencil on the floor. The courteous monarch took it up, and delivering it to him, said, that to wait on Titian was a service for an emperor.

The figure of the Sleeping Venus is a miracle of art, and was so decidedly the *chef-d'œuvre* of Titian, that after several efforts to rival his own matchless work, he quitted this self-emulation in despair. So delighted was Philip IV. with this picture, that when the Prado was on fire, on the fatal accident being reported to him while on the throne, he instantly demanded if the Titian Venus had escaped the conflagration. The messenger assured him that it was saved. "Then," replied the king, "all other losses may be supported."

2145. SIR RICHARD PHILIPS AND THE SEXTON'S ASSISTANT.

When Sir Richard Philips, in his *morning's walk* from London to Hlew, visited the church on Hlew green, he halted beside the tomb of Gainsborough, and said to the sexton's assistant, "Ah, friend, this is a hallowed spot. Here is one of Britain's favored sons, whose genius has assisted in exalting her among the nations of the earth." "Perhaps it was so," said the man; "but we know nothing about the people buried, except to keep up their monuments, if the family pay; and perhaps, sir, you belong to this family; if so, I'll tell you how much is due." "Yes, truly, friend," said Sir Richard, "I am one of the great family bound to preserve the monument of Gainsborough; but if you take me for one of his relatives, you are mistaken." "Perhaps, sir, you may be of the family, but were not included in the will; therefore are not obligated." Sir Richard could not avoid looking with scorn at the fellow; but, as the spot claimed better feelings, he gave him a trifle, and so got rid of him.

2146. HOLBEIN.

When Holbein determined to quit his native town, Basil, in order to enhance the value of his works, which were becoming too numerous there, he intimated that he would leave a specimen of the power of his abilities. He had still at his house a portrait of one of his patrons, which he had just finished. On the forehead he painted a fly, and sent the picture to the person for whom it was intended. The gentleman, struck with the beauty of the piece, went eagerly to brush off the fly, and found the deceit. The story soon spread, and made more impression than efforts of greater excellence. Orders were immediately given to prevent the city being deprived of so wonderful an artist; but Holbein had already gone.

2147. OPINIONS OF STUART'S WORKS.

Stuart painted a great number of portraits, and they are scattered over the country. They have stirred the first ambition of many an early painter, and they have been visited by our best artists from

a distance, as men go to see the works of Italian masters.

When an English ambassador was leaving England for America, he called on West, and asked him to recommend a portrait painter. "Where are you going?" "To the United States." "There, sir, you will find the best portrait painter in the world, and his name is Gilbert Stuart," said West.

When Sully was in Boston, he requested Allston to accompany him to see a portrait of Mr. Gibbs, by Stuart. "Well," said Allston, "what is your opinion?" The reply was, "I may commit myself, and expose my ignorance; but in my opinion, I never saw a Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, or Titian equal to it. What say you?" "I say," replied Allston, "that all combined could not have equalled it."

2148. JUST CRITICISM OF MARTIN'S DELUGE.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has written this eloquent criticism: "Martin's Deluge is the most simple of his works: it is perhaps, also, the most awful. Poussin had represented before him the waste of inundation, but not the inundation of the world. With an imagination that pierces from effects to their ghastly and sublime agency, Martin gives, in the same picture, a possible solution to the phenomenon he records; and in the gloomy and perturbed heaven you see the conjunction of the sun, the moon, and a comet. I consider this the most magnificent alliance of philosophy and art of which the history of painting can boast."

2149. OPINIONS OF ALLSTON IN ROME.

As a proof of the estimation in which Allston was held in Rome, Professor Wier, of West Point, who was studying in that city many years after Allston had left, says that the artists of Rome inquired of him about an American painter, for whom they had no name but the American Titian. When Wier mentioned Allston's name, they exclaimed, "That's the man."

"I have heard celebrated European artists say," states an American writer, "that they believed no painter's coloring, for two hundred years, has so closely resembled Titian's."

2150. ALLSTON'S LATER LIFE.

The latter years of Allston's life were passed in

distant from the city of Boston and Harvard University. Probably he chose this residence partly from motives of economy, and partly that he might have easy access to literary society. We know not, indeed, how far his health and circumstances may have rendered seclusion necessary; but it was felt by many, who had no claim to the artist's acquaintance, that he was most unjustly neglected.

A great painter, in the vicinity of so opulent and refined a metropolis, should certainly have found a wider and more intimate recognition—more cordial and spontaneous sympathy. True, his humble abode was sought out by the young worshipper of art, who approached it with reverence, and left it with gratitude. True, his presence was sometimes invoked at the table of an opulent merchant of the neighboring city, who desired to exhibit a native lion to some curious foreigner; and it is also true that Lord Mor-

peth's first inquiry, after the British steamer reached the Boston pier, was, "Where does Allston live?" his first object being to visit his studio, and give him a commission, since he had tried in vain to buy one of his pictures in England.

Labouchere managed to hunt out his dwelling and give him gold, which would buy bread, for his Elijah in the Desert. De Tocqueville, and such men, who could not accept every invitation to be lionized, took pains to go out to Cambridgeport to show their veneration for the man who had painted the Dead Man. But, as a general rule, we are told, he was left to his retirement and his poverty, by those who might have been proud of doing homage to the genius, and sitting in the sunlight, of such a spirit.

2151. COLERIDGE'S OPINION OF ALLSTON.

"Washington Allston was gifted with a poetical and artistic genius," Coleridge once remarked to Campbell, "unsurpassed by any man of his age."

2152. DIBDIN ON REYNOLDS.

"Of all conceptions, as well as executions, of portraits," says Dr. Dibdin, "that of Lord Heathfield, by Reynolds, is doubtless among the very finest and most characteristic. The veteran has a key, gently raised, in his right hand, which he is about to place in his left. It is the key of the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar; and he seems to say, 'Wrest it from me at your peril!' Kneller, and even Vandyke, would have converted this key into a truncheon."

2153. VOLTAIRE AND VERNET.

Voltaire was determined never to be outdone in compliments. He said once to Vernet, the painter, in return for his praise,—

"Your colors are beautiful and lasting, and your name will be immortal."

"My colors," said Vernet, "are not so durable as your ink;" and he was going, when he uttered these words, to kiss Voltaire's hand.

"What are you going to do?" said Voltaire, drawing back his hand; "if you kiss my hand, I must kiss your feet."

2154. LIMITATION OF THE ROYAL PREROGATIVE.

When Leonardo da Vinci lay upon his death bed, Francis I. visited him. An attendant informing the painter that the king was come to inquire after his health, he raised himself from his pillow, a lambent beam of gratitude for the honor lighted up his eyes, and he made an effort to speak. The exertion was too much; he fell back, and Francis stooping to support him, the great artist expired in his arms. Affected with the awful catastrophe, the king heaved a sigh, and left the chamber in tears. He was immediately surrounded by his nobles, one of whom entreated him not to indulge his grief, adding, as a consolatory reflection,—

"Consider, sire, the man was but a painter."

"I do," replied the king; "and at the same time consider that though, as a king, I could make a

thousand such as you, the Deity alone can make such a painter as Leonardo da Vinci."

2155. TITIAN PATRONIZED BY CHARLES V.

Even after Titian's fame was established, wealth did not come in proportion to renown. He was still a poor man, though he was received as a friend by nobles and princes. Perhaps he hid his poverty through pride, so that it never came to the knowledge of these—his patrons. However, it is asserted that, in 1530, when Titian's name was known over all Italy, the artist himself was in the deepest poverty. This was discovered by a friend, Peter Aretine, who considerably mentioned the painter to the Emperor Charles V. as a subject of his generosity. Charles knew how to assist genius without wounding its delicacy. He employed Titian to paint his portrait, for which he paid him a sum far above any the artist had ever received.

From Bologna, where the emperor was, Titian proceeded to Mantua and Rome, being honorably received at both courts, and using his pencil advantageously, chiefly in portraits of the great and noble of the day. He then rejoined Charles V., who had returned to Madrid, in which city Titian passed three years.

One of the most pleasant things that we have in Titian's life is the long and intimate friendship that subsisted between him and his royal patron, Charles V., the great and good Emperor of Spain, whose name is well known in history as one of the wisest and best sovereigns of Europe. From the time of the painter's first introduction to him at Bologna, Charles ever regarded him as a friend, and treated him as an equal. Not long after this first acquaintance, when the emperor had excited the jealousy of his courtiers by placing Vecelli at his right hand while riding, he made the well-known reply, "I have many nobles, but only one Titian."

2156. TITIAN'S PAINTING AND EL MUDO.

When Titian's famous painting of the Last Supper arrived at the Escorial, the king, Philip II., proposed to cut the canvas to the size of the panel in the refectory, where it was designed to hang. El Mudo, who was present, to prevent the mutilation of so capital a work, made earnest signs of intercession with the king, to be permitted to copy it, and reduce it to the size of the place assigned for it, offering to do it in the space of six months. The king expressed some hesitation on account of the length of time required for the work, and was proceeding to put his design in execution, when El Mudo repeated his supplications in behalf of his favorite master with more fervency than ever, offering to complete the copy in less time than he at first demanded, tendering at the same time his head as the punishment if he failed. The offer was not accepted, and execution was performed upon Titian, accompanied with the most distressing attitudes and distortions of El Mudo.

2157. XIMENES, THE DEAF AND DUMB PAINTER.

Juan Fernandez Ximenes, commonly called El Mudo, or the *Dumb*, was from his infancy both deaf and dumb. But affording sufficient tokens of an

earnest desire to learn the art of painting, he was placed under good masters; and from the excellence which he attained he was called the Spanish Titian. He was one of the painters of the Escorial, and his principal work is the representation of the four evangelists, which he painted in fresco.

One of the paintings which he made for a chapel that King Philip erected in the wood of Segovia represents the beheading of Santiago; and El Mudo inserted the portrait of Santoyo as the executioner, in revenge for some ill offices which that minister had done him. Santoyo complained to the king, begging that the figure might be expunged, and his person not delivered to posterity in the disgraceful occupation of a hangman. The king, who probably knew the cause of the offence, did not disapprove of the nature of the revenge, and excusing himself to Santoyo on account of the excellence of the performance, would not allow the picture to be defaced.

2158. THE BELLINI.

Giovanni Bellini was one of three—a father and two sons—who were founders of the Venetian school of art. Of these, the elder brother, Giovanni, was much the best artist. He was highly esteemed in his own country, and his fame even reached to Constantinople. The Ottoman Emperor Mahomet II. sent a request to him, inviting him thither; but the Venetian senate valued their painter too highly to part with him; they sent his brother Gentili to the Turkish sovereign.

Mahomet courteously received his guest, showed him all honor, and employed him to paint several pictures. Among these was one the subject of which was the beheading of John the Baptist. The emperor was one day looking at this, and pointed out to the artist some error which he fancied he perceived. To enforce his arguments, Mahomet had a black slave brought in, and decapitated in his presence!

This very despotic mode of proving a disputed question in art so terrified the painter, that he never knew peace until he contrived to escape from his polite host, and returned in safety to his own country and his brother Giovanni.

2159. HOLBEIN AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A nobleman of the first quality came one day to see Holbein, when he was drawing a figure after the life. Holbein begged his lordship to defer the honor of his visit till another day; which the nobleman taking as an affront, broke open the door, and very rudely went up stairs. Holbein, hearing a noise, came out of his chamber, and meeting the lord at the door, fell into a violent passion, and pushed him backwards from the top of the stairs to the bottom. However, considering immediately what he had done, he escaped from the tumult he had raised, and made the best of his way to the king.

The nobleman, who was much hurt, though not so much as he pretended, was there soon after him; and upon opening his grievance, the king ordered Holbein to ask pardon for his offence. But this only irritated the nobleman the more, who would not be satisfied with less than life; upon which the king sternly answered, "My lord, you have not now to do with Holbein, but with me; whatever punishment you may contrive by way of revenge against

him shall assuredly be inflicted upon yourself. Remember, my lord, that I can, whenever I please, make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of seven lords."

2160. COPLEY'S DEATH OF LORD CHATHAM

Washington, on seeing this picture, remarked, "This work, highly valuable in itself, is rendered more estimable in my eye, when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist that produced it." The picture is ten feet long, and seven feet six inches high. The painter refused fifteen hundred guineas for it; it was purchased, we know not at what price, by the late Earl of Liverpool, who used to say that such a work ought not to be in his possession, but in that of the public. These words were not heard in vain by the present earl, who munificently presented it to the National Gallery.

2161. WEST AT ROME.

West was the first American who visited Rome for the purpose of accomplishing himself in the art of painting. One of the first acquaintance whom he made after his arrival was Lord Grantham, who became deeply interested in his behalf. Of his claims to mix with men of genius, however, he had as yet submitted no proof; he had, indeed, shown his drawings to Mengs and to Hamilton; but they were, as he confessed, destitute of original merit; nor, indeed, could they be commended for either neatness or accuracy.

He waited on Lord Grantham. "I cannot," said he, "produce a finished sketch, like the other students, because I have never been instructed in drawing; but I can paint a little, and if you will do me the honor to sit for your portrait, that I may show it to Mengs, you will do me a great kindness."

His lordship consented; the portrait was painted; and, the name of the artist being kept a secret, the picture was placed in the gallery of Crespigni, where amateurs and artists were invited to see it. It was known that Lord Grantham was sitting to Mengs, and to him some ascribed the portrait, though they thought the coloring surpassed his other compositions. Dance, an Englishman of sense and acuteness, looked at it closely. "The coloring surpasses that of Mengs," he observed, "but the drawing is neither so fine nor so good." The company engaged eagerly in the discussion; Crespigni seized the proper moment, and said, "It is not painted by Mengs." "By whom then?" they exclaimed; "for there is no other painter in Rome capable of doing any thing so good." "By that young gentleman," said the other, turning to West, who sat uneasy and agitated. The English held out their hands; the Italians ran and embraced him.

Mengs himself soon arrived; he looked at the picture, and spoke with great kindness. "Young man, you had no occasion to come to Rome to learn to paint. What I therefore recommend to you is this: Examine every thing here worthy of attention, making drawings of some half dozen of the best statues. Go to Florence, and study in the galleries; go to Bologna, and study the works of Carracci; and then proceed to Venice, and view the productions of Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese. When all this is accomplished, return to Rome, paint an historical picture, exhibit it publicly, and then the opinion which will be expressed of

your talents will determine the line of art which you ought to follow."

A dangerous illness interposed, and for a time prevented West from following this common but sensible counsel. The change of scene, the presence of works of first-rate excellence, and the anxiety to distinguish himself, preyed upon him; sleep deserted his pillow, a fever followed, and by the advice of his physicians he returned to Leghorn, where, after a lingering sickness of eleven months, he was completely cured.

2162. HOMAGE TO ART.

The first great painter in encaustic, of whose works lengthened descriptions have been handed down, was Polygnotus. He painted his celebrated Triumph of Miltiades and the Victors of Marathon by public request; and such was the admiration in which it was held, that the Athenians offered to reward the artist with whatever he might desire. Polygnotus nobly declined asking any thing; upon which the Amphictyonic Council proclaimed that he should be maintained at the public expense wherever he went. Such was the homage of a whole nation! What, then, shall we say to the sentiments of the narrow-minded prelate, who declared that a pinmaker was a more valuable member of society than Raphael!

2163. FUNERAL OF INMAN.

The funeral of Inman, and the subsequent meeting of friends in his behalf, must be regarded with deep interest by all interested in the progress of American art.

"Never—never," says the New York Excelsior, "have we witnessed a more striking scene than that of the long and compact procession, comprising some of the most prominent men, both from this and other cities, following the bier of the artist on foot, for two long miles, on a cold winter evening. No splendid pageant to the memory of the eminent painter could have been so balmful to his hurt mind as that unerring tribute to his acknowledged worth as a man. And if his spirit still hovered near till the earth closed over his mortal remains, it must have soared away at last, content that his name and his fame would be alike shielded and cherished by his mourning countrymen.

"There has seldom been a nobler display of kind and generous feeling than was manifested at the Globe Hotel a few evenings after Inman's death. A notice was published in the city journals, inviting the friends of the late artist to assemble at that place. The high character, and the number of the assembly, bespoke the feeling his death had awakened. Mr. Cummings was called to preside over the meeting, and all its proceedings were characterized by the utmost dignity and propriety. It was resolved that all the works of the late artist, which could be conveniently collected, should be brought together, and an exhibition made for the benefit of his family.

"The next few days furnished the most convincing proofs of the sincerity of the professions that had been made of respect for the citizen they lamented, and admiration for the artist they had lost. The day the exhibition was to begin was anxiously waited for, and when the doors were at last thrown open, the gallery was crowded. Thousands on thousands

went to pay their tribute of admiration to departed genius. To those who loved Inman, this was a grateful spectacle; to those who loved art, no sight could be more cheering; for it bespoke an increasing ap-

preciation of the high claims of art and artists to the sympathies of the nation, and a consciousness too that over the early death of Inman the country had cause to mourn."

§ 214. ECCENTRICITIES, SINGULAR ACTS OR HABITS.

2164. BLAKE.

To describe the conversation which Blake held in prose with demons, and in verse with angels, would fill volumes, and an ordinary gallery could not contain all the heads which he drew of his visionary visitants. That all this was real, he himself most sincerely believed; nay, so infectious was his enthusiasm, that some acute and sensible persons, who had heard him expatiate, shook their heads, and hinted that he was an extraordinary man, and that there might be something in the matter.

One of his brethren, an artist of some note, employed him frequently in drawing the portraits of those who appeared to him in visions. The most propitious time for those "angel visits" was from nine at night till five in the morning; and so docile were his spiritual sitters, that they appeared at the wish of his friends. Sometimes, however, the shape which he desired to draw was long in appearing, and he sat with his paper and pencil ready, and his eyes wildly roaming in vacancy; all at once the vision came upon him, and he began to work like one possessed.

He was requested to draw the likeness of Sir William Wallace: the eye of Blake sparkled, for he admired heroes. "William Wallace!" he exclaimed, "I see him now—there, there, how noble he looks!—reach me my things." Having drawn for some time with the same care of hand and steadiness of eye as if a living sitter had been before him, Blake stopped suddenly, and said, "I cannot finish him—Edward I. has stepped in between him and me." "That's lucky," said his friend, "for I want the portrait of Edward too."

Blake took another sheet of paper, and sketched the features of Plantagenet; upon which his majesty politely vanished, and the artist finished the head of Wallace.

"And pray, sir," said a gentleman who heard Blake's friend tell his story, "was Sir William Wallace an heroic-looking man? and what sort of a personage was Edward?" The answer was, "There they are, sir, both framed and hanging on the wall behind you: judge for yourself." "I looked," says my informant, "and saw two warlike heads of the size of common life. That of Wallace was noble and heroic, that of Edward stern and bloody. The first had the front of a god, the latter the aspect of a demon."

2165. DOMESTIC STORY OF GESNER.

An interesting domestic story has been preserved of Gesner, who so zealously devoted his graver and his pencil to the arts; but his sensibility was ever struggling after that ideal excellence he could not attain: often he sunk into fits of melancholy, and gentle as he was, the tenderness of his wife and friends could not soothe his distempered feelings; it was necessary to abandon him to his own thoughts, till, after a long abstinence from his neglected works,

in a lucid moment, some accident occasioned him to return to them.

In one of these hypochondria of genius, after a long interval of despair, one morning at breakfast with his wife, his eye fixed on one of his pictures: it was a group of fawns with young shepherds dancing at the entrance of a cavern shaded with vines: his eye appeared at length to glisten; and a sudden return to good humor broke out in this lively apostrophe, "Ah! see those playful children, they always dance!" This was the moment of gayety and inspiration, and he flew to his forsaken easel.

2166. LUDOLF BACKHUYSEN.

Backhuysen was a student in nature's school; and yet he attained to the highest celebrity of his day. He was a resident of Amsterdam, and died there in 1709, at the age of seventy-eight. At a sale of pictures in Amsterdam as late as 1810, four pieces of paintings by Backhuysen sold, respectively, for five hundred and fifty, eight hundred and ninety-five, nine hundred and eighty, and fourteen hundred florins. For a sea piece, painted on a certain occasion, he received thirteen hundred florins.

Sea pieces were his favorites. He often made his sketches in an open boat, amid stormy seas and the wrecks of vessels, at the imminent peril of himself and the boatmen. Or, if reluctantly rowed to the shore, in spite of his entreaties to the contrary, he would go without speaking a word, or allowing any one to speak to him, and complete his sketches with the utmost exactness and truthfulness.

So great was his reputation that many princes visited his rooms, and some even desired to take lessons of him. For Peter the Great he made constructive drawings of ships. He also gave lessons in writing, in which he introduced a new and approved method. He was also a poet.

But along with his many excellences, Backhuysen had his defects. Full of natural gayety, he affected a scepticism which perhaps he did not in his heart always respond to. And yet, within a few days of his death, he ordered a number of bottles of choice wine, on each of which he set his seal. A certain number of friends were then invited to his funeral, to each of whom he bequeathed a gold coin, requesting them to spend it merrily, and to drink the wine with as much cordiality as he had felt while assigning it to them.

2167. BARRY'S APPEARANCE

Barry's dress was coarse and mean. This arose partly from affectation, but not wholly so. His income was small and uncertain, and he was too proud and honest to dress fashionably at the expense of others. The man who contests the matter with fortune will sometimes be worsted; and we must pity, not blame, the consequence of such distress. That he was never rich there can be no doubt; but that he

was never in want is also certain; and it is very probable that he flattered himself with thinking that men would say, as he passed by, "That is Barry, the restorator of the antique spirit in art, and the painter of the six pictures in the Adelphi." See how coarsely he is clad, and how careless he is; and that he would be honored more for the breach than the observance of custom in such matters.

His residence in Castle Street, though wearing a decent exterior when he took possession, soon corresponded in looks with the outward man of its master. The worst inn's worst room, in which the poet placed the expiring Villiers, was equalled, if not surpassed, by that in which Barry slept, ate, and meditated in perfect satisfaction and security. His own character and whole system of in-door economy was exhibited in a dinner given to Mr. Burke. No one was better acquainted with the singular manners of this very singular man than the great statesman; he wished, however, to have ocular demonstrations how he managed his household concerns in the absence of his wife or servant, and requested to be asked to dinner.

"Sir," said Barry, with much cheerfulness, "you know I live alone; but if you will come and help me eat a steak, I shall have it hot and tender, and from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford."

The day and the hour came, and Burke, arriving at No. 36 Castle Street, found Barry ready to receive him; he was conducted into the painting-room, which had undergone no change since it was a carpenter's shop. On one of the walls hung his large picture of Pandora, and round it was placed the studies of the six pictures of the Adelphi. There were likewise old straining frames—old sketches—a printing press—in which he printed his plates with his own hands: the labors too of the spider abounded, and rivalled in extent and color pieces of old tapestry.

Burke saw all this, yet wisely seemed to see it not. He observed, too, that most of the windows were broken, or cracked; that the roof, which had no ceiling, admitted the light through many crevices in the tiling; and that two old chairs and a deal table composed the whole of the furniture. The fire was burning brightly; the steaks were put on to broil, and Barry, having spread a clean cloth on the table, put a pair of tongs in the hand of Burke, saying, "Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steaks till I fetch the porter." Burke did as desired: the painter soon returned with the porter in his hand, exclaiming, "What a misfortune! the wind carried away the fine foaming top as I crossed the street." They sat down together. The steak was tender, and done to a moment. The artist was full of anecdote, and Burke afterwards declared that he never spent a happier evening in his life.

"I knew Barry," says Mr. Southey, "and have been admitted into his den in his worst (that is to say, his maddest) days, when he was employed upon his Pandora. He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that an incrustation of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might have supposed he borrowed from a scarecrow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own black hair. He lived alone in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on one side. I wanted him to visit me. No, he said; he could not go out by day, for he could not spare time from his great picture; and if he went out in the evening, the academicians would waylay him, and murder him."

In this solitary and sullen life he continued till he felt ill, very probably from want of food sufficiently nourishing; and after lying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough left to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr. Carlyle (Sir Antony) in Soho Square. There he was taken care of; and the danger from which he had thus escaped seemed to have cured his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards, appeared decently dressed in his own gray hair, and mixed in such society as he liked.

§ 2168. HABITS OF BARRY.

Barry was the most repulsive of men in his exterior, in the roughness of his language, and the wildness of his looks; intermingling vulgar oaths, which he seemed to use as strong expletives and notes of admiration. His conversation has communicated even a horror to some. On one of these occasions, a pious lady, who had felt intolerable uneasiness in his presence, did not, however, leave this man of genius that evening, without an impression that she had never heard so divine a man in her life.

The conversation happening to turn on that principle of benevolence which pervades Christianity and the meekness of the Founder, it gave Barry an opportunity of opening on the character of Jesus with that copiousness of heart and mind, which, once heard, could never be forgotten. That artist had, indeed, long in his meditations an ideal head of Christ, which he was always talking of executing. "It is here," he would cry, striking his head. What baffled the invention, as we are told, of Leonardo da Vinci, who left his Christ headless having exhausted his creative faculty among the apostles, Barry was still dreaming on; but this mysterious mixture of a human and celestial nature could only be conceived by his mind, and even the Catholic enthusiasm of Barry was compelled to refrain from unveiling it to the eye; but this unpainted picture was perpetually exciting this artist's emotions in conversation.

§ 2169. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S WORKS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds appears to have been but an irregular manager in his conviviality.

Often was the dinner board, prepared for seven or eight, required to accommodate itself to fifteen or sixteen; for often, on the very eve of dinner, would Sir Joshua tempt afternoon visitors with intimations that Johnson, or Garrick, or Goldsmith was to dine there. Nor was the want of seats the only difficulty. A want of knives and forks, of plates and glasses, as often succeeded.

In something of the same style, too, was the attendance: the kitchen had to keep pace with the visitors; and it was easy to know the guests best acquainted with the house by their never failing to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that they might get them before the first course was over, and the worst confusion began. Once was Sir Joshua prevailed upon to furnish his table with dinner glasses and decanters; and some saving of time they proved; yet, as they were demolished in the course of service, he could never be persuaded to replace them.

"But these trifling embarrassments," says Mr. Courtenay, describing them to Sir James Mackin-

tosh, "only served to enhance the hilarity and the singular pleasure of the entertainment." It was not the wine, dishes, and cookery, not the fish and venison, that were talked of or recommended: those social hours, that irregular convivial talk, had matter of higher relish, and were far more eagerly enjoyed. And amid all the animated bustle of guests, the host sat perfectly composed; always attentive to what was said, never minding what was eaten or drunk, and leaving every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself.

2170. THE RAPHAEL OF CATS.

The truth and excellence with which Mind represented cats and bears were without precedent; and his drawings of cats, especially, were so admirable as to entitle him to the honorable, but rather awkward, title of "the Raphael of Cats," by which he was distinguished. No painter before him had ever succeeded in representing, with so much of nature and spirit, the mingled humility and fierceness, suavity and cunning, which the appearance of this animal presents, or the grace of its various postures in action or repose. Kittens he particularly delighted to represent. He varied, to infinity, their fine attitudes whilst at play around the mother, and represented their gambols with inimitable effect. Each of his cats, too, had an individual character and expression, and was, in fact, a portrait, which seemed animated; the very fur appeared so soft and silky as to tempt a caressing stroke from the spectator.

In time, the merit of Mind's performances came to be so well understood, that travellers made it a point to visit him, and to obtain, if possible, his drawings, which even sovereigns sought for, and amateurs treasured carefully in their portfolios. But it does not appear that popularity had any effect on him, either for good or evil, or in any degree modified his simple tastes and habits of life. His attachment was unbounded to the living animals he delighted to represent. Mind and his cats were inseparable.

Minette, his favorite cat, was always near him when at work; and he seemed to carry on a sort of conversation with her by gestures and by words. Sometimes this cat occupied his lap, while two or three kittens were perched on each shoulder, or reposed in the hollow formed at the back of his neck, while sitting in a stooping posture at his table. Mind would remain for hours together in this posture without stirring, for fear of disturbing the beloved companions of his solitude, whose complacent purring seemed to him an ample compensation for the inconvenience. Not at any time what is called a good-humored man, he was particularly surly if disturbed by visitors when thus situated.

Symptoms of madness having been manifested among the cats of Berne in the year 1809, the magistrates gave orders for their destruction. Mind exhibited the greatest distress when he heard of this cruel mandate. He cherished his dear Minette in secret; but his sorrow for the death of eight hundred cats immolated to the public safety was inexpressible, nor was he ever completely consoled. To soothe his regret, and as if to reproduce the victims with his pencil, he began to paint cats with increased diligence, and he amused the long evenings of the ensuing winter in cutting chestnuts into the miniature figures of bears and cats. These fine trifles were executed with such astonishing address, that, not-

withstanding his dexterity, he was unable to supply the demand for them. But, being mostly employed as ornaments for the mantel-piece, they were soon attacked by worms, and there is scarcely reason to expect that any specimens of Mind's talents in this line now exist.

2171. BARRY LEAVING THE TAVERNS.

Barry, finding himself too constant a hunter of tavern company, imagined that his expenditure of time was occasioned by having money: to put an end to the conflict, he threw the little he possessed at once into the Liffey.

2172. HOGARTH'S ABSENCE OF MIND.

The celebrated Hogarth was one of the most absent minded of men. Soon after he set up his carriage, he had occasion to pay a visit to the lord mayor. When he went the weather was fine; but he was detained by business till a violent shower of rain came on. Being let out of the mansion house by a different door from that at which he had entered, he immediately began to call for a hackney coach. Not one could be procured, on which Hogarth braved the storm, and actually reached his house in Leicesterfield without bestowing a thought on his carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth, astonished to see him so wet and hurried, asked him where he had left it.

2173. SHALCHEN'S VULGARITY.

Shalchen once painted King William; but as the piece was to be done by candle light, he gave his majesty the candle to hold, till the tallow ran down upon his fingers. As if to justify this ill breeding, he drew his own picture in the same situation. Delicacy was no part of his character.

Having, on a certain occasion, drawn a lady who was marked with the small-pox, but had handsome hands, she asked him, when the face was finished, if she must not sit for her hands. "No," replied Shalchen, "I always draw them from my house maid."

2174. GAINSBOROUGH AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Mr. Gainsborough was a man of great generosity. If he selected, for the exercise of his pencil, an infant from a cottage, all the tenants of the humble roof generally participated in the profits of the picture; and some of them frequently found in his habitation a permanent abode. His liberality was not confined to this alone: needy relatives and unfortunate friends were further encumbrances on a spirit that could not deny; and, owing to this generosity of temper, that affluence was not left to his family which so much merit might promise, and such real worth deserve.

There were other traits in his personal character less amiable. He was very capricious in his manners, and rather fickle and unsteady in his social connections. This was sufficiently evinced by his general conduct towards the Royal Academy, and by his whimsical behavior to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Soon after he settled in London, Sir Joshua thought himself bound in civility to pay him a visit. Gainsborough, however, took not the least notice of

him for several years, but at length called upon him, and requested him to sit for his picture. Sir Joshua complied, and sat once, but, being soon after taken ill, was obliged to go to Bath for his health.

On his return to London, perfectly restored, he sent Gainsborough word that he was returned; Gainsborough only replied, that he was glad to hear that Sir Joshua Reynolds was well, but never afterwards desired him to sit, nor had any other intercourse with him, until he himself was dying, when he sent to request to see Sir Joshua, and thanked him for the very liberal and favorable manner in which he had always spoken of his works.

2175. DAVID THE PAINTER.

It is stated that David, the celebrated artist, in his picture of the Coronation of Napoleon, painted Cardinal Caprara without his wig. The likeness was exact. Caprara remonstrated with David on the omission, and desired him to supply it. The painter said that he never had painted, and he never would paint, a wig. The cardinal then applied to the minister for foreign affairs, and urged particularly that, as no pope had hitherto worn a wig, it might seem as if he (Caprara) had left off his own on purpose to show his pretensions to the tiara. David, however, stood like a rock, even before Talleyrand, and said that his eminence might think himself lucky that nothing but the wig had been taken off. And to this day the wig is not to be seen in the picture.

2176. HUDSON.

Previous to the appearance of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hudson was the greatest painter in England. The qualification that enabled him to hold this decided preëminence was the ability of producing a likeness with that kind of address which, by the vulgar, is considered as flattering to the person. But after having the head, Hudson's genius failed him, and he was obliged to apply to one Vanhaaken

to put it on the shoulders, and to finish the drapery, of both which he himself was totally incapable.

Unluckily, Vanhaaken died, and for a time Hudson was driven almost to despair, and feared he must quit his lucrative employment; he was, however, fortunate enough to meet with another drapery-painter, named Roth, who, not so expert as the former, was yet sufficiently qualified to carry on the manufactory.

2177. THE MAN WITH THE BEARD.

The longest beard recorded in history was that of John Mayo, painter to the Emperor Charles V. Though he was a tall man, it is said that his beard was of such a length that he could tread upon it. He was very vain of his beard, and usually fastened it with a ribbon to his button-hole; and sometimes he would untie it by the command of the emperor, who took great delight in seeing the wind blow it in the face of his courtiers.

2178. EQUANIMITY.

Regnier, King of Naples, was painting a partridge, when he was told that his kingdom was lost. He heard the fatal intelligence in silence, and finished his work before he permitted himself to lament his calamity.

2179. LORENZO LIPPI'S PEDESTRIANISM.

Lippi might have rivalled any modern English pedestrian. One morning, at dinner, he suddenly took it into his head to go to Prato, a town ten miles distant from Florence; so, starting from table, he arrived at Prato, saluted some of his friends, and returned home to finish his meal. Boldinucci says, "He died the victim of his indefatigable walking: having made one of his usual tours in hot weather, he was attacked with pleurisy, and perished in his fifty-eighth year, about 1652.

§ 215. GOOD FORTUNES, POPULARITY, HAPPY CHANGES.

2180. THE COOK AND THE PAINTER.

There dwelt in the service of Paolo Minucci a domestic, holding a place between that of a house steward and a *chef-de-cuisine*; for he equally regulated the accounts, and superintended the cookery, of the learned and reverend commentator's establishment.

"He was," says Baldinucci, "a fellow of a coarse humor, (*di grossa pasta crozzo legname*), mingling with a sort of half-witted buffoonery much native shrewdness and sagacity. Allowed to say something worth hearing, he appears to have been the very type of those *mismamed* fools, who were very frequently the only wise persons in the courts and great houses, in which they were retained for the amusement of the masters."

Salvator Rosa, struck by the humor of this kitchen Democritus, on whom he had bestowed the name of "*Filosofo Negro*," (the grinning philosopher,) was wont, occasionally, to hold with him "a keen encounter of the wits."

It happened, one day, that as he sat carelessly on the edge of a marble table, chatting with his *Filosofo Negro*, who stood before him, the conversation took a turn which enabled the cook to utter many sly attacks upon the notorious extravagance, in pecuniary matters, of the prodigal painter. Salvator in vain endeavored to parry the blow by a defence of his contempt of wealth on philosophical principles, and laughingly concluded his argument by observing, "One thing is certain, *Il mio Filosofo Negro*, that in the hour I have fooled away with you, I might have earned a hundred scudi." "*Da vero!*" exclaimed the cook, opening his eyes, "*eh ben, signior, padrone mio, siele dunque un guan goffo!*" (In truth! then verily, master o' mine, thou art an errant blockhead for thy pains!)

Then throwing himself into an oratorical posture, he continued, "Now, what does all this talk about philosophy, and independence, and the like, come to? Suppose your philosophership lost your voice by a cold, your hand by an accident, or your leg by a fall, *Signior Dio!* what then becomes of this same

philosophy? What then would be our famous Signor Rosa! Signor Rosa the *improvvisatore*! Signor Rosa the marvellous painter! Signor Rosa the poet and actor!! No, marry, it would then be Signor Rosa the cripple, Signor Rosa the pauper, Signor Rosa the mendicant. *Sante Madre*! I see him now standing at the porch of one of our holy churches, with his staff and his poor-box, (*bossolo*), stunning the good devotees as they pass with '*Carita, signori Christiani miei*!' Philosophy, in sooth! I never yet could see the beauty of that philosophy which leads to the *staff* and the *poor-box*."

The cook, having thus rounded his period, wiped his greasy face, and went about his business. But when Minucci returned to his house after some hours' absence, he found Salvator, with crossed arms and dangling legs, seated pensively on the marble slab where he had left him on going abroad. Minucci, accustomed to his fitful abstractions, sat down beside him, and accidentally turned the conversation to the arts, and the general extravagance of artists, whose money went more lightly than it came.

Salvator agreed with him, and declared emphatically his own intention of beginning the most rigorous reform in his expenditures, until, growing warm as he spoke, he concluded by sketching a plan of life for his future conduct, which was that of the most penurious miser; "in order," he said, "that he might provide against the accidents of age, infirmity, and the world's neglect."

Minucci, struck by the suddenness of this extraordinary change, and the vehemence with which it was announced, began to argue on the danger and folly of extremes in all things, when Salvator, impatiently springing from the table, exclaimed, "What! do you then desire to see me reduced to beggary? and to behold me standing at a church porch with a staff and a box, and *Carita, signori Christiani miei*?" Minucci thought he was mad, but on inquiry he discovered that his half-witted cook had done more by an *image* than all the learned and sage friends of Salvator had been able to effect by reiterated counsels of economical reform.

2151. THE COOK TURNED PAINTER.

In his thirty-sixth year, Claude Gelée was cooking cutlets and grinding colors. In ten years afterwards, Claude Lorraine appears on the scene, the friend of the elegant Cardinal Bentivoglio, the distinguished favorite of Urban VIII., the courted of him who was courted by all, Bernini, and the patent painter of fashion to all the aristocracy of Europe. "The road to his gallery," say some of his historians, "was closed against all who held not the highest rank in the state." Pontiffs, potentates, and princes became the exclusive candidates for the splendid products of his creative genius. His enormous prices limited his purchasers to the wealthiest classes, and the public were, in a manner, shut out from bidding for pictures of which three popes and two sovereigns sought to be the exclusive monopolists.

2152. ADVANTAGES OF PAINTING.

Previous to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Zaccarelli, travelling on the continent, was detained on the territories of one of the belligerent powers as a suspicious person, but obtained his release with honor. After declaring his profession and name, both of which he considered sufficiently known, he

offered to prove the truth of his assertion by painting a picture, provided the necessary materials were allowed him. His proposal was granted, and his veracity confirmed by the production of his pencil, on which he was immediately released.

2153. STUART'S LOVE OF MUSIC.

When Stuart had exhausted all there was of the Newport patronage he cared for, he made up his mind he would go to London and see if he could not be a painter, as West had become. He seems to have taken with him a full stock of poverty, enthusiasm, and hope—a painter's capital. Poor fellow! He expected to find Waterhouse in London, who would have helped him, but he was gone off to Edinburgh; and so he found himself, one day when his money was all gone, wandering around the "dreary solitude" of London, as Johnson delighted to characterize the dreadful hum of that crowded city.

He went by a church door in Foster Lane, where he heard an organ playing. He stepped upon the threshold, and the "pew woman" told him, in answer to a question what was going on, that the vestry were together testing the candidates for the post of organist. He went in boldly; asked if he might try. He was told he could. He did. He succeeded, got the place, and a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a year. So much for the musical genius he had cultivated in America, when wise people were telling him he had better leave off serenading girls at night, (for he used to do such things; the lady of a British officer in Newport told Trumbull that he spent his last night he passed in Newport under the window of a friend of hers, playing the flute,) and go to work. It gave him bread now in the swarming wilderness of London, where he needed nothing else.

2154. TRUMBULL'S PAINTINGS FOR CONGRESS.

On the restoration of peace, at the close of the war of 1812–15, Trumbull lost no time in returning to America. He arrived in New York in the autumn of 1815, and "took a house in Broadway, now the Globe Hotel, at one thousand two hundred dollars per year, and commenced his labors with good prospect of success." The 1st of February, the executor was offered two thousand two hundred dollars rent for the same building, and Trumbull was turned adrift.

"I removed," says he, "in May, to Hudson Square, to a good house, at a reasonable rent, and in a beautiful situation; but I soon found myself too far out of town for success in portrait painting, and business languished. Congress was in session, and my friend, Judge Nicholson, advised me to go on to Washington, and there offer my great, but long-suspended project of national paintings of subjects from the revolution.

"Some of the studies were put up in the hall of the house, and in one of the debates on the subject, Mr. John Randolph was ardently eloquent in his commendation of the work, and insisted that I should be employed to execute the whole. The result was, that a resolution finally passed both houses, giving authority to the president to employ me to compose and execute *four* paintings, commemorative of the most important events of the American revolution;

to be placed, when finished, in the Capitol of the United States.

"The choice of the subjects, and the size of each picture, was left to the president, Mr. Madison. I immediately waited upon the president to receive his orders. The size was first discussed. I proposed that they should be six feet high by nine long, which would give the figures half the size of life. The president at once overruled me. 'Consider, sir,' said he, 'the vast size of the apartment in which these works are to be placed; the rotunda, one hundred feet in diameter, and the same in height; paintings of the size you propose will be lost in such a space: they must be of dimensions to admit the figures to be the size of life.'

"This was so settled, and when we came to speak of the subjects, the president first mentioned the battle of Bunker Hill. Observing me to be silent, Mr. Madison asked if I did not approve that. My reply was, 'that if the order had been (as I hoped) for eight paintings, I should have named that first; but as there were only four commanded, I thought otherwise. It appeared to me that there were two military subjects paramount to all others. We had, in the course of the revolution, made prisoners of two entire armies—a circumstance almost without a parallel; and of course the surrender of General Burgoyne, at Saratoga, and that of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, seemed to me indispensable.' 'True,' replied he, 'you are right; and what for the civil subjects?' 'The Declaration of Independence, of course.' 'What would you have for the fourth?' 'Sir,' I replied, 'I have thought that one of the highest moral lessons ever given to the world was that presented by the conduct of the commander-in-chief, in resigning his power and commission, as he did, when the army, perhaps, would have been unanimously with him, and few of the people disposed to resist his retaining the power which he had used with such happy success, and such irreproachable moderation. I would recommend, then, the resignation of Washington.' After a momentary silent reflection, the president said, 'I believe you are right; it was a glorious action.'

The price was settled at eight thousand dollars for each painting. The work went on without interruption, and was finished in 1824.

§ 215. TRUMBULL'S FORTUNES.

Soon after Trumbull had painted the four great national pictures in the rotunda at Washington, his wife died; and close upon this, a friend, who had loaned him money during his last unfortunate residence in Europe, asked a settlement. This stripped him of all his means; and at more than seventy years of age the world was before him to begin anew. "A sense of loneliness," says he "began to creep over my mind; yet my hand was steady and my sight good, and I felt the *vis vite* strong within me. Why then sink down into premature imbecility?"

"I resolved, therefore, to begin a new series of paintings of revolutionary subjects, of a smaller size than those in the Capitol, and to solace my heavy hours by working on them. I chose the size of six feet by nine, and began. Funds, however, began to diminish, and I sold the scraps of furniture, fragments of plate, &c. My pictures remained on my hands unsold, and, to all appearances, unsalable. At length the thought occurred to me, that although the hope of a sale to a nation or state became more and more desperate from day to day, yet,

in an age of speculation, it might be possible that some society might be willing to possess these paintings, on condition of paying me a life annuity.

"I first thought of Harvard University, my *alma mater*; but she was rich and amply endowed. I then thought of Yale: although not my *alma*, yet she was within my native state, and poor. I hinted this to a friend, (Mr. Alfred Smith, of Hartford;) it took, was followed up, and resulted in a contract."

A gallery, fire-proof, was erected by the college; his pictures arranged under the direction of the artist, and an annuity of one thousand dollars settled upon him for the remainder of his life. Trumbull also made one noble condition in this final disposition of his works, which would alone give immortality to his name. After his death, the entire proceeds of the exhibition of the gallery were to be "perpetually appropriated towards defraying the expense of educating poor scholars in Yale College." He says, in the close of his autobiography,—

"Thus I derive present subsistence principally from this source, and have, besides, the happy reflection that, when I shall have gone to my rest, these works will remain a source of good to many a poor, and perhaps meritorious and excellent man."

§ 216. WILSON GIVING UP PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Wilson was at first devoted to portrait painting, and, it is said, with fair hopes of success, when an accident opened another avenue to fame, and shut up the way to fortune.

Having waited one morning, till he grew weary, for the coming of Zuccarelli, the artist, he painted, to beguile the time, a scene upon which the window of his friend looked, with so much grace and effect that Zuccarelli was astonished, and inquired if he had studied landscape. Wilson replied he had not. "Then I advise you," said the other, "to try; for you are sure of great success."

The counsel of one friend was confirmed by the opinion of another. This was Vernet, a French painter; a man whose generosity was equal to his reputation, and that was very high. One day, while sitting in Wilson's painting-room, he was so struck with the beauty of a newly-finished landscape, that he desired to become its proprietor, and offered in exchange one of his best pictures.

This was much to the gratification of the other: the exchange was made, and with a liberality equally rare and commendable, Vernet placed his friend's picture in his exhibition room; and when his own productions happened to be praised or purchased by English travellers, the generous Frenchman used to say, "Don't talk of my landscapes alone, when your own countryman, Wilson, paints so beautifully."

These praises, and an internal feeling of the merits of his new performances, induced Wilson to relinquish portrait painting, and proceed with landscape. He found himself better prepared for this new pursuit than he had imagined; he had been long insensibly storing his mind with the beauties of natural scenery, and the picturesque mountains and glens of his native Wales had been to him an academy, when he was unconscious of their influence.

He did not proceed upon that plan of study, much recommended, but little practised, of copying the pictures of the old masters, with a hope of catching a corresponding inspiration; but he studied their works, and mastered their method of attaining excellence, and compared them carefully with nature.

By these means he caught the hue and the character of Italian scenery, and steeped his spirit in its splendor. His landscapes are fanned with the pure air, warmed with the glowing suns, filled with the ruined temples, and sparkling with the wooded streams and tranquil lakes of that classic region. His reputation rose so fast that he obtained pupils. Mengs, out of regard for his genius, painted his portrait, and Wilson repaid this flattery with a fine landscape.

2187. ZOFFANI'S PAINTINGS.

Zoffani was a native of Frankfort, and came to England as a painter of small portraits when he was about thirty years of age. He was employed by George III., and painted portraits of the royal family. He was celebrated for small whole lengths, and painted several pieces of Garrick and his contemporaries in dramatic scenes.

He was engaged by the queen to paint a view of the tribune of Florence; and while there, he was noticed by the Emperor of Germany, who inquired his name, and, on hearing it, asked what countryman he was. Zoffani replied, "An Englishman." "Why," said the emperor, "your name is German." "True," replied the painter, "I was born in Germany; that was accidental: I call that my country where I have been protected."

Zoffani was admitted a member of the Royal Academy in 1783. He went afterwards to the East Indies, where he became a favorite of the nabob of Oude, and amassed a handsome fortune, with which he returned to England, and settled at Strand-on-the-Green. Whilst there, he presented a large and well-executed painting of the Last Supper, as an altar piece to St. George's Chapel, then lately built, where it still remains. Every head in the picture (excepting that of Christ) is a likeness. Here is a portrait of Zoffani himself; the others were likenesses of persons then living at Strand-on-the-Green and Old Brentford. Zoffani had in his establishment a nurse maid, who possessed fine hands, which he ever and anon painted in his pictures.

2188. WASHINGTON ALLSTON'S PRAYER.

The strong devotional feelings of this late distinguished artist formed one of the most prominent traits of his beautiful character. Connected with this characteristic is a remarkable incident in his early life, which has been related to us by one of his few intimate friends. Mr. Allston was a member of the Episcopal church. Although in early life he was ever a constant attendant, he was not strongly attached to religion, nor eminent for his piety. It would be too much to say that he was an unbeliever, or even a sceptic, in his views, but he was wont to speak slightly of religious things, and even to enjoy jests at the expense of holy subjects. His feelings, however, underwent a remarkable change, in consequence of a singular event in his life, which made a very strong impression, and was even regarded by him as a direct divine interposition in his behalf.

Not long after his marriage with his first wife, the sister of the late Dr. Channing, he made his second visit to Europe. After a residence there of a little more than a year, his pecuniary wants became very pressing and urgent—more so than at any other period of his life. He was even at times at a loss for the means of purchasing the necessities of life.

On one of these occasions, as he himself used to

narrate the event, he was in his studio, reflecting, almost with a feeling of desperation, upon his condition. His conscience seemed to tell him that he had deserved his afflictions, and drawn them upon himself, by his neglect of religion, and his want of due gratitude for past favors from Heaven. His heart, all at once, seemed filled with the hope that God would listen to his prayers, if he would offer up his direct expressions of penitence, and ask for divine aid. He accordingly locked his door, withdrew to a corner of the room, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and his wife.

While thus employed, a knock was heard at the door. A feeling of momentary shame at being detected in this position, and of fear lest he might have been observed, induced him to hasten and open the door. A stranger inquired for Mr. Allston. He was anxious to learn who was the fortunate purchaser of the painting of the Angel Uriel, regarded by the artist as one of his masterpieces, and which had won the prize at the exhibition of the Academy. He was told that it had not been sold.

"Can it be possible? Not sold! Where is it to be had?" "In this very room. Here it is;" producing the painting from a corner, and wiping off the dust. "Is it for sale? Can it be bought?" was the eager interrogatory. "It is for sale; but its value has never yet, to my idea of its worth, been adequately appreciated, and I would not part with it." "What is its price?" "I have done affixing any nominal sum. I have always, so far, exceeded my offers. I leave it for you to name the price." "Will four hundred pounds be an adequate recompense?" "It is more than I have ever asked for it." "Then the painting is mine."

The stranger introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford, and he became from that moment, one of the warmest friends of Mr. Allston. By him, Mr. Allston was introduced to the society of the nobility and gentry, and he became one of the most favored among the many gifted minds that adorned the circle to which he was thus introduced, but in which he was never fond of appearing often.

The instantaneous relief, thus afforded by the liberality of this noble visitor, was always regarded by Allston as a direct answer to his prayer, and it made a deep impression upon his mind. To this event he was ever after wont to attribute the increase of devotional feelings, which became a prominent trait in his character.

2189. SALVATOR ROSA'S ESTATE.

Salvator Rosa had two sons by Lucrezia Rosalba. The elder died young at Naples; Agostino, his heir, on the death of his father, became possessed of a respectable and most interesting property. According to various authorities, he found himself master of eight thousand scudi in specie; letters of credit on the bank of the Rossi for seven thousand more, (the accumulated prices of pictures which Salvator had painted for and left in the hands of this liberal and devoted friend;) a collection of pictures, (some few of Salvator's own were among the number;) a library of valuable books; a quantity of rich furniture; a volume of Salvator's original designs, forming, says Pascoli, "*un grosse volume*," and his manuscript writings, none of which, not even his satires, were published till after his death. The whole of this property was accumulated since the period of his last return to Rome.

§190. ROUND AS GIOTTO'S O.

Giotto was the man who made that famous design for a church, at the request of Pope Benedict IX. The messengers of the pope entered the artist's studio, and communicated the wish of their master. Giotto took a sheet of paper, fixed his elbow at his side, to keep his hand steady, and instantly drew a perfect circle. "Tell his holiness that this is my design," said he. His friends tried to persuade him not to send such a thing to the pope; but he persisted in doing so. Pope Benedict was a learned man, and he saw Giotto had given the best evidence of perfection in his art. He invited the painter to Rome, and honored and rewarded him. "Round as Giotto's O," from that time, became an Italian proverb.

§191. ZOFFANI.

When Zoffani, the painter, went to England, he was but little known in the country, and without a patron; but the very first picture which he exhibited in London was purchased by Sir Joshua Reynolds at the price which Zoffani demanded for it.

The picture of Zoffani represented a scene in the farce of the Alchemist, in which there is a most excellent portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Druggier, accompanied by those of Palmer and Burton. This picture Sir Joshua sold soon after to the Earl of Carlisle for twenty guineas above the price which he had given for it, and sent the advanced price immediately to Zoffani, saying, he thought he had sold the picture at first below its real value.

§192. HOGARTH AND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.

In 1730, Hogarth, then in his thirty-third year, married Jane, the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, aged twenty-one. The match was neither hasty nor imprudent on the side of the lady; but it was accomplished without the consent of her parents, and her father was offended.

Thornhill had been, or was then, a member of Parliament, was sergeant painter to the king, and a person of public importance and fame in his day,

and conceived that his only daughter might have been wooed and won by a man of higher birth and larger income. He could not foresee his unwelcome son-in-law's future eminence; and he knew his present inability to maintain his wife in the style in which she had been educated.

Hogarth was as yet acknowledged by few even as a painter: his works were obviously deficient in the elegant and elaborate drawing recommended by academies, and preached upon by Sir James himself. They wanted harmony of coloring; and, more than all, they bore a stamp and impress of thought materially different from what had found favor with any artist of established reputation.

Some years afterwards, Hogarth designed and etched the first portion of the Harlot's Progress, so much to the gratification of Lady Thornhill that she advised her daughter to place it in her father's way. "Accordingly, one morning," said Nichols, "Mrs. Hogarth conveyed it secretly into his dining-room.

"When he rose, he inquired from whence it came, and by whom it was brought. When he was told, he cried out, 'Very well! very well! The man who can make works like this can maintain a wife without a portion.' He designed this remark as an excuse for keeping his purse-strings close, but soon after became both reconciled and generous to the young people." The reconciliation was sincere. Hogarth was ever the earnest admirer and the ready defender of the conduct and reputation of Sir James Thornhill.

§193. WILKES.

At the period of Wilkes's popularity, every wall bore his name, and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, or in marble, he stood upon the chimney-pieces of half the houses of the metropolis; he swung upon the sign-post of every village and every great road throughout the country. He used himself to tell, with much glee, of a monarchical old lady, behind whom he accidentally walked, looking up, and murmuring within his hearing, in much spleen, "He swings every where but where he ought." Wilkes passed her, and, turning round, politely bowed.

§ 216. SUDDEN RISE FROM OBSCURITY.

§194. THOMAS SYDNEY COOPER, THE ENGLISH PAUL POTTER.

The admirers of Mr. Cooper's Cuyp-like pictures will be gratified with the following anecdote of the early recognition of the painter's genius, pleasantly related by Miss Mitford, in her Belford Regis:—

"Some time in November, 1831, Mr. Cribb, an ornamental gilder in London, (King Street, Covent Garden,) was struck with a small picture—a cattle piece, in a shop window in Greek Street, Soho. On inquiring for the artist, he could learn no tidings of him; but the people of the shop promised to find him out.

"Time after time, our persevering lover of the arts called to repeat his inquiries, but always unsuccessfully; until about three months after, when he found that the person he sought was a Mr. Thomas Sydney Cooper, a young artist, who had been for many years settled at Brussels, as a drawing master, but

had been driven from that city by the revolution, which had deprived him of his pupils, among whom were some of the members of the royal family; and, unable to obtain employment in London as a cattle painter, he had, with the generous self-devotion which most ennobs a man of genius, supported his family by making lithographic drawings of fashionable caps and bonnets, I suppose, as a puff for some milliner, or some periodical which deals in costumes.

"In the midst of this interesting family, and of these caps and bonnets, Mr. Cribb found him; and deriving from what he saw of his sketches and drawings additional conviction of his genius, he immediately commissioned him to paint a picture on his own subject, and at his own price, making such an advance as the richest artist could not scruple to accept on a commission, conjuring him to leave off caps and bonnets, and foretelling his future eminence.

"Mr. Cribb says that he shall never forget the delight of Mr. Cooper's face when he gave the order: he has the right to the luxury of such a recollection.

"Well, the picture was completed: our friend Mr. Cribb, who is not a man to do his work by halves, bespoke a companion, and while that was painting, showed the first to a great number of artists and amateurs, who all agreed in expressing the strongest admiration, and in wondering where the painter could have been hidden.

"Before the second picture was half finished, a Mr. Carpenter (I believe that I am right in the name) gave Mr. Cooper a commission for a piece, which was exhibited in May, 1833, at the Suffolk Street Gallery; and from that moment orders poured in, and the artist's fortune was made. It is right to add, that Mr. Cooper was generously eager to have this story made known, and Mr. Cribb as generously averse to its publication. But surely it ought to be recorded for the example's sake, and for their mutual honor."

2195. GIOTTO AND CIMABUE.

In the year 1276, about forty miles from Florence, there lived a poor laboring man named Bondone. This man had a son whom he brought up in the ignorance usual to the lowly condition of a peasant boy. But the extraordinary powers of the child, uncultivated as they necessarily were, and his surprising quickness of perception and never-failing vivacity, made him the delight of his father, and of the unsophisticated people among whom he lived.

At the age of ten, his father intrusted him with the care of a flock. Now, the happy little shepherd boy strolled at his will over meadow and plain with his woolly charge, and amused himself with lying on the grass, and sketching, as fancy led him, the surrounding objects, on broad flat stones, sand, or soft earth. His sole pencils were a hard stick, or a sharp piece of stone; his chief models were his flock, which he used to copy as they gathered around him in various attitudes.

One day, as the shepherd boy lay in the midst of his flock, earnestly sketching something on a stone, there came by a traveller. Struck with the boy's deep attention to his work, and the unconscious grace of his attitude, the stranger stopped, and went to look at his work. It was a sketch of a sheep, drawn with such freedom and truth of nature that the traveller beheld it with astonishment.

"Whose son are you?" cried he, with eagerness. The startled boy looked up in the face of his questioner. "My father is Bondone, the laborer, and I am his little Giotto, so please the signor," said he. "Well, then, Giotto, should you like to come and live with me, and learn how to draw, and paint sheep like this, and horses, and even men?"

The child's eyes flashed with delight. "I will go with you any where to learn that," said he; "but," he added, as a sudden thought made him change color, "I must first go and ask my father; I can do nothing without his leave." "That is quite right, my boy, and so we will go to him together and ask him," said the stranger. It was the celebrated painter Cimabue.

Old Bondone consented to the wish of his son, and the boy went to Florence with Cimabue. Giotto soon went beyond his master in his sketches. His former familiarity with nature, while tending his sheep, doubtless contributed a good deal to his astonishing progress. One morning, the master came into

his studio, and looking at a half-finished head, saw a fly resting on the nose. He tried to brush it off with his hand, when he discovered that it was only painted, and that it was one of the tricks of his young pupil. It was not long before the fame of the new artist spread all over Europe.

2196. SALVATOR ROSA AND LANFRANCO.

It happened that as the Cavaliere Lanfranco was returning one day in his splendid equipage from *La Chiesa del Gesa* to his lodgings by *La Strada della Carita*, he was struck by a picture in oil, which was outside the shop door of a *revenditore*, with other odds and ends of second hand wares. Lanfranco stopped his carriage, and ordered Antonio Richieri, his favorite pupil, to alight, and bring him the painting which had attracted his attention.

The *revenditore* was struck by an honor so little to be expected. The carriage of the great Signor Cavaliere Lanfranco stopping before his miserable balk was a distinction to excite the envy of all his compeers in the *Strada della Carita*, and he came forward with many gesticulations of respect, wiping the dust from a painting on canvas, four palms in length, which had lain for weeks untouched at his shop door; while "hells" and "purgatories," saints, and martyrs, *had gone off* with successful rapidity.

Lanfranco took the picture into his carriage, and a nearer inspection convinced him of the accuracy of his first rapid decision. It was labelled *Istoria di Agare e del suo figlio languenti per la seta*. The affecting story of Hagar had already been treated by Guercino; and the virtuosi of other and distant countries made pilgrimages to Bologna* to view that masterpiece of art, which attracts now the eyes even of the unlearned amidst all the splendid works that surround it, in the gallery of the Brera, at Milan.

Guercino had taken that moment in the story of Hagar, when, having been brought back to the arms of Abraham by "the angel of the Lord," she is again driven forth, through the jealousy of Sarah. She is still in all the force of health and pride of beauty, and she pauses at the threshold of the timid Abraham's dwelling, from which she is sent as an outcast, exhibits all the rural wealth of that patriarch, who is described as being very "rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." But another epoch, and another view of the story of Hagar, had been taken in the picture which now fixed the attention of the chief of the Roman school. The scene was the wilderness of Beersheba; but so boldly conceived, so desolate, and so dreary, that Nature alone could furnish its details in those vast regions where few then had ventured to study.

The incident was that, — so terrible and affecting in the life of the young outcast mother, — when, having long wandered through pathless deserts and under burning skies, she beholds her last hope extinguished; "for the water was spent in the bottle" which Abraham had put upon her shoulder, and the bread had long been devoured which stood between her and death. She was no more the blooming and indignant Hagar as at the moment of departure, but that Hagar who had, indeed, been "hardly dealt with." She appeared to have "cast her child under one of the shrubs," and had "sat down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot; for she

* This picture originally hung at the Sampieri Gallery, at Bologna.

said, Let me not see the death of the child; and she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice and wept."

There was in the conception of this picture a tone of deep and powerful feeling, a gloomy and melancholy originality, which probably struck on the imagination of Lanfranco even more than its execution. He sought for the name of the painter, who was evidently of no school, who copied no master, and whose manner was all his own; and in a corner he perceived a superscription unknown to fame, and by its diminutive termination almost consigned to ridicule. It was "*Salvatoriello*." The *revenditore* either could not, or would not, give any intelligence concerning the painter; and Lanfranco, paying without hesitation the price demanded, carried home the picture in his carriage, and gave general orders to his pupils to purchase all they saw bearing the signature of Salvatoriello, without reservation. When he departed from Rome, Hagar was the companion of his voyage, and became the chief ornament of his picture gallery at La Vigna, where he showed it himself to Passeri.

This incident of the purchase of Hagar, and the sweeping order that followed it, caused considerable sensation in the school of Spagnuolo, and among the *dilettanti* of Naples, which the *revenditore* who had sold the picture, and others of his brethren who were in possession of works of the same hand, made use to raise the humble price hitherto demanded for the *quadretti* of the young and neglected artist. They now began to place some value on pictures, which they had hitherto considered it a risk to purchase, even at prices which scarcely repaid the expense for canvas and colors.

§ 2197. OPIE.

This celebrated painter was indebted to Dr. Wolcott, (Peter Pindar,) who found him laboring in a sawpit, for first bringing him forward. When he was first heard of, his fame rested on a very humble foundation. He was asked what he had painted to acquire him the village reputation he enjoyed. His answer was, "I ha' painted Duke William from the signs; and stars, and sich like things, for the boys' kites." Wolcott told him, some time after, that he should paint portraits as the most profitable employment. "So I ha'; I ha' painted farmer so and so, and neighbor such a one, &c., wi' their wives, and their eight or ten children." "And how much do you receive?" "Why, farmer so and so said it

were but right to encourage *genus*, and so he ga' me half a guinea!" "Why, sir, you should get at least half a guinea for every head." "O, na! that winna do; it would ruin the country." So strikingly humble and characteristic were the first steps of Opie.

§ 2198. BAPTISM OF THE KING OF CASHEL.

There is a tradition in the Irish church concerning the conversion of a king of Cashel by the eloquence of St. Patrick. The barbarian prince, when the apostle concluded his exhortation, called loudly to be baptized; and such was the hurry of the one, and the fortitude of the other, that though the saint, while implanting his iron-shod crosier in the ground, struck it unwittingly through the royal convert's foot, he uttered not one murmur, nor moved a muscle, but, conceiving it to be a part of the ceremony, stood and was baptized. This subject was wisely selected by Barry, while as yet almost unknown to the world as an artist.

"The moment of baptism," says Dr. Fryer, "rendered so critical and awful by the circumstance of the king's foot being pierced with the spear, is that which Barry chose for the display of his art; and few stories, it is presumed, have been selected with greater felicity, or with greater scope for the skill and ingenuity of the artist. The heroic patience of the king, the devotional abstraction of the saint, and the mixed emotions of the spectators, form a combined and comprehensive model of imitation, and convey a suitable idea of the genius of one, who, self-instructed, and at nineteen, conceived the execution of so grand a design.

With this work in his hand, Barry went to Dublin, and placed it among the paintings collecting for exhibition by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. He was at this time utterly unfriended and unknown, coarsely clad, and with something of the stamp of one enduring poverty upon him. The picture was exhibited and admired; but so little was such a work expected from a native artist, that when the name of the painter was demanded, and he stepped modestly forward, no one would believe him: his brow glowed, he burst into tears, and hurried out of the room. All this was observed by Edmund Burke, one of the greatest and best-hearted of all the sons of genius. He sought the young artist out, commended and encouraged him, laid down the natural rules of composition, and directed his attention to what was pure and poetical.

§ 217. FEMALE ARTISTS.

§ 2199. RACHEL VAN POOL, BETTER KNOWN BY THE NAME OF RACHEL RUGSCH.

This ingenious lady was born at Amsterdam, in 1664. Her father was the famous professor of anatomy, Rugsch; and her instructor in the art of painting was William Van Aelst, whom, in a few years, she equalled in the representation of flowers and fruit.

She studied Nature with a curious and penetrating eye, and imitated her productions in so lovely a manner, that she was considered almost a prodigy, and allowed to be the most able artist, in that line, of her time. Her choice of subjects was judicious;

her manner of painting them exquisite; and she contrasted them, in all her compositions, with unusual beauty and delicacy, so that her reputation was spread throughout Europe.

She was appointed painter to the elector palatine, who, as a testimony of respect for her merit, sent her a complete set of silver furniture for her toilet, consisting of twenty-eight pieces, and six candlesticks, of wrought plate, for wax tapers. He also engrossed the greatest part of her works, and not only paid for them with princely liberality, but also made her some additional present.

In early life she married Juria Van Pool, an eminent painter of portraits, with whom she lived hap-

pily, and yet continued to paint to the last period of a very long life; and her pictures at the age of eighty were as neatly pencilled, and worked up as highly, as those which she painted when she was thirty. She composed her subjects with extraordinary skill, finished them with a degree of transparency, and her coloring was not only beautiful, but showed so much nature, that every plant, flower, or insect, might deceive the eye with the semblance of reality.

Her pictures are uncommonly rare, being treasured up as curiosities in Germany and Holland, in the cabinets of princes, or in the collections of connoisseurs. She died at Amsterdam, in 1750.

2200. SOPHONISBA ANGUSCIOLA.

This ingenious female artist was born at Cremona, of a noble family, in 1533. Her first instructor was Bardino Campi; but she learned coloring and perspective from Bernardo Gatti, called Soirro.

One of her first performances was the portrait of her father, placed between his two children, with such strong characters of life and nature, a pencil so free and firm, and so lively a tone of color, as commanded universal praise. But though portraits engrossed the greatest part of her time, she also designed several historical subjects, the figures of which were of small size, touched with spirit, and with attitude easy, graceful, and natural.

In 1561, Sophonisba, by which name she was always called, went to Madrid, with her three sisters; and while there, she painted the portrait of Queen Isabella, which the king sent to Pope Pius IV. This picture was accompanied by a letter to his holiness from Sophonisba, who was honored with a gracious answer in the pope's own hand, highly complimentary to her talents, and assuring her he had placed her performance among his choicest curiosities.

Palomino says that she died in Madrid, in 1575; but this is incorrect, for she returned to her native place, where, by continual application to her profession, she lost her sight. In this state she was visited by Vandyke, who used to say that he had received more practical knowledge of the principles of his art from a blind woman than by studying all the works of the best masters in Italy. She died in Cremona, in 1626.

2201. SCISSORS ARTIST.

Joanna Koerton Block, the wife of Adrian Block, from her youth showed a strong inclination to drawing, painting, and embroidery, and arrived at an astonishing excellence in all. But she principally employed herself in cutting on paper the representation of landscapes, birds, fruits, and flowers, which she executed with incredible exactness and delicacy. The lines with which she defined her objects were as exquisitely nice as the lines of engraving; and yet she performed it with scissors alone.

Nor was she confined to any particular subject, for all kinds were to her equally easy and familiar. Sea pieces, animals, architecture, and still life were,

perhaps, her favorite subjects; but she also cut portraits on paper, with as striking a resemblance as if they had been painted in oil by the hand of the ablest masters. She was accounted so great a prodigy in this way, that she was visited by the nobility of the first rank of all nations who travelled through Amsterdam, where she resided; and was particularly honored by Peter the Great, who condescended to pay her a visit in her own house. The elector palatine offered her, for three small pictures of her own cutting, a thousand florins; yet she refused so large a price for them.

At the request of the Empress of Germany, she designed a trophy, with the arms of the empire, ornamented with laurel crowns, garlands of flowers, and other decorations suitable to the subject, which she executed with such correctness of drawing and design, such wonderful beauty and delicacy, as it is impossible to describe. For this exquisite performance she received a present from the empress of four thousand florins. She also cut the portrait of the emperor, which is hung up in the imperial cabinet at Vienna, and esteemed not the least curiosity in that collection of rarities.

2202. HOLLOWAY, MADAME BOUILLER, AND THE CARTOONS.

Holloway, who so successfully copied in black chalks the cartoons of Raphael in Hampton Court Palace, was an eccentric genius, deeply read in Scripture, which he expounded in the most nasal tone; but it was very interesting to listen to his observations on the beauties and merits of these masterpieces of art. A Madame Bouiller, a French *émigrée*, was also occupied on the same subjects. She was patronized by West, who gave her permission to study in the palace, and said that he had never seen such masterly artistical touches of the crayon as hers.

One morning, Holloway was found foaming with rage in the cartoon gallery. Some person had written against the cartoons, denominating them "wretched daubs;" and sorely did it wound the feelings of the enthusiastic artist, who worshipped with religious fervor these works of Raphael. Yet it was a grotesque scene to behold Madame Bouiller pacing after Holloway, up and down the gallery, with all the grimace and intensity of a French woman, and reechoing his furious lamentations.

2203. MINIATURE LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

Van Mander relates that Anne Smyters, the wife of John de Herre, a Flemish sculptor, painted a landscape representing a mill with the sails bent, and the miller appearing as if mounting the stairs, loaded with a sack. Upon the terrace, where the mill was fixed, were seen a horse and cart, and, on the road, several peasants. The whole was highly finished, and pencilled with wonderful delicacy and neatness, and was also wonderfully distinct; yet the painting was so amazingly minute, that the surface of it might be covered with one grain of corn.

218. PAINTERS AND THEIR CRITICS.

2204. JOHNSON'S PORTRAIT.

In 1775, Sir Joshua painted that portrait of his friend Dr. Johnson which represents him as reading and near-sighted. This was very displeasing to Johnson, who, when he saw it, reproved Sir Joshua for painting him in that manner and attitude, saying, "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." But, on the contrary, Sir Joshua himself esteemed it a circumstance in nature to be remarked as characterizing the person represented, and therefore as giving additional value to the portrait.

Of this circumstance Mrs. Thrale says, "I observed that he would not be known by posterity for his defects only, let Sir Joshua do his worst;" and when she adverted to his own picture painted with the ear trumpet, and done in this year for Mr. Thrale, she records Johnson to have answered, "He may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but I will not be *blinking Sam*."

2205. PRECISION IN THE EXTREME.

The Evening Traveller, some time ago, gave the following anecdote as illustrative of the extreme precision of a large class of American ladies:—

"A number of years ago, Mr. Bass Otis, a portrait painter, executed the likeness of Mrs. —, the sister of Dr. Physic, of New York. She was a Quakeress of the strictest sect, and wonderfully precise in the number and arrangement of the plaits and folds of her extremely plain, neat dress. After the picture was finished, it was exhibited by the artist to the lady for examination. Having looked at it silently, in Quaker style, for some moments, she suddenly raised her hands and exclaimed, in tones of disappointment and surprise,—

"Thee has made a great mistake, friend Bass!"

"Indeed," replied the painter, who thought his picture too correct to be a *great* mistake; "and wherein, madam?"

"Why, thee has painted ten crimps in my cap, and I never wear but nine!"

"The cap had to be altered to correspond with the truth."

2206. ANECDOTE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The following remark of Sir Joshua Reynolds is worthy of so eminent, enlightened, and liberal an artist.

"The only wages a real genius thinks of in his labor is the praise of impartial judges."

He was so deeply impressed by the transcendent genius of Michael Angelo, that in the last speech which he made as president of the Royal Academy, he thus concludes: "I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of this truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo! Michael Angelo!"

In a party dining at General Paoli's, the subject of wine drinking was introduced, which Sir Joshua

defended; and Boswell at that time drinking water, in imitation of Dr. Johnson, the latter exclaimed, "Boswell is a bolder combatant than Sir Joshua. He argues for wine without the help of wine, but Sir Joshua with it." Sir Joshua replied, "But to please one's company is a strong motive." Johnson, supposing many in the company to be elevated, exclaimed, "I won't argue any more with you, sir; you are too far gone." Sir Joshua mildly answered, "I should have thought so, indeed, sir, had I made such a speech as you have now done." On this, Johnson drew himself up, blushing, as Boswell describes him, and said, "Nay, don't be angry. I did not mean to offend you."

This delicacy of conduct was remarkable. Mr. Burke remarked to him the peculiar advantages which certain situations gave to those who chose to make use of them. "For instance; you who are so much in private with persons of the highest rank and power, when they are sitting for their pictures, at moments also when they are at leisure and in good humor, might obtain favors from them which would give you a patronage almost equal to that of a prime minister." "There is some truth in what you say," answered Sir Joshua; "but how could I presume to ask favors from those to whom I became known only by my obligations to them?"

2207. QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"I do not approve of shades in painting," said Queen Elizabeth to Daniel Myers; "you must strike off my likeness without shadows." Her majesty, when she spoke thus, was near sixty, and the "shadows," as she humanely called them, were wrinkles big enough to have laid a straw in them.

2208. RAPHAEL'S PAUL.

While Raphael was engaged in painting his celebrated frescoes, he was visited by two cardinals, who began to criticize his work, and found fault without understanding it.

"The apostle Paul has too red a face," said one.

"He blushes, even in heaven, to see what hands the church has fallen into," said the indignant painter.

2209. OPIE'S PORTRAIT OF FOX.

Opie's portrait of Charles Fox has been justly commended; nor does the circumstance of his having completed the likeness from the bust of Nollekens, as related by Smith, diminish his merit.

When Fox, who sat opposite to Opie at the Academy dinner, given in the exhibition room, heard the general applause which his portrait obtained, he remembered that he had given him less time than the painter had requested, and said, across the table, "There, Mr. Opie, you see I was right; every body thinks it could not be better. Now, if I had minded you, and consented to sit again, you most probably would have spoiled the picture." While this far-famed portrait was in progress, Opie became alarmed for his success. He

was distracted by a multitude of hints, which friends who came in swarms dropped, regarding the expression, the posture, and the handling.

Fox was amused at the variety of opinions, and kindly whispered to Opie, "Don't mind what these people say; you must know better than they do."

2210. VANDYKE'S KING CHARLES I.

The portrait of King Charles I., in whole length, in armor, painted by Vandyke, and which formed part of the Houghton collection, afterwards sold to the Empress of Russia, has a singular defect, both the gauntlets being drawn for the right hand. When this picture was in the Wharton collection, old Jacob Tonson, who had remarkably ugly legs, was finding fault with the two gauntlets; on which Lady Wharton said, "Mr. Tonson, why might not one man have two right hands, as well as another two left legs?"

2211. VERNET'S INVISIBLE.

Vernet relates that he was once employed to paint a landscape with a cave, and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not in the cave."

"I understand you, sir," replied Vernet; "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to be farther in. The gentleman took the painting; but it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave. Vernet then wiped out the figure, and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers to whom he showed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave."

"But we cannot see the saint," replied the visitors.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor; "he is there; for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it."

2212. TWO GENTLEMEN IN MASQUERADE.

In the exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1770, there was a picture painted by Mr. Hone, entitled *Two Gentlemen in Masquerade*. They were represented as capuchin friars, regaling themselves with punch. When this picture was sent for admission, one of the personages was represented as squeezing a lemon, while the other was stirring the liquor with the *crucifix* at the end of his rosary; but the council considered the latter circumstance as too indecorous to allow the picture's being exhibited in that state, and the artist was requested to alter

the *crucifix*. This request was complied with; but Mr. Hone was much offended, when, in truth, he ought to have been pleased, with their having pointed out an impropriety which might not have struck him upon the first idea of his picture.

However, the desired alteration was made, and a *ladle* introduced, which he painted with a substance easily washed away, and the picture was again displayed at his own exhibition in its original state.

2213. HOGARTH'S UNFORTUNATE DEDICATION OF A PICTURE.

Hogarth dedicated his picture of the March to Finchley to George II. The following dialogue is said to have ensued, on this occasion, between the sovereign and the nobleman in waiting: "Pray, who is this Hogarth." "A painter, my liege." "I hate painting, and poetry too; neither the one nor the other ever did any good." "The picture, please your majesty, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." "What, a painter burlesque a soldier? He deserves to be picketed for his insolence. Take his trumpery out of my sight."

2214. THE GERMAN'S CRITICISM.

A plain, blunt German was asked by his friend, a Roman, how he liked a very famous picture of an old shepherd leaning on his crook. "Like it?" said he; "why, if the original was alive, I would not take him if you would give him to me for a slave."

2215. RILEY.

John Riley, one of the best native painters that has flourished in England, was too diffident of his own talents, and easily disgusted with his own work. A small portion of the vanity of Kneller would have made Riley's fortune. Charles II. sat to him, but almost discouraged the bashful artist from pursuing a profession for which he was so well calculated. Looking at the picture, the king exclaimed, "Is this like me? Then, odds fish, I am an ugly fellow." This discouraged Riley so much, that he could not bear the picture, though he sold it for a large price. He afterwards painted the portraits of King James II. and of William and Mary.

2216. CARRACHI AND THE CENSURED ARTIST.

Annibale Carracci censured the pictures of Josephin, a rival artist, who, desirous to be revenged upon the critic, challenged him to fight with swords. Annibale took a painting brush, and, showing it to the incensed Josephin, said, with coolness, "I challenge you to fight with this weapon, and with this I mean to conquer you."

§ 219. MODELS USED BY ARTISTS.

2217. THE WISDOM OF EUPOMPUS.

Eupompus, the painter, was asked by Lysippus, the sculptor, whom among his predecessors he should make objects of his imitation. "Behold," said the painter, showing his friends a multitude of characters passing by,— "behold my models. From nature, not from art, by whomsoever wrought, must the artist labor, who hopes to attain honor and extend the boundaries of his art."

2218. GIOTTO'S LIVING MODEL FOR A CRUCIFIX.

Giotto, intending to make a painting of the Crucifixion, induced a poor man to suffer himself to be bound to a cross, under the promise of being set at liberty in an hour, and handsomely rewarded for his pains. Instead of this, as soon as Giotto had made his victim secure, he seized a dagger, and, shocking to tell, stabbed him to the heart! He then set about painting the dying agonies of the victim to his foul treachery.

When he had finished his picture, he carried it to the pope, who was so well pleased with it that he resolved to place it above the altar of his own chapel. Giotto observed that, as his holiness liked it so well, he might, perhaps, like to see the original. The pope, shocked at the impicity of such an idea, uttered an exclamation of surprise. "I mean," added Giotto, "I will show you the person whom I employed as my model in this picture; but it must be on condition that your holiness will absolve me from all punishment for the use which I have made of him." The pope promised Giotto the absolution for which he stipulated, and accompanied the artist to his workshop. On entering, Giotto drew aside a curtain which hung before the dead man, still stretched on the cross, and covered with blood.

The barbarous exhibition struck the pontiff with horror. He told Giotto he could never give him absolution for so cruel a deed, and that he must expect to suffer the most exemplary punishment. Giotto, with seeming resignation, said he had only one favor to ask—that his holiness would give him leave to finish the piece before he died. The request had too important an object to be denied: the pope readily granted it; and, in the mean time, a guard was set over Giotto to prevent his escape.

On the painting being replaced in the artist's hands, the first thing he did was to take a brush, and, dipping it into a thick varnish, he daubed the picture all over with it, and then announced that he had finished the task. His holiness was greatly incensed at this abuse of the indulgence he had given, and threatened Giotto that he should be put to the most cruel death, unless he painted another picture equal to the one which he had destroyed. "Of what avail is your threat," replied Giotto, to a man whom you have doomed to death at any rate?" "But," replied his holiness, "I can revoke that doom." "Yes," continued Giotto, "but you cannot prevail on me to trust your verbal promise a second time." "You shall have a pardon under my signet before you begin."

On that, a conditional pardon was accordingly

made out and given to Giotto, who, taking a wet sponge, in a few minutes wiped off the coating with which he had bedaubed the picture, and, instead of a copy, restored the original in all its beauty to his holiness.

2219. THE PAINTER AND HIS MODEL.

A modern French painter, who wished to represent the tragical end of Milo of Crotona, met in the street a porter of most athletic form. He admired his colossal figure and vigorous muscles, and offered him a louis d'or on condition of his standing to him as a model. It was only necessary to tie his hands and confine him with an iron ring, in order to represent, as well as possible, the trunk of the tree in which Milo's hands were imprisoned, when he was devoured by wild beasts.

The porter readily consented to the proposal of the painter: he stripped himself, and suffered his hands to be bound. "Now," said the artist, "imagine a lion is darting upon you, and make every effort you would in such a case to escape his fury. The porter threw himself into a violent agitation; but he made too many grimaces; there was nothing natural in his frightful contortions. The painter gave him further directions; but still he failed of producing the desired effect. At length he thought of a method to obtain his object. He let loose a vigorous mastiff, which was kept in the yard of the house, and desired him to seize the unfortunate captive.

This stratagem fully excited both the gesture and utterance. The efforts of the porter became natural, and the fury of the animal increased in proportion as his struggles were violent. The painter, in a fit of transport, seized his pencil. The porter, who had been bitten by the dog, uttered violent cries. "Excellent! Bravo!" exclaimed the artist; "continue; O, that's admirable!" Finally the sitting, or rather the torture, being at an end, the artist released his model, who consented to be indemnified in money for having been so cruelly used.

2220. CALLOUSNESS OF FEELING IN THE FRENCH PAINTER, DAVID.

It is related of the French painter David, that he attended the execution of his friends Danton and Camille Desmoulins, as a spectacle connected with his improvement in the art of painting; and that at the time of the massacre of the prisoners at La Force, in September, 1792, he was composedly making sketches from the dying and the dead. Rebol asked him what he was doing. He coolly replied, "I am catching the last convulsions of nature in these scoundrels."

2221. GUIDO RENI.

Guercino was very desirous to know the model by which Guido painted the heads of his women; he therefore begged a common friend to prevail upon Guido to satisfy his curiosity. The friend went and

made his request. Immediately Guido ordered the woman who ground his colors, who was ugliness itself, to sit down before him, and painted the most beautiful female head that could be imagined. "So," said he to the astonished friend of Guercino, "relate what you have seen me do; and be assured, that when an artist has his head filled with fine ideas, he wants no other model than such a one as you see before me."

2222. THE UNFINISHED PICTURE.

An ancient artist, being required to paint a perfect female face, had the collected beauty of Greece brought before him; and as there was some particular feature in which each of their fair models excelled, he took from every face its greatest excellence, and combined them into one. From one he took a tress, from another an eye, from another a lip, from another an eyebrow, &c.

His picture at last needed but one more touch, and that was the simple and unaffected blush of modesty. He came to the last of his models, and requested her to remove the veil from her face; but her modesty revolted; she shrunk from the artist's scrutiny, and made her escape from his apartment. The picture was finished without her, and exhibited to the public; and while all were loud in their admiration of it, the artist alone seemed discontented. His friends inquired the cause of his dissatisfaction, and he replied, "I know the picture has merit, and that it would be easier to criticize than to excel it; but it has one capital defect." "What is that?" said his friend. He answered, "The blush of the maiden whose modesty would not suffer herself to be unveiled."

2223. MORLAND'S MODELS.

Morland's easel was always surrounded by associates of the lowest class—horse dealers, boxers, jockeys, cobblers, &c. He had a wooden frame placed across his room, similar to that placed in a police

office, with a bar that lifted up to allow those to pass with whom he had business, or who enjoyed his special favor. He might have been said to be in an academy in the midst of models. He would get one to stand for a hand, another for a head, an attitude, or a figure, according as their countenance or character suited. In this manner he painted some of his best pictures, while his companions were regaling on gin and red herrings around him. Morland never let slip an opportunity which he could turn to his professional advantage.

Just as he was about to begin his four pictures of the Deserter, a sergeant, drummer, and soldier, on their way to Dover, in pursuit of deserters, came in for a billet. Morland, seeing these men would answer his purpose, treated them plentifully, while he was making inquiries on the different modes of recruiting, with every particular attendant on the trial of deserters by court-martial, and on their punishment. He then took them to his house, where he gave them plenty of ale, wine, and tobacco, and caroused with them all night, employing himself busily in sketching and noting down whatever was likely to serve his purpose.

2224. FUSELI AND SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

In Cunningham's *Life of Mr. Lawrence* is a curious passage relating to Fuseli. "When he first saw my Satan," said Sir Thomas, "he was nettled, and said, 'You borrowed the idea from me.' 'In truth, I did take the idea from you,' I replied; 'but it was from your person, and not from your painting-room. When we were assembled at Stockport, in Cheshire, you may remember, you stood on the high rock, which overlooks the Bay of Bristol, and gazed upon the sea, which rolled so magnificently below. You became enraptured; and while you were exclaiming, 'Grand! how grand, how terrific, how sublime the view!' you put yourself in one of the wildest of postures. I thought then of the devil looking into the abyss, and took a slight sketch of you at that time here it is. My Satan's posture now was yours then!'"

§ 220. KEENNESS, WIT, AND SARCASM.

2225. FLATTERING COMPLIMENT.

It is remembered by many that Stuart generally produced a likeness on the panel or canvas, before painting in the eyes, his theory being, that on the nose, more than any other feature, likeness depended. On one occasion, when a pert coxcomb had been sitting to him, the artist gave notice that the sitting was ended, and the dandy exclaimed, on looking at the canvas, "Why, it has no eyes!" "It is not nine days old yet!" was Stuart's reply. The reader need not be reminded that nine days must elapse from the birth of a puppy before he opens his eyes.

2226. HOGARTH *versus* POPE.

While Hogarth was sketching the Harlot's Progress, he found leisure, and had the audacity, to satirize Pope. "Pope," says Johnson, "published, in 1731, a poem called *False Taste*, in which he very particu-

larly and severely criticizes the house, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste. By Timon and the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, he was privately said to mean the Duke of Chandos, a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had, consequently, the voice of the public in his favor. A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to be indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation."

Hogarth's hostility to Pope might have arisen from his connection with Sir James Thornhill, who was uneasy under the success of Pope's friend Kent, the architect; or it might have originated in the public odium which the poet incurred by wantonly attacking a kind and benevolent nobleman. Of his motives it is difficult to judge; of the sharpness of his satire there can be but one opinion. He painted

Burlington Gate, with Kent on the summit, in the threefold capacity of painter, sculptor, and architect, flourishing his palette and pencils over the heads of his astonished supporters, Michael Angelo and Raphael. On a scaffold a little lower down, Pope stands, whitewashing the front; and while he makes pillar and pilaster shine, his wet brush besprinkles Lord Chandos, who is passing by. Lord Burlington serves the poet in the condition of a laborer.

Of all this Pope took no notice. "Either Hogarth's obscurity," says Nicholas, "was his protection from the lash of Pope, or perhaps the bard was too prudent to exasperate a painter who had already given such proofs of his ability in satire." The poet was not a person to be easily intimidated, and the name of Hogarth, then in full fame, must have been familiar to him.

Pope remained silent; whether to the satisfaction or sorrow of the painter cannot be ascertained. Much blame had been incurred by the satire of Chandos, and the poet might be unwilling to provoke further discussion, or prolong the strife. It is, however, probable that Pope regarded Hogarth as a vulgar caricaturist, beneath his notice.

2227. MARTINON AND LEGOUX.

M. Martinon, advocate, was extremely dark in his complexion. He had his picture painted by Legoux, of Angers, and allowed it to remain for a long time with the painter, before he sent for it. Legoux said to him one day, "Sir, I think you had better send for your portrait, for the landlord of the Moor's Head has been applying for it."

2228. POUSSIN, THE GREAT PAINTER.

A person of rank having painted a picture, which he showed to Poussin, he remarked, "You want a little poverty, sir, to make you a good painter."

2229. SITTING FOR A PORTRAIT.

There is a very good story told of Jarvis, the painter. When his bacchanalian propensities had rendered him rather an unequal if not an unsafe artist, he was employed by a gentleman in a southern city to paint his wife,—a miracle of plainness,—under the stipulation that a pint of wine at a single sitting must be the extent of his potations. Jarvis assented, and in due time produced a perfect facsimile of the lady. On exhibiting it to the husband, he seemed disappointed.

"Couldn't you have given it," said he to the painter, "a little less—that is, couldn't you give it now a little more——"

"If you expect me," said Jarvis, seeing the husband's drift at once, "if you expect me to make a handsome portrait of your wife, I must have more than a pint of wine at a sitting. I couldn't get up imagination enough to make her even good looking under a quart at the very least."

The gentleman "left the presence."

2230. A PROMPT REMEDY.

Opie was painting an old beau of fashion. Whenever he thought the painter was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Opie,

who was a blunt man, said very quietly, "Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."

2231. WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

Before the discovery of the art which multiplies, with such facility, libels or panegyrics,—when the people could not speak freely against those rapacious clergy, who sheared the fleece and cared not for the sheep,—many a secret of popular indignation was confided, not to books, (for they could not read,) but to pictures and sculptures, which are books which the people can always read. The sculptors and illuminators of those times no doubt shared in common the popular feelings, and boldly trusted to the paintings or the carvings, which met the eyes of their luxurious and indolent masters, their satirical inventions. As far back as in 1300, we find in Wolfius the description of a picture of this kind, in a manuscript of *Æsop's Fables*, found in the Abbey of Fulda, among other emblems of the corrupt lives of the churchmen. The present was a wolf, large as life, wearing a monkish cowl, with a shaven crown, preaching to a flock of sheep, with these words of the apostle in a label from his mouth: "God is my witness how I long for you all in my bowels!" And underneath was inscribed, "This hooded wolf is the hypocrite of whom it is said in the gospel, Beware of false prophets!"

Such exhibitions were often introduced into articles of furniture. A cushion was found in an old abbey, in which was worked a fox preaching to geese, each goose holding in his bill his praying beads! In the stone wall and on the columns of the great church at Strasburg was once viewed a number of wolves, bears, foxes, and other mischievous animals, carrying holy water, crucifixes, and tapers; and others more indelicate. These, probably as old as the year 1300, were engraven in 1617, by a Protestant; and were not destroyed till 1685, by the pious rage of the Catholics, who seemed at length to have rightly construed these silent lampoons. and in their turn broke to pieces the Protestant images as the others had done the Papistical dolls. The carved seats and stalls in our own cathedrals exhibit subjects not only strange and satirical, but even indecent. At the time they built churches they satirized the ministers—a curious instance how the feelings of the people struggle to find a vent.

The margins of illuminated manuscripts frequently contain ingenious caricatures or satirical allegories. In a magnificent chronicle of Froissart are several—a wolf, as usual, in a monk's frock and cowl, stretching his paw to bless a cock, bending its head submissively to the wolf; or a fox with a crosier, dropping beads, which a cock is picking up, to satirize the blind devotion of the bigots: perhaps the figure of the cock alluded to certain neighbors. A cat in the habit of a nun, holding a platter in its paws to a mouse approaching to lick it; alluding to the allurements of the abbesses to draw young women into their convents; while sometimes a sow is seen, in an abbess's veil, mounted on stilts; the sex marked by the sow's dugs. A pope sometimes appears to be thrust by devils into a caldron, and cardinals are seen roasting on spits! These ornaments must have been generally executed by monks themselves; but these more ingenious members of the ecclesiastical order appear to have sympathized with the people, like the curates in our church, and envied the pampered abbot and the purple bishop. Churchmen were the usual objects

of the suppressed indignation of the people in those days; but the knights and feudal lords have not always escaped from the "curses not loud, but deep," of their satirical pencils. As the reformation, or rather revolution, was hastening, this custom became so general, that in one of the dialogues of Erasmus, where two Franciscans are entertained by their host, it appears that such satirical exhibitions were hung up as common furniture in the apartments of inns. The facetious genius of Erasmus either invents or describes one which he has seen of an ape in the habit of a Franciscan sitting by a sick man's bed, dispensing ghostly counsel, holding up a crucifix in one hand, while with the other he is filching a purse out of the sick man's pocket. Such are "the straws," by which we may always observe from what corner the wind rises.

2232. ANECDOTE OF GILBERT STUART, THE AMERICAN PAINTER.



Gilbert Stuart.

Stuart was as remarkable for the vigor of his language as for the strength with which he portrayed with his pencil. While in the city of New York, his rooms were open on stated days to receive visitors, who thronged to admire the productions of the gifted artist, who had won such reputation for his country abroad.

Among others came Talleyrand. Stuart, a great physiognomist, fixing his eyes upon him attentively for a moment, remarked to a friend, with violent emphasis and gesture, "If that man is not a villain, the Almighty does not write a legible hand!"

2233. THE BOLD AND SPIRITED STUDENT.

Reynolds and Burke being one evening at the Royal Academy, a student showed his drawing to Sir Joshua, accompanied with the observation that he hoped it was bold and spirited. Reynolds, in his usually mild manner, answered, "Very spirited," and handed it to Burke, who made no other remark, in returning the drawing, but, "Very bold indeed."

2234. ANECDOTE OF SULLY.

A good story is related of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well

as his success in art. At a party, one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle, who was a great favorite.

"Ah," says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant's."

"O, O, Mr. Sully! how can you be so rude?"

"Rude, ladies! rude! What do you mean? I say she has a mouth like an elephant's, because it is full of ivory."

2235. RIGAND'S DIFFICULTIES WITH HIS PATRONESES.

Although Hyacinthus Rigand had a turn for gallyantry, he was not fond of painting ladies. "If," said he, "I represent them exactly as they are, they do not think themselves handsome enough; and if I flatter them excessively, then their pictures are not like them."

A lady who rouged very highly, and whose likeness he had taken, complained that he did not use good colors for her pictures, and asked him where he bought them. "I believe, madam," said he, "you and I both deal at the same shop."

2236. FLYING COLORS.

Two gentlemen were at a coffee-house, when the discourse fell upon Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting. One of them said that "his tints were admirable, but the colors flew." It happened, unluckily, that Sir Joshua was in the next stall, and he, taking up his hat, accosted them thus, with a low bow: "Gentlemen, I return you many thanks for bringing me off with *flying* colors."

2237. THE STRANGE MECHANIC.

Of Stuart, an American, the following anecdote is related: He had put up at an inn, and his companions were desirous, by putting roundabout questions, to find out his calling or profession. Stuart answered, with a grave face and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair. At that time, high-cropped pomaturned hair was all the fashion.

"You are a hair-dresser, then?"

"What," said he, "do I look like a barber?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are then?"

"Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

"O, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?"

"A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"O, you are a tailor?"

"A tailor! Do I look like a tailor? I assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one."

By this time they were all in a roar.

"What are you, then?" said one.

"I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured, all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, at your service."

"O, ho! a boot and shoemaker, after all!"

"Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot

or shoe, but for my own feet and legs ; yet all I have told you is true."

"We may as well give up guessing."

"Well, then, I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces."

He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Mathews might have envied. His companions, after loud peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre, and they all knew he must be a comedian by profession, when, to their utter astonishment, he assured them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse, or any similar place of amusement. They all now looked at each other in utter amazement. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions, —

"Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words: *I am a portrait painter!* If you will call at

John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair *à la mode*, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravat, and make faces for you."

2239. LUCAS'S ENGLISHMAN.

Lucas, a painter in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was employed to paint a gallery for the Earl of Lincoln, lord high admiral. He was to represent the habits of different nations. When he came to the English, he painted a naked man, with cloth of various sorts lying by him, and a pair of shears, as a satire on their fickleness of dress. The thought was borrowed from Andrew Borde, who, in his Introduction to Knowledge, prefixed a naked Englishman, with these lines: —

"I am an Englishman, and naked ; I stand here
Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear."

§ 221. HUMOROUS AND AMUSING FACTS.

2238. STUART A PUPIL OF WEST.

Two or three years after Stuart went to London, West, having learnt that he was in poor circumstances, sent him three or four guineas, with an invitation to call at his house. Stuart went, and soon after, at twenty-four years of age, he entered West's studio.

"Mr. West," says Stuart, "treated me very cavalierly on one occasion ; but I had my revenge. My old master, who was always called upon to paint a portrait of his majesty for every governor general sent out to India, received an order for one of Lord ——. He was busily employed upon one of his *ten-acre* pictures, in company with prophets and apostles, and thought he could turn over the king to me. He never could paint a portrait.

"Stuart," said he, "it is a pity to make his majesty sit again for his picture ; there is the portrait of him that you painted ; let me have it for Lord ——. I will retouch it, and it will do well enough." *'Well enough! very pretty,'* thought I ; 'you might be civil, when you ask a favor.' So I *thought* ; but I said, 'Very well, sir.' So the picture was carried down to his room, and at it he went. I saw he was puzzled. He worked at it all that day. The next morning, 'Stuart,' says he, 'have you got your palette set?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, you can soon set another ; let me have it ; I can't satisfy myself with that head.'

"I gave him my palette, and he worked the greater part of that day. In the afternoon I went into his room, and he was hard at it. I saw that he had got up to the knees in mud. 'Stuart,' says he, 'I don't know how it is, but you have a way of managing your tints unlike every body else. Here, take the palette and finish the head.' 'I can't, sir.' 'You can't?' 'I can't indeed, sir, as it is ; but let it stand till to-morrow morning and get dry, and I will go over with it with all my heart.' The picture was to go away the day after the morrow ; so he made me promise to do it early next morning.

"He never came down into the painting-room until about ten o'clock. I went into his room bright and early, and by half past nine I had finished the

head. That done, *Rafe* [Raphael West, the master's son] and I began to fence ; I with my maulstick, and he with his father's. I had just driven *Rafe* up to the wall, with his back to one of his father's best pictures, when the old gentleman, as neat as a lad of wax, with his hair powdered, his white silk stockings and yellow morocco slippers, popped into the room, looking as if he had stepped out of a handbox. We had made so much noise that we did not hear him come down the gallery, or open the door. 'There, you dog,' says I to *Rafe*, 'there I have you, and nothing but your back-ground *relieves* you.'

"The old gentleman could not help smiling at my technical joke, but soon, looking very stern, 'Mr. Stuart,' says he, — for he always *mistered* me when he was angry, as a man's wife calls him *my dear* when she wishes him at the devil, — 'Mr. Stuart, is this the way you use me?' 'Why! what's the matter, sir? I have neither hurt the boy nor the back-ground.' 'Sir, when you knew I had promised that the picture of his majesty should be finished to-day, ready to be sent away to-morrow, thus to be neglecting me and your promise! How can you answer it to me or to yourself?'

"'Sir,' said I, 'do not condemn me without examining the easel. I have finished the picture please to look at it.' He did so, complimented me highly, and I had ample revenge for his, 'It will do well enough.'"

2240. COPLEY AND THE THREE WIVES.

A portrait painter in large practice might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters.

A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, and wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece. "It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is a portrait of my first wife ; for this one is my second." "But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir : what can I do? she is only to come in as an angel." "O, no! not at all," answered the other ; "she must come in as a woman. No angels for me."

The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back; when he returned, he had a strange lady on his arm. "I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said: "an accident befell my second wife: this lady is my third; and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture." The painter complied, the likeness was introduced, and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses.

Not so the lady. She remonstrated: never was such a thing heard of! out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly, and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits he had obliterated.

2241. AVERSION OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S FATHER TO HIS SON'S PROFESSION.

Michael Angelo's father, not being pleased with his great attachment to painting, used to scold when he saw him engaged in his darling employment. One day he threw himself into a violent rage. The enthusiastic son, instead of saying a word in answer to the old man's reproaches, fixed his eyes attentively upon him, and exclaimed, "What an admirable subject for the pencil is my father in this fine passion!"

2242. PAINTING BY THE DOZEN.

Every one who knew Hoppner must recollect that he was of the *genus irritabile*. A wealthy stock broker drove up to his door, and two carriages emptied into his hall, in Charles Street, a gentleman and lady, with five sons and seven daughters, all samples of *pa* and *ma*, as well fed and as city bred and comely a family as any within the sound of Bow bell.

"Well, Mr. Painter," said he, "here we are—a baker's dozen. How much will you demand for painting the whole lot of us—prompt payment for discount?" "Why," replied the astonished painter, who might be likened to a superannuated elephant,— "why, sir, that will depend upon the dimensions, style, composition, and ——" "O, that is settled," quoth the enlightened broker: "we are all to be touched off in one piece as large as life, all seated upon our lawn at Clapham, and all singing 'God save the King.'"

"These things," said Hoppner, in relating the circumstance, to his friend and crony, the critic-poet Gifford,— "these things—and be hanged to you scribblers!—are part and parcel of the delectables of portrait painting."

2243. SIGN PAINTING.

A sign painter, being called upon to letter the front of a large general clothing establishment, finished one line across the whole front, thus: "*Dealer in all sorts of Ladies*," and finding his ladder too long to paint the next line, returned to his house to get one of suitable length; but stepping on a stone, it turned his foot up, sprained his ankle, so that he could not finish the lettering till the next day.

In the mean time, the people stared at the new sign, and many of them, knowing the character of the man to be strictly in keeping with that of a good husband, father, and citizen, it was unaccount-

able; as "*all sorts of ladies*," in New York, comprised commodities at their antipodes, the best and worst on earth.

The citizens made themselves busy that day in surmises, scurrilous remarks, and injurious quizzing; which could be hardly overcome when the finishing lettering, "*and Gentlemen's ready-made Clothing*," was added.

2244. TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

At the time when Mr. Peale was exhibiting his beautiful picture of the Court of Death in Boston, he sent the late Rev. Dr. Osgood a ticket, on which was inscribed, "Admit the bearer to the Court of Death." The old gentleman, never having heard of the picture, was utterly confounded. "I expected to go before long," said he, "but I was not prepared for so abrupt a summons."

2245. ARTISTS OPPOSED IN SKETCHING.

The late Mr. Brown, so justly famed for his knowledge of design, having often remarked in his neighborhood a curious cottage, where the rays came in as one could wish, and admitted a fine blending of light and shadow, resolved to make a drawing of it. While he was at work, an old woman came out to him, dropping many a courtesy. "I am very glad your honor has come to look at it yourself. I have told the steward, over and over again, that the house would fall down about my ears, but he did not mind me. I hope your honor will order it to be done up soon."

Mr. Brown came off better than a brother artist, who, being on a sketching excursion, fell in with a mill, which presented an admirable piece of picturesque. He was proceeding with a drawing of it very much to his satisfaction, when the miller, with a stout stick in his hand, made his approach.

"What are you doing, Mr. Gentleman?"

"Making a drawing of your mill."

"Making a drawing! To be sure, my old mill is a pretty thing to take. No! no! Your business here is to peep in at my windows, and see if I han't undercharged in the number. Come, sir, off directly; and if ever I catch you here again," &c.

The time of the threatened invasion of England by the French was a sad time for the hunters of picturesque, more especially along the coast. To be caught taking a sketch of even an old pigsty was enough, in some instances, to get seized and carried before a magistrate as a French spy, engaged in stealing plans of all the strong points of the country. And as magistrates are not in all parts much more sensible than the ignorant rustics they keep in order, it happened more than once that professional ardor was sent to cool itself within the walls of a jail.

2246. SHERIDAN AND FOX.

Sheridan was down at Brighton one summer, when Fox, the manager, desirous of showing him some civility, took him all over the theatre, and exhibited its beauties. "There, Mr. Sheridan," said Fox, who combined twenty occupations, without being clever in any, "I built and painted all these boxes, and I painted all these scenes." "Did you?" said Sheridan, surveying them rapidly: "well, I

should not, I am sure, have known you were a Fox by your brush."

2247. HAYDON'S INTRODUCTION TO FUSELI.

Prince Hoare introduced Haydon to Fuseli, who was so struck with his close attendance at the Royal Academy, that he one day said, "Why, when do you dine?" The account of his introduction is very characteristic. "Such was the horror connected with Fuseli's name," says Haydon, "that I remember perfectly well, the day before I was to go to him, a letter from my father concluded in these words: 'God speed you with the terrible Fuseli.'"

Awaking from a night of awful dreaming, the awful morning came. I took my sketch-book and drawings, invoking the protection of my good genius to bring me back alive, and sallied forth to meet the enchanter in his den. After an abstracted walk of perpetual musing on what I should say, how I should look, and what I should do, I found myself before his door in Berners Street, — 1805."

Haydon was shown into his painting-room, full of Fuseli's hideous conceptions. He adds, "At last, when I was wondering what metamorphosis I was to undergo, the door slowly opened, and I saw a little hand come slowly round the edge of it, which did not look very gigantic, or belonging to a very powerful figure; and round came a little, white-faced, lion-headed man, dressed in an old flannel dressing-gown, tied by a rope, and the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket on his head for a cap. I was perfectly amazed. There stood the designer of Satan in many an airy whirl plunging to the earth; and was this the painter himself? Certainly."

"Not such as I had imagined when enjoying his inventions. I did not know whether to laugh or cry; but at any rate I felt that I was his match if he attempted the supernatural. We quietly stared at each other, and Fuseli, kindly understanding my astonishment and inexperience, asked in the mildest voice for my drawings. Here my evil genius took the lead, and instead of showing him my studies from the antique, which I had brought, and had meant to show him, I showed him my sketch book I did not mean to show him, with a sketch I had made, coming along, of a man pushing a sugar cask into a grocer's shop. Fuseli, seeing my fright, said, by way of encouragement, 'At least the fellow does his business with energy.' From that hour commenced a friendship which lasted till his death."

2248. NORWICH CHURCH-WARDEN AND THE ALTAR PIECE.

A worthy citizen of Norwich, whose taste as an upholsterer had long been considered of the first-rate order, being chosen church-warden of St. Stephen, commenced his reign by cleaning and painting the church; and at the termination of his labors, he rested his eye upon a picture of the Lord's Supper in the vestry, —

"The painters ran in, and the glaziers ran out; They could not conceive what their chief was about," —

and with his "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," he thus addressed the painter: "Boy, I should consider myself wanting in duty and veneration did I suffer this church to be cleaned, and leave our Savior sitting before so dirty a table-cloth; therefore take your brush and paint it all over with white." In the

space of five minutes, this order was executed to the great satisfaction of our sapient church-warden. A few days after, this mutilation was discovered by the rector, who sent the picture, with tears in his eyes, to an artist, to be restored to its pristine state again.

2249. STUART.

Stuart's love for painting was the love of an enthusiast; but his early friend says that "music divided his affection so equally with his sister, that it was difficult to say which was the ruling passion. He became enamored with music, in which he made remarkable progress, without any other master than his own superior genius."

"He once attempted to enrapture me," says one of his friends, "by a newly-studied classical composition of his own. I exerted all the kind attention I could muster up for the occasion, until his sharp eye detected, by my physiognomy, that I did not much relish it. He colored, sprang up in a rage, and striding back and forth the floor, vociferated, 'You have no more taste for music than a jackass! and it is all owing to your stupid Quaker education.'"

2250. JERVIS.

Jervis, who affected to be a freethinker, was one day talking very irreverently of the Bible. Dr. Arbuthnot maintained to him that he was not only a speculative but a practical believer. Jervis denied it. Arbuthnot said he would prove it: "You strictly observe the second commandment," said the doctor; "for in your pictures you make not the likeness of any thing that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

2251. THE ANNUNCIATION.

An altar piece in a church at Capua, painted by Chella delle Puera, representing the Annunciation, is a curious collection of absurdities. The Virgin is seated in a rich arm-chair of crimson velvet, with gold flowers; a cat and parrot, placed near her, seem extremely attentive to the whole scene; and on a table are a silver coffee-pot and cup.

A modern Italian has painted the same subject in a way equally absurd. The Virgin is on her knees near the toilet; on a chair are thrown a variety of fashionable dresses, which show that in the painter's opinion, at least, she must have been a practised coquette; and at a little distance appears a cat with its head lifted up towards the angel, and its ears on end to catch what he has to say.

2252. WILKIE'S NATIONALITY.

"Thomson! Ye maun be a Scotch Thomson, I'll warrant," said Sir David Wilkie to Henry Thomson, as they sat together for the first time at an Academy dinner.

"I'm of that ilk, sir," was his reply; "my father was a Scotchman."

"Was he really?" exclaimed Wilkie, grasping the other's hand quite brotherly.

"And my mother was Irish."

"Ay, ay, was she really?" and the hand relaxed its fervor.

"And I was born in England."

Wilkie let go Thomson's hand altogether, turned his back on him, and indulged in no further conversation. My friend Thomson, a wit as well as a painter, perhaps caricatured this conversation; but I remember it was received as true to the spirit of Wilkie when it was first told.

2253. SINGULAR ADHERENCE TO CUSTOM IN PAINTING PORTRAITS.

Portraits, in the time of Hudson, the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, were almost always painted in one attitude,—one hand in the waistcoat, and the hat under the arm. A gentleman, whose portrait young Reynolds painted, desired to have his hat on his head in the picture, which was quickly finished in a commonplace attitude, done without much study, and sent home. On inspection, it was soon discovered, that although the gentleman, in his portrait, had one hat upon his head, yet there was another under his arm.

2254. SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Sir Godfrey, at Witton, acted as justice of peace, and was so much more swayed by equity than law, that his judgments, accompanied with humor, are said to have occasioned these lines by Pope:—

"I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
And punished him that put it in his way."

This alluded to his dismissing a soldier who had stolen a joint of meat, and accusing the butcher of having tempted him by it.

Whenever Sir Godfrey was applied to, he always inquired which parish was the richest, and settled the poor man there; nor would he even sign a warrant to distrain the goods of a poor man who could not pay a tax. These instances showed the goodness of his heart; others, even in his capacity of justice, his peculiar turn.

A handsome young woman came before him to swear a rape: struck with her beauty, he continued examining her, as he sat painting, till he had taken her likeness.

If he disliked interruption, he would not be interrupted. Seeing a constable coming to him at the head of a mob, he called to him, without inquiring into the affair, "Mr. Constable, you see that turning: go that way, and you will find an alehouse,—the sign of the King's Head,—go and make it up."

2255. JOHN ASTLEY.

While Reynolds was pursuing his studies at Rome, several other English artists were there to the same intent, particularly Mr. John Astley, who had been his fellow-pupil in the school of Hudson, and of whom Reynolds used to say, that Astley would rather run three miles to deliver his message by word of mouth than venture to write a note. He afterwards became a very rich man, by an advantageous marriage which he contracted with a lady of quality. The observation of his biographer on this event is, that Astley owed his fortune to his form, his follies to his fortune; and indeed, at the period of his life now alluded to, he was as poor in purse as he ever had been as an artist.

It was a usual custom with the English painters at Rome to meet in the evenings for conversation,

and frequently to make little excursions together in the country. On one of these excursions, on a summer day, when the season was particularly hot, the whole company threw off their coats, as being an encumbrance to them, except poor Astley, who alone showed great reluctance to take off his. This seemed very unaccountable to his companions, when some jokes made on his singularity at last obliged him to take his coat off also. The mystery was then immediately explained; for it appeared that the hinder part of his waistcoat was made, by way of thriftiness, out of one of his own pictures, and thus displayed a tremendous waterfall on his back, to the great diversion of all the spectators.

2256. ARTIST ANECDOTE.

Willis, on the authority of a French paper, relates an amusing incident that lately happened to a celebrated artist, who is extremely neglectful of his toilet. Leaving his study one day, and walking along the street rather absently, he heard a call from a female voice behind him.

"Here, my man," said a lady, beckoning to him; "can you carry a bundle a little way for me?"

The artist looked at the lady for a moment, saw that she was very handsome, and instead of explaining, as he was about to do, that he was a gentleman, he said, "Willingly, madam," and followed her into a shop.

The bundle was large and heavy; but he lifted it with some effort upon his shoulder, and followed after the lady, who, slightly raising her dress, went fast on before him, showing an exquisitely turned pair of feet and ankles. She mounted at last to the second story of a house, with the tired porter close at her heels, and began to fumble in her pocket to find the money to pay him. As she did so, the artist looked well at her face, and found it to be one of the most peculiar in its style of beauty, as well as one of the finest, he had ever seen.

"Pardon me," he said, as she offered him the money; "I am not a porter. I am an artist; and, instead of money, will ask a favor of you—to allow me to make a copy of your face. The package was heavy, and the compliment you paid to my dress was not very gratifying; but I shall be well paid if I can send a copy of your beauty to the next exhibition of the Academy."

And thus a great artist came by the original of one of the most exquisite pictures which his pencil has put upon canvas.

2257. RARE PORTRAIT BY SALVATOR ROSA.

While Salvator Rosa was on a visit to Florence, and refused all applications for his pictures, he was accidentally taken in to paint what he so rarely descended to do—a portrait.

There lived in Florence a good old dame of the name of Anna Gaetano, who, though of some celebrity, held no more notable rank than that of keeping an *osteria*, or inn, over the door of which was inscribed, in large letters, "*Al buon vino non bisogna fruscia*," (Good wine needs no bush;) or, literally, (Good wine needs no rubbing up, or puffing.)

But it was not the racy *orvietto* alone of Madonna Anna that drew to her house some of the most distinguished men of Florence, and made it particularly the resort of the *Cavalieri Ultramontani*: her humor

was as racy as her wine; and many of the men of wit and pleasure upon town were in the habit of lounging in the *Salé Commune* of Dame Gaetano, merely for the pleasure of drawing her out.

Among these were Lorenzo Lippi and Salvator Rosa; and although this Tuscan Dame Quickly was in her seventieth year, hideous, ugly, and grotesquely dressed, she was yet so far from being an "antidote to the tender passion," that she distinguished Salvator Rosa by a preference which deemed itself not altogether hopeless of return. While emboldened by his familiarity and condescension, she had the vanity to ask him to paint her picture, "that she might," she said, "reach posterity by the hand of the greatest master of the age." Salvator first received her proposition as a jest, for he rarely condescended to paint portraits, except his caricato sketches may be called such. But, perpetually teased by her reiterated importunities, and provoked by her pertinacity, he at last exclaimed,—

"Well, Madonna, I have resolved at last to comply with your desire; but with this agreement, that, not to distract my mind during my work, I desire you will not move your seat until I have finished the picture."

Madonna, willing to submit to any penalty in order to obtain an honor which was to immortalize her septuagenary charms, joyfully agreed to the proposition; and Salvator, sending for an easel and painting materials, drew her as she sat before him, to the life.

The portrait was dashed off with the usual rapidity and spirit of the master, and was a *chef-d'œuvre*. But when, at last, the vain and impatient hostess was permitted to look upon it, she perceived that to one of the strongest and most inveterate likenesses that was ever taken, the painter had added

a long beard; and that "mine hostess *al buon vino*" figured on the canvas as an ancient male pilgrim—a character admirably suited to her furrowed face, weather-beaten complexion, strong lineaments, and gray hairs. Her mortified vanity vented itself in the most violent abuse of the ungallant painter, of whom her sex had ordinarily so little to complain; and she is described as dealing out her *Tuscan Billingsgate* with a purity that would have excited the envy of the most consummate Trecentisto of the Della Tuscan school.

Salvator, probably less annoyed by her animosity than disgusted by her preference, called upon some of her guests (ultramontane painters and others) to judge between them. The artists saw only the merits of the fine painting; the laughers only looked to the jest; and the value fixed to the exquisite portrait soon reconciled the vanity of the original, through her interests. After the death of Madonna Anna, her portrait was sold by her heirs at an enormous price, and is said to be still in existence.

2258. THE ARTIST AFFRONTED.

One morning the late Mr. Christie, to whom had been intrusted the sale by auction of a fine collection of pictures, belonging to a nobleman, having arrived at a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wilson's, was expatiating with his usual eloquence on its merits, quite unaware that Wilson himself had just before entered the room. "This, gentlemen, is one of Mr. Wilson's Italian pictures; he cannot paint any thing like it now." "That's a lie!" exclaimed the irritated artist, to Mr. Christie's no small discomposure, and to the great amusement of the company; "he can paint infinitely better."

§ 222. ORIGIN OF NOTED PAINTINGS.

2259. STUART'S WASHINGTON.

Stuart, after spending some years in Europe, and meeting with great success, determined to return to his native land. The chief objects that impelled his enthusiastic mind to this step was his love for his country, his admiration of General Washington, and the very great desire he had to paint his portrait.

With a letter to Washington from John Jay, he went on to Philadelphia, where he was courteously and familiarly received by the man whom Botta used to call the "father of freedom." Stuart had been familiar with the highest society of England, but he was embarrassed when he entered the room where Washington was; and he said it was the first time he had ever felt awe in the presence of a fellow-man.

Stuart was now gratified in the accomplishment and the hope of years. Washington was standing on the highest eminence of glory any man had yet stood on; the gaze of the world was fixed steadily upon him. To leave for posterity a faithful portrait of him, and thus link his name forever with that great man's, had now become the most earnest wish of Stuart's life.

Washington sat for his portrait: Stuart was not pleased with his first attempt. It may easily be imagined with what feelings the painter was stirred,

when he gazed with the full, clear, earnest eye of the artist upon that face which Guizot has declared more than half divine. It is a matter of little surprise that he failed in the first trial. He destroyed the picture.

Washington sat again, and then he painted as good a portrait as ever was or can be painted. There have been more beautiful pictures; brighter lights and darker shades have been thrown in; more gorgeous coloring and "tricks of art" have been thrown around them; but so completely did the artist transfer the features, the form, and the very soul of Washington to the canvas, in all the simplicity of nature, that we are not afraid to say it is the best portrait ever painted in this country, and that it has never been surpassed by any artist whose works have come down to our times.

"He offered it," says Dunlap, "to the State of Massachusetts for one thousand dollars, which they refused to give! Those intrusted with our national government passed by the opportunity of doing honor to themselves during the life of a man they could not honor, and the only portrait of Washington was neglected in the painter's workshop until the Boston Athenæum purchased it of his widow. It is now, together with its companion, the portrait of Mrs. Washington, adorning one of the rooms of that institution."

2260. CATLIN'S PICTURES.

Catlin, the American traveller, was born in Wyoming, on the Susquehanna. He was bred to the law; but after he had practised two or three years, he sold his law library, and with the proceeds commenced as painter in Philadelphia, without either teacher or adviser.

Within a few years, a delegation of Indians arrived, from the wilds of the far west, in Philadelphia, "arrayed and equipped in all their classical beauty, with shield and helmet, with tunic and manteau, tinted and tasselled off exactly for the painter's palette. In silent and stoic dignity these lords of the forest strutted about the city for a few days, wrapped in their pictured robes, with their brows plumed with the quills of the war-eagle," and then quitted for Washington city, leaving Catlin to regret their departure. This, however, led him to consider the preservation by pictorial illustrations of the history and customs of these people as a theme worthy the life of one man; and he therefore resolved that nothing short of the loss of life should prevent him from visiting their country, and becoming their historian.

He could find no advocate or abetter of his views; still, he broke from all connections of family and home, and thus, firmly fixed, armed, equipped, and supplied, he started, in the year 1832, and penetrated the vast and pathless wilds of the great far west, devoted to the production of habitual and graphic portraiture of the manners, customs, and character of an interesting race of people, who were rapidly passing away from the earth.

Catlin spent about eight years in the Indian country, and, in 1841, brought home portraits of the principal personages from each tribe, views of their villages, pastimes, and religious ceremonies, and a collection of their costumes, manufactures, and weapons. He was undoubtedly the first artist who ever started upon such a labor, designing to carry his canvas to the Rocky Mountains. He visited forty-eight different tribes, containing four hundred thousand souls, and mostly speaking different languages. He brought home three hundred and ten portraits in oil, all painted in their native dress, and in their own wigwams; besides two hundred paintings of their villages, wigwams, games, and religious ceremonies, dances, ball plays, buffalo hunts, &c., containing three thousand full length figures; together with landscapes, and a collection of costumes and other artificial produce, from the size of a huge wigwam to that of a rattle.

2261. MR. BANVARD.

There was a young lad of fifteen, a fatherless youth, to whom there came a very extraordinary idea, as he was floating for the first time down the Mississippi. He had read, in some foreign journal, that America could boast the most picturesque and magnificent scenery in the world, but that she had not yet produced an artist capable of delineating it.

On this thought he pondered and pondered, till his brain began to whirl; and as he glided along the shores of the stupendous river, gazing around him with wonder and delight, the boy resolved within himself that he would take away the reproach from his country—that he would paint the beauties and sublimities of his native land.

Some years passed away, and still John Banvard (for that was his name) dreamed of being a painter.

What he was in his waking, working moments, we do not know—probably a mechanic. But at all events, he found time to turn over and over again the great thought that haunted him; till at length, before he had yet attained his twenty-first year, it assumed a distinct and tangible shape in his mind, and he devoted himself to its realization.

There mingled no idea of profit with his ambition; and, indeed, strange to say, we can learn nothing of any aspirations he may have felt after artistic excellence. His grand object, as he himself informs us, was to falsify the assertion that America had no "artists commensurate with the grandeur and extent of her scenery," and to accomplish this by producing *the largest painting in the world*.

John Banvard was born in New York, and "raised in Kentucky;" but he had no patrons either among the rich merchants of the one, or the wild enthusiasts of the other, whose name has become a synonyme for all that is good, bad, and ridiculous in the American character. He was self-taught and self-dependent; and when he determined to paint a picture of the shores of the Mississippi, which should be as superior to all others in point of size as that prodigious river is superior to the streamlets of Europe, he was obliged to betake himself for some time to trading and boating upon the mighty stream, in order to raise funds for the purchase of materials. But this was at length accomplished and the work begun. His first task was to make the necessary drawing, and in executing this he spent four hundred days in the manner thus described by himself:—

For this purpose he had to travel thousands of miles alone in an open skiff, crossing the rapid streams, in many places over two miles in width, to select proper points of sight from which to take this sketch. His hands became hardened with constantly plying the oar, and his skin as tawny as an Indian's, from exposure to the rays of the sun and the vicissitudes of the weather.

He would be weeks together without speaking to a human being, having no other company than his rifle, which furnished him with his meat from the game of the woods or the fowls of the river.

When the sun began to sink behind the lofty bluffs, and evening to approach, he would select some secluded sandy cove, overshadowed by the lofty cottonwood, draw out his skiff from the water, and repair to the woods to hunt his supper. Having killed his game, he would return, dress, cook, and from some fallen log would eat it with his biscuit, with no other beverage than the wholesome water of the noble river that glided by him.

Having finished his lonely meal, he would roll himself in his blanket, creep under his frail skiff, which he turned over to shield him from the night dews, and with his portfolio of drawings for his pillow, and the sand of the bar for his bed, would sleep soundly till the morning, when he would arise from his lowly couch, eat his breakfast before the rays of the rising sun had dispersed the humid mist from the surface of the river, and then start fresh to his task again.

When the preparatory drawings were completed, he erected a building at Louisville in Kentucky, where he at length commenced his picture, which was to be a panorama of the Mississippi, painted on canvas *three miles long*; and it is noted, with a justifiable pride, that this proved to be a home production throughout, the cotton being grown in one of the Southern States, and the fabric spun and woven by the factory girls of Lowell.

What the picture is, as a work of art, many thousands have had an opportunity of ascertaining personally; and we know that it receives the warmest eulogiums from the most distinguished of his countrymen, and a testimony in favor of its correctness from the principal captains and pilots of the Mississippi.

At the meeting in Boston, his excellency Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, who was in the chair, talked of it with enthusiasm, as "a wonderful and extraordinary production;" and Mr. Calhoun, president of the Senate, moved a series of resolutions expressive of "their high admiration of the boldness and originality of the conception, and the indefatigable perseverance of the young and talented artist in the execution of his herculean work;" and these being warmly seconded by Mr. Bradbury, speaker of the House of Representatives, were carried unanimously.

Soon after Banvard's panorama appeared, its popularity brought scores of rival panoramas before the public — *Panorama of the Hudson, Panorama of a Voyage around the World, Panorama of the Rhine*, and others without end. We should suppose at the present writing, (1851,) that many artists, thus employed, who might otherwise have languished in poverty, find panorama painting a great source of pecuniary profit.

2262. ORIGIN OF THE TAPESTRY IN THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS.

Henry Cornelius Vroom, the Dutchman, having painted a number of devout subjects, started for Spain to sell them, but was cast away upon a small island near the coast of Portugal. The painter and some of the crew were relieved by monks, who lived among the rocks, and they conducted them to Lisbon, where Vroom was engaged by a picture dealer to paint the storm he had just escaped. In this picture he succeeded so well that the Portuguese dealer continued to employ him.

He improved so much in sea pieces that he saved money, returned home, and applied himself exclusively to that class of painting. He then lived at Haerlem, where he was employed to design the suit of tapestry representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which hung for many years upon the walls of the House of Lords, at Westminster. It had been bespoken by Lord Howard, of Effingham, the lord high admiral of the English fleet which engaged the armada. It was sold by him to James I.

It consisted originally of ten compartments, forming separate pictures, each of which was surrounded by a wrought border, including the portraits of the officers who held command in the English fleet. This tapestry was woven, according to Sandrart, by Francis Spiering: it was destroyed in the fire which consumed the two Houses of Parliament, in 1834. Fortunately, engravings from these hangings were executed by Mr. John Pine, and published in 1739, with illustrations from charters, medals, &c.

2263. HOGARTH AND TYERS.

Soon after his marriage, Hogarth had summer lodgings at South Lambeth, and became intimate with Jonathan Tyers, then proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens.

On passing the tavern one morning, Hogarth saw Tyers, and observing him to be very melancholy, "How now, Master Tyers; why so sad this morning?" said the painter. "Sad times, Master Hogarth," replied Tyers; "and my reflections were on a subject not likely to brighten a man's countenance. I was thinking, do you know, which was likely to prove the easiest death, hanging or drowning." "O," said Hogarth, "is it come to that?" "Very nearly, I assure you," said Tyers. "Then," replied Hogarth, "the remedy you think of applying is not likely to mend the matter; don't hang or drown to-day. I have a thought that may save the necessity of either, and will communicate it to you to-morrow morning; call at my house in Leicester Fields."

The interview took place, and the result was the concocting and getting up the first *Ridotto* al Fresco, which was very successful; one of the new attractions being the embellishment of the pavilions in the gardens by Hogarth's pencil. Thus he drew the *Four Parts of the Day*, which Hayman copied; and the two scenes of *Evening and Night*, with portraits of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Hayman was one of the earliest members of the Royal Academy, and was, when young, a scene painter at Drury Lane Theatre.

Hogarth was at this time in prosperity, and assisted Tyers more essentially than by the few pieces he painted for the gardens; and for this Tyers presented the painter with a gold ticket of admission for himself and friends, which was handed down to Hogarth's descendants; the medal being for the admission of six persons, or "one coach," as it was termed.

Hogarth and Hayman are reputed to have painted other pieces for the gardens, where the following were disposed of by auction, a year or two since, (1848:) an oil painting, said to be by Hogarth, painted expressly for the gardens, — subject, *Drunken Men*, four guineas; ditto, a female pulling out the gray hairs of an aged man, by Hogarth, three guineas; ditto, the original of a scene afterwards in the *Kake's Progress*, by Hogarth, curious as the first of the series, five pounds; ditto, a painting, in oil, of the Village Curate reproving the Drunken Cobbler, by Hogarth, four pounds; ditto, with numerous figures, boys and children at play, four pounds ten shillings; a painting, by Dyce, emblematical of the Descent of Venus, with allegorical figures, seven pounds. The number of lots were two hundred and thirty-four, amongst which were the pictures above mentioned by Hogarth, together with others by Hayman, amounting altogether to twenty-four; and the singularly low prices which these obtained excited universal surprise. Among the articles disposed of in the course of the sale were upwards of four hundred punch bowls.

2264. M. MASQUERIER'S BONAPARTE.

In the year 1800, M. Masquerier had occasion to go to Paris on family matters. Like a sensible man, who made all his pursuits available to the purposes of his profession, he conceived the happy thought of obtaining permission to make a portrait of Bonaparte, (then first consul,) and afterwards portraits of his generals; the whole of which were concentrated in one grand picture, of the size of life, and exhibited in this country as Bonaparte reviewing the Consular Guard.

It appears that Masquerier, through the interest

of a friend acquainted with Josephine, got permission to be present at the Tuileries, where he saw Bonaparte in the gray great-coat which has since been so well known throughout Europe. Masquerier remarked that Bonaparte's appearance in this costume was so different from all portraits which he had seen, that he resolved to fix him in his sketch-book in this identical surtout, the French thinking that the portrait of a great man must necessarily be tricked out in finery. He sketched him just as he saw him, and carried him to England, placing him upon a gray horse, his usual charger, and surrounding him with his staff. The picture told in all respects. The prince regent, (afterwards George IV.,) and Tallien, then in London on his return from Egypt, were among the twenty-five or thirty thousand visitors who went to see it. Tallien left in the exhibition room the following testimony to the likeness of the first consul:—

"J'ai vu le portrait du General Buonaparte fait par M. Masquerier, et je l'ai trouvé très ressemblant. TALLIEN, Londres, ce 24 Mars, 1801."

There is a print of this picture, which is scarce. The original was afterwards sold, to be taken to America. Masquerier netted about one thousand pounds by this speculation, but the remuneration did not overpay the toil. Such was the reaction. from incessant application and anxiety, that the artist was confined to his room several weeks afterwards.

2265. HOGARTH'S JOHN WILKES.

One of the most interesting of Hogarth's productions is the portrait of the celebrated demagogue John Wilkes. This singular performance originated in a quarrel with that witty libertine and his associate Churchill, the poet. It immediately followed an article, from the pen of Wilkes, in the North Briton, which insulted Hogarth as a man, and traduced him as an artist. It is so little of a caricature, that Wilkes good-humoredly observed, somewhere in his correspondence, "I am growing every day more and more like my portrait by Hogarth."

The terrible scourge of the satirist fell bitterly upon the personal and moral defects of the man. Compared with his chastisement, the hangman's whip is but a proverb, and the pillory a post of honor. He might hope oblivion from the infamy of both; but from Hogarth there was no escape. It was little indeed that the artist had to do, to brand and emblazon him with the vices of his nature; but with how much discrimination that little is done!

He took up the correct portrait, which Walpole upbraided him with skulking into a court of law to obtain. and in a few touches the man sunk, and the demon of hypocrisy and sensuality sat in his stead. It is a fiend, and yet it is Wilkes still. It is said that when he had finished this remarkable portrait, the former friendship of Wilkes overcame him, and he threw it into the fire, from which it was saved by the interposition of his wife.

§ 223. PAINTINGS LOST AND RECOVERED.

2266. THE CARTOONS.

The cartoons, the most esteemed of all Raphael's compositions, were designed to serve as patterns for tapestry, to decorate the Papal chapel, by order of Pope Leo X., and represent subjects judiciously selected from the Evangelists and the Acts of the Apostles. They were painted about the year 1520. The tapestry was executed at the famous manufactory at Arras, in Flanders; but the death of their illustrious author, the assassination of the pope, his munificent patron, and the subsequent troubles that agitated Rome, prevented their being placed in the chapel for which they were intended. Indeed, the tapestry was never paid for, and the cartoons were retained as security until they were purchased by the King of England.

It has been a generally received opinion that these works were purchased by King Charles I., at the recommendation of Rubens; but there is reason for believing that they were brought to England in the reign of his father, who had already promoted the establishment of an extensive manufactory of tapestry at Mortlake, and munificently given Sir Francis Crane, its ingenious projector, the sum of two thousand pounds towards the erection of a building for that purpose. It is not improbable that the cartoons were purchased soon after the erection of this manufactory, with the intention of having them copied by the skilful artisans who were there employed, and who were not long before they not only rivalled the tapestry at Arras, but produced copies from the finest pictures, with such effect and splendor, that at a short distance they assumed the appearance of painting. Artists of distinguished merit were invited from abroad to

superintend the workmen; and Francis Cleyn, of singular eminence in his department, was retained by King James, to design grotesques for the looms. In the subsequent reign, five of the cartoons were sent to Mortlake, to be copied under the direction of this artist.

Soon after King William was invited to the English throne, the cartoons, with other valuable property, then considered, perhaps, as "parcel of royal lumber," were discovered in one of the apartments of the old palace of Whitehall. It is supposed they had remained there from the time of the dispersion of the collection of paintings and other noble productions of art, the property of King Charles I.; for this palace was occupied by the protector Cromwell, and it is known that they were purchased of the commissioners appointed by the Parliament to sell the king's effects, by order of the usurper, for the sum of *three hundred pounds*. They were found packed, some in four, some in five pieces, in cases of slit deal.

There is every reason to believe that the cartoons were discovered by Sir Christopher Wren, as it belonged to his office, as surveyor of the works, to explore the abdicated apartments in all the royal palaces which had not yet recovered from the wanton dilapidations of civil war; and it was owing to his careful researches that many valuable remains, which escaped the destructive hands of the fanatics, were brought to light, and replaced in the royal collection.

The cartoons were several years in the collection at Windsor, when they were returned to their old destination at Hampton Court, by his majesty, George III., who was so careful that they should sustain no injury in taking them from their frames,

or in their removal, that he superintended the workmen employed on that service for several mornings, and assisted himself in placing them in their cases. The frames in which they now hang were made at his majesty's private expense, and cost five hundred pounds. They are carved, and of the pattern known to connoisseurs as the Carlo Maratti frame.

2267. THE PAINTER AND HIS PUPIL.

A young artist had produced a very excellent painting, the best he had ever succeeded in; even his master found nothing to criticize in it. The young painter was so enraptured with it, that he was continually gazing at his art, and thus neglected his studies; "For," thought he, "I can produce nothing superior to it."

One morning, when he went, as usual, to rejoice in the contemplation of his painting, he found that his master had erased the whole work. Angry, and in tears, he hastened to him, and inquired the reason of this cruel treatment.

The master replied, "I have done it with wise intent. The painting was a good one, but it would have proved your ruin."

"How so?" inquired the young artist.

"Because," answered the master, "you no longer admired the art in your painting, but only yourself. Believe me, it was not perfect, although it appeared so to us; it was only an attempt. There, take your pencil, and see what new painting you can produce. Do not regret the sacrifice. The elements of greatness must be in you before you can transfer it to canvas."

Full of confidence in himself and his instructor, he seized the pencil, and produced his masterpiece, the *Sacrifice of Iphigenia*.* The name of the artist was Timanthes.

2268. THE TWO PICTURES.

Some children were once playing in the Kent road, near Blackheath, England, amusing themselves with making grottoes of oyster-shells; and, in order to give effect, one of the children went home and begged of his mother to let him have two old pictures that were lying about the house, and considered but as useless lumber, to adorn their grotto. This was readily granted, and the old pictures were placed on each side of the grotto.

In a short time, a Jew dealer came by, and, after

looking at the pictures for some time, he offered to give the children sixpence for them; the children refused, and said that they belonged to their parents. The Jew, at last, offered five shillings, but was still refused, and, at last, went to the parents, and offered ten shillings; but the extreme eagerness of the Jew excited some suspicion that the old pictures were of more value than was suspected, and this was confirmed when the Jew offered five pounds five shillings for them, which was also refused. The next day, the father of the children took the pictures to Mr. Angerstein, at Blackheath, to inquire if they were of any value, and that gentleman gave him a letter of recommendation to a person in London, who purchased them for fourteen hundred pounds; and they have since been sold for considerably more.

2269. COSMO.

In the year 1644, Cosmo, the son of Ferdinand II., de Medici, undertook a journey, an account of which was written at the time by Philippe Pizzichi, his travelling chaplain. This work was published at Florence, in 1829. It contains some curious notices of persons and things, and, among others, what will interest every lover of the fine arts. Speaking of Verona, the diarist mentions the Curtioni Gallery of Paintings, in which "the picture most worthy of attention is the *Lady of Raphael* (so carefully finished by himself, and so well preserved that it surpasses every other." The editor of these travels has satisfactorily shown that Raphael's *Lady* here described is the true *Fornarina*; so that of the three likenesses of her said to be executed by this eminent artist, the genuine one is the Veronese, belonging to the Curtioni Gallery, now the property of a Lady Cavallini Brenzoni, who obtained it by inheritance.

2270. CORREGGIO'S MAGDALEN.

In the spring of 1837, Mr. Atherstone bought for a few guineas a *Magdalen*, by Correggio, at the auction mart, where he saw it among a heap of spoiled canvases, that an amateur (no connoisseur) of pictures had sent to be sold. This gentleman had bought it in Italy for ten pounds, admiring its beauty, but ignorant of its value. It was in perfect preservation; in the grandest style of Correggio; and in coloring surpassing in brilliancy and depth of tone even the famous specimens in the National Gallery.

§ 224. DESCRIPTION OF PARTICULAR PAINTINGS AND COLLECTIONS.

2271. SALVATOR'S CATILINE CONSPIRACY.

It was reserved for the exhibition of the Pantheon, in the year 1663, to be distinguished by the exposition of the master-work of Salvator Rosa's life and genius—the work which he himself has stamped with superiority over all his other pictures, by giv-

ing it the title of '*mio quadro grande!*'—(my great picture!)

This noble picture was his *Catiline Conspiracy*, and the scene is an apartment in Catiline's palace. The light, which falls from above, is reflected from the marble walls, and most skilfully illuminates the heads of the splendid group in the foreground; leaving the lower part of the picture in deep and effective shadow. A beautiful antique tripod occupies the centre, and serves as an altar for the celebration of a fearful ceremony.

* This painting was greatly admired among the ancients, as expressive of the highest degree of pain which art could venture to indicate.

The moment taken by the painter in the story of Catiline is that so terrible and imposing, when, having detailed, with all the magic cloquence for which he was so noted, his views, and the nature of his perilous enterprise, he induces the conspirators to bind themselves to secrecy, and to the cause, by a solemn oath, consecrated by the awful ceremony of pledging each other in wine mingled with human blood.

The ceremony is just begun. Two persons in the dress of Roman nobility stand forward, each with an arm outstretched, and hands clasped over the tripod, while blood drops from the arm of one into a beautiful cup or vase held beneath.

In the countenance of him who bleeds, and whose blood is about to be quaffed, may be read one lettered and marked out for dupery—one expressly chosen from the band for this fearful act, that its awfulness might, by impressing his imagination with terror, bind him to that faith and secrecy he had not the strength of honor to preserve without such a sanction. Though of high birth, he was one stained with crime and obloquy, at once vain and audacious—incapable of keeping the secrets of others, or of hiding his own follies. This feeble villain is evidently Quintus Curius, who is thus described by Sallust, and thus painted in every trait and lineament by Salvator Rosa. The treachery which proceeds from weakness is already traceable in the timid indecision of his looks.

In the well-defined features of him who clasps the hand of Curius lurks more honesty, but not more firmness of purpose. He appears overpowered, rather than convinced; but he takes the oath, and seems equally divided in his attention by the awful act in which he is engaged, and by the stunning eloquence of that splendid apparition, which hovers like an evil genius near him, and which, though seen but in profile, with upraised arms and pointed finger, exhibits an almost unearthly superiority over all who surround it. This figure is Catiline,—

“Whose countenance is a civil war itself,
And all his host are standing in his looks.”

He is evidently winding up the courage of his dupes to its sticking-place, both by look, and word, and gesture, while a Roman patrician, with a keen, concentrated glance, as he holds the cup under the bleeding arm, reads the effects of the chief's eloquence in the looks of Curius. Filling up the background, to the left of the picture, are two of the old guard of Sylla, in full armor, long broken into civil dissensions, and ready, in the weariness of slothful peace, for any active mischief; they are gazing on the scene before them with looks of admiration and vulgar wonder, wondrously expressed.

It is remarkable that over the stern features and martial figures of these veterans the painter has shed an air of plebeian grossness, which singularly and artfully contrasts with the high blood and dignified elegance of the patrician conspirators; some of whom fill up the background to the right. One, however, there is among them, not confounded in the group, who comes prominently forward, as turning in disgust or horror from the atrocious ceremony of sealing an oath by a libation of human blood—one, too, to whom the shedding of human blood was yet familiar, and who probably, envious even then of the influence of Catiline, was already meditating that greatest and far more fatal conspiracy against the liberators of Rome, which placed the world's diadem at his own feet. It is Julius Cæsar!

Such is the cold outline of a picture which forms a page in history, and is never to be looked on but with powerful emotion.

2272. RAPHAEL'S CARTOON OF THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

This cartoon came into the possession of the Foundling Hospital by the conditional bequest of Prince Hoare, Esq. Haydon describes it as “one of the finest instances in the world of variety of expression and beauty of composition—as a work of ‘high art.’” It is the centre part of one of the best cartoons which belonged to the set executed by Raphael, at the order of Leo X., and sent afterwards to Flanders, to be copied in tapestry, for exhibition at the Vatican.

The original number of the cartoons was thirteen; but in consequence of the Flemish weavers cutting them in strips for their working machinery, after the tapestry was executed and sent to Rome, the original cartoons were left mingled together in boxes.

When Rubens was in England, he told Charles I. the condition they were in; and the king, who had the finest taste, desired him to procure them. Seven perfect ones were purchased, all, it may be inferred, which remained, and sent to his majesty; what became or had become of the remainder nobody knows; but here and there, all over Europe, fragments have appeared. At Oxford there are two or three heads; and we believe the Duke of Hamilton or Buccleuch has others. After Charles's misfortunes, the cartoons now at Hampton Court were sold, with the rest of his majesty's fine collection; but by Cromwell's express orders they were bought in for three hundred pounds. During the reign of Charles II. they were offered to France for fourteen thousand francs; but Charles was dissuaded from selling them.

The above portion of the Murder of the Innocents was sold at Westminster, many years ago, as disputed property. Prince Hoare's father, before the sale, explained to an opulent friend the great treasure about to be disposed of, and persuaded him to advance the money requisite, on condition of sharing the property. To his great surprise, he bought it for twenty-six pounds; and his friend, having no taste, told Mr. Hoare, if he would paint him and his family, he would relinquish his right.

These particulars Mr. Haydon had from Prince Hoare, the son; they are related in a letter from the painter to Mr. Lievesley, at the Foundling Hospital, dated October 3, 1837, wherein Haydon suggests the better exhibition of the work as a model of study; and soon after the governors of the hospital sent the cartoons, by way of loan, to the National Gallery, where they may now be seen and studied.

2273. THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

That Tenterden Steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands does not appear a whit more strange than that in the Foundling Hospital originated the Royal Academy of Arts. Yet such was the case. The hospital was incorporated in 1739, and in a few years the present building was erected; but, as the income of the charity could not, with propriety, be expended upon decorations, many of the principal

artists of that day generously gave pictures for several of the apartments of the hospital.

These were permitted to be shown to the public upon proper application, and hence became one of the sights of the metropolis. The pictures proved very attractive; and this success suggested the annual exhibition of the united artists which institution was the precursor of the Royal Academy, in the Adelphi, in the year 1760. Thus, within the walls of the Foundling the curious may see the state of British art previously to the epoch when King George III. first countenanced the historical talent of West.

Among the earliest governors and guardians of the hospital we find William Hogarth, who liberally subscribed his money, and gave his time and talent, towards carrying out the designs of his friend, the venerable Captain Coram, through whose zeal and humanity the hospital was established. Hogarth's first artistical aid was the engraving of a head-piece to a power of attorney, drawn for the collection of subscriptions towards the charity. Hogarth next presented to the hospital an engraved plate of Coram.

Among the early artistic patrons of the charity we find Rysbrach, the sculptor; Hayman, the embellisher of Vauxhall Gardens; Highmore, Hudson, and Allan Ramsay; and Richard Wilson, the prince of English landscape painters. They met often at the hospital, and thus advanced charity and the arts together; for the exhibition of their donations in paintings, &c., drew a daily crowd of visitors in splendid carriages; and a visit to the Foundling became the most fashionable morning lounge of the reign of George II. The grounds in front of the hospital were the promenade; and broadened silks, gold-headed canes, and laced three-cornered (Egham, Staines, and Windsor) hats formed a gay bevy in Lamb's Conduit Fields.

A very interesting series of biographettes of the artists of the Foundling, with a *catalogue raisonnée* of the pictures presented by them, will be found in Mr. Brownlow's Memoranda, or Chronicles of the Hospital. Among the pictures by Hogarth are, Moses brought to Pharaoh's Daughter, the March to Finchley, and a portrait of Captain Coram. Here are also the Charter House, by Gainsborough; St. George's and the Foundling Hospitals, by Wilson; portrait of Handel, by Kneller; the Earl of Dartmouth, by Reynolds; the cartoon of the Murder of the Innocents, by Raphael; the altar piece of the chapel, Christ presenting a Little Child, by West; portrait of the Earl of Macclesfield, by Wilson; Dr. Mead, by Allan Ramsay; George II., by Shackleton; the Offering of the Wise Men, by Casali; crayon portrait of Taylor White, by Cotes; a landscape, by Lambert; a sea piece, by Brookings, &c.

2274. TRUMBULL.

"In 1792," says Trumbull, "I was in Philadelphia, and there painted the portrait of General Washington which is now placed in the gallery at New Haven—the best certainly of those which I painted, and the best, in my estimation, which exists, in his heroic military character.

"The city of Charleston, S. C., instructed William R. Smith, one of the representatives of South Carolina, to employ me to paint for them a portrait of the great man, and I undertook it *con amore*, (as the commission was unlimited,) meaning to give his military character, in the most sublime moment of

its exertion—the evening previous to the battle of Princeton; when, viewing the vast superiority of his approaching enemy, and the impossibility of again crossing the Delaware, or retreating down the river, he conceived the plan of returning by a night march into the country from which he had just been driven, thus cutting off the enemy's communication, and destroying his depot of stores and provisions at Brunswick.

"I told the president my object: he entered into it warmly, and, as the work advanced, we talked of the scene, its dangers, its almost desperation. He looked the scene again, and I happily transferred to the canvas the lofty expression of his animated countenance, the high resolve to conquer or to perish.

"The result was, in my own opinion, eminently successful, and the general was satisfied. But it did not meet the views of Mr. Smith. He admitted he was personally pleased, but he thought the city would be better satisfied with a more matter-of-fact likeness, such as they had recently seen him—calm, tranquil, peaceful.

"Another was painted for Charleston, agreeably to their taste; a view of the city in the background, a horse, with scenery, and plants of the climate; and when the State Society of Cincinnati of Connecticut dissolved themselves, the first picture, at the expense of some of the members, was presented to Yale College."

2275. ENGLISH SKILL.

Mr. Eugenio Latilla, a member of the Society of British Artists, painted for his grace the Duke of Beaufort the banquetting-room of Beaufort House, in Arlington Street, Piccadilly. This encaustic is one of Mr. Latilla's own discovery, and resembles fresco in effect, with rather more depth of color, and admitting a higher finish. The design throughout is original, though in Greek taste. The single flowers in the large panels were not, as has been supposed, taken from Herculaneum, but nature, as also the fruit and flowers in the arabesques. The character of the composition being bacchanalian, scrolls of the acanthus, with boys and panthers, the size of life, are introduced in the cove. The ornaments may rank among the most masterly specimens ever produced in England. They are drawn in a grand *gusto*, and painted in a vigorous *impasto*, strongly resembling the style of Giovanni da Udine, the very reverse of the method pursued under the direction of house painters and upholsterers, which is a system of japaning, or teatray painting, by no means artistic.

The ornaments in the Beaufort House encaustic were drawn and executed by Mr. Latilla's assistants, who have thus proved themselves equal to any work of a high class, and thereby subverted the evidence taken before a parliamentary committee, where it was represented as necessary to send to France both for designers and painters of arabesques.

This room was to have been painted by Germans; and the idea had so possessed men's minds that English artists were unfit for a work of the kind, that the sagacious critics in the newspapers ascribed it to them. This success may, probably, have influenced the parliamentary committee, some of whom desired that Cornelius, or some other German artist, should be employed for the new houses of Parliament. They should, however, have first proved Englishmen to have failed, before they invited a foreigner, unless it were to take part in the competition.

2276. HARLOW'S TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE.

This celebrated picture (known also as the Kemble Family, from its introducing their portraits) was the last and most esteemed work of J. H. Harlow, whom Sir Thomas Lawrence generously characterizes as "the most promising of all our painters." The painting was commenced and finished in 1817. Immediately after its exhibition at the Royal Academy, it was finely copied in mezzotint, by G. Clint; and the print has, probably, enjoyed higher popularity than any production of its class. A proof impression has been known to realize upwards of twenty guineas.

The picture is on mahogany panel, stated to have cost the artist fifteen pounds. It is one and a half inches in thickness, and in size about seven feet by five feet. It originated with Mr. S. Welsh, the professor of music, who, in the first instance, commissioned Harlow to paint for him a Kitecat size portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of Queen Katharine, in Shakspeare's play of Henry VIII., introducing a few scenic accessories in the distance. For this portrait Harlow was to receive twenty-five guineas; but the idea of representing the whole scene occurred to the artist, who, with Mr. Welsh, prevailed upon most of the actors to sit for their portraits: in addition to these are portraits of the friends of both parties, including the artist himself. The sum ultimately paid by Mr. Welsh for the picture was one hundred guineas; and a like amount was paid by Mr. Cribb for Harlow's permission to engrave the well-known print, to which we have already adverted.

Harlow owed many obligations to Fuseli for his critical remarks on this picture: when he first saw it, chiefly in dead coloring, he said, "I do not disapprove of the general arrangement of your work, and I see you will give it a powerful effect of light and shadow; but you have here a composition of more than twenty figures, or, I should rather say, parts of figures, because you have not shown one leg or foot, which makes it very defective. Now, if you do not know how to draw legs and feet, I will show you;" and taking up a crayon, he drew two on the wainscot of the room.

Harlow profited by these instructions, and the next time Fuseli saw the picture, the whole arrangement in the foreground was changed. He then said to Harlow, "So far you have done well; but now you have not introduced a back figure, to throw the eye of the spectator into the picture;" and then pointed out by what means he might improve it in this particular. Accordingly, Harlow introduced the two boys who are taking up the cushion.

It has been stated, that the majority of the actors of the scene sat for their portraits in the picture. John Kemble, however, refused, when asked to do so by Mr. Welsh, strengthening his refusal with emphasis profane.

Harlow was not, however, to be defeated; and he actually drew Kemble's portrait in one of the stage boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, while the great actor was playing his part. The vexation such a *ruse* must have occasioned to a man of Kemble's temperament may be imagined.

Egerton, Pope, and Stephen Kemble were successively painted for Henry VIII., the artist retaining the latter. The head of Charles Kemble was likewise twice painted; the first, which cost him many sittings, was considered by himself and others to be very successful. The artist thought otherwise, and contrary to Mr. Kemble's wish and remon-

strance, he one morning painted out the approved head: in a day or two, however, entirely from memory, Harlow repainted the portrait with increased fidelity. It is stated that but one sitting was required of Mrs. Siddons; the fact is, the great actress held her uplifted arm frequently till she could hold it raised no longer, and the majestic limb was finished from another original.

2277. PORTRAITS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The Eastern Zoölogical Gallery of the British Museum has its walls decorated with an assemblage of portraits, in number upwards of one hundred, forming, probably, the largest collection of portraits in the kingdom. The execution of many of them is but indifferent; there are others which are exceedingly curious; and some are unique. A great part of them came into the Museum from having belonged to the Sloanean, Cottonian, and other collections, which now form the magnificent library; and others have been the gifts of individuals. Before the rebuilding of the Museum, many of these pictures were stowed away in the lumber-rooms and attics of the mansion; and it was principally at the suggestion of an eminent London print seller that they were drawn from their "dark retreat," cleaned, and the frames regilded, and hung in their present position, above the cases containing the fine zoölogical specimens.

2278. REMINISCENCES OF COPLEY'S PORTRAITS.

The fame of Copley, as a portrait painter, is comparatively limited. "I can speak," says Dr. Dibdin, "but of four of his portraits from reminiscence—those of the late Earl Spencer, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Colchester, and the late Richard Heber, Esq.; the latter when a boy of eight years, in the dining-room at Hodnet Hall.

"These portraits, with the exception of the last, are all engraved. That of Earl Spencer, in his full robes as a knight of the Garter, and in the prime of his manhood, now placed at the bottom of the great historical portrait gallery at Althorp, must have been a striking likeness; but, like almost all the portraits of the artist, it is too stiff and stately.

"The portrait of the young Heber has, I think, considerable merit on the score of art. There is a play of light and shadow, and the figure, with a fine flowing head of hair, mixes up well with its accessories. He is leaning on a cricket bat, with a ball in one hand. The face is, to my eye, such as I could conceive the original to have been, when I first remember him a bachelor of arts, at Oxford, full, plump, and athletic.

"In short," as Dean Swift expresses it, 'if you should look at him in his boyhood through the magnifying end of the glass, and in his manhood through the diminishing end, it would be impossible to spy any difference.' The contemplation of this portrait has at times produced mixed emotions of admiration, regard, and pity."

2279. THE TOURNAMENT OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

In the spring of 1830, there was exhibited in London a superb specimen of painting on glass,

the size almost amounting to the stupendous—being eighteen by twenty-four feet. The term "window," however, is hardly applicable to this vast work, for there was no framework visible; but the entire picture consisted of upwards of three hundred and fifty pieces, of irregular forms and sizes, fitted into metal astragals, so contrived as to fall with the shadows, and thus to assist the appearance of an uninterrupted and unique picture upon a sheet of glass.

The subject was the Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, between Henry VIII. and Francis I., in the plain of Ardres, near Calais—a scene of overwhelming gorgeousness, and, in the splendor of its appointments, well suited to the brilliant effect which is the peculiar characteristic of painting in enamel.

The stage represented was the last tourney on June 25, 1520. The field is minutely described by Hall, whose details the painter had closely followed. There were artificial trees, with green damask leaves; and branches and boughs, and withered leaves of cloth of gold; the trunks and arms being also covered with cloth of gold, and intermingled with fruits and flowers of Venice gold; and "their beauteie shewed farre."

In these trees were hung, emblazoned upon shields, "the Kyng of Englands armes, within a garter, and the French Kynges within a collar of his order of Saint Michael, with a close croune, with a flower de lise in the toppe;" and around and above were the shields of the noblemen of the two courts. The two queens were seated in a magnificent pavilion, and next to the Queen of England sat Wolsey; the judges were on stages, the heralds, in their tabards, placed at suitable points; and around were gathered the flower of the French and English nobility, to witness this closing glory of the last days of chivalry.

The action of the piece is thus described: The trumpets sounded, and the two kings and their retinues entered the field; they then put down their visors, and rode to the encounter valiantly; or, as Hall says, "The ii kynges were ready, and either of them encountered one man-of-arms; the French Kyng to the Erle of Devonshire, the Kyng of England to Mounsire Florrenge, and brake his Poldron, and him disarmed, when ye strokes were stricken, this battail was departed, and was much praised."

The picture contained upwards of one hundred figures, life size, of which forty were portraits, after Holbein and other contemporary authorities. The armor of the two kings and the challenger was very successfully painted; their coursers almost breathed chivalric fire; and the costumes and heraldic devices presented a blaze of dazzling splendor. Among the spectators, the most striking portraits were the two queens, Anne Boleyn, and the Countess of Chateaubriant, Wolsey, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Queen Mary, Dowager of France, with the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham, whose hasty comment upon the extravagance of the tournament proved his downfall.

The elaborate richness of the costumes, sparkling with gold and jewels, the fleecy, floating feathers of the champions, their burnished armor and glittering arms, the congregated glories of velvet, ermine, and cloth of gold, and the heraldic emblazonry amidst the emerald freshness of the foliage, all combined to form a scene of unparalleled sumptuousness and effect.

The picture was executed in glass, by Mr. Thomas Wilmshurst, a pupil of the late Mr. Moss, from

a sketch by Mr. R. T. Bone; the horses by Mr. Woodward. The work cost the artist nearly three thousand pounds. It was exhibited in a first floor at No. 15 Oxford Street, and occupied one end of a room decorated for the occasion with panelling and carving, in the taste of the time of Henry VIII. It was very attractive as an exhibition, and nearly fifty thousand descriptive catalogues were sold.

Sad, then, to relate, in one unlucky night, the picture and the house were entirely burnt in an accidental fire; not even a sketch or study was saved from destruction; and the property was wholly uninsured. As a specimen of glass painting, the work was very successful, the colors were very brilliant, and the ruby red of old was all but equalled. The artistic treatment was altogether original; the painters in no instance borrowing from the contemporary picture of the same scene in the Hampton Court collection.

2280. THE OLDEST PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ENGLAND.

This is No. 186—portraits of a Flemish gentleman and lady, standing in the middle of an apartment, with their hands joined. In the background are a bed, a mirror, and a window, partly open; the objects in the room being distinctly reflected in the mirror. A branch chandelier hangs from the ceiling, with the candle still burning in it; in the foreground is a small poodle. In the frame of the mirror are ten minute circular compartments, in which are painted stories from the life of Christ; and immediately under the mirror is written "Johannes de Eyck fuit hic," with the date 1434 below.

This signifies, literally, "John Van Eyck was this man," an interpretation which leads to the conjecture that this may be Van Eyck's own portrait, with that of his wife, though in this case the wife's name should have been written, as well as his own; and the expression is not exactly that which would have been expected. The words, are, however, distinctly *fuit hic*.

As already mentioned, the date of the picture is 1434, when John Van Eyck was, according to the assumed date of his birth, in his fortieth year, which is about the age of the man in this picture. Van Mander speaks of the painting as the portraits of a man and his wife, or bride and bridegroom: it may be a bridegroom introducing his bride to her home.

This picture, about a century after it was painted, was in the possession of a barber-surgeon at Bruges, who presented it to the then Regent of the Netherlands, Mary, the sister of Charles X., and Queen Dowager of Hungary. This princess valued the picture so highly, that she granted the barber-surgeon in return an annual pension, or office worth one hundred florins per annum. It appears, however, to have again fallen into obscure hands; for it was discovered by Major General Hay, in the apartments to which he was taken in 1815, at Brussels, after he had been wounded at the battle of Waterloo. He purchased the picture after his recovery, and disposed of it to the British government in 1842, when it was placed in the National Gallery. It is the oldest painting in the collection.

2281. PEAJE'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS COURT OF DEATH.

Rembrandt Peale gives the following history of his Court of Death: "In answering your inquiry

concerning the origin of my picture of the Court of Death, I shall briefly narrate the process of its invention. Accidentally taking up Bishop Porteus's Poem on Death,—poetical as may be deemed his description of the Cavern of Death, and familiar as his personifications may have been to the minds of literary men,—it struck me that a picture thus representing Death as a monarch, with his ebon sceptre, seated on a throne, and having on either side, as prime ministers, War and Old Age, and sending forth Intemperance and Disease as agents to execute his will, would unquestionably present an appalling scene, better in the description than on the canvas.

"I had seen, in Westminster Abbey, Roubilliac's beautiful monumental scene, representing a noble lady lying on her couch at the close of life, and a skeleton, wonderfully wrought out of marble, issuing from the tomb, in an attitude of vigor, but without a muscle, directing his lance towards the heart of the lady as his victim, and, with others, felt the absurdity of it. An angel to receive the parting soul would be better. I had seen West's Death on the Pale Horse, a most impressive picture, now in the Academy in this city, but my veneration of the artist could not reconcile me to his personifications; for, though he has given muscles to the figure, they are dried up, to say nothing of the fire from his mouth and the lightning from his hand; yet I had an idea that the case might be fairly stated on the canvas. I imagined how I should attempt to paint a subject founded on Porteus's Poem, and immediately began to sketch with my pencil on a piece of shingle, which chanced to be in my hand, a figure enveloped in drapery, which indicated form and power, with a shadowy but fixed countenance, and with extended arms, as a judge issuing a decree. At his feet I drew a prostrate corpse, and on one side the figure of an old man submissively approaching. I had a faint conception of War going forth, impelled by his own passions, and of Intemperance, Luxury, and Disease; but having no intention to paint such a scene, I threw my board away, and thought no more about it.

"A month afterwards, one of my little daughters produced the board, with my sketch upon it. I was flattered by imagining there was some merit in it, and I added a few more figures, thus fixing the subject in my mind, which I immediately transferred to a small piece of canvas, and consulted my father, without sending him my design, whether I should paint the picture in large. His prudent advice was, 'No.'

"But some months afterwards, being on a visit to me in Baltimore, I showed him my design, when he enthusiastically said, 'Begin it immediately.' My painting-room was too small, and I had to build a larger one expressly for it, during which I prepared a large canvas, and executed many studies from the life, of figures, heads, hands, &c. My good and venerable father stood as the representative of Old Age, modified by the antique bust of Homer; one of my daughters stood in the place of Virtue, Religion, Hope; and another knelt to the attitude of Pleasure. I borrowed a countenance from my imagination. My friend and critic, John Neal, of Portland, impersonated the Warrior, beneath whom a friend consented to sink to the earth in distress, and thus appeared as the mother of a naked child, which I painted from my then youngest daughter. The corpse was the joint result of a study from a subject in the Medical College and the assistance of my brother Franklin, lying prostrate with inverted head, which was made a likeness of Mr. Smith, founder

of the Baltimore Hospital; my brother also, though of irreproachable temperance, stood for the inebriated youth; my wife and others served to fill up the background.

"It may be worth while to mention, that for the figure of Famine, following in the train of War, I could find no model, though I sought her in many a haunt of misery, and therefore drew her from my brain; but, strange to say, two weeks after the picture was finished, a woman passed my window, who might have been sworn to as the original.

"I had not employed the mythology of the ancients, nor the symbols of other artists. It was not an allegorical picture, composed after the examples of Lebrun, or of any school. I had read some remarks by Pliny on a style of painting which he recommended as capable of embodying thought, principle, and character, without the aid of conventional allegory, and described one on these principles painted by Apelles, and approved by the multitude. This picture of the Court of Death is an approach to that style; at any rate, it was the first large picture, whatever may be its merits or its faults, that has been attempted in modern times, upon the same broad and universal principles. I would lay claim to some little credit for the stand I took in reprobation of intemperance, before that subject was introduced to popular notice; and the Society of Friends, at least, will give me credit for my views of the glory and magnanimity of war, whilst the philosophic Christian must agree with the picture, that death has no terror in the eyes of virtuous old age, and of innocence, faith, and hope."

2282. THE PICTURES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The pictures which now constitute the private gallery of her majesty at Buckingham Palace were principally collected by George IV., whose exclusive predilection for pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools is well known. To those which he brought together here, and which formerly hung in Carlton House, her present majesty has made, since her accession, many valuable additions—some purchased, and others selected from the royal collections at Windsor and Hampton Court; others have been added by Prince Albert, from the collection of the late Professor D'Alton, of Bonn.

George IV. began to form his collection about the year 1802, and was chiefly guided by the advice and judgment of Sir Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough, an accomplished man, whose taste for art, and intimacy with the king, then Prince of Wales, rendered him a very fit person to carry the royal wishes into execution. The importation of the Orleans gallery had diffused a feeling—or, it may be, a *fashion*—for the higher specimens of the Italian schools; but under the auspices of George IV., the tide set in an opposite direction.

In the year 1812, the very select gallery of Flemish and Dutch pictures collected by Sir Francis Baring was transferred by purchase to the prince regent. Sir Francis Baring had purchased the best pictures from the collections of M. Geldermeeester, of Amsterdam, (sold in 1800,) and that of the Countess of Holderness, (sold in 1802,) and, except the Hope Gallery, there was nothing at that time to compare with it in England. Mr. Segnier valued this collection at eighty thousand pounds; but the exact sum paid for it was certainly much less.

The specimens of Rubens and Vandyke are ex-

cellent, but do not present sufficient variety to afford an adequate idea of the wide range or power of the first of these great painters, nor of the particular talent of the last. On the other hand, the works and style of Gerard Douw, Teniers, Jan Steen, Adrian, and Wilhelm Vandevelde, Wouvermans, and Burg-hem, may be very advantageously studied in this gallery, each of their specimens being many in number, various in subject, and good in their kind.

Of Mieris and Metzkes, there are finer specimens at Mr. Hope's and Sir Robert Peel's; and the Hobbimas and Cuypers must yield to those of Lord Ashburton and Lord Francis Egerton. But, on the whole, it is certainly the finest gallery of this class of works in England. The collection derives additional interest from the presence of some pictures of the modern British artists—Reynolds, Wilkie, Allen, Newton, Gainsborough. It is, however, only just to these painters to add, that not one of their pictures here ought to be considered as a first-rate example of their power.

2283. THE BRIDGEWATER GALLERY.

This valuable collection—to be henceforth located in the Earl of Ellesmere's new mansion, in the Green Park—originated in the Orleans Gallery. The Italian part of the collection had been mortgaged, for forty thousand pounds, to Harman's banking-house, when Mr. Bryan, a celebrated collector and picture dealer, and author of the Dictionary of Painters, induced the Duke of Bridgewater to purchase the whole, as it stood, for forty three thousand pounds.

The pictures, amounting to three hundred and five, were then valued separately by Mr. Bryan, making a total of seventy-two thousand pounds; and from among them the duke selected ninety-four of the finest, at the prices at which they were valued, amounting all together to thirty-nine thousand guineas. The duke subsequently admitted his nephew, the Earl Gower, and the Earl of Carlisle, to share his acquisition; resigning to the former a fourth part, and to the latter an eighth, of the whole number thus acquired. The exhibition and sale of the rest produced forty-one thousand pounds; consequently, the speculation turned out most profitably, for the ninety-four pictures, which had been valued at thirty-nine thousand pounds, were acquired, in fact, for two thousand pounds. The forty-seven retained for the Duke of Bridgewater were valued at twenty-three thousand one hundred and thirty pounds.

The Duke of Bridgewater already possessed some fine pictures, and after the acquisition of his share of the Orleans Gallery, he continued to add largely to his collection, till his death, in 1803, when he left his pictures, valued at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to his nephew, George, first Marquis of Stafford, afterwards first Duke of Sutherland.

During the life of this nobleman, the collection, added to one formed by himself when Earl Gower, was placed in the house in Cleveland Row; and the whole known then, and for thirty years afterwards, as the Stafford Gallery, became celebrated all over Europe.

On the death of the Marquis of Stafford, in 1833, his second son, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, taking the surname of Egerton, inherited, under the will of his grand-uncle, the Bridgewater property, including the collection of pictures formed by the duke. The Stafford Gallery was thus divided: that part of the collection which had been acquired by

the Marquis of Stafford fell to his eldest son, the present Duke of Sutherland; while the Bridgewater collection, properly so called, devolved to Lord Francis Egerton, and has resumed its original appellation, being now known as the Bridgewater Gallery.

This gallery has a great attraction, owing principally to the taste of its present possessor: it contains some excellent works of modern English painters. Near to the famous Rising of the Gale, by Vandevelde, hangs the Gale at Sea, by Turner, not less sublime, not less true to the grandeur and the modesty of nature; and by Edwin Landseer, the beautiful original of a composition which the art of the engraver has made familiar to the eye—the Return of the Hawking Party, a picture which has all the romance of poetry and the antique time, and all the charm and value of a family picture. Nor should be passed without particular notice one of the most celebrated productions of the modern French historical school—Charles I. in the Guard-room, by Paul Delaroche; a truly grand picture, which Lord Francis Egerton has added to the gallery since 1838.

2284. DAVID'S NAPOLEON.

David's portrait of Napoleon is considered the most accurate likeness extant. It hangs in the museum belonging to the East India Company, in Leadenhall Street. Napoleon sat only twice—to David and Girard.

In 1828, the Hon. Mrs. Damer bequeathed to the British Museum a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and ornamented with a miniature of Napoleon, which the lady received from the emperor's own hands. The bequest was made to the British Museum on condition that the miniature should never be copied; but nothing is said in the will to prohibit the exhibition of the portrait. Why, then, should it be buried among the unexplored and almost inaccessible treasures of the coin and medal room?

2285. TURNER'S SLAVE SHIP.

"I think," says the Graduate of Oxford, in his eloquent *Modern Painters*, "the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is that of the *Slave Ship*, the chief Academy picture of the exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after a prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night.

"The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by a deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges, the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light—the intense and lurid splendor which burns like gold, and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves, by which the swell of the sea is recklessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise every where, but three or four together, in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under strength of the swell compels or permits them; leaving between them

treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the indistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labors amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight; and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea."

2286. DE LOUTHERBOURG'S EIDOPHUSIKON.

It would be a subject of regret to all lovers of the picturesque scenery of nature, if the ingenious contrivances which De Louthembourg invented, in the formation of his beautiful little stage, were consigned to oblivion for want of record. It is well known that this original exhibition not only delighted, but even astonished, the artists who crowded the seats of his theatre.

The stage on which the Eidophusikon was represented was a little more than six feet wide, and about eight feet in depth; yet such was the painter's knowledge of effect, and of scientific arrangement, and the scenes which he described were so completely illusive, that the space appeared to recede for many miles, and his horizon seemed as palpably distant from the eye as the extreme termination of the view would appear in nature.

The opening subject of the Eidophusikon represented the view from the summit of Tree Hill, in Greenwich Park, looking up the Thames to the metropolis: this scene, on the rising of the curtain, was enveloped in that mysterious light which is the precursor of daybreak, so true to nature that the imagination of the spectator sniffed the sweet breath of morn. A faint light appeared along the horizon; the scene assumed a vaporish tint of gray; presently a gleam of saffron, changing to the pure varieties that tinge the fleecy clouds that pass away in morning mist; the picture brightened by degrees; the sun appeared, gilding the tops of the trees and the projections of the lofty buildings, and burnishing the vanes on the cupolas; when the whole scene burst upon the eye in the gorgeous splendor of a beauteous day.

The clouds in every scene had a natural motion; and they were painted in semitransparent colors, so that they not only received light in front, but, by a greater intensity of the Argand lamps, were susceptible of being illuminated from behind. The linen on which they were painted was stretched on frames of twenty times the surface of the stage, which rose diagonally by a winding machine. De Louthembourg, who excelled in representing the phenomena of clouds, may be said to have designed a series of effects on the same frame: thus the first gleam of morning led to the succeeding increase of light; and the motion being oblique, clouds first appeared from beneath the horizon, rose to meridian, and floated fast or slow, according to their supposed density, or the power of the wind.

To illuminate the scenes for this interesting dis-

play of nature, the ingenious projector had constructed his lights to throw their power in front of the scenes; and the plan might be tried with advantage for spectacles and particular effects on the great stages of our magnificent theatres. The lamps on De Louthembourg's stage were above the proscenium, and hidden from the audience, instead of being unnaturally placed, as we are accustomed to see them, below.

Before the line of the brilliant lamps, on the stage of the Eidophusikon, were slips of stained glass, yellow, red, green, purple, and blue; by the shifting of which, the painter could throw a tint upon the scenery, compatible with the time of day which he represented, and by a single slip, or their combinations, could produce a magical effect; thus giving a general hue of cheerfulness, sublimity, and awfulness, subservient to the phenomena of his scene.

Louthembourg's genius was as prolific in imitations of nature to astonish the ear as to charm the sight. He introduced a new art — the *picturesque of sound*.

I can never forget the awful impression that was excited by his ingenious contrivance to produce the effect of firing off a signal of distress, in his sea storm — that appalling sound which he had to have exposed to the terrors of a raging tempest could not listen to, even in this mimic scene, without being reminded of the heart-sickening answer which sympathetic danger had reluctantly poured forth from his own loud gun — a hoarse sound to the howling wind, that proclaimed, "I, too, holy Heaven, need that succor I fain would lend!"

De Louthembourg had tried many schemes to effect this; but none were satisfactory to his nice ear, until he caused a large skin to be dressed into parchment, which was fastened by screws to a circular frame, forming a vast tambourine; to this was attached a compact sponge that went upon a whalebone spring, which, struck with violence, gave the effect of a near explosion; a more gentle blow, that of a far-off gun; and the reverberation of the sponge produced a marvellous imitation of the echo from cloud to cloud, dying away into silence.

The thunder was no less natural, and infinitely grand. A spacious sheet of thin copper was suspended by a chain, which, shaken by one of the lower corners, produced the distant rumbling, seemingly below the horizon, and, as the clouds rolled on, approached nearer and nearer, increasing peal by peal, until, following rapidly the lightning's zigzag flash, which was admirably vivid and sudden, it burst in a tremendous crash immediately overhead.

The waves for his stage were curved in soft wood, from models made in clay: these were colored with great skill, and being highly varnished, reflected the lightning. Each turned on its own axis towards the other in a contrary direction, throwing up the foam, now in one spot, now in another, and, diminishing in altitude as they receded in distance, were subdued by corresponding tints. Thus the perturbed water appeared to cover a vast space. One machine of simple construction turned the whole, and the motion was regulated according to the increase of the storm.

The vessels, which were beautiful models, went over the waves with a natural undulation, those nearest making their courses with a proportionate rate to their bulk, and those farther off moving with a slower pace. They were all correctly rigged, and carried only such sails as their situation would demand. Those in the distance were colored in every part to preserve the aerial perspective of the scene.

The illusion was so perfect, that the audience were frequently heard to exclaim, "Hark! that signal of distress came from that vessel laboring, out there—and now from that."

The rush of the waves was effected by a large octagonal box made of pasteboard, with internal shelves, and charged with small shells, peas, and light balls, which, as the machine wheeled upon its axis, were hurled in heaps in every turn, and being accompanied by two machines of a circular form, covered with tightly-strained silk, which pressed against each other by a swift motion, gave out a hollow, whistling sound, in perfect imitation of loud gusts of wind. Large silken balls, passed hastily over the surface of a great tambourine, increased the awful din.

The rain and hail were no less truly imitated. For the rain, a long, four-sided tube was charged with small seed, which, according to the degree of its motion, from a horizontal to a vertical position, forced the atoms in a pattering stream to the bottom, when it was turned to repeat the operation. The hail was expressed by a similar tube, on a larger scale, with pasteboard shelves, projecting on inclined planes, and charged with little beads, so that, sliding from shelf to shelf, fast or slow, as the tube was suddenly or gently raised, the imitation was perfect.

One of the most interesting scenes described a calm, with an Italian seaport, in which the rising of the moon, with the serene coolness which it diffused to the clouds, the mountains, and the water, was finely contrasted by a lofty light-house, of picturesque architecture, jutting out far into the sea, upon a romantic promontory of broken rocks. The red glowing light of its spacious lantern tinged the rippling of the water on one part of its surface, whilst the moon shed its silvery lustre on another in sweet repose. Shipping in motion added to the interest of the view; and a fleet in the offing, slowly proceeding on its course, melted into air.

The clouds for this scene were admirably painted; and as they rolled on, the moon tinged their edges, or was obscured, at the will of the painter; for where he had loaded the color to opaqueness, the transparent light of the orb could not penetrate. The clouds in front received sufficient illumination from the lamps, which were subdued by a bluish-gray glass, one of the slips before described. The moon was formed by a circular aperture of an inch in diameter, cut in a tin box, that contained a powerful Argand lamp, which, being placed at various distances from the back of the scene, gave a brilliant or a subdued splendor to the passing cloud, producing, without any other aid, the prismatic circle, with that enchanting purity which is peculiar to an Italian sky.

But the most impressive scene which formed the *finale* of the exhibition was that representing the region of the fallen angels, with Satan arraying his troops on the banks of the fiery lake, and the rising of the palace of Pandemonium, as described by the pen of Milton. De Louthembourg had already displayed his graphic powers, in his scenes of fire, upon a great scale at the public theatre—scenes which had astonished and terrified the audience; but in this he astonished himself; for he had not conceived the power of light that might be thrown upon a scenic display until he made the experiment on his own circumscribed stage. Here, in the foreground

of a vista stretching an immeasurable length between mountains, ignited, from their bases to their lofty summits, with many-colored flames, a chaotic mass arose in dark majesty, which gradually assumed form, until it stood, the interior of a vast temple of gorgeous architecture, bright as molten brass, seemingly composed of unconsuming and unquenchable fire. In this tremendous scene, the effect of colored glasses before the lamps was fully displayed, which, being hidden from the audience, threw their whole influence on the scene, as it rapidly changed, now to a sulphurous blue, then to lurid red, and then again to a pale vivid light, and ultimately to a mysterious combination of the glasses, such as a bright furnace exhibits in fusing various metals. The sounds which accompanied the wondrous picture struck the astonished ear of the spectator as no less preternatural; for to add a more awful character to the peals of thunder and the accompaniments of all the hollow machinery that hurled balls and stones with indescribable rumbling and noise, an expert assistant swept his thumb over the surface of the tambourine, which produced a variety of groans, that struck the imagination as issuing from infernal spirits.

2297. HOGARTH'S TAILPIECE.

A few months before Hogarth was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its brightest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he had entitled the Tailpiece.

The first idea of this picture is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things." "If that is the case," replied his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter." "There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily; "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live to complete it. This, however, he did, and in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing that could denote the end of all things—a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the but-end of an old musket; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled to pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern called the World's End falling down; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his glass and scythe broken; a tobacco pipe with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play-book opened, with *Exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse; and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

"So far, so good," saith Hogarth, on reviewing his performance: "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil and sketching the resemblance of a painter's palette broken—"Finis!" He then exclaimed, "The deed is done; all is over."

It is a very remarkable fact, not generally known, that Hogarth never again took the palette in his hand, and that he died in about a month after he had finished this Tailpiece.

§ 225. HISTORY OF NOTED PAINTINGS.

2286. CORREGGIO'S APOTHECARY.

Tradition states that the beautiful picture of Christ's Agony in the Garden was given by Correggio to an apothecary, in discharge of a paltry debt of four crowns, and soon afterwards sold to one of the Visconti family for five hundred. All that is known of its history is, that it was purchased for Philip IV. of Spain, by the governor of Milan, at the price of seven hundred and fifty Spanish doubloons, or fifteen hundred pounds sterling, and transferred to the palace of Madrid. It remained there till the invasion of Spain by the French, and, on their retreat, was purloined by Joseph Bonaparte, and concealed, with other paintings, in the interior of his carriage, in his flight from Madrid. It was, however, taken by the troops of the victorious army, and afterwards graced the collection of the Duke of Wellington.

2289. WEST.

Before the time of West, historical painting had appeared in a masking habit: the actions of Englishmen seemed all to have been performed, if costume were to be believed, by Greeks or by Romans. West dismissed at once this pedantry, and restored nature and propriety in his noble work of the Death of Wolfe.

The multitude acknowledged its excellence at once. The lovers of old art, the manufacturers of compositions called by courtesy classical, complained of the barbarism of boots, and buttons, and blunderbuses, and cried out for naked warriors, with bows, bucklers, and battering-rams. Lord Grosvenor, disregarding the frowns of amateurs, and the, at best, cold approbation of the Academy, purchased this work, which, in spite of laced coats and cocked hats, is one of the best of our historical pictures. The Indian warrior, watching the dying hero, to see if he equalled in fortitude the children of the deserts, is a fine stroke of nature and poetry.

The king questioned West concerning the picture, and put him on his defence of this new heresy in art. To the curiosity of Galt we owe the sensible answer of West.

"When it was understood," said the artist, "that I intended to paint the characters as they had actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds, and asked his opinion; they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and elegant dissertation on the state of the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered, that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no warrior wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won, and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter.

"If, instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fictions, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people, and to do this I must abide by truth.

"They then went away, and returned again when I had the painting finished. Reynolds seated himself before the picture; examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then rising, said to Drummoud, 'West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated; I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art.' 'I wish,' said the king, 'I had known all this before, for the objection has been the means of Lord Grosvenor's getting the picture; but you shall make a copy for me.'"

2290. PEALE'S WASHINGTON.

"When I was a schoolboy," says Rembrandt Peale, "I knew no other who was born on the birthday of Washington, and it was this childish motive which impelled me to seek every occasion of seeing him. This was necessarily followed by the greatest veneration for his character, as well as his sublime aspect.

"My post had been behind my father's chair when he painted him in 1786. I was the bearer of every message from my father to him. I met him every Sunday, as he went to church; crossed the street, returned, and met him again, to glance at his countenance; and when he, sometimes, putting his hand on my head, asked me, 'How is your good father?' I loved him the more. At public parades, I studied him in military guise, and afterwards saw him when he resigned his seat to Adams. It will not be difficult, therefore, to believe that I longed for no honor greater than to paint his portrait. This privilege he granted me in September, 1795, by giving three sittings, of three hours each.

"Young in the world, and inexperienced in conversation, I induced my father to begin also a portrait, alongside of me, keeping him in familiar conversation. From this study I executed ten copies in Charleston, South Carolina, where I spent the winter in professional business."

Some thirty-five years afterwards, as Peale meditated a visit to the galleries of Europe, and a final residence in London, he says, "The image of Washington once more rose to engrass my mind. I determined on another attempt, not to seek approbation here, but to gratify my own heart. I knew that in Europe his character was justly appreciated, and I wished to take with me, if possible, a good likeness. I therefore assembled in my painting-room every portrait, bust, medallion, and print of Washington I could find — thus to excite and resuscitate my memory.

"My wife, who had always objected to these absorbing studies, now treated me that I would disturb my spirit no more with Washington, saying that she thought him my evil genius, and, with tears on her cheeks, wished that he had never been born. I promised her to make but this one trial, but it was an

illusive promise, for it lasted but three months, to the exclusion of all other thoughts.

"My father, too, was grieved at my infatuation and waste of time, saying that I ought to be satisfied with what had already been done. That could not be; and I wrought at my task with increasing assiduity, till one day my father entered, and clapping me on the shoulder, exclaimed, 'You have it now; this is indeed Washington!'

"His approbation increased my excitement, and I consumed the day in retouches from my own original, as if Washington had just left me. It was the fever, and I feared the fatal madness, of memory; but the next day, with a tranquil pulse and cool forehead, I looked on my work, and was satisfied I had not destroyed it. My father brought Judges Tilghman and Peters to see it, and they sent others, so that during five days my room was crowded with persons that knew Washington.

"Instead of going to England, I hastened with my picture to Washington city, Congress being then in session, hoping that Chief Justice Marshall, the friend and biographer of Washington, might also be satisfied with it. It was put up in the vice president's chamber.

"Judge Marshall recommended to me to procure the written testimonials of the friends of Washington, as a duty they owed to their country, and himself gave the example. I therefore obtained from Judges Washington, Tilghman, and Peters, Bishop White, and other contemporaries, letters repeating such expressions of their approbation as had previously been made public. These letters I shall deposit in the library of Congress.

"The sittings Washington had given me were from seven to ten in the morning. He shaved himself, but at or after ten the barber dressed his hair in the formal, wig-like fashion usual in his other portraits of that period. Mine, therefore, represents him with his hair somewhat in dishabille, and shows, by the whisker on his cheek, the dark brown color of his hair.

"This portrait I afterwards took to Europe, and it afforded me the privilege of inviting to my painting-room the most distinguished persons. In Florence it was exhibited in the Royal Academy. At a later period, a special committee of the United States Senate recommended the purchase of this picture, which I parted with for two thousand dollars."

2291. THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

This far-famed picture was bought at the sale at Stowe, in the autumn of 1848, by the Earl of Ellesmere, for three hundred and fifty-five guineas; and it will form, it is said, the gem of the Shakespeare Closet, in the new Bridgewater House.

Its history, as stated in the *Athenæum*, is shortly this: "The Duke of Chandos obtained it by marriage with the daughter and heiress of a Mr. Nicholl, of Minchenden House, Southeam. Mr. Nicholl obtained it from a Mr. Robert Keck, of the Inner Temple, who gave (the first and best) Mrs. Barry, the actress, as Oldys tells us, forty guineas for it. Mrs. Barry had it from Betterton, and Betterton had it from Sir William Davenant, who was a professed admirer of Shakespeare, and not unwilling to be thought his son. Davenant was born in 1605, and died in 1668; and Betterton (as every reader of Pepys will recollect) was the great actor, belonging to the Duke's Theatre, of which Davenant was the

patentee. The elder brother of Davenant (Parson Robert) had been heard to relate, as Aubrey informs us, that Shakespeare had often kissed Sir William when a boy.

"Davenant lived quite near enough to Shakespeare's time to have obtained a genuine portrait of the poet whom he admired—in an age, too, when the Shakespeare mania was not so strong as it is now. There is no doubt that this was the portrait which Davenant believed to be like Shakespeare, and which Kneller, before 1692, copied and presented to glorious John Dryden, who repaid the painter with one of the best of his admirable epistles.

"The Chandos Shakespeare is a small portrait on canvas, twenty-two inches long by eighteen broad. The face is thoughtful, the eyes are expressive, and the hair is of a brown black. The dress is black, with a white turn-over collar, the strings of which are loose. There is a small gold ring in the left ear. We have had an opportunity of inspecting it both before and after the sale, and in the very best light, and have no hesitation in saying that the copies we have seen of it are very far from like.

"It agrees in many respects—the short nose especially—with the Stratford bust, and is not more unlike the engraving before the first folio—or the Gerard Johnson bust on the Stratford monument—than Raeburn's Sir Walter Scott is unlike Sir Thomas Lawrence's, or West's Lord Byron unlike the better known portrait by Phillips. It has evidently been touched upon; the yellow oval that surrounds it has a look of Kneller's age."

The opinion of the writer in the *Athenæum* is, that the Chandos picture is not the original for which Shakespeare sat, but a copy made for Sir William Davenant from some known and acknowledged portrait of the poet.

2292. A NATIONAL PAINTING.

The great Earl of Nottingham, whose defeat of the Armada established the throne of his mistress, employed Cornelius Vroom, a native of Haarlem, to draw the designs of his successive victories over the Spaniards, and the whole was wrought in tapestry by Francis Spiering. It is a noble and national work. It is divided into ten battles, and contains the portraits of twenty-seven naval commanders.

These portraits have the air of real likenesses; indeed, as the tapestry was wrought while the original persons were living, the artist could not well indulge in imaginary features. The painter had for his drawing one hundred pieces of gold; the arras cost ten pounds one shilling per ell—a high price; and as it measures seven hundred and eight ells, the whole amounted to upwards of seven thousand pounds. This was a work worthy of the noble house of Howard. James I. repaid the money to the earl, and the crown became proprietor of the work; and the Puritan commonwealth placed it (where it still remains) in the House of Lords, then used by the Commons as a committee room.

2293. LORENZO LIPPI'S FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Lorenzo Lippi's Flight into Egypt owes to the good-natured assistance of Rosa's pencil that it was ever finished, to contribute to the fame of its author. It happened that Salvatore Rosa, in one of those fits of idleness to which even his strenuous spirit was

occasionally liable, flung down his pencil, and sallied forth to communicate the infection of his *far niente* to his friend Lippi.

On entering his studio, however, he found him laboring with great impetuosity on the background of this picture; but in such sullen vehemence, or in such evident ill humor, that Salvator demanded, "*Che far, amico?*" "What am I about?" said Lippi: "I am going mad with vexation. Here is one of my best pictures ruined. I am under a spell, and cannot even draw the branch of a tree, nor a tuft of herbage."

"*Signore Dio!*" exclaimed Rosa, twisting the palette off his friend's thumb, "what colors are here?" and scraping them off, and gently pushing away Lippi, he took his place, murmuring, "Let me see! Who knows but what I may help you out of the scrape?"

Half in jest, and half in earnest, he began to touch, and retouch, and change, till nightfall found him at the easel finishing one of the best background landscapes he ever painted. All Florence came the next day to look at this *chef-d'œuvre*, and the first artists of the age took it as a study.

2204. SINGULAR FATE OF CORREGGIO'S ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

A few days before the French's entrance into Seville, during the peninsular war, when the inhabitants, in great consternation, were packing up their most valuable effects to send them to Cadiz, a masterpiece of Correggio, representing the Adoration of the Shepherds, which was painted on wood, and which the proprietors, who were the monks of Seville, wished to preserve safe from the hands of the enemy, was sawed in two for its more easy carriage. By one of those accidents which will occur in the most regular times, and which are still more excusable in times of great confusion, the two parts of Correggio were separated on their way to Cadiz; and on their arrival in that city, part was sold to one connoisseur, with the promise that the part wanting should be subsequently delivered to him, while the other part was sold to another connoisseur, under the same engagement. Both the parts arrived in England, and the possessor of each maintained that he was entitled to the other's lot.

It is somewhat remarkable that the harmony of the composition is unquestionably broken by the separation of the parts, yet that each part forms of itself an admirable picture; and as the rival proprietors are rich and obstinate, (1825,) the parts are not likely to be united. The whole picture is reckoned to be worth four thousand guineas.

2205. ALLSTON'S GREAT PICTURE.

Allston's great picture has been the subject of no little misunderstanding. It was unfortunate that such vague and almost boundless expectations in regard to it should have been excited in the public mind. His injudicious friends whispered about that he was engaged upon a stupendous work, and it was not long before a mysterious interest became attached to the rumor.

Years passed, and the picture did not make its appearance. Meantime a few individuals had been favored with a glimpse of the design. The subject was known to be Belshazzar's Feast. Delay only quickened curiosity and inflamed expectation. At

length it was said that the canvas was rolled up, and the great work abandoned.

Two reasons have been assigned for this—one, that an execution had been levied upon the work, in consequence of which the artist had resigned it in disgust; the other, that the great idea of the picture—that of making the light all radiate from the hand writing on the wall—had been anticipated by Martin.

In 1831, Allston says, in a letter to McMurtie, "I have but a few weeks since been established in my new painting-room, which I have built in this place, (Cambridgeport.) Belshazzar has been rolled up and reposing in a packing case for more than three years, in consequence of my former large room in Boston passing into the hands of a new owner, who has converted it into a livery stable. . . . Belshazzar will still remain some time in his case; some embarrassing debts, and my immediate necessities, being the cause. I must be free in mind before I can finish. I trust, however, that the time will not be very long."

In another letter he thus speaks of it: "I could long ago have finished this, and other pictures as large, had my mind been free; for, indeed, I have already bestowed upon it as much mental and manual labor as, under another state of mind, would have completed several such pictures. But to go into the subject of all the obstacles and the hindrances upon my spirit would hardly be consistent with delicacy and self-respect. Nor could I be far enough understood, if I should do it, to answer by it any essential purpose. Those feelings which are most intimately blended with one's nature, and which most powerfully and continuously influence us, are the very feelings most difficult to give any distinct apprehension of to another."

It is well known that not until a few months before his death did Allston resume the work. He then erased several figures, altered his plan, and in the midst of these changes forever ceased from his labors. It remains a great fragment. His power and style are, however, clearly evident. To the artist it will ever be an object of veneration, for it bears the last touches of the great pencil. It has secured to Allston an immortality which would have satisfied even Napoleon himself. Allston was indeed one of the first stars in a bright constellation of American geniuses.

2206. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CORREGGIO.

Allan Cunningham warms into rapture in speaking of this wondrous picture, captured by Wellington at Vittoria. "The size is small, some fifteen inches square, or so; but true genius can work miracles in little compass. The central light of the picture is altogether heavenly; we never saw any thing so insufferably brilliant; it haunted us round the room at Apsley House, and fairly extinguished the light of its companion pictures."

2207. LEONARDO DA VINCI'S LAST SUPPER.

In the school of Milan, no great progress was made previous to the time of Leonardo da Vinci, who opened an academy there, under the patronage of the government, in the year 1494. Da Vinci was at once a poet, painter, engineer, and architect, and in each of these lines attained a consid-

erable degree of proficiency. His treatise on painting presents a highly interesting series of remarks on the art. Twelve manuscript volumes of his observations, preserved in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan, were seized by the French, but only three of them reached Paris; and when the works of art were restored to Italy, at the peace, only one of these volumes, and that the least interesting, found its way back to Milan.

One of the qualities of Da Vinci, that should be noticed, was the rare property of being able to ascertain the just medium between a too hasty work and a too labored one; and we observe that, though very minute in his attentions to the finishing of his picture, he yet painted in a great style, free and unrestrained. The same master, who is said to have consumed four years in the portrait of the beautiful Lisa, or *La Gioconda*, was able to give one of the earliest and best lessons to the age, in the great style, by his memorable painting of the Last Supper. This power of attending at the same moment to the minutiae of detail, and to the grand and leading principles of the art or science in which a person may be employed, shows a species of universality of power, that may be reckoned among the highest perfections of the human mind, and places Da Vinci not merely in the rank of the first of painters, but of the greatest of men.

The *Gioconda* was purchased by Francis I., at the enormous price of four thousand crowns, being a sum equivalent to forty-five thousand francs in money of this day; and it is still to be seen in the gallery of the Louvre.

The Last Supper, as it is commonly called, was the chief work of this master. It was painted in the refectory of S. M. delle Grazie, at Milan, and its possession was considered as one of the proudest boasts of that city.

While forming the plan of his composition, Da Vinci meditated profoundly on the subject; and, having prepared himself by long study, and, above all, by a close examination of nature, began the execution by repeated sketches, both of the whole design and of all its individual parts. He used to frequent the accustomed haunts of persons resembling, by their character and habits, those whom he was about to introduce in his picture; and as often as he met with any attitude, group, or feature, which suited his purpose, he sketched it in the tablets which he always carried about with him. Having nearly finished the other apostles in this way, in his picture of the Last Supper he had left the head of Judas untouched, as, for a long time, he could find no physiognomy which satisfied him, or came up to the ideas he had formed of transcendent villany and treachery.

The prior of the Dominican convent, in the refectory or dining-room of which the painting was, grew impatient at being so long incommoded in that essential branch of monastic discipline which was carried on in this apartment, and complained to the grand duke, who called on the artist to explain the delay. He said he worked at it two whole hours every day. The pious head of the house renewed his representations with very honest zeal, and alleged that Leonardo had only one head to finish, and that, so far from working two hours a day, he had not been near the place for almost twelve months. Again summoned before the prince, the painter thus defended himself:—

"It is true I have not entered the convent for a long time; but it is no less true that I have been employed every day, at least two hours, upon the

picture. The head of Judas remains to do; and, in order to give it a physiognomy suitable to the excessive wickedness of the character, I have for more than a year past been daily frequenting the Borghetto, morning and evening, where the lowest refuse of the capital live; but I have not yet found the features I am in quest of. These once found, the picture is finished in a day. If, however," he added, "I am still unsuccessful in my search, I shall rest satisfied with the face of the prior himself, which would suit my purpose extremely well; only that I have for a long time been hesitating about taking such a liberty with him in his own convent." It is hardly necessary to add, that the grand duke was perfectly satisfied; and the artist, happening soon after to meet with his Judas, finished his grand work.

The picture of the Last Supper, thus completed, and the object of unbounded and universal admiration, has, unhappily, been, of all great pictures, by far the shortest lived. Every thing unfortunate in the materials and position has been combined in a number of untoward accidents, and some still more fatal acts of premeditated mischief, to destroy long ago all the traces of the master hand.

The first misfortune was, that it should have been painted in oil, instead of fresco—a kind of work ill suited to the slow, retouching hand and most fastidious taste of Leonardo, who was glad, on this account, to take advantage of the then recent invention of body colors. A miserable fresco at the other end of the refectory, painted in the same age, still tantalizes the observer by the freshness of its tints, while the masterpiece of Leonardo, perhaps of the art, has been gone for ages.

It is further said that he used oil too much refined, and of too thin a consistency. It is certain, too, that the plaster on which he worked had some defect, which made it scale off in a few years. Then the convent is situated in a damp place, and the refectory is in the lowest part of the building; so that at all times when there is an inundation in the Milanese, the room is filled with water.

From all these causes this picture retained its original beauties only for a few years. It was finished in 1498; in 1540 it was half effaced; and ten years later, the outlines only remained, the colors being entirely gone. A century after this, the venerable fathers whose lot it was to occupy the same room with it (during a very interesting portion of the day, observing (with their wonted sagacity) that the straight line which joined their table and the kitchen passed through the centre of the picture, and by no means through the door, and aware, from instinctive science, that the straight line between these two points was the shortest, thought proper to cut through the wall, and thus destroyed a part of the principal figure, and the two figures next it. With a tenderness for their sovereign almost equal to their zeal for their own clerical duties, they next nailed a great escutcheon of the emperor upon the middle of the wall, so as to reach the heads of the group.

But the tender mercies of those reverend personages have been still more fatal to this masterpiece, and have finished the destruction which their negligence began. In 1726, they employed an artist who pretended to have a secret for reviving lost colors; and allowed him to work upon the Supper under an awning which concealed his operations. This dauber, whose name was Bellotti, painted the whole picture over again, with the exception of a portion of the sky as seen through the window, the original color of which remained nearly entire. Finally, its de-

struction was completed in 1770, by one Mazza, who actually scraped off most of the few outlines which remained of the original, and had inserted heads of his own in all the figures but three, when he was stopped by a change in the convent, and a new prior succeeding.

In 1796, Bonaparte, out of respect for the place, rather than that it signified much what now became of the picture, signed an order there, before he remounted his horse, prohibiting any military use being made of the apartment; but soon after, one of his generals broke down the doors, and made a stable of it. The dragoons, as might be expected, amused themselves with throwing stones at the heads, being told they were meant to represent the

apostles. The refectory was then used for some years as a magazine of forage; and when at length permission was given to wall up the door, in order to prevent further dilapidations, so little was it attended to, that, in 1800, a flood having covered the floor a foot deep with water, it was suffered to remain until it dried by evaporation.

Such is the history, and so complete the destruction, of this celebrated picture; and thus entirely from tradition, and through the medium of copies and engravings, do we derive all the knowledge of its merits which we can now obtain. Happily, those copies are numerous, and some of them by contemporary artists of note, who studied the original in the days of its greatest preservation.

§ 226. PRICES OF PAINTINGS.

2298. ANGELO'S SELF-RESPECT.

Michael Angelo's disinterestedness did not make him neglect the honor of his art, which he would not sacrifice even to his friends. Signor Doni, one of his most intimate friends, wished to have a picture painted by him. Michael Angelo painted a picture for him, and sent it to him, with a receipt for seventy crowns. Doni returned him word that he thought forty crowns was sufficient for the picture. The painter gave him to understand that he now asked one hundred crowns. Doni informed him that he would now give him seventy crowns. Michael Angelo sent him for answer that he must either return him the picture or send him one hundred and forty crowns. Doni kept the picture, and paid the money.

2299. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"What do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua Reynolds to an old picture dealer, whose portfolio he was looking over. "Twenty guineas, your honor." "Twenty pence I suppose you mean." "No, sir: it is true I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning; but if you think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." "Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him his price.

2300. PORTER'S PANORAMA.

Mr. (subsequently Sir) Robert Kerr Porter, at the age of nineteen, produced a performance at once inconceivable and unparalleled—the panorama of the Storming and Capture of Seringapatam. It was not the very first thing of its kind, because there had been a panorama of London exhibited in Leicester Fields by Mr. Barker; but it was the very first thing of its kind if artist-like attainments be considered.

"The learned," says Dr. Dibdin, "were amazed, and the unlearned were enraptured. I can never forget its impression upon my own mind. It was a thing dropped from the clouds; all fire, energy, intelligence, and animation. You looked a second time; the figures moved and were commingled in hot and bloody fight. You saw the flash of the cannon, the glitter of the bayonet, the gleam of the falchion. You longed to be leaping from crag to crag with Sir David Baird, who is hallooing the

men on to victory.' Then again you seemed to be listening to the groans of the wounded and the dying; and more than one female was carried out swooning.

"The Oriental dress, the jewelled turban, the curved and, ponderous cimier, — these were among the prime objects of favoritism with Sir Robert's pencil; and he touched and treated them to the very spirit and letter of the truth. The coloring, too, was good and sound throughout. The accessories were strikingly characteristic; rock, earth, and water had its peculiar and happy touch; and the accompaniments about the Sallyport, half choked up with the bodies of the dead, made you look on with a shuddering awe, and retreat as you shuddered. The public poured in by hundreds and by thousands for even a transient gaze; for such a sight was altogether as marvellous as it was novel. You carried it home, and did nothing but think of it, talk of it, and dream of it. And all this by a young man of nineteen."

Miss Jane Porter, Sir Robert's sister, wrote for Dr. Dibdin a very interesting narrative of this extraordinary work.

"It was two hundred and odd feet long," says Miss Porter; "the proportioned height I have now forgotten. But I remember, when I first saw the vast expanse of vacant canvas stretched along, or rather in a semicircle, against the wall of the great room in the Lyceum, where he painted it, I was terrified at the daring of his undertaking. I could not conceive that he could cover that immense space with the subject he intended under a year's time, at least; but — and it is indeed marvellous — he did it in *six weeks*! But he worked on it every day, except Sundays, during those weeks, from sunrise until dark. It was finished during the time the committees of the Royal Academy were sitting at Somerset House, respecting the hanging of the pictures there for that year's exhibition; therefore it must have been towards the latter end of April. No artist had seen the painting of Seringapatam during its progress; but when it was completed, my brother invited his revered old friend, Mr. West, (the then president of the Royal Academy,) to come and look at the picture, and give him his opinion of it, ere it should be opened to the public view. . . .

"Mr. West went over from the Lyceum, on the morning on which he had called to see my brother and his finished painting, to Somerset House, where the committee had been awaiting his presence above an hour. 'What has detained our president so long?' inquired Sir Thomas Lawrence of him, on

his entrance. 'A wonder!' returned he; 'a wonder of the world!—I never saw any thing like it!—a picture of two hundred feet dimensions, painted by that boy Kerr Porter, in six weeks! and as admirably done as it could have been by the best historical painter amongst us in as many months!' You, my dear sir, need no description of this picture; you saw it; and at the time of its exhibition you also must have heard of, and probably also saw, some of the affecting effects the truth of its pictorial war tale had on many of the female spectators.

"After its exhibition closed, it was deposited, packed upon a roller, in a friend's warehouse. Thence some circumstances caused it to be removed successively to other places of supposed similar security, but in one of which, I believe, it finally perished, by the accidental burning down of the premises. The original sketches of this 'noble and stupendous effort of art,' as you so truly call it, are now in my own possession; and you may believe I value them as the apple of my eye. I must not forget to mention, with regard to Seringapatam, that had our British government, at the time of my brother's ardor for these paintings, possessed a building large enough for the purpose, he would have presented his country with that picture, and three others on British historical subjects, to form a perpetual exhibition for the benefit of its military and naval hospitals. Mr. Pitt lamented to him the impossibility then of commanding such a building: so the project fell to the ground.

"The last of these intended four pictures was that of the Battle of Agincourt, which my brother afterwards presented to the city of London, where it was hung up in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House. Some alterations in the room occasioned its being taken down for a temporary purpose; but it never saw the light again until last year, when, after above a dozen years' oblivion in,—nobody knew where,—it was accidentally found in one of the vaulted chambers under Guildhall.

"When discentombed, it was hastily spread out against one of the walls of the great hall itself, and announced in the newspapers as 'a picture of *unknown antiquity*, of some also unknown, but evidently distinguished, artist; and most probably it had been deposited in those vaults for security, at the *great fire of London*, and has remained there, unsuspected, ever since.' The hall was thronged, day after day, to see it, and Sir Martin Shee told me that so great was the mysterious valuation the discovery had put on it, that he heard he had been quoted as having passed his opinion on it, that 'it was a picture worth fifteen thousand pounds.' Without proper safeguards behind the canvas, a long exposure on the wall would have injured the picture; and it was taken down again before I came to London, after having heard of the discovery of the Agincourt; for I immediately recognized what, and whose, the picture was, and hastened to inform the present gentlemen of the city corporation accordingly."

Such is the affectionate narrative from the pen of the youthful painter's sister.

§301. THE PAINTINGS OF THE GREAT MASTERS.

While the great masters were living, some of their best works brought less than the cost of the frames in which they are now preserved. Andrea del Sarto painted one of his great frescoes for the monks of the Church of the Annunziata, at Flor-

ence, for a sack of corn! An Italian prince commissioned a picture of him just before he died, and besought him to execute it, and name his price. But it was too late; and when the news of his death went through Italy, his pictures could not be commanded at any price, for the master could paint no more.

§302. DUCHESS OF KINGSTON AND THE RUSSIAN COUNT.

The Duchess of Kingston was very anxious to be received by some crowned head, as the only means of relief from the disgrace fixed upon her by her trial and conviction. The court of Russia was chosen, when pictures were sent as presents, not only to the sovereign, but also to the most powerful of the nobles. Count Chernicheff was regarded by the duchess as an exalted character, and to him she ought, in policy, to pay her particular *devoirs*. She accordingly sent him two pictures. The duchess was no judge of paintings, and a total stranger to the value of these pieces, which were originals by Raphael and Claude Lorraine. The count was soon apprised of this, and on the arrival of the duchess at St. Petersburg, he waited on her grace, and confessed his gratitude for the present, at the same time assuring the duchess, that "the pictures were estimated at a value in Russian money equal to ten thousand pounds sterling."

The duchess, who, the moment before, looked with a most complacent smile, and whose avarice was at least equal to her ambition, instantly changed color, and could with the utmost difficulty conceal her chagrin. She told the count she had other pictures, which she would consider it an honor if he would accept; that the two paintings in his possession were particularly the favorites of her departed lord; but that the count was extremely kind in permitting them to occupy a place in his palace until her mansion was properly prepared. This palpable hint did not answer, and the count retained the pictures, which are now (1825) at St. Petersburg.

§303. ALLSTON'S DEATH.

Never, we are told, was Allston's language more significant, clear, and spiritual, than on the night of his death. This event was very unexpected. He had painted all day, and with unusual cheerfulness talked away the evening with his kindred. At a late hour he complained of a pain in his breast, to which he had occasionally been subject. His wife, a sister to Dana, the poet, left the room to bring some remedy which had proved serviceable on former occasions. When she returned, he was leaning back in his chair, apparently in a doze. She touched his shoulders; his eyes opened with a calm, sweet expression, and closed again; he sighed gently, and ceased to breathe. Thus was softly loosened the tie that bound that gifted and pure spirit to mortal life. He passed away in the full activity and consciousness of his powers, without any struggle or decay.

The death of Allston gave an immediate value to his works, which they had never had before; and those who have since sought for his pictures could not get them at any price. Five thousand dollars one gentleman was willing to give for the Rosalie, but the owner would not let it go: it was painted in *seven hours*.

2304. PATRONAGE OF ARTS.

To suffer from the want of discernment on the part of the nobility and the people appears to be the fate of artists in England. It was not a whit better formerly than it is in our own time. Hogarth had to sell his pictures by raffle, and Wilson was obliged to retire into Wales from its affording cheaper living. The committee of the British Institution purchased a picture by Gainsborough for eleven hundred guineas, and presented it to the National Gallery, as an example of excellence; yet this very picture hung for years in the artist's painting-room without a purchaser: the price was only fifty pounds. "In our own times," says John Burnet "let us take the case of Sir David Wilkie as an example; a painter who has founded a school of art unknown before in this or in any other country—a combination of the invention of Hogarth with the pictorial excellences of Ostade and Teniers; yet this artist's works, on his coming to London in 1804, were exposed in a shop window at Charing Cross for a few pounds; and a work for which he could only receive fifteen guineas was sold, the other day, for eight hundred. Do transactions such as these show the taste or discernment of the public? Lord Mansfield thought thirty pounds a large sum for the Village Politicians; and Sir George Beaumont, as a kind of patronage, gave Wilkie a commission to paint the picture of the Blind Fiddler, and paid him fifty guineas for what would now bring a thousand at a public sale. It seems, therefore, a fair inference that a discerning public, or a patronizing nobility, are only shown when an artist's reputation makes it safe to encourage him."

2305. CORREGGIO'S MULETEER.

A picture of a muleteer was drawn by Correggio, and served a great while as a sign to a little public house by the roadside. It has all the marks, in the upper corner, of its having been doubled in for that purpose. The man who kept the house had been a muleteer, and had on some occasion obliged Correggio a good deal on the road. He set him up, and painted his sign for him. The persons who were sent into Italy to collect pictures for the regent met with this sign, and bought it of the innkeeper. It cost five hundred guineas.

2306. RUBENS'S CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.

This exquisite picture is the gem of Sir Robert Peel's fine collection. Its transparency and brilliancy are unrivalled: it is all but life itself. It was bought by Sir Robert Peel for three thousand five hundred guineas.

The name of "*Chapeau de Paille*," as applied to this picture, appears to be a misnomer. The portrait is in what is strangely termed a Spanish hat. Why it has become the fashion in this country to

designate every slouched hat with a feather a Spanish hat, it is hard to say; since, at the period that such hats were worn. (about the reign of Charles I. in England,) they were not more peculiar to Spain than to other European countries. Rubens himself wore a hat of this description; and it is related that his mistress having placed his hat upon her own head, he borrowed from this circumstance the celebrated picture in question. With respect to the misnomer, it has been conjectured that *Span'sh hut*, being somewhat similar in sound to *Span hut*, Flemish for *straw hat*, first led to the incongruous title *Chapeau de Paille*. Now, *Span hut*, the Flemish name of this work, does not mean a straw hat, but a wide-brimmed hat; and further, whoever has had the good fortune to see the picture must be aware that the woman is there represented not in a straw (*paille*) hat, but a black hat. The French title, "*Chapeau de Paille*," is, therefore, and we think with reason, supposed to be but a corruption of *Chapeau de Poil*, (nap, or beaver,) its real designation.

2307. STREATHAM GALLERY.

The following is a list of the prices which the Streatham collection of portraits, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, brought at auction in May, 1816:—

	£	s.	d.
Lord Sandys, - - - -	36	15	0
Lord Lyttleton, - - - -	43	1	0
Mrs. Piozzi, - - - -	81	18	0
Goldsmith, - - - -	133	7	0
Sir J. Reynolds, - - - -	128	2	0
Sir R. Chambers, - - - -	84	0	0
David Garrick, - - - -	183	15	0
Baretti, - - - -	31	10	0
Dr. Burney, - - - -	84	0	0
Edmund Burke, - - - -	252	0	0
Dr. Johnson, - - - -	378	0	0

Dr. Johnson's — infinitely the finest of these portraits as a work of art, and second not even to Mr. Burke's as a work of national interest — passed, at Mr. Watson Taylor's sale, into the hands of Sir Robert Peel.

2308. W. VANDEVELDE.

William Vandeveldel the younger is distinguished as a most eminent painter of sea pieces. Having finished a painting for Charles II. of the junction of the English and French fleets at the Nore, when that monarch went to view them, two commissioners of the admiralty agreed to beg the picture of the king, then to cut it in two, and each to take a part. The painter, in whose presence they concluded this wise treaty, took away the picture, and concealed it until the king's death, when he offered it to Bullfinch, the print seller, for eighty pounds. Bullfinch took time to consider, and, returning to make the purchase, found the picture already sold for one hundred and thirty guineas.

§ 227. POWERFUL EFFECTS OF THE PENCIL.

2309. PARRHASIUS AND ZEUXIS.

Parrhasius of Ephesus and Zeuxis were contemporary painters. These artists once contended for preëminence in their profession, (415 B. C. ;) and when they exhibited their respective pieces, the birds came to peck the grapes which Zeuxis had painted. Parrhasius then produced his piece, and Zeuxis said, "Remove the curtain, that we may see the painting." The curtain itself was the painting, and Zeuxis acknowledged himself conquered, exclaiming, "Zeuxis has deceived the birds; Parrhasius has deceived Zeuxis!" Parrhasius dressed in a purple robe, and wore a crown of gold, calling himself king of painters.

2310. FILIPPO LIPPI.

In the life of Filippo Lippi, the Florentine painter, we have a memorable proof how much it is in the power of painting to charm the most barbarous minds, and to soften hearts the most hardened. Lippi and some friends happened one day to be making an excursion in a small boat along the sea-coast, when they were surprised by a Moorish brigantine, and taken prisoners into Barbary. After they had been eighteen months in a state of most cruel slavery, Lippi one day took a piece of coal, and drew on a wall a portrait of the master he served. The likeness was so strong, that it struck the barbarian, who had never seen any thing of the kind before, with astonishment and delight. He requested Filippo to draw some other portraits for him, and was, in the end, so pleased, that he not only gave him his liberty, but procured him a safe conveyance to Naples.

2311. INSANITY PREDICTED BY A PORTRAIT.

Lord Mulgrave employed Stuart to paint his brother, General Phipps, who was going out to India. When the picture was done, and the general had sailed, the earl came for the piece. "This picture looks strange, sir," said the nobleman. "How is it? I see—I think I see *insanity* in that face." "It may be so," replied Stuart, "but I painted your brother as I saw him." The first account Lord Mulgrave had from his brother was, that his insanity, unknown and unapprehended by his friends, *had driven him to suicide!*

2312. M. DE LASSON'S CARICATURE.

A Norman priest, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, named the Abbé Malotru, was remarkably deformed in his figure, and ridiculous in his dress.

One day, while he was performing mass, he observed a smile of contempt on the face of M. de Lassel, which irritated him so much, that the moment the service was over, he instituted a process against him.

Lassel possessed the talent of caricature drawing: he sketched a figure of the ill-made priest, accoutred, as he used to be, in half a dozen black caps,

over one another, nine waistcoats, and as many pair of breeches. When the court before whom he was cited urged him to produce his defence, he suddenly exhibited his Abbé Malotru, and the irresistible laughter which it occasioned insured his acquittal.

2313. THE ARTIST AND THE INDIAN.

One of the artists attached to the Picture Gallery newspaper went over to Hoboken to sketch the group of Iowa Indians encamped there. Whilst engaged in the occupation, an Indian crept stealthily behind him, and for some time regarded his drawing in silence. At length he uttered a shrill whoop, snatched the sketch from the artist's hand, and rushed with it into the centre of the group of savages, and exhibited it to the chiefs. They examined it with a good deal of interest, and one of them finally stepped out from the group, held it up before the assembled multitude, and tore it into pieces. The artist, finding that his labors gave offence, did not, of course, attempt to renew them.

2314. A TRIUMPH OF PAINTING.

The anecdotes of the dog which menaced a goat, depicted by the faithful pencil of Glover, and of the macaw, which, with beak and wings, attacked the portrait of a female servant, painted by Northcote, are well known.

Two family portraits, painted by Mr. J. P. Knight, were one day sent home, when they were instantly recognized with great joy by a spaniel which had been a favorite with the originals. On being taken into the room, and perceiving the canvas thus stamped with identity even to illusion, the faithful dog endeavored, by every demonstration of affection, to attract the notice of her former friends, and was with difficulty withheld by one of the bystanders from leaping upon them, and overwhelming them with her caresses.

This interesting recognition continued for many minutes, and was repeated on the next and following days; until finding, doubtless, that the scent was wanting, poor "Flossy" slunk away abashed, in evident mortification that her well-known playfellows were so regardless of her proffered kindness. Yet, turning upon them both alternately many a wistful look, she seemed unwilling to be convinced, even by experience, that she had thus mistaken the shadow for the substance.

2315. A SIMILAR TRIUMPH.

The family of Mr. Sherman, of Canton, in Massachusetts, with a few neighbors and friends, were being amused one evening, by Mr. Sherman, in viewing certain paintings on glass, which he was exhibiting by means of a large magic lantern. Among the objects represented were squirrels, rabbits, and other animals, to which Tray had the usual unconquerable aversion of his fellows. When these were represented, the dog would fly at them with as much fierceness as if they had been realities; and it was

with difficulty that he was withheld from injuring the cloth on which the objects were reflected.

2316. FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

It is asserted by Pomphilius Quintius, in his history of Grecian geniuses, that Maximilian Polonius, the celebrated Athenian painter, portrayed events so vividly that it was impossible for a landsman to look at the famous group, the Sea Sick Family, *without vomiting instantan*.

2317. PARMEGIANO AND THE SOLDIERS.

While Parmegiano was engaged on one of his largest works, the memorable sack of Rome, which occurred in 1527, an anecdote is recorded of him, similar to that which is related of Protogenes, the Greek painter, during the siege of Rhodes by Demetrius. In consequence of his fixed attention to this work, he neither heard the roaring of the cannon, nor perceived the tumult of the assault, till some soldiers rushed into his apartment, and surprised him in the midst of his labors.

Fortunately, the chief of the troop who entered his room was a man of taste, and being much struck with his compositions, checked the rapacity of his followers, and exacted from the painter only some sketches in pen and ink, with which he was highly gratified.

Another party, more regardless of the arts, insisting on money, he went out to borrow some of a friend, when he was seized by a third troop, by whom he was imprisoned until he had found means to satisfy their demands.

2318. RIGO AND THE NUBIANS.

Rigo, the painter, who was among the men of science and art who accompanied the French expedition into Egypt, fell in at Cairo with a caravan from Nubia. As the trader of the caravan had a countenance which displayed the national features in a very striking manner, Rigo resolved to paint his portrait, but was obliged to give him a considerable sum of money before he could induce him to comply with his wish. At first the Nubian seemed content with the picture; but as soon as the colors were laid on, he uttered a loud cry of horror, and all endeavors to appease him were fruitless. He escaped to his home, where he related, that his head and half of his body had been taken away by the painter.

Some days after, Rigo led another Nubian into

his workshop, who was no less struck with horror at seeing the picture than the man whom it represented had been, and told all his countrymen, that he had seen a great number of lopped-off heads and limbs in the Frenchman's house. They laughed at him: however, to satisfy themselves about the matter, six of them went to visit Rigo. They were seized with the same panic at the sight of his paintings, and no entreaties could prevail upon them to remain in the house.

2319. ALEXANDER. PORTIA.

The effects of the pencil are sometimes wonderful. It is said that Alexander trembled and grew pale on seeing a picture of Palamedes betrayed to death by his friends. It doubtless brought to his mind a stinging remembrance of his treatment of Aristonius.

Portia could bear with an unshaken constancy her last separation from Brutus; but when she saw, some hours after, a picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache, she burst into a flood of tears. Full as seemed her cup of sorrow, the painter suggested new ideas of grief, or impressed more strongly her own.

2320. CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL INCIDENTS.

Over the pulpit, in the chapel at West Point, as some of our readers may perhaps have remarked, stands a fine allegorical picture from the true-to-life pencil of Weir. A part of it represents Peace, as a female figure, holding an olive branch in her hand.

During the performance of divine service, one or two Sundays ago, a small bird flew into the church, and made several attempts to alight on the branch. A better criticism upon the fidelity of the artist's representation of air and foliage could scarce be imagined. The same compliment, as our readers will remember, was paid by a bird to Apelles, some three thousand years ago.

2321. HAPPY EFFECT OF A PAINTING.

An Athenian courtesan, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eye on the portrait of a philosopher that hung opposite to her seat; the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted the room, and, retiring home, became ever after an example of temperance, as she had been before of debauchery.

§ 228. WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF PAINTING.

2322. JOHN MARTIN ON GLASS PAINTING.

Several years since, when John Martin, the historical painter, was examined before the parliamentary committee on arts and manufactures, he was questioned as to the information he had collected on the subject of glass painting. To this he replied, "Glass painting has fallen almost to the same level as china painting; but it might be greatly improved now to what it was in ancient times. There is an

ignorant opinion among the people that the ancient art of glass painting is completely lost: it is totally void of foundation; for we can carry it to a much higher pitch than the ancients, except in one particular color, which is that of ruby, and we come very near to that. We can blend the colors, and produce the effect of light and shadow in a way which they could not. We can harmonize and mix the colors, and fix them, by proper enamelling and burning, so that they shall afterwards become just as permanent

as those of the ancients, with the additional advantage of throwing in superior art." Martin began life as a painter on glass. One of his earliest pictures is in the conservatory at the mansion of the late Marquis of Wellesley, at Knightsbridge.

2323. ANECDOTE OF A PORTRAIT.

Dr. Waagen relates the following singular anecdote of one of the portraits in the Waterloo chamber at Windsor Castle—that of the minister, William Von Humboldt. The conception is poor, and the likeness very general; but the want is, that the body does not at all suit the head; for when King George IV., who was a personal friend of the minister during his last visit in England, and a short time before his departure, made him sit to Sir Thomas Lawrence, the latter, being pressed for time, took a canvas on which he had begun a portrait of Lord Liverpool, and had already finished his body in a purple coat, and painted upon it the head of M. Von Humboldt, intending to alter it afterwards. This, however, in consequence of the death of the king, and of Sir Thomas Lawrence, was not done: it is, however, to be wished that the anomaly were remedied.

2324. CURIOUS EXTRACT FROM A SCOTCH NEWSPAPER OF 1707.

Copy of a painter's bill presented to the vestry for work done in our church:—

To filling up a chink in the Red Sea, and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host.

To a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lions' den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness.

To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard.

To cleaning the whale's belly, varnishing Jonah's face, and mending his left arm.

To a new skirt for Joseph's garment.

To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a long-boat for Noah's ark.

To giving a blush to the cheek of Eve, on presenting the apple to Adam.

To painting a new city in the land of Nod.

To cleaning the garden of Eden, after Adam's expulsion.

To making a bridle for the Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs.

To putting a new handle to Moses's basket, and fitting bulrushes.

To adding more fuel to the fire of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. Rec'd payment, D. Z.

2325. NUMBER OF WEST'S PICTURES

Blackwood's Magazine says that West painted more than three thousand pictures; and Dunlap says it was ascertained that to contain all West's pictures, a gallery would be necessary four hundred feet long, fifty broad, and forty high; or a wall ten feet high, and three quarters of a mile long.

2326. MINIATURE LANDSCAPE.

Van Munder relates that Anne Smythers, the wife of John de Heere, a Flemish statuary, painted a landscape, representing a mill with the sails bent, and the miller appearing as if mounting the stairs, loaded with a sack: upon the terrace where the mill

was fixed were seen a cart and horse, and on the road several peasants. The whole was highly finished and pencilled with wonderful delicacy and neatness, and was also accurately distinct; yet the painting was so amazingly minute, that the surface of it might be covered with one grain of corn.

2327. THE FACE OF CHRIST.

One of the most celebrated Italian artists was employed in painting the Last Supper of our Lord. One by one he studied the characters of the apostles, and then settled in his own mind, and painted on canvas, a form and countenance in which any beholder might see character expressed.

He then applied himself to the character of our Savior. He studied the attributes of his mind and heart. He sought all the stores of his own inventive fancy for a combination of features and complexion which should express these attributes—the conscious power, the wisdom, the holiness, the love, the mercy, the meekness, the patience, the whole character of the divine Redeemer. He sought long, intensely, but in vain. Every countenance he could imagine fell evidently far below; and at last he threw down his pencil in despair, declaring, that "the face of Christ could not be painted."

2328. OLD PAINTINGS.

The oldest known painting in the world is a Madonna and Child, in 886. The oldest in England are said to be the portraits of Chaucer, painted on panel in 1300, and that of Henry IV., done in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

2329. SKETCHING A PORTRAIT FROM MEMORY.

Garrick and Hogarth, sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamented the want of a portrait of Fielding. "I think," said Garrick, "I could make his face;" which he did accordingly. "Hold, David," said Hogarth; "remain as you are for a few minutes." Garrick did so, while Hogarth sketched the outline, which was afterwards finished from their mutual recollection; and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the admired author of the History of Tom Jones.

2330. PETER BALTEN.

A very remarkable incident happened to Peter Balten, the artist, at the court of the Emperor Charles V. of Germany. That monarch having engaged Balten to paint a landscape, with a number of figures in it, Balten chose for his subject St. John preaching in the desert, which afforded him an opportunity of filling his design with a great variety of auditors. To every one of them he gave a strong and proper expression of attention to the principal figure; every individual having its eyes directed to the preacher. But the emperor, from some motive that was never discovered, ordered a monstrous elephant to be painted in place of the saint; so that the whole auditory seemed then only to express an astonishment at the unwieldy bulk and shape of the animal; nor was the picture ever altered. By some it was conjectured that the emperor meant it only as a piece

of humor and drollery; by others it was imputed to a contempt for the artist; but by all the ecclesiastics it was ascribed to a contempt for religion.

2331. RUBENS'S MODE OF LIFE.

Rubens was in the habit of rising very early: in summer at four o'clock, and immediately afterwards he heard mass. He then went to work, and while painting, he habitually employed a person to read to him from one of the classical authors, or from some eminent poet. This was the time when he generally received his visitors, with whom he entered willingly into conversation on various topics, in the most animated and agreeable manner.

An hour before dinner was always devoted to recreation. From anxiety not to impair the brilliant play of his fancy, he indulged but sparingly in the pleasures of the table.

After working again till evening, he usually, if not prevented by business, mounted a spirited horse, and rode an hour or two. This was his favorite exercise: he was extremely fond of horses, and his stables contained some of remarkable beauty.

On his return, it was his custom to receive a few friends, principally men of learning, or artists, with whom he shared his frugal meal, and passed the evening in instructive and cheerful conversation.

This active and regular mode of life could alone have enabled Rubens to satisfy all the demands which were made upon him as an artist; and the astonishing number of works he completed, the genuineness of which is beyond all doubt, can only be accounted for through his union of extraordinary diligence with the acknowledged fertility of his productive powers.

2332. SILHOUETTES.

"It is a curious circumstance," says D'Israeli, "that I should have to recount in this chapter on political nicknames a familiar term with all lovers of art—that of *Silhouette*! This is well understood as a *black profile*; but it is more extraordinary that a term so universally adopted should not be found in any dictionary, either in that of *L'Academie*, or in Todd's, and has not even been preserved where it is quite indispensable—in Millin's *Dictionnaire des Beaux-Arts*! It is little suspected that this innocent term originated in a political nickname.

"*Silhouette* was minister of state in France in 1759. That period was a critical one: the treasury was in an exhausted condition, and *Silhouette*, a very honest man, who would hold no intercourse with financiers or loan mongers, could contrive no other expedient to prevent a national bankruptcy than excessive economy and interminable reform.

Paris was not the metropolis, any more than London, where a Plato or a Zeno could long be minister of state, without incurring all the ridicule of the wretched wits.

"At first they pretended to take his advice, merely to laugh at him: they cut their coats shorter, and wore them without sleeves; they turned their gold snuff-boxes into rough wooden ones; and the new-fashioned portraits were now only profiles of a face, traced by a black pencil on the shadow cast by a candle on white paper. All the fashions assumed an air of niggardly economy, till poor *Silhouette* was driven into retirement, with all his projects of savings and reforms; but he left his name to describe the most economical sort of portrait, and one as melancholy as his own fate."

2333. THE DYING SPANISH CAVALIER.

Trumbull used to mention that in the composition of the sort of Gibraltar, he wanted a subject for his dying Spanish cavalier, Don Jos. Barboza, who appears fallen in the front of the picture, with the hilt of his broken sword still grasped in his hand, and refusing the succor offered him by General Elliott. At this crisis of the picture, who should come into the painting-room but the afterwards celebrated Sir Thomas Lawrence, then a rising young artist. Trumbull familiarly accosted him: "Come, Lawrence, lie down for my dying Spaniard," which he promptly did; and this is the origin of that fine figure, not, however, intended for a portrait.

2334. ANACHRONISMS IN PAINTING.

These are to be found in works of all ages. Thus we have Verrio's periwigged spectators of Christ Healing the Sick; Rubens's Queen-mother, Cardinals, and Mercury, the Ethiopian King, in a surplice, boots, and spurs; Berliu's Virgin and Child, listening to a violin; the Marriage of Christ with St. Catharine of Seina, with King David playing the harp; Albert Durer's flounced-petticoated Angel driving Adam and Eve from Paradise; Cigoli's Simeon at the Circumcision, with "spectacles on nose;" the Virgin Mary helping herself to a cup of coffee from a chased coffee-pot; N. Poussin's Rebekah at the Well, with Grecian architecture in the background; Paul Veronese's Benedictine Father, and Swiss soldiers; the red Lobsters in the Sea listening to the Preaching of St. Anthony of Padua; St. Jerome, with a clock by his side; and Poussin's Deluge, with boats. In our time, West, the president of the Royal Academy, has represented Paris in a Roman instead of a Phrygian dress; and Wilkie has painted the Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo, in June.

§ 229. INDUSTRY, ENERGY, AND PERSEVERANCE.

2335. RUGENDAS LEARNING TO PAINT WITH HIS LEFT HAND.

The German painter Rugendas, celebrated for the spirit of his battle pieces, was originally an engraver, but was obliged to abandon that profession in consequence of a weakness in his right hand, which, however, permitted him to manage the pen-

cil, although not the burin; and accordingly he applied himself to painting.

But, some years after, his disease increased so much, that, even for the lightest work it had now to do, his right hand became quite unserviceable; and he would have been without a profession, or any means of subsistence at all if he had not determined to make his left hand supply the place of its

disabled companion. The experiment, after being persevered in for some time, succeeded perfectly, and he came at last to use the one hand with more ease and effect than he had ever done the other.

the ruins; to which he replied, "I go yet to school, that I may continue to learn."

2336. REMBRANDT'S INDUSTRY.

Rembrandt pursued his art with incredible industry, during the whole course of his life. His genuine pictures are very numerous. His skotchings are no less esteemed. The best collection ever made of them in England was that by Arthur Pond, the engraver, which was sold after his death, in 1760, for five thousand five hundred and forty-six pounds seven shillings and sixpence; but the largest was that by Monsieur Amadee de Buge, at the Hague, which was publicly sold in 1755, and contained two hundred and fifty-seven portraits, one hundred and sixty-one histories, one hundred and fifty-five figures, eighty-three landscapes, consisting in the whole of six hundred and sixty-five prints, with their variations.

2337. MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo dedicated himself, from his childhood to his death, to a toilsome observation of nature. The first anecdote recorded of him shows him to be already on the right road. Grannacci, a painter's apprentice, having lent him, when a boy, a print of St. Anthony beaten by Devils, together with some colors and pencils, he went to the fish market to observe the form and color of the fins and eyes of fish.

Cardinal Farnese one day found him, when an old man, walking alone in the Coliseum, and expressed his surprise at finding him solitary amidst

2338. WILKIE'S EARLY LIFE.

John Burnet was educated with Wilkie in the first four years of his studies in the Trustees' Academy of Edinburgh; and, after arriving in London, in 1806, witnessed the progress of nearly every picture of familiar life which he painted. Burnet relates, that Wilkie was always first on the stairs leading up to the academy, which was then held in St. James's Square, anxious not to lose a moment of the hours of drawing; and this love of art, paramount to all other gratifications, continued with him to the last, even when his success had put the means in his power of indulging relaxation and procuring amusement.

When in the academy, his intensesness attracted the notice of the more volatile students, who used to pelt him with small pills of soft bread. As he was one of the first to be present, so he was one of the last to depart. After academy hours, which were from ten to twelve in the forenoon—the best time of the day for application—those who were apprentices returned to their several professions; but Wilkie invariably returned to his lodgings, there to follow out what was begun in the academy, by copying from his own hands and face in a mirror; thus, as it were, engrafting the great principles of the antique on the basis of nature.

2339. INDUSTRY AND QUICKNESS OF BOURDON.

Sebastian Bourdon painted twelve portraits after life, as large as nature, in one day.

§ 230. MISCELLANEOUS.

2340. SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, when attending the funeral of Mr. Dawe, R. A., in the vault of St. Paul's Cathedral, was observed to look wistfully about him, as if contemplating the place, as that to which he himself would some day be borne; and when the service was concluded, it was remarked that he stopped to look at the inscription upon the stone which covers the body of his predecessor West. Within three months from the date of this incident, the vaults were reopened to receive Lawrence's remains.

2341. ARTISTIC TEXT.

Wills, the portrait painter, was not very successful in his profession, and so quitted it, and, having received a liberal education, took orders. He was for several years curate of Canons, in Middlesex, and at the death of the incumbent he obtained the living. In the year 1768, he was appointed chaplain to the chartered Society of Artists; and he preached a sermon at Covent Garden Church, on St. Luke's Day, in the same year, the text being taken from Job xxxvii. 14: "Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God." This discourse

was afterwards printed at the request of the society; but Wills did not long enjoy his appointment, in consequence of the disputes which broke out among the members.

2342. NAPOLEON ON IMMORTALITY.

Napoleon, being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by the Baron Denon, turned round suddenly from a fine picture, which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him, "That is a noble picture, Denon." "Immortal," was Denon's reply. "How long," inquired Napoleon, "will this picture last?" Denon answered, that with care, and in a proper situation, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years. "And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last?" "Perhaps," replied Denon, "five thousand years." "And this," returned Napoleon, sharply,—"this you call immortality!"

2343. DAVID WILKIE.

This artist was a sort of second Hogarth,—successful, indeed, in every department of his profession, but most so in painting scenes of domestic

life. He was a native of Scotland, where, from the age of fifteen, he was educated with a reference to his profession. So rapid was his progress, that at the early age of twenty-seven he became a member of the Royal Academy.

Of late he soared a little. Instead of confining himself to the representation of domestic scenes, he has attempted the loftier, historical style of composition, as in his John Knox, &c.

The life of this eminent painter has been written in three volumes by Allan Cunningham. It is a remarkable fact that it was finished by the latter just two days before his death.



Allan Cunningham.

Allan Cunningham, the biographer of David Wilkie, not only wrote the above-mentioned extended history of a distinguished painter, but, in the way of contributions to Murray's Library, he wrote a series of Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, extending to six volumes.

2344. LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

In the remote village of Petit Bornand, in a wild valley above Bonneville, is a very valuable painting by Guido, of our Savior's removal from the cross. A native of this place lived many years at Rome in the service of a cardinal: at last, becoming old, he wished to return and end his days in the land of his fathers. The cardinal gave him his leave; adding that, in reward for his long and faithful services, he wished him to choose out of his palace any one article he might wish to take away with him. The domestic said he should choose the painting of the Removal from the Cross, which he had often looked at in the cardinal's gallery, as he wished to give it to the church of his native village. The cardinal was unprepared for this request: however, as he had promised, he allowed his servant to take the painting away. This circumstance was honorable to both.

2345. WEST PERMITTED TO PURSUE THE ART OF PAINTING.

West's parents were Quakers. When his young genius began to develop itself, his future career became the subject of anxious deliberation. Some of his best friends were in favor of his making art his profession. His mother, desirous of distinction for her youngest child, and the father influenced by a prediction made by a preacher at the time of his birth, that he would be a remarkable man, at length resolved on submitting the matter to the wisdom of the society to which he belonged.

The spirit of speech first descended on one John Williamson: "To John West and Sarah Searson," said this western luminary, "a man child hath been born, on whom God hath conferred some remarkable gifts of mind; and you have all heard that, by something amounting to inspiration, the youth has been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind, but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth a genius for art. Shall we question his wisdom? Can we believe that he gives such rare gifts but for a wise and good purpose? I see the divine hand in this: we shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth."

The Quakers, persuaded by this sagacious enthusiast, or moved by the belief that the worldly fame which accompanies genius would shed a new halo on their sect, acknowledged the boy's powers upon the principle of implicit faith, gave their unanimous consent, like the "Brethren" in the Alchemist, to have the lead turned into gold, and forthwith summoned the youth, in whom so many hopes centred, before them.

He came and took his station in the middle of the room, his father on his right hand, his mother on the left, while around him flocked the whole Quaker community. It was one of the women that spake first; but the words of Williamson are alone remembered:—

"Painting," said he, "has been hitherto employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and add to the sensual gratification of man. For this we classed it among vain and merely ornamental things, and excluded it from among us. But it is not the principle to which we object, but the mis-employment of painting. In wise and pure hands it rises in the scale of moral excellence, and displays a loftiness of sentiment and a devout dignity worthy of the contemplation of Christians. I think genius is given by God for some high purpose. What the purpose is let me not inquire; it will be manifest in his own good time and way. He hath, in this remote wilderness, endowed with the rich gifts of a superior spirit this youth, who has now our consent to cultivate his talent for art; may it be demonstrated in his life and works that the gifts of God have not been bestowed in vain, nor the motives of the beneficent inspiration, which induces us to suspend the strict operations of our tenets prove barren of religious or moral effect!"

"At the conclusion of this address," says Galt, "the women rose and kissed the young artist, and the men, one by one, laid their hands on his head."

That this scene made a strong impression on the mind of young West we have his own assurance; he looked upon himself as expressly dedicated to art, and considered this release from the strict tenets of his religious community as implying a covenant on his part to employ his powers on subjects holy

and pure. The grave simplicity of the Quaker continued to the last in the looks and manners of the artist, and the moral rectitude and internal purity of the man were diffused through all his productions.

2346. THE CRUCIFIXION BY RUBENS.

In the Church of St. Peter, at Cologne, there used to be an altar piece, by Rubens, of the Crucifixion. Strangers who visit this church, and whose expectations have been highly raised, are at first sadly disappointed; but on their attention being suddenly diverted to some other object, the picture is turned in the frame, and all the perfections of the great artist's genius break upon the view. The first exhibition is a copy on the back of the original picture, by a modern painter, and the illusion is practised to increase the effect of the performance of which the possessors are so justly proud.

2347. RAPHAEL AND HIS MISTRESS.

When Raphael was engaged in painting the gallery of his friend, Agostino Ghighi, he was so much in love with a beautiful Roman lady that his passion interfered with his genius and his fame. Agostino persuaded the lady to pass her mornings in the gallery, and thus induced Raphael to continue his work.

2348. REYNOLDS AND HIS FIRST INSTRUCTOR, HUDSON.

Sir Joshua Reynolds studied originally under Hudson, an English portrait painter, who bestowed very liberally on his customers fair tie wigs, blue velvet coats, and white satin waistcoats. He afterwards went to Italy, where he studied three years.

On his return, he hired a large house in Newport Street; and the first specimen he gave of his abilities was a boy's head in a turban, richly painted in the style of Rembrandt, which so attracted Hudson's attention, that he called every day to see it in its progress; and perceiving, at last, no trace of his own manner left, he exclaimed, "Really, Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England."

2349. RUBENS'S POPULARITY.

We are able to form some estimate of the astonishingly productive powers of Rubens, as an artist, when we consider that about one thousand of his works have been engraved; and, including copies, the number of engravings from his works amount to over fifteen hundred. The extraordinary number of his paintings adorn not merely the most celebrated public and private galleries, and various churches in Europe, but they have even found their way to America, especially to Lima, in Peru.

2350. WEST'S APPEARANCE, EDUCATION, &c.

"The appearance of West," says Leigh Hunt, his relative, "was so gentlemanly, that the moment he changed his gown for a coat, he seemed to be full dressed. The simplicity and self-possession of the young Quaker, not having time enough to grow stiff,

— for he went early to study at Rome, — took up, I suppose, with more ease than most would have done, the urbanities of his new position. And what simplicity helped him to, favor would retain.

"Yet this man, so well bred, and so indisputably clever in his art, whatever might be the amount of his genius, had received so careless or so homely an education when a boy, that he could hardly read. He pronounced also some of his words, in reading, with a puritanical barbarism, such as *have* for *have*, as some people pronounce when they sing psalms. But this was, perhaps, an American custom. My mother, who both read and spoke remarkably well, would say *have*, and *shaul* for *shall*, when she sung her hymns.

"But it was not so well in reading lectures at the academy. Mr. West would talk of his art all day long, painting all the while. On other subjects he was not so fluent; and on political and religious matters he tried hard to maintain the reserve common with those about a court. He succeeded ill in both. There were always strong suspicions of his leaning to his native side in politics; and during Bonaparte's triumph, he could not retain his enthusiasm for the republican chief, going even to Paris to pay him his homage, when first consul. The admiration of high colors and powerful effects, natural to a painter, was too strong for him. How he managed this matter with the higher powers in England I cannot say."

2351. ANECDOTES OF GUIDO.

Guido was so handsome, that Louis Carracci made use of him as his model, when he had to paint an angel.

"We other artists," said Josepino one day to Pope Paul V., who was examining a head of Guido with him, — "we other artists paint like men; Guido paints like an angel." Paul V. was much pleased to see Guido at work, and permitted him to be covered in his presence. Guido used to say, that if the pope had not given him that liberty, he should himself have taken it, and told him that he had some infirmity which made it necessary for him to do so; as such a liberty was a tribute due to the honor of art.

Guido returned no visits to the persons who came to see him. "They come," said he, "not from any respect to my person, but to my art."

Persons of talent observe every thing that occurs which has the least relation to their particular profession. Guido was once present when the Dominican monks of Bologna opened a grave in which they found a human body, that had been long buried there, quite entire. When it was touched it crumbled into dust, as well as the cloth which covered it; the veil of silk, however, which was laid upon the face, remained entire. Guido took the hint, and painted afterwards upon a kind of taffeta, which he had prepared by a particular process.

Guido received no fixed price for his pictures; the payment he received for them he always regarded as *honorarium quiddam* — an expression applied by the Roman law to what its lawyers received for their fees.

Out of his painting-room Guido appeared a different person from what he appeared in it. He was there as modest as he had been haughty in his room. This great painter had once been very rich, and had received great prices for his pictures; yet, possessed with the rage of play, he never painted

but when he had lost his money. He became at last so completely impoverished by this pernicious passion, that he was obliged to paint for so much a day to supply himself with the common necessities of life.

Mr. West, the late president of the Royal Academy, had in his possession the finest head that Guido ever painted: it was an *Ecce Homo*, and united expression, drawing, and coloring, in the highest degree. In the opinion of an "ingenious critic" the best and the most candid judge of art in Europe, it was one of the most perfect heads that painting ever produced.

2352. LAST WORKS OF COLE.



Thomas Cole.

"The late Thomas Cole, the artist," says a correspondent of the Albany Journal, "had been engaged for some time in painting a series, illustrating the Cross and the World. His first series, of three paintings, had been completed but a few days since, illustrating the pilgrimage of the Christian in this world to its final termination; but with it has terminated the pilgrimage of the artist, and his deserted studio contains alone the rough sketches of the worldling's pilgrimage. This, his last effort, far surpasses any of his former paintings, not excepting the Course of Empire, and the Voyage of Human Life.

2353. RUBENS'S HOUSE AT ANTWERP.

We possess prints of Rubens's house at Antwerp. That princely artist perhaps first contrived for his studio the circular apartment with a dome, like the rotunda of the Pantheon, where the light, descending from an aperture or window at the top, sent down a single equal light—that perfection of light which distributes its magical effects on the objects beneath. Bellori describes it, *una stanza rotunda con un solo occhio in cima*: the *solo occhio* is what the French term *œil de bœuf*; we ourselves want this *single eye* in our technical language of art.

This was his precious museum, where he had collected a vast number of books, which were intermixed with his marbles, statues, cameos, intaglios,

and all that variety of the riches of art which he had drawn from Rome. But the walls did not yield in value; for they were covered by pictures of his own composition, or copies by his own hand, made at Venice and Madrid, of Titian and Paul Veronese. No foreigners, men of letters, or lovers of the arts, or even princes, would pass through Antwerp without visiting the house of Rubens, to witness the animated residence of genius, and the great man who had conceived the idea.

Yet, great as was his mind, and splendid as were the habits of his life, he could not resist the entreaties of the hundred thousand florins of the Duke of Buckingham to dispose of this studio. The great artist could not, however, abandon forever the delightful contemplations he was depriving himself of; and as substitutes for the miracles of art he had lost, he solicited and obtained leave to replace them by casts, which were scrupulously deposited in the places where the originals had stood.

2354. A PLAIN HINT.

A lady, whose portrait Opie was painting, was mustering all her smiles to look charming till at length the irritated artist could endure the constrained and affected features no longer. Starting up, and throwing down his brush, he exclaimed, in his broad style, "I tell ye what it is, ma'am, if ye grin so, I canna draw ye at all."

2355. KNELLER AND THE ALDERMAN WITHOUT A FACE.

Fond as Sir Godfrey Kneller was of money, it appears he would sometimes reject it rather than do what he thought would degrade his art. When he came to a very high reputation, a certain alderman came to be painted by him, and, as usual, paid him down half of the price in guineas. Sir Godfrey, after several times touching the canvas with the chalk, and rubbing it out very deliberately, laid it aside, and pulling out the guineas he had just received, desired the alderman to repocket them. The latter staring,—"For what did you give me those guineas?" said Sir Godfrey. "To draw my face, to be sure," answered the other. "But," replied the painter, "you have no face to draw: get you gone, get you gone."

2356. REVERENCE FOR ANTIQUITY.

There have been found occasionally some artists, who could so perfectly imitate the spirit, the taste, the character, and the peculiarities of great masters, that they have not unfrequently deceived the most skilful connoisseurs.

An anecdote of Peter Mignard is singular. This great man painted a Magdalen on a canvas fabricated at Rome. A broker, in concert with Mignard, went to the Chevalier de Clairville, and told him, as a secret, that he was to receive from Italy a Magdalen of Guido, and his masterpiece. The chevalier

posed upon, for that the Magdalen was painted by Mignard. Although Mignard himself caused the alarm to be given, the amateur would not believe it; all the connoisseurs agreed it was a Guido, and the famous Le Brun corroborated this opinion.

The chevalier came to Mignard. "There are," he says, "some persons who assure me that my Magdalen is your work." "Mine! they do me great honor; I am sure that Le Brun is not of that opinion." "Le Brun swears it can be no other than a Guido. You shall dine with me, and meet several of the first connoisseurs."

On the day of meeting, the picture was more closely inspected than ever. Mignard hinted his doubts whether the piece was the work of that great master; he insinuated that it was possible to be deceived, and added that, if it was Guido's, he did not think it in his best manner. "It is a Guido, sir, and in his very best manner," replied Le Brun with warmth, "I am perfectly convinced." And all the critics unanimously agreed with him. Mignard then spoke in a firm tone of voice: "And I, gentlemen, will wager three hundred louis that it is not a Guido."

The dispute now became violent. Le Brun was desirous of accepting the wager. In a word, the affair became such as could add nothing more to the glory of Mignard. "No, sir," replied the latter, "I am too honest to bet, when I am certain to win. Monsieur le Chevalier, this piece cost you two thousand crowns; the money must be returned—the painting is by my hand." Le Brun would not believe it. "The proof," Mignard continued, "is easy: on this canvas, which is a Roman one, was the portrait of a cardinal; I will show you his cap."

The chevalier did not know which of the rival artists to believe; the proposition alarmed him. "He who painted the picture shall mend it," said Mignard. He took a pencil dipped in oil, and rubbing the hair of the Magdalen, discovered the cap of the cardinal. The honor of the ingenious painter could no longer be disputed.

2357. BACON'S JUPITER.

Bacon had not had the fashionable training of an artist, and had little taste for mythological subjects, like the ancients. He made few efforts in this kind, however, enough to show his ability. The Mars pleased Lord Yarborough so well, that he desired to have a copy of it in marble. Bacon was glad of this, for he knew that his brethren looked lightly upon his performances, because he had never studied in Rome.

To rebuke their eternal sarcasms about his ignorance of the antique, he shortly after modelled a head of Jupiter Tonans, gave it the exterior aspect of time, and produced it among the connoisseurs, who, with one voice, inquired from what temple it had been brought.

"He often remarked," says his reverend biogra-

pher, "on the affectation of many, with respect to the antique, who are without taste for selecting what is really interesting in it. 'Call it,' said he, 'but an antique, and people begin immediately to find some beauty. Look at that figure in the corner of my study: can you see any thing in it? Yet many who come here, and at first take no notice of it, as soon as they hear it is a cast from the antique, begin to admire! Had I made it a few years ago, it would not have produced me a shilling.'"

2358. VANLOO AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The Chevalier Vanloo, the eminent portrait painter, being in England, paid a visit to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and boasted of his great knowledge in the works of the different famous painters, saying he could not be deceived or imposed upon by a copy for an original. Sir Joshua then showed him the head of an old woman, which he had copied from one by Rembrandt, and, without letting him into the secret, asked his opinion of it. The French painter, after a very careful inspection, said he could pronounce that it was undoubtedly an original picture by Rembrandt.

2359. DESTRUCTION OF WORKS OF ART.

Conquerors at first destroy, with the rashest zeal, the national records of the conquered people; hence it is that the Irish deplore the irreparable losses of their most ancient national memorials, which their invaders have been too successful in annihilating. The same event occurred in the conquest of Mexico; and the interesting history of the New World must ever remain imperfect in consequence of the unfortunate success of the first missionaries, who too late became sensible of their error. Clavigero, the most authentic historian of Mexico, continually laments this affecting loss. Every thing in that country had been painted, and painters abounded there, as scribes in Europe.

The first missionaries, suspicious that superstition was mixed with all their paintings, attacked the chief school of these artists, and collecting, in the market-place, a little mountain of these precious records, they set fire to it, and buried in the ashes the memory of many most interesting events. Afterwards, sensible of their error, they tried to collect information from the mouths of the Indians; but the Indians were indignantly silent. When they attempted to collect the remains of these painted histories, the patriotic Mexican usually buried in concealment the remaining records of his country.

§ 231. SINGULAR ADVENTURES.

2360. ADRIAN BROWER.

Adrian Brouwer, one of the most celebrated painters in the Low Countries, when on a visit to Antwerp, was taken up as a spy, and imprisoned in the same place where the Duke d'Arenberg was confined. That nobleman had an intimate friendship with Rubens, who often went to visit him in his confinement. The duke, having observed the genius of Brouwer by some slight sketches, which he drew with black lead, but without knowing who

he was, desired Rubens to bring with him, at his next visit, a palette and pencils for a prisoner, who was in confinement with him.

The materials requisite for painting were given to Brouwer, who took for his subject a group of soldiers who were playing at cards in a corner of the prison. When the picture was finished and shown to Rubens, he immediately exclaimed, that it was painted by Brouwer, whose works he had often seen and admired. The duke, delighted with the discovery, set a proper value on the performance.

Although Rubens offered six hundred gilders for it, the duke would by no means part with it, but presented the painter with a much larger sum. Rubens immediately exerted all his interest to obtain the release of Brouwer, and procured it by becoming his surety. He took him home with him, and became his best and most liberal patron and benefactor; but Brouwer, who was a man of dissolute habits, did not remain long with him.

2361. THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

It was in a temporary summer residence at Isleworth that Hogarth painted the Rake's Progress. The crowd of visitors to his study was immense. He often asked them if they knew for whom one or

another figure in the picture was designed, and when they guessed wrong, he set them right. It was generally believed that the heads were chiefly portraits of low characters, well known in the town.

In the Miser's Feast, he introduced Sir Isaac Shard, a person proverbially avaricious. His son, a young man of spirit, heard of this, and, calling at the painter's, requested to see the picture. The young man asked the servant whether that old figure was intended for any particular person, who answered it was thought to be very like one Sir Isaac Shard; whereupon he drew his sword and slashed the canvas. Hogarth heard the bustle, and was very angry. Young Shard said, "You have taken an unwarrantable license; I am the injured party's son, and ready to defend my conduct at law." He went away, and he was never afterwards molested.

§ 232. PARENTS, LITERARY, AND THEIR CHILDREN.

2362. THE POET MILTON.



HE family of Milton was never numerous: only three children survived the tender years of infancy. These were daughters. One of them had an impediment in her speech, and received but little instruction of any kind. The other two were instructed at

home in every thing but the languages. These were omitted, because, as he said, one tongue was enough for a woman.

The youngest daughter was frequently employed by her father, especially after he became blind, in reading to him Homer and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Both the younger of them were also sometimes employed by their father as amanuenses. The initial engraving with which this article commences represents the poet dictating to his daughters.

2363. DR. BOWDITCH.

When Nathaniel Bowditch desired to publish his great commentary on *La Place*, he assembled his family, and informed them that the execution of his design would require the sacrifice of one third of his fortune, and that he felt it his duty to consult his heirs on a subject so important to them. Nobly did his children reply, "We value your reputation more than your money."

The work was published, and the day on which it was issued added one of the most brilliant of American ornaments to the temple of science. Fortunate it was that the great philosopher possessed means to be sacrificed; otherwise one of the proudest monuments of American science might have lain buried in the drawers of his cabinet. We recollect a visit once paid by us to this venerable man of science, at

his financial office in Boston, and we shall not soon forget that serene brow, that eminently intellectual forehead, the quiet tones of the old man's voice, and the beautiful modesty that pervaded all his ways.

2364. THE SON OF BUFFON.

The son of Buffon one day surprised his father by the sight of a column, which he had raised to the memory of his father's eloquent genius. "It will do you honor," observed the Gallic sage. And when that son, in the revolution, was led to the guillotine, he ascended in silence, so impressed with his father's fame, that he only told the people, "I am the son of Buffon."

2365. ANTHONY COOK'S FAMILY.

Sir Anthony Cook bestowed the most careful education on his fair daughters, and all of them rewarded his exertions by becoming not only proficient in literature, but distinguished for their excellent demeanor as mothers of families.

One of these daughters, more distinguished than the rest, married Lord Burleigh. The biographer of the latter, in alluding to the great share of domestic happiness which fell to his lot, says, "For the improvement of his children, as well as his domestic happiness, Burleigh was chiefly indebted to his wife, the daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, a lady highly distinguished for her mental accomplishments."

Another of the daughters of Cook married Sir Nicholas Bacon, the father of the celebrated Lord Bacon, of whom, whatever else may be said, it is but justice to affirm that he was one of the most remarkable men of whom any age can boast. He was qualified to enter, and actually did enter, the University of Cambridge, when he was in his thirteenth year. The following testimony of the biographer of Bacon will illustrate this point still more fully.

Lord Bacon is universally admitted to have possessed the most powerful intellect of any man that has appeared upon the earth. Both of his parents belonged to that class of society from which have emanated such men as Milton, Sir Thomas More, Lord Burleigh, Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, and a host of other great minds. His maternal grandfather, Sir Anthony Cook, be-



Lord Bacon.

came eminent in the whole circle of the arts, being a thorough master of the Latin and Greek languages, an exact critic and philologist, and equally skilled in poetry, history, and the mathematics. He was at the same time adorned with singular piety and goodness, preferring contemplation to active life. He managed his family with such prudence and discretion, that Lord Seymour, standing by one day when this gentleman chid his son, said, "Some men govern their families with more skill than others do kingdoms, and thereupon commended him to the government of his nephew, Edward VI. Such was the majesty of his looks and gait, that awe governed; such the reason and sweetness, that love obliged all his family—a family equally afraid to displease so good a head, and to offend so great.

He had five daughters, whose education he superintended himself; and thinking that *women are as capable of learning as men*, he instilled that into his daughters at night which he had taught the prince during the day. If he was great and happy in himself, he was greater and happier in his daughters. His first care was to give them a true sense of religion, and his next to inure them to submission, modesty, and obedience.

Their book and pen were their recreation; the music and dancing-school, the court and city, their accomplishment; the needle in the closet, and housewifery in the hall and kitchen, their business. They all married splendidly and happily; and in their marriage they were guided more by the reason of their father than by his will, and were directed rather

by his counsel than led by his authority. "Their classical acquirements," says Macaulay, "made them conspicuous even among the women of fashion of that age.

"Anne, the mother of Francis Bacon, was distinguished both as a linguist and as a theologian. She corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewel, and translated his *Apologia* from the Latin so correctly, that neither he nor Archbishop Parker could suggest a single alteration. She also translated a series of sermons on Fate and Free Will, from the Tuscan of Bernardo Ochino."

Her parental care of her two sons, Anthony and Francis, two of the most extraordinary men of their time, or, indeed, of any time, is possibly the best test of her powers, which was deeply felt by Francis, who, in his will, says, "For my burial, I desire that it may be in St. Michael's Church, near St. Alban's. There was my mother buried."



Monument of Lord Bacon.

In Birch's *Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, the extraordinary vigilance used by Lady Anne in superintending their conduct long after they were adults may be seen.

"Sir Nicholas Bacon," continues Macaulay, "was no ordinary man; but the fame of the father was thrown into the shade by that of the son." He was, in a word, as Lloyd has well said, "father of his country and of Sir Francis Bacon."

§ 233. PLAGIARISM.

2366. PIRON'S REBUKE OF A PLAGIARIST.



TRAGIC poet, addicted to plagiarism, read a work to Alexis Piron, in which he had introduced several borrowed verses. While he was reading, Piron frequently took off his hat, and made a low bow. "What is the reason," said the pilfering poet, "of your singular behavior in lifting your hat and bowing so frequently?" "My conduct," replied Piron, "is not singular; for it is always my custom to make a bow whenever I meet any of my old acquaintance."

the warmest kind, but ending with words to the following import: "Our raptures would have been still greater, if we had not chanced to read them, some time ago, as the productions of one Tillotson."

2369. PROVING AN ALIBI.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong, for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."

2370. PALEY.

A correspondent of the Athenæum has discovered that Paley's Natural Theology is copied from a series of papers which appeared about the end of the seventeenth century, in the *Leipsic Transactions*, by a Dutch philosopher, named Nienwentyt. It is extraordinary that this discovery was not made before, seeing that the papers, after having been published at Amsterdam about the year 1700, were afterwards translated into English by Mr. Chamberlayne, and published by Longman & Co., in 1818, about fifteen years after Paley's *Natural Theology* appeared. As Paley quotes Nienwentyt, from the *Leipsic Transactions*, he, of course, must have known of and perused them. Parallel passages are printed side by side in the Athenæum.

2367. YANKEEISMS AND ALL!

A most amusing case, of which the writer of this paragraph had an intimate knowledge, occurred a few years ago. He translated a French tale — good enough of itself, but so thoroughly French in its idiom, and so bare of incidents, that a few were thrown in, in the translation. Other alterations were made. Perhaps they improved it, and perhaps not; but they served a purpose of which the translator little dreamed at the time. The tale appeared in the columns of a newspaper, and was forgotten.

A year or two afterwards, the American papers were copying, from Maine to Georgia, a highly-exalted story from the London *Forget-me-Not*, and the editorial scissors of the writer hereof had already followed the example of other scissors, when something that looked like an old acquaintance caught the editor's eye. The London Annual story was his own translation, emendations, alterations, Yankee provincialisms, and all.

An English D. D., since dead, and whose name we therefore suppress, had copied it bodily, and sold it as his own, affixing his own name, and publishing it, not as a translation, but as an *original tale*, written from the conversation of an old gentleman at Boulogne sur la Mer! Of course, the story was a good one, Yankeeisms and all, when copied from the London Annual.

2368. REPRINT OF TILLOTSON.

The posthumous works of a popular American preacher were once published by a transatlantic bibliopole. A review of them soon appeared in a widely-circulating periodical, replete with praise of

2371. POPE AND HIS ESSAY ON MAN.

Pope published the first edition of his *Essay on Man* anonymously, and was asked soon after by a scribe of Grub Street, —

"How did you like that last poem of mine — the *Essay*? Don't you think it pretty fair, considering that it was written one afternoon while I was skulking out of the way of the bailiff?"

"Pon honor," replied Pope, "I think it a first-rate performance, and intend to claim it as my own, at some fitting opportunity."

2372. BORROWING PRETTY FREELY.

It is well known to the world that the late William C. Woodbridge, the author in conjunction with the celebrated Mrs. Willard, of Troy, was the progenitor of an entirely new method of teaching geography in our public schools; but it is not so well known as it should be, that some of the school geographies which immediately, or almost immediately, followed his, borrowed much more largely from his plan, and even of his material, than is usual in such cases.

2373. HONEST PLAGIARIST.

Some persons, who were envious of the reputation of the French poet Desportes, reproached him with having stolen freely from the Italian poets. So far from denying the charge, when a book appeared upon the subject, entitled *Rencontre des Muses de France et d'Italie*, he said, "If I had known the author's design, I could have furnished him with a great many more instances than he has collected."

2374. DEAN SWIFT AND THE PLAGIARIST.

The eccentric Dean Swift, in the course of one of those journeys to Holyhead which it is well known he several times performed "on foot," was travelling through Church Stretton, Shropshire, when he put up at the sign of the Crown, and finding the host to be a communicative, good-humored man, inquired if there was any agreeable person in town with whom he might partake of a dinner, (as he had desired him to provide one,) and that such a person should have nothing to pay. The landlord immediately replied that the curate, Mr. Jones, was a very agreeable, companionable man, and would not, he supposed, have any objection to spend a few hours with a gentleman of his appearance. The dean directed him to wait on Mr. Jones with his compliments, and say that a traveller would be glad to be favored with his company at the Crown, if it was agreeable.

When Mr. Jones and the dean had dined, and the glass began to circulate, the former made an apology for an occasional absence, saying that at three o'clock he was to read prayers and preach at the church. Upon this intimation, the dean replied that he also should attend prayers. Service being ended, and the two gentlemen having resumed their station at the Crown, the dean began to compliment Mr. Jones on his delivery of a very appropriate sermon, and remarked that it must have cost him (Mr. Jones) some time and attention to compose such a one.

Mr. Jones observed that his duty was rather "laborious," as he served another parish church at a distance; which, with the Sunday and weekly service at Church Stratton, straitened him very much with respect to the time necessary for the composition of sermons; so that, when the subjects pressed, he could only devote a few days and nights to that purpose.

"Well," says the dean, "it is well for you to have such a talent: for my part, the very sermon you preached this afternoon cost me some months in composing." On this observation Mr. Jones began to look very gloomy, and to recognize his companion. "However," rejoined the dean, "don't you be alarmed; you have so good a talent at delivery, that I hereby declare you have done more honor to my sermon this day than I could do myself; and, by way of compromising the matter, you must accept of this half guinea for the justice you have done in the delivery of it."

2375. BORROWING AND BORROWERS.

Montaigne, with honest *natveté*, compares his writings to a thread that binds the flowers of others, and that, by incessantly pouring the waters of a few good old authors into his sieve, some drops fall upon his paper.

Petrarch, who is not the inventor of that tender poetry of which he is the model, and Boccaccio, called the father of Italian novels, have alike profited by a studious perusal of writers who are now only read by those who have more curiosity than taste. Boiardo has imitated Pulci, and Ariosto, Boiardo.

The madness of Orlando Furioso, though it wears, by its extravagance, a very original air, is only imitated from Sir Launcelot, in the old romance of Mort Arthur, with which, Warton observes, it agrees in every leading circumstance; and what is the Cardenio of Cervantes but the Orlando of Ariosto?

Tasso has imitated the *Iliad*, and enriched his poem with episodes from the *Æneid*. It is curious to observe that even Dante, wild and original as he appears, when he meets Virgil in the *Inferno*, warmly expresses his gratitude for the many fine passages for which he was indebted to his works, and on which, he says, he had "long meditated."

Molière and La Fontaine are considered to possess as much originality as any of the French writers; yet the learned Ménage calls Molière "*un grand et habile picoreur*;" and Boileau tells us that La Fontaine borrowed his style and matter from Marot and Rabelais, and took his subjects from Boccaccio, Poggius, and Ariosto.

Nor was the eccentric Rabelais the inventor of most of his burlesque narratives; and he is a very close imitator of Folengo, the inventor of the macaronic poetry, and not a little indebted to the old *Facezio* of the Italians. Indeed, Marot, Villon, as well as those we have noticed, profited by the authors anterior to the age of Francis I. La Bruyère incorporates whole passages of Publius Syrus in his work, as the translator of the latter abundantly shows. To the Turkish Spy was Montesquieu beholden for his Persian Letters, and a numerous crowd are indebted to Montesquieu. Corneille made a liberal use of Spanish literature; and the pure waters of Racine flowed from the fountains of Sophocles and Euripides.

Our master modern poets have, in many instances, drawn their waters from the ancient fountains of Gothic romance. Spenser borrowed largely, and repaid with munificence. Milton, in his loftiest theme, looked down with admiration on this terrestrial race,—

"——— and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British or Armoric knights."

"In *Amadis of Gaul*," has said our true laureate, "may be found the *Zelma* of the *Arcadia*, the *Masque* of *Cupid* of the *Faery Queene*, and the *Florizel* of the *Winter's Tale*. Sidney, Spenser, and Shakspeare imitated this book. Was ever book honored by three such imitators?"

POETRY AND POETS.

§ 234. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

2376. THE POETS' CORNER.



HE huge edifice usually known by the name of Westminster Abbey is built in the form of a Latin cross, of which the nave is two hundred and thirty-four feet long from east to west, and ninety feet wide.

One portion of it, called the Poets' Corner, contains the monuments of the most distinguished poets of England, and is partially rep-

in the accompanying engraving.



Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Other parts contain the monuments of distinguished statesmen, warriors, scholars, and artists.

Westminster Abbey was built by Edward the Confessor, about eight hundred years ago, though not fully completed till the time of Sir Christopher Wren, about the year 1700.

2377. EARLY LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The country which had the honor of receiving into being Walter Scott is the land of the Muses, where every valley is an Arcadia, and every mountain a Parnassus; inspiration breathes around. The soul of a Spenser, a Drummond of Hawthornden, and a Burns hovers over the scene; and none can tread the soil without recollecting a name dear to every lover

of nature, Thomson. Here also fought "The Wallace;" and here the rival of Homer, here Ossian sang in strains sublime the praises of Fingal and the sorrows of Colma. No man possessing the smallest spark of poetic fire in his bosom but would here soon find it kindle into a flame, which, fanned by the breath of *Amor Patriæ*, must produce the very soul of song.

Walter Scott appears to have been smitten in a great degree with the love of country, and tainted rather strongly with the pride of ancestry; and yet, contrary to general opinion, he was not ushered into a bright and pleasing existence from the down bed of prosperity. In early youth,—

"Adversity, companion of his way,
Long o'er her victim hung with iron away."

He was a very distant relation to the noble family of Scott, Duke of Buccleugh; but the "boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," cannot add any thing glorious to the name of Walter Scott.

The father of Walter Scott was a well-informed man and a gentleman, his mother a woman of the most amiable disposition, with more common sense than in general falls to female share, and was the intimate friend of Allan Ramsay, Blacklock, and Burns. It was she who moulded the mind of her son, and gave him that tone of sensibility which breathes through all his works. She was remarkably fond of rural life and poetic description; and to her rambling in the glens and forests of Scotland, with a book in one hand and her son in the other, we are indebted for the landscapes in the *Lady of the Lake*, and all those beautiful descriptions of the Highland scenery, which, whilst we are perusing, we actually imagine before our eyes; and it is not until we have finished the sentence or period that we awaken from our dream of rapture.

In boyhood Walter Scott was never attached to childish amusements. At seven years of age he went to school, under the tuition of a person named More, precentor to the kirk at Musselburgh.

Mr. Scott carried with him to school such knowledge as we may suppose a youth of seven years of age capable of acquiring from a father very attentive to his little favorite in every respect. In fact, he could read well, and had such a propensity for drawing, that all his books were scribbled over with rude figures of men, houses, and trees, whenever he could get a pen or a pencil. At this early age we may mark this fact as the dawning of poetic genius: poetry and painting are as closely allied as music and love.

This taste for drawing did not advance with his advancing years, though we have seen a sketch of his of the port of Loch Lomond, taken from the west side, in 1803, very well executed; it is done on a blank leaf of Hector Mackneill's poems, and is now in possession of Captain Fullerton. Like Milton, Swift, and other great geniuses, he was, as the latter said of himself, at school, "very justly celebrated for stupidity." Perhaps much of his stupidity was owing to the want of talent in his master, or, rather, his want of method in the art of teaching. Be that as it may, young Scott certainly did not

shine in his early career as a scholar. He learnt to read, write, and attained a tolerable knowledge of the mathematics. In Latin he did not advance far until his tenth year, when Dr. Patterson, a clergyman of the church of Scotland, succeeded to the school at Musselburgh, and the progress of young Scott became rapid.

Dr. Blair, on a visit at Musselburgh, shortly after Mr. Patterson took charge of the school, accompanied by some friends, examined several of the pupils; he paid particular attention to young Scott. Mr. Patterson thought it was the youth's stupidity occupied the doctor's time, and said, "My predecessor tells me that boy has the thickest skull in the school." "May be so," replied Dr. Blair, "but through that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of future genius."

2378. HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

This youthful bard, whose premature death was so sincerely regretted by every admirer of genius, manifested an ardent love of reading in his infancy; it was a passion to which every thing else gave way.

"I could fancy," says his eldest sister, "I see him in his little chair, with a large book upon his knee, and my mother calling, 'Henry, my love, come to dinner;' which was repeated so often without being regarded, that she was obliged to change the tone of her voice before she could rouse him.

"When he was about seven, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; and he continued this for some time before it was discovered that he had been thus laudably employed.

"He wrote a tale of a Swiss emigrant, which was probably his first composition, and gave it to this servant, being ashamed to show it to his mother."

"The consciousness of genius," says Mr. Southey, "is always at first accompanied with this diffidence; it is a sacred, solitary feeling. No forward child, however extraordinary the promise of his childhood, ever produced any thing truly great."

When Henry was about eleven years old, he one day wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of about twelve or fourteen. The master said he had never known them write so well upon any subject before, and could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at the excellence of Henry's own. At the age of thirteen he wrote a poem, "On being confined to School one pleasant Morning in Spring," from which the following is an extract:—

"How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise,
And unconstrained to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among,
And woo the Muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower!
But, ah! such heaven-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine."

The parents of Henry were anxious to put him to some trade; and when he was in his fourteenth year he was placed at a stocking loom, with the view, at some future period, of getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse; but the youth did not conceive that nature intended to doom him to spend seven years of his life in folding up stockings, and he

remonstrated with his friends against the employment.

Young White was soon removed from the stocking loom to the office of a solicitor, which was a less obnoxious employment. He became a member of a literary society in Nottingham, and delivered an extempore lecture on genius; in which he displayed so much talent, that he received the unanimous thanks of the society, and they elected this young Roscius of oratory their professor of literature. At the age of fifteen he gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year a pair of globes, for an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh. He determined upon trying for this prize one evening when at tea with his family; and at supper he read to them his performance.

In his seventeenth year he published a small volume of poems, which possessed considerable merit. Soon after, he was sent to Cambridge, and entered at St. John's College, where he made the most rapid progress. But the intensity of his studies ruined his constitution, and he fell a victim to his ardent thirst for knowledge. He died about two years after, aged twenty-one, leaving behind him several poems and letters, which gave earnest of the high rank he would have attained in the republic of letters, had his life been spared.

2379. MILLER, THE BASKET MAKER.

"Thomas Miller I looked at with no ordinary interest. He had just then made a sensation in London, and was among the lions of the day. His history is somewhat singular. I shall avail myself of the privilege afforded by this discursive sort of scribbling, and relate the chief incidents connected with it, as I afterwards heard them from his own lips.

"I had read, with considerable interest, a work entitled *A Day in the Woods*, by Thomas Miller, Basket Maker, and felt not a little delighted with his vivid and graphic descriptions of rural and forest scenery. Nothing so natural and fresh had appeared in our literature. Even Bloomfield failed to convey so happy an idea of country life as Miller.

"One morning, I inquired his address, and determined to call on Mr. Miller, trusting to the frankness and amiability which pervaded every page of his book for his excuse of my introducing myself to him. I had a long walk down St. George's road, Southwark, on a dismal, drizzling, November day; and that was no joke, as any one familiar with a foggy day, at that time of the year, in London, can testify.

"After much inquiry, I found out Elliott's Row, to which place I had been directed; and when I had ascertained the group of houses, in one of which the poet resided, I had great difficulty in finding out the exact dwelling. The very people who lived next door to Miller did not know of such a person, although half of literary London was ringing with his praises, and crying him up as a newly-found genius. Such is fame in the mighty metropolis.

"At length, on inquiring at a humble but neat looking domicile, I was told by an interesting looking little girl that her father (the poet) resided there. I entered, asked to see him, and presently he came down stairs.

"I introduced myself, told him I had read his works, which delighted me by their truthfulness,

and much desired to see him before I left town. He very kindly shook me by the hand, and after some agreeable chat, we made an appointment to dine with each other at a chop-house in the Strand, the next day. The story of his life, which he told me on the latter occasion, was to the following effect:—

"He was born on the borders of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his merry men flourished in times of old. From childhood (he was then about five or six and twenty) he had loved to wander in the green woods and lanes, and, unconsciously, his poetic sensibilities were thus fostered. His station in life was very humble, and at an early age he learnt basket making, by which occupation he earned a bare subsistence. He married early, and the increasing wants of a family led him to try the experiment of publishing some poems and sketches; but, owing to want of patronage, no benefit resulted to him.

"He at last determined to go to London—that fancied paradise of young authors—that great reservoir of talent—too often that grave of genius. Thither he went, leaving, for the present, his family behind, and, alighting from the stage coach, found himself in the Strand, a stranger among thousands, with just seven shillings and sixpence in his pocket. He soon made the melancholy discovery that a stranger in London, however great may be his talents, stands but a poor chance of getting on without the assistance of some helping hand; so, to keep body and soul together, he set to work making baskets.

"In this occupation he continued some time, occasionally sending some little contribution to the periodicals. At length Fortune smiled on her patient wooer. One day, while he was engaged in bending his osiers, he was surprised by a visit from Mr. W. H. Harrison, editor of the *Friendship's Offering*, an English annual. That gentleman had seen one or two pieces of Miller's, and been struck with their originality. He found him out, after much labor, and asked him to write a poem for the forthcoming volume of the *Offering*.

"Miller told me that he was so poor then that he had not pen, ink, or paper; so he got some whitish-brown paper, in which sugar had been wrapped, mixed up some soot with water for his ink, and then sat down,—the back of a bellows serving for a desk,—and wrote his well-known lines on an Old Fountain. These beautiful verses being completed, he sealed his letter with some moistened bread for a wafer, and forwarded them, with many hopes and fears, to the editor. They were immediately accepted, and Mr. Harrison forwarded the poet two guineas for them. 'I never had been so rich in my life before,' said the basket maker to me, 'and I fancied some one would hear of my fortune, and try to rob me of it; so, at night, I barred the door, and went to bed, but did not sleep all night from delight and fear.'

"Miller, still, to his honor, continued the certain occupation of basket making; but he was noticed by many—among others by Lady Blessington, who sent for him, recommended his book, and did him substantial service. 'Often,' said Miller, 'have I been sitting in Lady Blessington's splendid drawing-room, in the morning, talking and laughing as familiarly as in the old house at home, and, on the same evening, I might have been seen standing on Westminster bridge, between an apple vender and a baked potato merchant, vending my baskets.

"Miller now tried his hand at a novel,—*Royston Gower*,—which succeeded well, and then another—*Fair Rosamond*. He read diligently at the British Museum, and was perseveringly industrious. Jerdan took him by the hand, and he contributed a good deal to the *Literary Gazette*. He is, at the time I write, himself a publisher in Newgate Street, London.

"Miller is rather below the middle height; his face is round and rosy-looking, and he wears a profusion of light hair. He has a strong Nottinghamshire dialect, and possesses little or none of the awkwardness of a countryman. Next to William and Mary Howitt, he is the best writer on rural matters in England; and I am quite sure, that were his later works reprinted in America, they would have an extensive sale."

2380. LA FONTAINE.

La Fontaine, the poet, gave no promise in his youth of his future success. He was remarkable only for his dulness, and a certain easy, tractable good nature. His teachers pronounced him a well-disposed, but hopeless dunce; but his father, a very zealous and still more undiscerning admirer of poetry, resolved that he should cultivate the Muses, and poor La Fontaine labored with all the complaisance of filial duty.

His efforts were vain. He could not produce a rhyme—he who afterwards rhymed with so much felicity and abundance, and who alone, of all the poets of his country before and since his time, has, by the dispositions of rhymes and the structure of his verses, completely vanquished the monotony of French versification.

The father did not abandon his cherished hopes until he beheld his son arrive at the age of nineteen, when, disappointed of making him a poet, he took the more feasible resolution of making him a priest. With no other fruits of education than such a stock of Latin as a dull boy could have acquired under a village schoolmaster, La Fontaine, now in his twentieth year, entered the religious order of the *Oratoire*, in passive compliance with the wishes of his father, and the example of his brother, a respectable ecclesiastic, who was affectionately attached to the poet, and who subsequently made over to him his share of their paternal inheritance.

It may be set down among the instances of La Fontaine's characteristic simplicity, that he did not perceive his utter inaptitude for such a life. He renounced the cloister, and returned to society after eighteen months.

It would appear that his father now thought once more of seeing him a poet, hopeless as this appeared to every body else, and to none more than to La Fontaine. His perseverance was strangely rewarded at last. An accident, or an incident, so described, called forth the latent fire at the age of twenty-two.

The best company of the neighborhood, and more particularly those who had any pretensions to literature, visited the father of La Fontaine. Among them, an officer of the garrison at Château Thierry, a great admirer and reciter of verse, brought with him the poems of Malherbe, and read before young La Fontaine the ode on the assassination of Henry IV., beginning,—

"Que direz-vous, races futures."

Between the lyric spirit of the poet and the energy of the declaimer, La Fontaine's dormant faculty was suddenly excited. For some days he could think of nothing but the odes of Malherbe. He read them, recited them, spoke of them, with an unconscious and comic disregard of time, place, and persons. He commenced immediately writing odes in imitation of his great idol; and the happy father, on beholding his first essay, wept for joy.

2331. CHAMISSO.

Chamisso, the German author and poet, was nine years old when his impoverished family fled from France. At thirteen, he studied drawing and miniature painting at Wurtzburg. At fifteen, after having been for some time a pupil in the painting department of the royal porcelain manufactory of Berlin, he became one of the Queen of Prussia's pages. At seventeen, he entered the Prussian army; three years afterwards, (1801,) he was a lieutenant, and his family returned to France. The first occupation of the young Prussian officer was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the German tongue; for at twenty years of age he was not yet perfectly familiar with the language, in the literature of which he was afterwards to take so prominent a place.

In 1810, he was called to France, to fill a professorship in the new college of Napoleonville. His errand was again a fruitless one, but the journey made him acquainted with Madame de Staël and M. de Barante, the historian, then prefect of Vendée. With the latter he spent the winter of 1810-11 agreeably enough, instructing the future translator of Schiller in German literature, and filling up his leisure with the perusal of old *fabliaux* and romances of chivalry. He was also a welcome guest of Madame de Staël's at Chaumont and Blois; and after her banishment he followed her to Geneva and Coppet.

Many eventful years pass away. Whilst he was writing verses for his young wife, and arranging the Herbaria of the Museum of Berlin, Chamisso, it is probable, scarcely recollected his quality of French emigrant. He was agreeably reminded of this, in the autumn of 1825, by a call to Paris to receive one hundred thousand francs lodged to his credit by the commissioners of the Indemnity Fund. He was welcomed with marked distinction by the learned world of Paris, and passed his time far more pleasantly than he had done when he visited the luxurious capital in his needy and obscure youth. The letters he wrote home were filled with accounts of the many remarkable things, literary and theatrical, social and political, which Paris presented to his view at that stirring period.

But in the midst of all this excitement he did not lose sight of the least every-day detail of his beloved home. "Don't forget," he says, writing to his wife,—"don't forget the roses; don't forget the children's letters; don't forget to strew food for the sparrows on my window. I shall return to you the same as I left you: let me find every thing again just as it was."

2332. COWPER AND HIS TORMENTOR.

Cowper, in his *Memoirs of his Early Life*, gives an affecting instance of that mental enthrallment which boys of sensitive parts are too often doomed to suffer in public schools, from the arrogance and

cruelty of their senior schoolmates. "My chief affliction," he says, "consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys, by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper.



William Cowper.

"One day, as I was sitting alone on a bench in the school, melancholy, and almost ready to weep at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, these words of the Psalmist came into my mind: 'I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.' I applied this to my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness of spirits and a cheerfulness which I had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity—his gift in whom I trusted.

"Happy would it have been for me if this early effort towards the blessed God had been frequently repeated by me; but, alas! it was the first and last instance of the kind between infancy and manhood. The cruelty of this boy, which he had long practised in so secret a manner that no person suspected it, was at length discovered. He was expelled from the school, and I was taken from it."

2333. RABELAIS AND THE CHANCELLOR.

At Montpellier no one can obtain the degree of doctor in medicine without first receiving seven times the hat and robe of Rabelais, which are deposited in the Castle of Morac. Such is the veneration paid to his memory by those who have the regulation of that academy. The reason is this:—

Some students created such frequent disturbances in the city, as gave rise to many complaints being made against them at court; the consequence of which was, that several of the students were confined, and the privileges of the Academy debarred them. Rabelais was then at Montpellier, and, though a very merry fellow, deeply partook of the sorrow which these events occasioned the academicians.

He resolved to make an attempt to obtain the release of the students, and a reinstatement in their

accustomed privileges; for which purpose he adopted the subsequent scheme:—

He dressed himself as a doctor, went to Paris, and presented himself at the door of the Chancellor du Prat. The Swiss attendant, who mistook him for a fool, roughly demanded his business; to which Rabelais answered in pure Latin, which the Swiss not understanding, sent for one of the chancellor's officers: when he came, Rabelais spoke to him in Greek, which being equally incomprehensible both to the Swiss and officer, they sent for one who understood Greek perfectly; to him the doctor then spoke Hebrew; and when they brought one who spoke Hebrew, he spoke Arabic. In this manner he exhausted all the knowledge of the chancellor's house.

The chancellor, being informed of the whole proceedings, ordered the doctor to be brought to him, when Rabelais made an elegant remonstrance in favor of the students of Montpellier, and obtained an immediate order for their liberation, with a re-establishment in all the liberties of which they had been deprived.

2384. CHARLES DIBDIN.

Charles Dibdin was born in Southampton, England, on the 15th of March, 1745. His father, a man of high respectability, had a very numerous progeny, Charles being his eighteenth child. One of his brothers, Thomas Dibdin, many years older than himself, was the captain of an Indianman. His death gave occasion to the well-known song "Tom Bowling," in which his character is beautifully painted.

With the view of his entering the church, Dibdin was placed at the College of Winchester, where his love of music first displayed itself. His musical propensities being nourished by the popularity which his attainments—slight as they then must have been—gained for him, he abandoned his ecclesiastical studies, and devoted himself wholly to his favorite pursuit, resolving to depend on it as his means of subsistence.

He afterwards was employed as chorus singer at Covent Garden Theatre, and here he made his first attempts at musical composition. Being successful, he gave it his principal attention, and prior to 1787 Dibdin composed and wrote a variety of musical and dramatic pieces for the theatres; after which time he seems to have entered into speculations of building and managing theatres on his own responsibility.

He made a tour through various parts of England, giving entertainments, consisting of songs and recitations—the embryo, as they might be called, of the entertainments which afterwards became so famous. This tour was not very profitable, one of the obstacles to his success being an odd one: he was very generally taken for an impostor and itinerant adventurer, who was trying to make money by personating the celebrated Mr. Dibdin; and, strange to say, Dibdin, with all his talent, failed in various places to persuade the public that he was the real *Simon pure*. The public was, however, subsequently awakened to the merit of this novel species of entertainment, and the remainder of his series was eminently successful.

In 1805, when at the age of sixty, Dibdin discontinued his entertainments, and sold his stock, and the copyright of three hundred and sixty songs, for eighteen hundred pounds, with one hundred pounds

per annum, for three years after, for such composition as he might produce during that period. At this time he also enjoyed the annual pension of two hundred pounds, given him by government in 1803. This pension was, however, soon afterwards withdrawn, and being thus deprived of so material a part of his income, he found himself, in 1808, obliged to resume his professional labors.

In 1813, he had a paralytic stroke, under the effects of which he lingered till his death, on the 25th July, 1814, at the age of sixty-nine.

The immense body of lyric poetry which Dibdin produced is exceedingly various, not only in style and subject, but in quality. But it was in his sea songs that his greatness was most conspicuous. By these, sung as they were by all, from the proud admiral to the humble cabin boy, he elevated the condition of the British sailor, and diffused an *esprit de corps* that led to the most important results.

2385. TOM DIBDIN.

"At Covent Garden Market," says J. H. Sherburne, "is the stall where once stood, in his latter days, the celebrated Tom Dibdin, of National Song memory, selling his sea songs at a penny a piece to keep him from the poorhouse. Sailors from Wapping, and the *invalids* from Greenwich Hospital, were in the habit, two or three times a week, of coming up to Covent Garden to shake honest Tom by the hand, listen to one of his patriotic songs, join heartily in the chorus, to the amusement of the market people, then purchase a goodly number to take back to their friends to sing to their children at their own fireside, and on board the hulks."

England was, in a great measure, indebted for her many signal victories, under Lord Nelson, Duncan, and other British naval commanders, to the influence of Tom Dibdin's soul-inspiring sea songs; yet the veteran poet, to the lasting disgrace of England, and the officers of the British navy, was permitted to die in a garret, in abject poverty, and was buried at the expense of the corporation of London.

During England's long war with France and her allies, the admiralty caused Dibdin's sea songs to be purchased and distributed through the British fleets, and premiums to be given to those among the crews who would commit and sing these songs during a cruise. Nelson, while bearing down on an enemy's fleet of superior force, would pipe all hands through the fleet, then order a stiff allowance of grog, and cause one of Dibdin's songs to be sung, the whole crew joining in full chorus.

Broadsides have been given and received while the gallant tars, at their guns, would be sounding forth, amid the din of battle, the inspiring chorus, which, echoing along the bloody decks, would be continued by the wounded and dying to cheer on their messmates to victory or death.

Among all the costly and splendid variegated marble monuments that adorn the magnificent St. Paul's and the venerable Westminster Abbey, not even among the tablets that decorate the Poets' Corner is to be seen, or can be pointed out, the name of Tom Dibdin, the national poetic English songster, so celebrated during the English wars.

2386. GOLDSMITH'S HOME

Lissoy was the name of the farm where the father of Goldsmith, after he had succeeded to the

rectory of Kilkenny, removed and resided. It is on the road leading from Ballymahon to Athlone, and about midway between these two towns. The identity of Lissoy with the scene of the poem of the *Deserted Village*, in the general belief of the people of the vicinity, is corroborated by an anecdote told by a traveller some years ago in the United States.



Ruins of the House at Lissoy, where Goldsmith spent his youth.

"The *Deserted Village*," says Mr. Best, an Irish clergyman, "relates to the scenes in which Goldsmith was an actor. Auburn is a poetical name for the village of Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath, barony of Kilkenny West. The name of the schoolmaster was Paddy Burns. I remember him well. He was, indeed, a man severe to view. A woman called Walsey Cruse kept the alehouse.

"Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendor of that festive place."

I have been often in the house. The hawthorn bush was remarkably large, and stood opposite the alehouse.

I was once riding with Brady, titular Bishop of Ardagh, when he observed to me, "Ma foy! Best, this huge overgrown bush is mightily in the way; I will order it to be cut down." "What, sir!" said I, "cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the *Deserted Village*?" "Ma foy!" exclaimed the bishop, "is that the hawthorn bush? Then ever let it be sacred from the edge of the axe, and evil to him that would cut from it a branch."

2337. COLERIDGE AT SCHOOL.

In Howitt's *Homes and Haunts of British Poets*, we find the following incidents of the early life of Coleridge:—

Books were the poor fellow's solace for the flagel-

lation of the masters and the neglect of the boys, amongst whom Lamb was not to be reckoned, for he was very fond of him, and kind to him. "From eight to fourteen I was a playless dreamer," he observes, "*a helluo librorum*, my appetite for which was indulged by a singular incident: a stranger, who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King Street, Cheapside."

"This incident," says Gilman, "was indeed singular. Going down the Strand in one of his day-dreams, fancying himself swimming the Hellespont, thrusting his hands before him as in the act of swimming, one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket. The gentleman seized his hand: turning round, he looked at him with some anger, exclaiming, 'What, so young, and so wicked!' at the same time accusing him of an attempt to pick his pocket.

"The frightened boy sobbed out his denial of the intention, and explained to him how he thought himself Leander trying to swim the Hellespont.

"The gentleman was so struck and delighted with the novelty of the thing, and with the simplicity and intelligence of the boy, that he subscribed, as before stated, to the library; in consequence of which Coleridge was further enabled to indulge his love of reading. It is stated that at this school he laid the foundation of those bodily sufferings, which made his life one of sickness and torture, and occasioned his melancholy resort to opium. He greatly injured his health, it is said, and reduced his strength, by his bathing excursions; but is it not quite as likely that the deficiency of food, and those holidays when he was turned out to starvation, had quite as much to do with it?

"On one occasion he swam across the New River in his clothes, and dried them on his back. This is supposed to have laid the foundation of his rheumatic pains; but may not that lying out all night in the rain at a former day have been even a still earlier predisposing cause? However that may be, he says that full half the time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick ward of Christ's Hospital, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever."

2338. COLERIDGE IN THE PULPIT.

"It so happened," says Cottle, "that I heard Mr. Coleridge preach his first, and also his second sermon, with some account of which I shall now furnish the reader; and that without concealment or embellishment. But it will be necessary, as an illustration of the whole, to convey some previous information, which, as it regards most men, would be too unimportant to relate.

"When Mr. Coleridge first came to Bristol, he had evidently adopted, at least to some considerable extent, the sentiments of Socinus. By persons of that persuasion, therefore, he was hailed as a powerful accession to their cause. It was determined by them that Mr. Coleridge, as the commencement of his brilliant career, should be respectfully requested to preach his inaugural discourse in the Unitarian chapel at Bath.

"The invitation being given and accepted, I felt some curiosity to witness the firmness with which he would face a large and intelligent audience, and, in the intellectual sense, grace his canonical robes. No conveyance having been provided, and wishing the young ecclesiastic to proceed to the place of his exhibition with some decent respectability, I agreed with a common friend, the late Mr. Charles

Danvers, to take Mr. Coleridge over to Bath in a chaise.

"The morning of the important day unfolded, and in due time we arrived at the place of our destination. When on the way to the chapel, a man stopped Charles Danvers, and asked him if he could tell where the Rev. Mr. Coleridge preached. 'Follow the crowd,' said Danvers, and walked on. Mr. Coleridge wore his blue coat and white waistcoat; but what was Mr. Jardine's surprise, when he found that his young probationer peremptorily refused to wear the hide-all sable gown! Expostulation was unavailing, and the minister ascended to the pulpit in his colored clothes.

"Considering that it had been announced, on the preceding Sunday, that 'the Rev. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, from Cambridge University,' would preach there on this day, we naturally calculated on an overflowing audience; but it proved to be the most meagre congregation I had ever seen. The reader will but imperfectly appreciate Mr. C.'s discourse, without the previous information that this year (1796) was a year of great scarcity, and consequent privation among the poor; on which subject the sermon was designed impressively to bear. And now the long-expected service commenced.

"The prayer, without being intended, was formal, unimpressive, and undevotional; the singing was languid; but we expected that the sermon would arouse the inattentive and invigorate the dull. The moment for announcing the text arrived. Our curiosity was excited. With little less than famine in our land, our hearts were appalled at hearing the words, 'When they shall be hungry, they shall fret themselves, and curse their king and their God, and look upward.' (Isa. viii. 21.) Mr. Winterbotham, a little before, had been thrown into prison for the freedom of his political remarks in a sermon at Plymouth, and we were half fearful whether, in his impetuous current of feeling, some stray expressions might not subject our friend to a like visitation.

"Our fears were groundless. Strange as it may appear in Mr. Coleridge's vigorous mind, the whole discourse consisted of little more than a lecture on the corn laws, which some time before he had delivered in Bristol, at the assembly-room.

"Returning from our edifying discourse to a tavern dinner, we were privileged with more luminous remarks on this inexhaustible subject; but something better—worse, as the reader's taste may be—is still in reserve. After dinner, Mr. Coleridge remarked that he should have no objection to preaching another sermon that afternoon.

"In the hope that something redeeming might still appear, and the best reserved for the last, we encouraged the proposal, when he rang the bell, and on the waiter appearing, he was sent, with Mr. Coleridge's compliments to the Rev. Mr. Jardine, to say, 'If agreeable, Mr. Coleridge would give his congregation another sermon this afternoon, on the hair powder tax.' *

"On the departure of the waiter, I was fully assured that Mr. Jardine would smile, and send a civil excuse, satisfied that he had quite enough of political economy, with blue coat and white waistcoat, in the morning; but to my great surprise, the waiter returned with Mr. Jardine's compliments, saying he 'should be happy to hear Mr. Coleridge.'

"Now, all was hurry lest the concourse should be kept waiting. What surprise will the reader feel, on understanding that, independently of ourselves and Mr. Jardine, there were but seventeen persons present, including men, women, and children! We had, as we expected, a recapitulation of the old lecture, with the exception of its humorous appendages, in reprobation of the hair powder tax; and the twice-told tale, even to the ear of friendship, in truth sounded rather dull.

"Two or three times Mr. C. looked significantly towards our seat, when, fearful of being thrown off my guard into a smile, I held down my head, from which position I was aroused, when the sermon was about half over, by some gentleman throwing back the door of his pew, and walking out of the chapel. In a few minutes after, a second individual did the same; and soon after a third door flew open, and the listener escaped. At this moment, affairs looked so very ominous, that we were almost afraid Mr. Jardine himself would fly, and that none but ourselves would fairly sit it out."

2350. COLERIDGE GIVING UP THE MINISTRY.

When the Rev. Mr. Rowe, of Shrewsbury, the Unitarian minister, came to settle in Bristol, in 1798, Mr. Coleridge was strongly recommended by his friends of that persuasion to offer himself as Mr. Rowe's successor; and he accordingly went on probation to Shrewsbury.

Mr. Poole, two or three years before, had introduced Mr. Coleridge to Mr. Thomas Wedgewood. This gentleman formed a high opinion of Mr. C.'s talents, and felt an interest in his welfare. At the time Mr. Coleridge was hesitating whether or not he should persist in offering himself to the Shrewsbury congregation, and so finally settle down into a Unitarian minister, Mr. T. Wedgewood, having heard of the circumstance, and fearing that a pastoral engagement might operate unfavorably on his literary pursuits, interfered, as will appear by the following letter of Mr. Coleridge to Mr. Wade:—

My very dear Friend:—

"This last fortnight has been very eventful. I received one hundred pounds from Josiah Wedgewood, in order to prevent the necessity of my going into the ministry. I have received an invitation from Shrewsbury to be minister there; and after fluctuations of mind, which have for nights together robbed me of my sleep, and I am afraid of health, I have at length returned the order to Mr. Wedgewood, with a long letter, explanatory of my conduct, and accepted the Shrewsbury invitation. . . ."

Mr. T. Wedgewood, still adhering to his first opinion, that Mr. Coleridge's acceptance of the proposed engagement would seriously obstruct his literary efforts, sent Mr. C. a letter, in which himself and his brother, Mr. Josiah Wedgewood, promised, conjointly, to allow him, for his life, one hundred and fifty pounds a year.

This decided Mr. Coleridge to reject the Shrewsbury invitation. He was oppressed with grateful emotions to these his liberal benefactors, and always spoke, in particular, of the late Mr. T. Wedgewood as being one of the best talkers, and as possessing one of the acutest minds he had known.

* A law just then passed.

§ 235. FIRST DEVELOPMENTS AND EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

2390. DRYDEN.

This poet, when a boy at Westminster school, was put with others to write a copy of verses on the miracle of the conversion of water into wine. Being a great truant, he had not time to compose his verses; and, when brought up, he had only made one line of Latin, and two of English:—

" videt et erubet lympha pudica Deum ; "

*" The modest water, awed by power divine,
Beheld its God, and blushed itself to wine ; "*

which so pleased the master, that, instead of being angry, he said it was a presage of future greatness, and gave the youth a crown on this occasion.

2391. GOLDSMITH'S RETURN TO ENGLAND AND SUBSEQUENT TRIALS.

After two years' wanderings on the continent, Goldsmith returned to England, and with but a few halfpence in his pocket, he launched himself on the great metropolis. How for weeks or months he fared, what shifts he made for bed and board, he has never told us. Many years afterwards, in the days of his social elevation, he startled a polite circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's by humorously dating an anecdote about the time he "lived among the beggars of Axe Lane." Such may have been the desolate quarters with which he was fain to content himself when thus adrift upon the town, with but a few halfpence in his pocket.

The next we hear of him, he became an usher in a school, but soon left it. Next we find him for a few months assistant in the laboratory of a chemist; and next he is practising medicine among the poor of Bankside, Southwark. "His old schoolmate and college companion, Beattie, who used to aid him with his purse at the university, met him about this time, decked out in the tarnished finery of a second-hand suit of green and gold, with a shirt and neckcloth which he had worn a fortnight.

Poor Goldsmith endeavored to assume a prosperous air in the eyes of his early associate. He was practising physic, he said, "and *doing very well!*" At this moment, poverty was pinching him to the bone in spite of his practice and his dirty finery. His fees were necessarily small, and ill paid, and he was fain to seek some precarious assistance from his pen. Here his quondam fellow-student, Dr. Sleigh, was again of service, introducing him to some of the booksellers, who gave him occasional, though starving employment.

According to tradition, however, his most efficient patron just now was a journeyman printer, one of his poor patients of Bankside, who had formed a good opinion of his talents, and perceived his poverty and his literary shifts. The printer was in the employ of Mr. Samuel Richardson, the author of *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and Sir Charles Grandison; who combined the novelist and the publisher, and was in flourishing circumstances. Through the journeyman's intervention, Goldsmith is said to have become acquainted with Richardson, who employed him as reader and corrector of the press, at his printing establishment in Salisbury Court—an occu-

pation which he alternated with his medical duties. Being admitted occasionally to Richardson's parlor, he began to form literary acquaintances, among whom the most important was Dr. Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*, a poem then in the height of fashion. It is not probable, however, that much familiarity took place at the time between the literary lion of the day and the poor *Æsculapius* of Bankside, the humble corrector of the press. Still the communion with literary men had its effect to set his imagination teeming.

2392. ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred was wholly ignorant of letters until he was twelve years of age. He was greatly loved by his parents, who fondled the boy for his beauty; but that instruction which the poorest child can now acquire with the greatest ease was withheld from the son of the Anglo-Saxon king. Alfred was taught to wind the horn and bend the bow, to hunt and to hawk; and he acquired great skill in the "noble art of the chase," considered throughout the middle ages as the most necessary accomplishment of the nobility, while book learning was thought of little use to them.

Alfred's eager mind, however, did not remain unemployed. Though he could not read, he could attend; and he listened eagerly to the verses which were recited in his father's hall by the minstrels and the glee-men—the masters of Anglo-Saxon song. Day and night would he employ in hearkening to these poems; he treasured them up in his memory, and, during the whole of his life, poetry continued to be his solace and amusement in trouble and care.

It chanced, one day, that Alfred's mother, Osburga, showed to him and his brothers a volume of Anglo-Saxon poetry which she possessed. "He who first can read the book shall have it," said she. Alfred's attention was attracted by the bright gilding and coloring of one of the illuminated capital letters. He was delighted with its gay appearance, and inquired of his mother if she would really keep her word. She confirmed the promise, and put the book into his hands; and he applied so steadily to the task that the book became his own. In spite, however, of his great diligence and perseverance, he was never able wholly to recover this loss of time; and he was accustomed to say, that of all the hardships, privations, and misfortunes that had befallen him, there was none which he felt so grievous as this, the enforced idleness of his youth, when his intellect would have been fitted to receive the lesson, and his time unoccupied.

2393. ISAAC WATTS.

Dr. Watts's inclination for learning was very early displayed. It is stated, that while he was very young, before he could speak plain, when he had any money given him, he would say to his mother, "A book, a book! Buy a book." He began to learn Latin at four years old. When about seven or eight, he was desired by his mother to write her some lines, as was the custom with the other boys,



Dr. Watts.

after the school hours were over, for which she used to reward them with a farthing. Isaac obeyed, and presented her with the following couplet:—

"I write not for a farthing, but to try
How I your farthing writers can outvie."

It is even said that he turned every thing into poetry. His father, who was averse to so much rhyming, at length forbade it. But to no purpose; it was but rhyming still. At last he threatened punishment; but as the threat did not operate with sufficient power, the punishment was to be executed. But even here he versified. On his knees, with the rod over his head, he only said.

"Dear father, on me pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

It is almost needless to say that the father was obliged to abandon his plan.

When about seven or eight years old, he wrote the following acrostic on his own name. How fully the prayer here offered was answered, even our youngest readers can hardly need to be told.

"I am a vile, polluted lump of earth;
So I've continued ever since my birth;
Although Jehovah's grace does daily give me,
As sure this monster Satan will deceive me:
Come, therefore, Lord, from Satan's claws relieve me.

Wash me in thy blood, O Christ,
And grace divine impart,
Then search and try the corners of my heart,
That I in all things may be fit to do
Service to thee, and sing thy praises too."

2394. WALTER SCOTT'S BEGINNING.

It is related of Sir Walter Scott that, not long before his *Lay of the Last Minstrel* made its appearance, while crossing the Frith of Forth in a ferry-boat, with a friend, they proposed to beguile the time by writing a number of verses on a given subject; and, at the end of an hour's poring and hard study, the product of Sir Walter's (then Mr.

Scott) fertile brain, adding thereto the labors of his friend, was *six lines*. "It is plain," said Scott to his fellow-laborer, then unconscious of his great powers, "that you and I need not think of getting our living by writing poetry."

2395. POPE'S EARLY POPULARITY.

"A remarkable fact," says Professor Wilson, "is the early acknowledgment of Pope by his contemporaries. At sixteen he is a poet for the world by his *Pastorals*, and at that age he has a literary adviser in Walsh, and a literary patron in Trumbull. He does not seem to court. He is courted. He is the intimate friend, we do not know how soon, of scholars and polite writers, of men and women high in birth, in education, in station. Scarce twenty, by his *Essay on Criticism*, he assumes a chair in the school of the Muses. At five and twenty, he is an acknowledged dictator of polite letters.

"So early, rapid, untroubled an ascension to fame it would require some research to find a parallel to. Our literature has it not. And this acknowledgment, gratulation, triumph, which friends and circles, and the confined literary world of that day in this country, could furnish, a whole age, and a whole country, and a whole world, the extended republic of letters, confirm.

"At the age of thirty-seven, Pope declares that henceforward he will write *from*, as well as *to*, his own mind. The *Essay on Man* follows. It expresses that graver study of the universal subject, *MAN*, which appeared to Pope, now self-known, to be, for the time of poetical literature to which he came, the most practicable—for his own ability the aptest; and it embodies that part of anthropology which doubtless was the most congenial to his own inclination—the philosophical contemplation of man's nature, estate, destiny.

"The success of this enterprise was astonishing. Be the philosophy what and whose it may, the poem revived to the latest age of poetry the phenomenon of the first, when precept and maxim were modulated into verse, that they might write themselves in every brain, and live upon every tongue."

2396. KOSTROV.

Kostrov, the Russian poet, was the son of a vassal of the crown, and received the first part of his education at a common school; when, in consequence of the talents which he displayed, he was sent to the University of Moscow, where he soon obtained the rank of bachelor of arts.

His poetry is much admired, particularly a translation of Homer's *Iliad*. Only six books of this poem have been collected. It is said that Kostrov offered the last six books to a bookseller, and the liberal tradesman offered him only one hundred and fifty roubles, about seven guineas, for his labors; which so offended the poet, that he threw the translation into the fire.

2397. HOW COWLEY BECAME A POET.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's *Fairy Queen*; and by a continual study of poetry, he became so enchanted of the muse that he grew irrecoverably a poet.

2398. POPE'S LOVE OF READING.



"When I had done with my priests," says Pope, "I took to reading by myself, for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry; and in a few years I had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. This I did without any design but that of pleasing myself, and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read, rather than read the books to get the languages.

"I followed every where as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fall in his way. These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life.

"In these rambles of mine through the poets, when I met with a passage or story that pleased me more than ordinarily, I used to endeavor to imitate it, or translate it into English; and this gave rise to my *Imitations*, published so long after."

2399. EXCITING CAUSE OF MRS. COWLEY'S GENIUS.

Early in the year 1776, eight years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Cowley were one evening at the theatre, when the former warmly expressed the gratification he felt at the performance. "So delighted with this!" said Mrs. Cowley; "why, I could write as well myself."

He laughed: his laugh passed unnoticed at the moment, but the following morning it was answered by a sketch of the first act of the *Runaway*; and,

though previously to this excitement Mrs. Cowley had never attempted a line of literary composition, she finished the entire play in a few weeks with much facility.

She afterwards wrote the farce of *Who's the Dupe?* *Albina*, a tragedy; the *Maid of Arragon*; the *Fate of Sparta*; the *Belle's Stratagem*; *Which is the Man?* *A Bold Stroke for a Husband*; *More Ways than One*; *School for Graybeards*; and a *Day in Turkey*—all stock pieces.

2400. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

When Sir Walter Scott was a schoolboy, between ten and eleven years of age, his mother one morning saw him standing still in the street, and looking at the sky, in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm. She called to him repeatedly, but he did not seem to hear: at length he returned into the house, and told his mother that if she would give him a pencil, he would tell her why he looked at the sky. She acceded to his request, and in a few minutes he laid on her lap the following lines:—

"Loud o'er my head what awful thunders roll!
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole!
It is thy voice, O God, that bids them fly;
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky;
Then let the good thy mighty power revere,
Let hardened sinners thy just judgments fear."

2401. BURNS AT SIXTEEN.

Burns, in his autobiography, informs us that a life of Hannibal, which he read when a boy, raised the first stirrings of his enthusiasm; and he adds, with his own fervid expression, that "the Life of Sir William Wallace poured a tide of Scottish prejudices into his veins, which would boil along them till the flood-gates of life were shut in eternal rest." He adds, speaking of his retired life in early youth, "This kind of life, the cheerless gloom of a hermit, and the toil of a galley slave, brought me to my sixteenth year, *when love made me a poet*."

2402. LOVE OF PRAISE STRONG IN MATURITY.

Even in advanced age, the man of genius often dwells on the nutritious praise he caught in his youth from veteran genius; that seed sinks deep into a genial soil, roots there, and, like the aloe, will flower at the end of life.

When Virgil was yet a youth, Cicero heard one of his eclogues, and exclaimed with his accustomed warmth, —

"*Magna spes altera Roma!*"

(The second great hope of Rome;) intending by the first either himself or Lucretius. The words of Cicero were the secret honey on which the imagination of Virgil fed for many a year; for, in one of his latest productions, the twelfth book of the *Æneid*, he applies these very words to Ascanias: the voice of Cicero had rung forever in his ear.

§ 236. HABITS IN COMPOSING AND CORRECTING.

2403. RAPID COMPOSING.



Burleigh House,
Where part of the Translation of Virgil was executed.

Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, "I have been up all night," replied the old bard; "my musical friends made me promise to write them an Ode for the Feast of St. Cæcilia. I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it. Here it is, finished at one sitting." And he immediately showed him this ode, which places the British lyric poetry above that of any other nation.

The rapidity, and yet the perspicuity, of the thoughts, the glow and expressiveness of the images, these certain marks of the first sketch of the master, conspire to corroborate the fact. It is not to be understood that this piece was not afterwards reconsidered, retouched, and corrected.

2404. SOME OF GOETHE'S PECULIARITIES.

The singular facility with which Goethe's poems were produced, resembling improvisation or inspiration rather than composition, has contributed in some cases, no doubt, to enhance their peculiar charm. "I had come," says he, "to regard the poetic talent dwelling in me entirely as nature; the rather that I was directed to look upon external nature as its proper subject. The exercise of this poetic gift might be stimulated and determined by occasion, but it flowed forth most joyfully, most richly, when it came involuntarily, or even against my will.

"I was so accustomed to say over a song to myself

without being able to collect it again, that I sometimes rushed to the desk, and, without taking time to adjust a sheet that was lying crosswise, wrote the poem diagonally from beginning to end, without stirring from the spot. For the same reason I preferred to use a pencil, which gives the characters more willingly; for it had sometimes happened that the scratching and spattering of the pen would wake me from my somnambulistic poetizing, distract my attention, and stifle some small product in the birth. For such poetry I had a special reverence. My relation to it was something like a hen to the chickens, which, being fully hatched, she sees chirping about her. My former desire to communicate these things only by reading them aloud renewed itself again. To barter them for money seemed to me detestable."

2405. BYRON'S HABITS AS A POET.

Moore relates, in his *Life of Lord Byron*, that on a certain occasion he found him occupied with the *History of Agathon*, a romance, by Wieland; and, from some remarks made at the time, he seemed to be of opinion that Byron was reading the work in question as a means of furnishing suggestions to, and of quickening, his own imaginative powers. He then adds, "I am inclined to think it was his practice, when engaged in the composition of any work, to excite his vein by the perusal of others on the same subject or plan, from which the slightest hint caught by imagination, as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought as but for that spark had never been awakened."

2406. THE DIFFICULTIES OF GREAT AUTHORS.

The sheet of paper is still extant on which Ariosto wrote an octave, describing a tempest in sixteen different ways; and it was the last which was preferred. Tasso formed rhymes with great difficulty. Yet these were men of genius. Who, with such examples before them, ought to be contented with first efforts?

2407. DOING OUR BEST.

Lydgate, a scholar of Chaucer, assures us, from what he heard, that the great poet would not suffer petty criticisms to "perturbe his rest." He did not like to groan over, and "pinch at every blot," but always "did his best."

"My master Chaucer, that founde ful many spot,
Hym lyste not gruche, nor pynch at every blot,
Nor move himself to perturbe his reste;
I have perde tolde, but seyde alway his beste."

LYDGATE'S TROV.

2408. ADDISON AS A WRITER.

"Mr. Addison wrote very fluently," says Pope, "but he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting. He would show his verses to several friends, and would alter almost every thing that any

of them hinted at as wrong. He seemed to be too diffident of himself, and too much concerned about his character as a poet; or, as he expressed it, 'too solicitous for that kind of praise, which, God knows, is a very little matter after all.'

2409. PETRARCH, TOSTATUS, AND DE VEGA.

Great authors have sometimes so much indulged in the seduction of the pen, that they appear to have found no substitute for the flow of their ink, and the delight of stamping blank paper with their hints, sketches, and ideas, the shadows of their mind.

Petrarch exhibits no solitary instance of this passion of the pen. "I read and I write," says he, "night and day; it is my only consolation. My eyes are heavy with watching, my hand is weary with writing. On the table where I dine, and by the side of my bed, I have all the materials for writing; and when I awake in the dark, I write, although I am unable to read the next morning what I have written." Petrarch was not always in his perfect senses.

The Spanish Tostatus wrote three times as many leaves as the number of days he had lived; and of Lope de Vega it is said this calculation came rather short. We hear of another who was unhappy that his lady had produced twins, from the circumstance that hitherto he had contrived to pair his labors with her own, but that now he was a book behindhand.

2410. LITERARY PHENOMENA.

"Wycherley used to read himself asleep o' nights, either in Montaigne, Rochefoucault, Seneca, or Gracian, for these were his favorite authors.

"He would read one or another of them in the evening, and the next morning, perhaps, write a copy of verses on some subject similar to what he had been reading, and have all the thoughts of the author, only expressed in a different mode, and that without knowing that he was obliged to any one for a single thought in the whole poem.

"I have experienced this in him several times," says Pope, "for I visited him, for a whole winter, almost every evening and morning, and look upon it as one of the strangest phenomena that I ever observed in the human mind."

2411. TASSO, POPE, AND DACIER.

It is curious to observe that the manuscripts of Tasso, which are still preserved, are illegible from the vast number of their corrections. The pages of Pope's manuscript Homer are a specimen of his continual corrections and critical razures.

The celebrated Madame Dacier never could satisfy herself in translating Homer; continually retouching the version, even in its happiest passages. There were several parts which she translated in six or seven ways; and she frequently noted in the margin, — "I have not yet done it."

2412. OVID.

Bayle, an experienced observer in literary matters, tells us, that correction is by no means practicable by some authors; as in the case of Ovid. In exile, his compositions were nothing more than

spiritless repetitions of what he had formerly written. He confesses both negligence and idleness in the corrections of his works. The vivacity which animated his first productions failing when he revised his poems, he found correction too laborious, and he abandoned it.

2413. LITERARY CAUTIOUSNESS.

Pope published nothing until it had been a year or two before him, and even then the printer's proofs were very full of alterations; and, on one occasion, Dodsley, his publisher, thought it better to have the whole recomposed than make the necessary corrections.

Goldsmith considered four lines a day good work, and was seven years in beating out the pure gold of the *Deserted Village*.

2414. COMMONPLACE BOOKS.



Rose Street, London, in which Butler died.

"Butler, the author of *Hudibras*," said Johnson, "had a commonplace book, in which he had reposit-ed, not such events or precepts as are gathered by reading, but such remarks, similitudes, allusions, assemblages, or inferences, as occasion prompted or inclination produced; those thoughts which were generated in his own mind, and might be usefully applied to some future purpose. Such is the labor of those who write for *immortality*."

2415. SLOW COMPOSITION.

Malherbe, the father of French poetry, tormented himself by a prodigious slowness, and was employed rather in perfecting than in forming works. His muse is compared to a fine woman in the pangs of delivery. He exulted in this tardiness, and, after finishing a poem of one hundred verses, or a discourse of ten pages, he used to say he ought to repose for ten years.

2416. POPE'S INSPIRATION.

"The things," says Pope, "that I have written fastest have always pleased most. I wrote the Essay on Criticism fast, for I had digested all the matter in prose before I began upon it in verse. The Rape of the Lock was written rapidly: all the machinery, you know, was added afterwards; and the making that, and what was published before, hit so well together, is, I think, one of the greatest proofs of judgment of any thing I ever did. I wrote most of the Iliad fast, a great deal of it on journeys, from a little pocket Homer, and often forty or fifty verses on a morning in bed."

2417. INCENTIVES TO IMAGINATION.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the studies of men of genius, that previous to composition they have often awakened their imagination by the imagination of their favorite masters. By touching a magnet they become a magnet. A circumstance has been recorded of Gray, by Mr. Mathias, as worthy of all acceptance among the higher votaries of the divine art, when they are assured that Mr. Gray never sat down to compose any poetry without previously, and for a considerable time, reading the

works of Spenser. But the circumstance was not unusual with Malherbe, Corneille, and Racine; and the most fervid verses of Homer, and the more tender of Euripides, were often repeated by Milton. It is on the same principle of predisposing the mind, that many have first generated their feelings in the symphonies of music. Alfieri often, before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music—a circumstance recorded of others.

2418. HABITS OF COMPOSITION.

A Parisian letter-writer gives the following singular account of the celebrated Lamartine's literary habits:—

"For want of other matter, shall I tell you how Lamartine, the poet, writes his verses? He walks forth in his park, with pencil and pieces of paper: whatever ideas strike him he puts down on these. He throws them all into a box, and his secretary afterwards arranges them as he thinks best. They are then taken to a bookseller, and sold for fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds a work. Lamartine declares that he never read *La Chute d'un Ange* until it had been printed many months, and then only at the instance of his wife. Some say that he intends to read it this summer."

§ 237. PATRONAGE AND BENEFACTIONS.

2419. ROUSSEAU AND SHAKESPEARE.

Rousseau observed that his musical opera, the work of five or six weeks, brought him as much money as he had received for his *Emilius*, which had cost him twenty years of meditation, and three years of composition. This single fact represents a hundred.

In one of Shakspeare's sonnets he pathetically laments this compulsion of his necessities, which forced him on the trade of pleasing the public; and he illustrates this degradation by a novel image.

"'Chide fortune,' cried the bard,
'The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds:
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.'"

2420. TWO LETTERS.

Letter from Frederic of Prussia.

Come, dear Rousseau. I offer you a house, a pension, and liberty.

The Answer of Rousseau.

Your majesty offers me an asylum, and promises me liberty; but you have a sword, and you are a king. You offer a pension to me, who never did you any good; but have you bestowed one on each of the brave men who have lost either a leg or an arm in your service?

2421. BOILEAU AND RACINE.

Boileau and Racine derived little or no profit from the booksellers. Boileau particularly, though fond

of money, was so delicate on this point, that he gave all his works away. It was this that made him so bold in railing at those authors *qui mettent leur Apollon aux gages d'un libraire*, and he declared that he had inserted only these verses,—

"*Je sois qu'un noble esprit peut sans honte et sans crime
Tirer de son travail un tribut légitime.*"—

to console Racine, who had received some profits from the printing of his tragedies. These profits were, however, inconsiderable: the truth is, the king remunerated the poets.

Racine's first royal mark of favor was an order signed by Colbert for six hundred livres, to give him the means of continuing his studies for the belles-lettres. He received, by an account found among his papers, above forty thousand livres from the cassette of the king, by the hand of the first valet de chambre. Besides these gifts, Racine had a pension of four thousand livres, as historiographer, and another pension as a man of letters.

2422. CHEAPNESS OF LITERARY WORKS.

"As a curious literary fact," says Cottle, "I might mention that the sale of the first edition of the Lyrical Ballads was so slow, and the severity of most of the reviews so great, that their progress to oblivion, notwithstanding the merit which I was quite sure they possessed, seemed to be ordained to be as rapid as it was certain. I had given thirty guineas for the copyright; but the heavy sale induced me at length to part with them at a loss—the largest proportion of the impression of five hundred to Mr. Arch, a London bookseller.

"On my reaching London, having an account to

settle with Messrs. Longman and Rees, the booksellers of Paternoster Row, I sold them all my copyrights, which were valued as one lot, by a third party. On my next seeing Mr. Longman, he told me that, in estimating the value of the copyrights, Fox's *Achmed* and Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* were 'reckoned as *nothing*.' 'That being the case,' I replied, 'as both these authors are my personal friends, I should be obliged if you would return me again these two copyrights, that I may have the pleasure of presenting them to the respective writers.' Mr. Longman answered, with his accustomed liberality, 'You are welcome to them.' On my reaching Bristol, I gave Mr. Fox his receipt for twenty guineas, and on Coleridge's return from the north, I gave him Mr. Wordsworth's receipt for his thirty guineas; so that whatever advantage has arisen subsequently from the sale of this volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*, I am happy to say, has pertained exclusively to Mr. Wordsworth."

§ 2423. DRYDEN'S REVENUE.

Dryden's situation, both as historiographer and poet laureate, was worth to him about three hundred pounds a year. It has been said he cleared by his *Virgil* about twelve hundred pounds, and had sixpence each line for his *Fables*. For some time he wrote a play at least every year; but in those days ten broad pieces was the usual highest price for a play; and if they got fifty pounds more in the acting, it was reckoned very well. His *Virgil* was one of the first books that had any thing of a subscription, and even that was a good deal on account of the prints.

§ 2424. CRABBE.



Geo. Crabbe.

When the poet Crabbe once presented one of his poems to the late Lord Chancellor Thurlow, his lord-

ship said, "I have no time to read verses; my avocations do not permit it." Crabbe instantly retorted, "There was a time when the encouragement of literature was considered to be a duty appertaining to the illustrious situation which your lordship holds." Thurlow frankly acknowledged his error, and nobly returned it. He observed, "I ought to have noticed your poem, and I heartily forgive your rebuke." In proof of his sincerity he presented him with one hundred pounds, and subsequently gave him preferment in the church.

§ 2425. LOUIS PHILIPPE AND DELAVIGNE.

The French papers teem with biographical notices of Casimir Delavigne; but they contain nothing worthy of extract.

Louis Philippe is said to have been very much affected at the death of the poet, because he looked upon him as one of his firmest friends, as well as one of the literary celebrities of his reign. It has even been said that Louis Philippe gave him a little estate in the country, in a most delicate manner.

A few years ago, seeing him apparently very unwell, the king said, "My poor Delavigne, Paris does not agree with you. Go into the country, *mon cher*. There is a little estate of mine in such a province; go—it is at your service." The poet went, found servants to wait upon him, every thing ready for occupation; and in a *secrétaire* he found a letter from the king, saying that the little estate was henceforth his.

§ 2426. BOILEAU'S GENEROSITY.

M. Patru was a native of the kingdom of France, and had a liberal education given him by his father. He was particularly trained up to plead at the bar; but a violent love to the sciences, and a taste for convivial entertainments, caused him to neglect his proper business. In short, he found his income would not maintain his expenses. He gently intimated to some of his dearest friends that he must sell his library to preserve his honor, and pay his debts.

This was whispered about in the circle of learned men, till at last it reached the ears of M. Boileau, who was at once the richest and best poet of the kingdom of France. Boileau waited on M. Patru, and, after mutual compliments, he said, "Sir, I understand you want to sell your library."

"Yes, sir," replied Patru, "I must sell my library, to preserve my honor."

"Well, sir, and what is the price?"

"The price, sir, is so many thousand livres."

"Sir," replied M. Boileau, "I'll give you that and half as much more. There's the money, sir," laying it down upon the table.

"Well, sir," said M. Patru, "when shall I deliver the books?"

"When you are dead, sir, and till then they are all your own." He took a genteel leave, and left Patru full of gratitude and admiration.

§ 2427. WYCHERLEY.

Wycherley was once in a bookseller's shop at Bath or Tunbridge, when Lady Drogheda came in, and happened to inquire for the Plain Dealer. A friend of Wycherley's, who stood by him, pushed him

towards her, and said, "There's the Plain Dealer, madam, if you want him." Wycherley made his excuses, and Lady Drogheda said that she loved plain dealing best.

He afterwards visited that lady, and some time after married her. This proved a great blow to his fortunes. Just before the time of his courtship, he was designed for governor to the late Duke of Richmond, and was to have been allowed fifteen hundred pounds a year from the government; but his absence from court in the progress of this amour, and his being yet more absent after his marriage, disgusted his friends there so much, that he lost all his interest with them.

His lady died; and his misfortunes were such, that he was thrown into the Fleet, and lay there seven years. It was then that Captain Brett got his Plain Dealer to be acted, and contrived to get King James II. to be there. The colonel attended him thither. The king was mightily pleased with the play; asked who was the author of it; and, upon hearing it was one of Wycherley's, complained that he had not seen him for many years, and inquired what was become of him.

The colonel improved this opportunity so well, that the king gave orders that his debts should be discharged out of the privy purse. Wycherley was so unwise as to give an account only of five hundred pounds, and so was confined almost half a year, till his father was at last prevailed on to pay the rest, between two and three hundred pounds more.

2428. LIBERALITY.

Goldsmith was astonished when the bookseller gave him five shillings a couplet for his delightful poem of the *Deserted Village*, when each line was fairly worth as many pounds; but an instance of liberality has occurred in Russia, which really deserves recording. Alexander Pselikin, a young poet, has recently produced a work, which does not contain above six hundred lines, and for which he has received three thousand roubles, nearly one pound sterling per line.

2429. GENEROSITY OF MADAME DE LA SABLIERE.

It appears to have been the fortune of La Fontaine to be indebted to the discernment and kindness of woman. Among the persons uniting high rank to a taste for literature, with whom he became acquainted at Paris, was Madame de la Sabliere. This accomplished and kind-hearted woman, perceiving La Fontaine's utter inability to regulate the economy of the simplest household, relieved him of all the care, at once, by giving him an apartment in her house.

Here he passed twenty of the happiest years of his life, relieved from all anxiety, his wants supplied, and his humor indulged with the utmost attention and kindness. Some of his pieces are dedicated to his benefactress, and he has celebrated her name in verse, but with reserve and delicacy.

2430. CAMOENS.

When Camoens published his poem of the *Lusiad*, King Sebastian was so pleased with it that he gave the author a pension of four thousand reals, on con-

dition that he should reside at court; but this salary was withdrawn by Cardinal Henry, who succeeded to the throne of Portugal, which Sebastian had lost at the battle of Alcazar. The bard of the *Tagus* was utterly neglected by Henry, under whose inglorious reign it was that he perished in poverty.

Camoens had a black servant who was grown old with him, and who had long experienced his master's humanity. This grateful Indian, who was a native of Java, is said by some writers to have saved the life of his master in that unhappy shipwreck by which he lost all his property, except his poems, which he preserved. When Camoens became so reduced as no longer to maintain his servant, this faithful creature begged in the streets of Lisbon for the only man in Portugal on whom God had bestowed those talents which have a tendency to erect the spirit of a sinking age.

2431. LITERARY REMUNERATION.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger* tells the following anecdote of a Quaker poetess, which we understand is strictly true. The "distinguished British philanthropist" referred to is said to have been a celebrated Quaker minister, now deceased, who visited this country a number of years ago, and whose writings have lately created much discussion among the orthodox branch of the society.

"Who has not heard of Virgil receiving ten scutrees per line, of the large sums paid Byron or Scott for some of their poems, of Lamartine's asking price — forty thousand francs — for his tragedy, founded on the life of Toussaint l'Ouverture? But what is all this friendly reader, to what I am going to relate to thee? And in order to do it, I must first tell thee a story: listen to me patiently.

"About the year 1831, there appeared in one of the *Philadelphia journals*, under the quaint caption, *Lines suggested by the Presence of the English Friends now in America*, a poem — yes, a poem of forty-six lines; no more, nor any less. The effusion was what it professed to be, a congratulatory epistle, addressed to two English Friends, whose visit to this country was a mission of gospel love to the churches here.

"It happened, as it sometimes will accidentally happen, that, in casting their eyes over the journal, they espied the article in question, and were pleased with the friendly feeling by which it seemed to have been inspired.

"The poem was anonymous; yet, upon the inquiry, they found that the writer was a fair countrywoman of ours, whose fame had hitherto scarcely travelled out of the limits of her own quiet country air.

"They sought an interview with this meek, unpretending Quaker girl, who, while she was penning the article in question, was little aware of the feeling it would awaken in the bosom of these warm-hearted Friends; nor did she dream to what this humble tribute of hers was destined to lead.

"The interview was satisfactory, and a firm friendship commenced between the parties, so that when these public Friends, of whom we have spoken, had finished their mission, and were preparing to return to their homes, this young lady, by a warm invitation on their part, was induced to accompany them, and was introduced by them into the circles in which they moved — the Quaker aristocracy of old England.

"Some time after, a distinguished British philanthropist, now deceased, met her, and, we presume, was forcibly smitten with her charms; for, not many

years afterwards, we find the acquaintance renewed, which had been ripened into an attachment, and they were accordingly united in marriage. A few years afterwards, the husband died, and by his will it was found he had left his wife seventy thousand—seventy thousand pounds for forty-six lines of poetry!"

2432. VALUE OF A MANUSCRIPT.

The original manuscript of Gray's *Elegy* was lately sold by auction in London. There was really quite "a scene" in the auction room. Imagine a stranger entering in the midst of a sale of some rusty-looking old books. The auctioneer produces *two small half sheets of paper*, written over, torn, and mutilated. He calls it a "most interesting article," and apologizes for its condition. Picking bids ten pounds! Rodd, Foss, Thorpe, Bohn, Holloway, and some few amateurs quietly remark, twelve, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and so on, till there is a pause at *sixty-three pounds*! The hammer strikes. "Hold!" says Mr. Foss. "It is mine," says the amateur. "No, I bid sixty-five in time." "Then I give seventy." "Seventy-five," says Mr. Foss; and fives are repeated again until the two bits of paper are knocked down, amidst a general cheer, to Payne and Foss, for *one hundred pounds sterling*! On these bits of paper are written the first draught of

the *Elegy* in a Country Churchyard, by Thomas Gray, including five verses which were omitted in publication, and with the poet's interlinear corrections and alterations, — certainly an "interesting article:" several persons supposed it would call for a ten pound note, perhaps even twenty. A single volume, with "W. Shakspeare" in the fly-leaf, produced, sixty years ago, a hundred guineas; but, probably, with that exception, no mere autograph, and no single sheet of paper, ever before produced the sum of *five hundred dollars*!

2433. DR. YOUNG AND THE DUKE.

A little after Dr. Young had published his *Universal Passion*, the Duke of Wharton made him a present of two thousand pounds for it.

When a friend of the duke's, who was surprised at the largeness of the present, cried out, on hearing it, "What! two thousand pounds for a poem?" The duke smiled, and said it was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for it was fairly worth four thousand.

When the doctor was deeply engaged in writing one of his tragedies, that nobleman made him a very different kind of present. He procured a human skull, fixed a candle in it, and gave it to the doctor as the most proper lamp for him to write a tragedy by.

§ 238. POETS AND THEIR BOOKSELLERS.

2434. COWPER'S POEMS AND THEIR PUBLISHER.

Johnson, the bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, obtained the copyright of Cowper's *Poems*, which proved a source of great profit to him, in the following manner: A relation of Cowper's called one evening, in the dusk, on Johnson, with a bundle of those poems, which he offered to him for publication, provided he would publish them at his own risk, and let the author have a few copies to give to his friends. Johnson perused and approved of them, and accordingly printed and published them.

Soon after they had appeared before the public, there was not a review which did not load them with the most scurrilous abuse, and condemn them to the butter shops. In consequence of the public taste being thus terrified or misled, these charming effusions lay in a corner of the bookseller's shop, as an unsalable pile, for a long time.

Some time afterwards, the same person appeared with another bundle of manuscripts from the same author, which were offered and accepted upon the same terms. In this fresh collection was the divine poem of the *Task*. Not alarmed at the fate of the former publication, and thoroughly assured as he was of their great merit, he resolved upon publishing them.

Soon after they had appeared, the tone of the reviewers became instantly changed, and Cowper was hailed as the first poet of his age. The success of this second publication set the first in motion, and Johnson immediately reaped the fruits of his undaunted judgment, and Cowper's *Poems* enriched the publisher, when the poet was languishing under decaying circumstances.

2435. LAMARTINE.

Before the appearance of Lamartine's first volume, *Poetic Meditations*, poetry had fallen into a sad decline. "The mythological, descriptive, and double-refined writers of the Voltaire school," says a French author, "had so entirely killed poetry that no one would have anything more to do with it." But after the "hundred days," and Lamartine had left the service of the empire, "one passion then completely absorbed him; that passion made his glory. Love came to agitate the source of poetry, which was sleeping in the depths of his soul. The object of this mysterious passion, that loving and beloved Elvira, torn from his arms by death; will live again in his verse. Lamartine will sing to immortalize her name, and France will owe her its poet."

It was in 1820, a young man scarce recovered from a cruel sickness, his face pale with suffering, and shaded with a veil of sadness on which might be read the recent loss of an adored object, was to be seen carrying timidly from publisher to publisher a little manuscript book of verses steeped in tears.

The poet and the poetry were every where bowed out. At last a bookseller, more acute than his compeers, or fascinated by the manners of the young man, decided on accepting the manuscript: the fortunate individual was named, we believe, Nicolle. Thanks to you, M. Nicolle! posterity owes you remembrance. Who knows, had it not been for you, but the disheartened poet might have consigned his precious treasure to the flames, and the world might have lost Lamartine?

The book accordingly was printed, and cast without name, without aid, upon that stormy sea which then, as now, was swallowing up so many thousands

of volumes. The thought of the age, hitherto concealed in the recesses of the soul, at last had found a tongue, a form,—and what a form!—a rhythm of celestial melody, a versification flexible, harmonious, sonorous, that vibrates like the *Æolian harp*, trembling in the evening breeze.

Every thing that can be said about this first production of the poet has already been uttered. Every body knows by heart the *Ode to Byron*, *Evening*, the *Lake*, *Autumn*, &c. In the space of four years, forty-five thousand copies of the *Meditations* were spread throughout the world. At an interval of twenty years, the sublime voice of *René* found an harmonious echo, and with a single bound, *M. de Lamartine* placed himself on the same pedestal with the demi-gods of the epoch, *Chateaubriand*, *Goethe*, and *Byron*. This literary success, the most brilliant of the age since the appearance of the *Génie du Christianisme*, opened the diplomatic career to *Lamartine*.

2436. PARADISE LOST.



Remains of Milton's House at Forest Hill, near Oxford.

Paradise Lost was published in the year 1667. By what degree it rose to that reputation in the literary world, from which it is destined at no future period to decline, it is not now possible minutely to ascertain. There is no reason, however, to suppose that it ever passed through an ordeal of obscurity, though it is quite certain that by some eminent men it was greatly undervalued. Even the celebrated *Waller* thus spoke of it: "The old blind school-master, *John Milton*, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered a merit, it has no other."

We know that thirteen hundred copies of the work were sold in two years from the date of the contract by which *Milton* disposed of the copyright to the bookseller. The second edition, which was brought out under the superintendence and correction of the author, in 1674, is ushered in by two copies of verses; the first in English, by *Andrew*

Marvel; and the second in Latin, by *Samuel Barrow*, physician to the army under *General Monk*, and who had been actively concerned in bringing about the restoration; in the latter of which the poem is expressly placed "above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

Dryden, the poet laureate, and the most popular writer of verses in that period, had, with the author's permission, turned *Milton's* story into an opera, entitled the *State of Innocence*, which was also published in 1674. In the preface to this performance *Dryden* observes, "What I have here borrowed will be so easily discerned from my mean productions, that I shall not need to point the reader to the places, the original being undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble, and sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced." *Milton* died in the same year in which the second edition of *Paradise Lost* was published.

2437. POPE'S FIRST EDITION OF THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

"The first publisher of the *Essay on Criticism*," says *D'Israeli*, "must have been a *Mr. Lewis*, a Catholic bookseller in *Covent Garden*; for, from a descendant of this *Lewis*, I heard that *Pope*, after publication, came every day, persecuting with anxious inquiries the cold, impenetrable bookseller, who, as the poem lay uncalled for, saw nothing but vexatious importunities in a troublesome youth.

"One day, *Pope*, after nearly a month, entered, and in despair tied up a number of the poems, which he addressed to several who had a reputation in town, as judges of poetry. The scheme succeeded, and the poem, having reached its proper circle, soon got into request."

2438. VALUE OF COWPER'S POEMS.

In October, 1812, the copyright of *Cowper's* Poems was put up to sale among the members of the trade, in thirty-two shares. Twenty of these shares were sold at two hundred and twelve pounds a share, including printed copies in quires to the amount of eighty-two pounds, which each purchaser was to take at a stipulated price, and twelve shares were retained in the hands of the proprietor. This work, consisting of two octavo volumes, was satisfactorily proved at the sale to net eight hundred and thirty-four pounds per annum. It had only two years of copyright; and yet this same copyright, with printed copies, produced, estimating the twelve shares which were retained at the same price as those which were sold, the sum of six thousand seven hundred and sixty-four pounds.

2439. SALE OF LITERARY WORKS.

The ultimate sale of the copyright of *Paradise Lost* produced to *Milton's* widow eight pounds; and *Dryden* received from *Tonson* two pounds thirteen shillings and nine pence for every hundred lines of his poetry.

From an old account book of *Bernard Lintot*, the bookseller, the following information respecting the prices paid heretofore for the copyright of plays is obtained. Tragedies were then the fashionable drama, and obtained the best price. *Dr. Young* received for his *Busiris* eighty-four pounds; *Smith*

for his Phædra and Hippolytus fifty pounds; Rowe for his Jane Shore fifty pounds and fifteen shillings; and for Lady Jane Gray, seventy-five pounds and five shillings; and Cibber, for his Nonjuror, obtained one hundred and five pounds. About the middle of the last century, a hundred crowns were paid in Paris to the author of a successful play. Till the year 1722, farces were not given after plays till the eighth or ninth representation. This leading to the opinion that a farce was a symptom that the main piece was on the decline, La Mothe desired that a farce might be given after the first representation of his *Romulus*. The example became universal.

2440. LALLA ROOKH.

The publisher of *Lalla Rookh* gave three thousand guineas for the copyright of that poem; and the spirited purchasers of the work have had no reason to repent of their bargain.

2441. JACOB TONSON AND DRYDEN.

Jacob Tonson, the most eminent of his profession as a publisher, having refused to advance Dryden a sum of money for a work in which he was engaged, the enraged bard sent a message to him, and the following lines, adding, "Tell the dog that he who wrote these can write more:—

'With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled skin,
With two left legs, and Judas-colored hair,
And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air.'

The bookseller felt the force of the description, and to avoid the completion of the portrait, immediately sent the money.

2442. STORY OF COLLINS.

About 1744, Collins suddenly left Oxford, and came to London—a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket. He designed many works, but either had not perseverance in himself, or the frequent calls of immediate necessity broke his schemes, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose. While thus living loosely about town, he occasionally wrote many short poems in the house of a friend, who witnesses that he burnt as rapidly as he wrote.

In 1746, he offered his *Odes*, descriptive and allegorical, to Mr. Millar, who gave him a price for them, which was handsome, as poetry was then estimated; but all the interest of that great bookseller could never introduce them into notice, and the sale of them is said not to have been sufficient to pay the expense of printing. Yet among these odes is one of the most popular now in the language—the *Ode to the Passions*.

What the outraged feelings of the poet were, appeared when, some time afterwards, he became rich enough to express them. Having obtained some fortune by the death of an uncle, he made good to the publisher the deficiency of the unsold *Odes*, and, in his haughty resentment of the public taste, consigned the impression to the flames.

Much has been said of the state of insanity to which this admirable poet was ultimately reduced; or rather, as Dr. Johnson happily described it, "a depression of mind, which enchains the faculties

without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right, without the power of pursuing it."

What Dr. Johnson has further said on this melancholy subject shows, perhaps, more nature and feeling than any thing he ever wrote; and yet it is remarkable, that, among the causes to which the poet's malady was owing, he never hints at the most exciting of the whole. He tells us how he "loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters;" how he "delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment; to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces; to repose by waterfalls of Elysian gardens;" but never does he seem to have imagined how natural it was for such a mind or such a temperament to give an Eve to the paradise of his creation.

Johnson indeed, though, as he tells us, he gained the confidence of Collins, was not just the sort of a man into whose ear a lover would choose to pour his secrets. The fact was, that Collins was greatly attached to a young lady, who did not return his passion; and there seems little doubt that to the consequent disappointment which preyed upon his mind much of that abandonment of soul which marked the close of his life may be ascribed.

2443. THE SALE OF CHURCHILL'S ROSCIAD PROMOTED BY FLATTERY.

When Churchill finished his *Rosciad*, he waited on an eminent bookseller with the copy; but he had suffered so severely by the publication of poetry, that he was determined to have nothing more to do with any of the rhyming sons of Apollo, unless he was indemnified from sustaining any loss.

This condition Churchill could not comply with. The bookseller, however, recommended a worthy young man to him, who had just ventured his little fortune in the uncertain sea of ink, and who would probably run the risk of publication.

Churchill waited on him, and found every thing to his wish. The poem was printed, advertised, and at the end of five days ten copies were sold. Churchill was thunderstruck, and the bookseller was little less chagrined. At the end of four days more he found that six more copies were sold. The poet was almost frantic, and hurried away to a friend to acquaint him with his hard fate.

His friend, who was intimate with Garrick, posted to him the next morning, and informed him what a beautiful picture of his astonishing abilities had just appeared in the *Rosciad*. Garrick swallowed the gilded pill, instantly sent for the poem, read it, and sounded its praises wherever he went. The next evening the publisher had not a single copy left, and in a few weeks so many editions went off, that Churchill found himself richer than any poet whose estate lay at that time on Parnassus.

2444. ROGERS'S EDITION OF HIS POEMS.

Mr. Rogers is a munificent patron of the fine arts. Unlike many who have wealth at their disposal, he, as may be readily supposed, possesses an exquisite taste—he is, indeed, fastidious almost to a fault. When he resolved, some few years ago, on publishing a new edition of his poems, he determined on having them illustrated in a style which should be superior to any thing of the kind which had ever appeared before. He therefore commissioned Turner, Corbould, Creswick, Stothard, and others to make a series of designs for the work.

These celebrated painters sent in each a number of water-color drawings of the choicest kind; but so particular was Mr. Rogers, that from twenty or thirty by an artist he would select, perhaps, but one, although he paid liberally for the whole. And even after he had expended a large sum on the engraving of the chosen drawing, he would frequently alter his mind, cancel the plate, and have fresh designs made, until his taste or fancy was gratified.

Money, to a man who could hang up a million of

money in his library, was, of course, no object; and he had determined that his verses should go down to posterity associated with all that was beautiful and refined in art. This work, it is said, cost Mr. Rogers (for he undertook to pay the publisher the whole of the expenses, which no tradesman would have the boldness to risk, however enterprising he might be) about ten thousand pounds; and it will always remain as a memento of his wealth, genius, and taste.

§ 239. EGOTISM, VANITY, AND AMBITION.

2445. HEYWOOD'S VANITY.

John Heywood was a favorite at court, both in the reign of Henry VIII. and Queen Mary, as a poet and a jester. He was one of the first who wrote English plays.

He wrote a work called the Spider and the Fly, a Parable, in 1556. It contains no less than seventy-seven chapters. At the beginning of every one of these chapters is a portrait of the author, either standing or sitting before a table, with a book upon it, and a window near it hung round with cobwebs, flies, and spiders.

Can there be found in the annals of authorship an instance of such consummate vanity?

2446. VANITY OF SIGERUS.

Sigerus, who flourished in Germany in the seventeenth century, was both vain and visionary. He was at the expense of having a plate engraved, in which he was represented kneeling before a crucifix, with a label from his mouth, "Lord Jesus, do you love me?" From that of Jesus proceeded another label—"Yes; most illustrious, most excellent, and most learned Sigerus, crowned poet of his imperial majesty, and most worthy rector of the university of Wittenburg, yes, I love you."

2447. MAMMOTH EGOTISM.

The former editor of the American Quarterly Review, Philadelphia, considered himself a poet of the first order. In one of his reviews he stated that we had "yet no great long poem, no big book of American metre," and that there was now a want of it. But this was only to herald a manuscript volume of his in some nineteen books, which he had just been obliged to send to London, because the publishers on this side of the water could not see his merits.

It had been shown about very generally, and, we learn, was similar to Emmons's *Fredonia*, only of greater length. It was yclept the *Antediluvians*; and some one ventured to say, if any hapless London bookseller was seduced into its publication, that the first copy which reached America would be lauded in a certain quarter, under the author's immediate supervision, as a work unparalleled, unpaired, equal to Klopstock or Milton in sublimity, superior to Pope in harmony, and a touch beyond any thing ever produced in the United States for sweetness, tenderness, and simplicity.

The work was subsequently published in London by the author, but it dropped stillborn from the press. Christopher North, indeed, revived a copy of it for a sort of galvanic experiment in criticism, which established an electrical communication with the risible nerves of his fifty thousand readers. The critique commenced, if we rightly remember, with these flattering words: "To compare these two volumes with a couple of bottles of small beer would be greatly to belie that fluid."

2448. AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

Ambrose Philips was a neat dresser, and very vain. In a conversation between him, Congreve, Swift, and others, the discourse ran a good while on Julius Cæsar. After many things had been said to the purpose, Ambrose asked what sort of person they supposed Julius Cæsar was. He was answered, that from medals, &c., it appeared that he was a small man, and thin faced. "Now, for my part," said Ambrose, "I should take him to be of a lean make, pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress, and five feet seven inches high,"—an exact description of Phillips himself. Swift, who understood good breeding perfectly well, and would not interrupt any body while speaking, let him go on, and when he had quite done, said, "And I, Mr. Philips, should take him to have been a plump man, just five feet five inches high, not very neatly dressed, in a black gown with pudding sleeves."

2449. LOVE OF TITLES.

It is painful to remark the value which Byron attached to his aristocratical pretensions. To have his early poems praised by a duchess seems to have afforded him more pleasure than the admiration of a thousand untitled readers.

Scott, we grieve to say, had also this weakness. He revered a lord. Some authentic writer relates of him, that at Abbotsford, one day at dinner, while Scott was in the richest vein, a Lord Nobody was announced, when all ease and freedom at once subsided, and the "Northern Wizard" had not a spell for any one save his newly-arrived titled guest.

2450. LITERARY SELF-EXALTATION.

Dryden honestly declares that it was better for him to own his failing of vanity than the world to do it for him, and adds, "For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study?"

Why am I grown old in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application which have made me a poet might have raised me to any honors of the gown."

Cervantes was evidently very sensible to his own merits when a rival started up; and did he not assert them, too, when, passing sentence on the bad books of the times, he distinguishes his own work by a handsome compliment?

Nor was Butler less proud of his own merits; for he has done ample justice to his *Hudibras*, and traced out, with great self-delight, its variety of excellences.

Richardson, the novelist, exhibits one of the most striking instances of what is called literary vanity—the delight of an author in his works: he has pointed out all the beauties of his three great works in various manners. He always taxed a visitor by one of his long letters. It was this intense self-delight which produced his voluminous labors.

2451. BURNS'S PRIDE.

No man was more afflicted with that miserable pride, the infirmity of men of imagination, which exacts from its best friends a perpetual reverence and acknowledgment of its powers, than the poet Burns. With all his gratitude and veneration for "the noble Glencairn," he was "wounded to the soul" because his lordship showed "so much attention—engrossing attention—to the only blockhead at table. The whole company consisted of his Lordship, Dunderpate, and myself." This Dunderpate, who dined with Lord Glencairn, might have been of more importance to the world than even a poet—one of the best and most useful men in it.

Burns was equally offended with another of his patrons, and a literary brother, Dr. Blair. At the moment, he too appeared to be neglecting the irritable poet "for the mere carcass of greatness—or when his eye measured the difference of their point of elevation; I say to myself, with scarcely any emotion," (he might have added, except a good deal of contempt,) "what do I care for him, or his pomp either?" "Dr. Blair's vanity is proverbially known among his acquaintance," adds Burns, at the moment that the solitary haughtiness of his own genius had entirely escaped his self-observation.

2452. THE TYRO IN BLANK VERSE.

"Some years ago," says the Vermont Journal, "a student at Dartmouth College, having assigned to him the task of writing a composition, and feeling under the divine influence of Apollo and the Nine at the time, produced what he considered an elegant and finished piece of blank verse.

"He handed it to the preceptor, a plain, matter-of-fact man, who knew nothing of the flights of fancy, while a smile of self-complacency illuminated his countenance.

"The professor, 'with spectacles on nose,' ran his eye rapidly over the page, then turning to the exulting student, said, in his peculiar low and dignified manner, 'I have more than once already told you that capital letters should be used only at the beginning of a sentence, when commencing the name of the Deity, and all proper names; but I find you have commenced every line with capitals.' 'True, sir, but this is poetry,' said the student,

somewhat chopfallen. 'O, ho! this is poetry, is it? Indeed, I was not aware of that!'"

2453. ALEXANDER AND HIS POET.

An Eastern tale informs us that Alexander the Great had a court poet, whose vanity was fully equal to his talents, as is apt, by the way, to be the case with the votaries of the Muses. The poet sought one day the presence of his sovereign, and addressed him thus:—

"Mighty sovereign, thy fame extends from pole to pole, and thy exploits have been made known in the farthest corners of the habitable globe. But remember that tradition is fleeting and uncertain, and he who trusts his fame to the song of man will soon be forgotten. Let me celebrate thy exploits in strains worthy of my theme, which may carry down thy name and fame to all ages. Only as the sons of Phœbus are subject to the same wants as meaner mortals, let me know what thou wilt give me if I fulfil my task."

The monarch smiled at the mercenary eagerness of the poet, and, after a moment's thought, told him that he should have a piece of gold for every good line, and a blow for every bad one. The laureate accepted the conditions, full of confidence that it would rain gold, and not blows. But when the work was read, although he got here and there a good many gold pieces, the blows predominated so fearfully, that, before he got through the sixth canto, he was a dead man.

2454. BUTLER'S PRIDE.

It is said that Butler, the celebrated author of *Hudibras*, was equally remarkable for poverty and pride. A friend of his one evening invited him to supper, and contrived to place in his pocket a purse containing one hundred guineas. This was found by the poet the following morning, and, feeling uneasy, he ascertained by whom it was given, and then returned it, expressing his warm displeasure at the insult which had been thus offered him.

2455. BOSWELL'S EXCESS OF VANITY.

Boswell affected to undervalue Goldsmith, and a lurking hostility to him is discernible throughout his writings. Before the intrusive sycophancy of the former had made its way into Johnson's confidence, he envied Goldsmith's intimacy with the great lexicographer. Speaking of an invitation from Johnson, to fulfil which he says Goldsmith "went strutting away," the toady observes, "I confess I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed to be so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction."

Obtained! but how? Not like Goldsmith, by the force of unpretending but congenial merit, but by a course of the most pushing, contriving, and spaniel-like subservency. Really, the ambition of the man to illustrate his mental insignificance, by continually placing himself in juxtaposition with the great lexicographer, has something in it perfectly ludicrous. Never, since the days of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, has there been presented to the world a more whimsically contrasted pair of associates than Johnson and Boswell.

"Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" asked some one, when Boswell had worked his way into incessant companionship. "He is not a cur," replied Goldsmith; "you are too severe; he is only a bur. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."

2456. THE AMERICAN GOETHE.

When the young gentleman who styles himself the American Goethe was asked why he did not write something equal to Goethe's, he testily answered, "Because I haven't a *mind* to."

§ 240. POVERTY AND VARIOUS MISFORTUNES.

2457. MISS LANDON.



L. E. Landon

Our readers will remember that at the time of the death of Miss Landon, the celebrated L. E. L. of literary celebrity, at the Cape of Good Hope, to which place she had accompanied her husband, there was much discussion as to whether she had taken poison by accident or design. The following anecdote, which has been for the first time published in Howitt's *Homes and Haunts of British Poets*, leaves but little doubt that the unhappy and too impulsive poetess perished by her own conscious and premeditated act:—

"During the agonies of mind which Miss Landon suffered at a time when calumny was dealing very freely with her name, her old friend, and for a long time co-inmate, Miss Roberts, came in one day and found her very much agitated. 'Have those horrid reports,' she eagerly inquired, 'got into the papers, Miss Roberts?' Miss Roberts assured her they had not. 'If they do,' she exclaimed, opening a drawer in the table, and taking out a vial, 'I am resolved—here is my remedy.' The vial was a vial of prussic acid. This fact I have on the authority of the late Emma Roberts herself. There remains, therefore, no question that Miss Landon was well acquainted with the nature of prussic acid, for she kept it by her, and had declared, under circumstances of cruel excitement, her resolve to use it on a certain contingency. Being found with an empty vial of this

very poison in her hand, and dead on the floor, can leave no rational doubt that she died by it, and by her own hand."

The mystery relative to the calumnious reports alluded to in the above extract has never been cleared up. The probability is, that in Miss Landon's case, as in that of so many others of her sex, imprudence was magnified into guilt. As to her unhappiness at Cape Coast Castle the cause of that is well known. Her husband, who was the governor of the colony, treated her with marked disrespect; even going so far, it is said, as to introduce a favorite mistress into the castle. Poor "L. E. L.!" many a young heart has mourned over thy unhappy life and early death. Thy verse always seemed steeped in sorrow, as if over thy heart ever loomed the dark shadow of thy approaching fate.

2458. GOLDSMITH'S FURNITURE.

Some idea of Goldsmith's early residence in a metropolis which afterwards rang with his name may be gathered from the following extract:—

"I called on Goldsmith, at his lodgings, in March, 1759, and found him writing his *Inquiry*, in a miserable, dirty-looking room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, he resigned it to me, he himself was obliged to sit in the window.

"While we were conversing together, some one tapped gently at the door, and, being desired to come in, a poor, ragged little girl, of very becoming demecanor, entered the room, and dropping a courtesy said, 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favor of you to lend her a chamberpot full of coals.'"

2459. EARLY STRUGGLES OF JEAN PAUL.

Jean Paul's first attempts at authorship were not successful; his situation was perplexing, and the future looked grimly on the penniless youth. "Fortune seemed to have let loose her ban-dogs, and hungry ruin had him in the wind." His mother had removed to Hof, her birthplace, and there Jean Paul joined her, in a house which had but one apartment, pursuing his studies amid "the jingle of household operations;" writing books which would not sell, and tasting all the bitterness of extreme penury.

"The prisoner's allowance," he says, "is bread and water; but I had only the latter. Nevertheless, I cannot help saying to poverty, 'Welcome! so thou come not at too late a time. Wealth bears heavier on talent than poverty. Under gold mountains and thrones who knows how many a spiritual giant may lie crushed down and buried! When among the flames of youth, and, above all, of hotter powers, the oil of riches is also poured in, little will remain of the phoenix but his ashes; and only a

Goethe has force to keep, even at the sun of good fortune, his phoenix wings unsinged."

For ten years and upwards he fought this fight, during which time his only support was the money earned by the occasional but rare admission of one of his contributions to the public journals. Nevertheless, he refused the situation of a private tutor, determined to succeed as author, or starve in the attempt; and he triumphed at last. After repeated failures, the publication of the *Invisible Lodge*, in 1793, brought money, fame, troops of friends, and altogether decided his future.

2460. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

In 1763 we find the poor poet Christopher Smart confined in a mad-house. "He has as much exercise, for a part of the time," said Johnson, "as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used, for exercise, to walk to the alehouse; but he was *carried* back again. He insisted on people's praying with him. He would even fall upon his knees and say his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place." Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen. During his confinement, it is said, writing materials were denied him, and Smart used to indent his poetical thoughts with a key on the wainscot of his walls. A religious poem, — the *Song of David*, — written at this time, in his saner intervals, possessed passages of considerable power and sublimity, and must be considered as one of the greatest curiosities of our literature. What the unfortunate poet did not write down (and the whole could not possibly have been committed to the walls of his apartment) must have been composed and retained from memory alone.

Smart was afterwards released from his confinement; but his ill fortune — the result, as we suppose, of his intemperate habits — again pursued him. He was committed to the King's Bench prison for debt, and died there, after a short illness, in 1770.

2461. BOYSE.

Samuel Boyse, author of the *Deity*, a poem, was a fag author, and, at one time, employed by Mr. Ogle to translate some of Chaucer's tales into modern English, which he did with great spirit, at the rate of threepence a line for his trouble. Poor Boyse wore a blanket, because he was destitute of breeches; and was, at last, found famished to death, with a pen in his hand.

2462. CHATTERTON'S MISERY.

A prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day, in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in *Pancras Churchyard*. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that, not perceiving a grave that was just dug, he tumbled into it.

His friend, observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and, as he helped him out, told him, in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of genius. Poor Chatterton smiled, and, taking his companion by the arm, replied, "My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution. I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined.

We can find an asylum to hide from every creditor but that."

His friend endeavored to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection: but what will not melancholy and adversity combined subjugate? In three days after, the neglected and disconsolate youth put an end to his miseries by poison.

2463. DRYDEN'S POVERTY.



John Dryden.

It was after preparing a second edition of *Virgil*, that the great Dryden, who had lived, and was to die, in harness, found himself still obliged to seek for daily bread. Scarcely relieved from one heavy task, he was compelled to hasten to another; and his efforts were now stimulated by a domestic feeling — the expected return of his son in ill health from Rome.

In a letter to his bookseller he pathetically writes, "If it please God that *I must die of over-study*, I cannot spend my life better than in preserving his."

It was on this occasion, on the verge of his seventieth year, as he describes himself in the dedication of his *Virgil*, that, "worn out with study, and oppressed with fortune," he contracted to supply the bookseller with ten thousand verses at sixpence a line.

2464. DU RYER.

Du Ryer, a celebrated French poet, was constrained to labor with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obscure village. His booksellers bought his heroic verses for one hundred sols the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for fifty sols.

What an interesting picture has a contemporary given of his reception by a poor and ingenious author in a visit he paid to Du Ryer!

"On a fine summer day we went to him, at some distance from town. He received us with joy, talked to us of his numerous projects, and showed us several of his works. But what more interested us

was, that, though dreading to show us his poverty, he contrived to give us some refreshments. We seated ourselves under a wide oak; the table-cloth was spread on the grass; his wife brought us some milk, with fresh water and brown bread, and he picked a basket of cherries. He welcomed us with gayety; but we could not take leave of this amiable man, now grown old, without tears, to see him so ill treated by fortune, and to have nothing left but literary honor."

2465. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

In 1758, two years after Goldsmith's return from his wanderings on the continent, he presented himself at Surgeon's Hall for examination as a hospital mate, with the view of entering the army or navy; but he had the mortification of being rejected as unqualified.

That he might appear before the examining surgeon suitably dressed, Goldsmith obtained a new suit of clothes, for which Griffiths, publisher of the Monthly Review, became security. The clothes were immediately to be returned when the purpose was served, or the debt was to be discharged. Poor Goldsmith, having failed in his object, and probably distressed by urgent want, *pawned the clothes*. The publisher threatened, and the poet replied as follows:—

"I know of no misery but a jail, to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by Heavens! request it as a favor—as a favor that may prevent something more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt and indigence bring with it—with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable?"

Such was the almost hopeless condition, the deep despair, of this imprudent but amiable author, who has added to the delight of millions, and to the glory of English literature.

2466. BUSCHINS.

The celebrated poet and professor Buschin, who was very careless in his dress, went out one day in an old dressing-gown, and met in the streets a citizen with whom he was acquainted. The gentleman, however, passed him without even raising his hat. Divining the cause, the poet hastened home and put on a cloak of velvet and ermine, in which he again went out, and contrived once more to meet the same citizen, who this time raised his hat and bowed profoundly. This made the poet still more angry when he saw that his velvet cloak claimed more respect than his professorship and poetical fame. He hastened home, threw his cloak on the floor, and stamped on it, saying, "Art thou Buschin, or am I?"

2467. FARQUHAR.

When Farquhar was in the lowest state of dependency from the poorness of his circumstances, Wilks advised him to write another play. "Write!" cried Farquhar, starting from his chair; "is it possible that a man can write, who is friendless, and has not one shilling in his pocket?"

"Come, come, George," replied Wilks, "banish

melancholy; draw your drama, and bring your sketch with you to-morrow, for I expect you to dine with me. But as an empty pocket may cramp your genius, I desire you to accept my mite." And he presented him with twenty guineas.

When Wilks was gone, Farquhar retired to his study, and drew the plot of the *Beaux' Stratagem*, which he delivered to Wilks next day; and the design being approved, he was desired to proceed, and not to lose a day with the composition. This comedy, which is one of the best extant, was begun, finished, and acted in the space of six weeks; but too late for the advantage of the author: on the third night, which was for his benefit, Farquhar died of a broken heart.

2468. FAIRFIELD.

Sumner Lincoln Fairfield died in New Orleans, in 1844, of epilepsy, in the 41st year of his age. He was a man of learning, and no inconsiderable share of what bore some resemblance to genius. His Quarterly Magazine, published in Philadelphia, exhibited much research, and a mind fitted to grapple with any intellectual subject. Its fault was an excess of scholasticism. It had too much hard learning, or an affectation of it, to come home to the bosoms of the multitude. This, in connection with the personal unpopularity of the editor, killed it.

Fairfield's poetry was the best of his writings. It manifested a most pregnant, rich, and strong imagination, and an intensity which showed the true poet. Like his prose, it was characterized by hardness of style, scholastic affectation, and many very careless lines, which materially marred its beauty. Bulwer evidently, however, flched from one of these poems the idea of his *Last Days of Pompeii*. Any person who will read both will readily see this.

A very sharp newspaper warfare was carried on by the poet, touching this literary theft; but if we recollect aright, the novelist thought the obscurity of Fairfield a sufficient reason for not replying to his just and bitter complaints.

The greatest obstacle to Fairfield's success was his vanity and infirmity of temper. In his better days he had few friends, and in adversity, brought about by dissipation, his faults as a writer were forgotten, and meek-eyed pity turned men aside where defiance before had alienated them. He died a miserable, hopeless, disappointed man—his genius degraded, and his strong intellect debased, by vice, to a level with the meanest of God's creatures.

2469. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A writer in the Boston Atlas gives the following account of an interview with Montgomery, the Cowper of his age:—

"I found Montgomery, in conversation, delightful. There was nothing of the 'I am a poet' about him; but he entered freely and familiarly into conversation, and expressed his opinions on the literature of the day with as much diffidence as if he had himself only worshipped the muse 'afar off.'

"In the course of the evening, the conversation turned on Robert Montgomery's poetry, which was then making some noise. James, for some time, took no part in what was going on, but was an attentive listener. At last it seemed as if flesh and blood could bear it no longer, for he commented on the meanness of Satan Bob in assuming his name,

for the purpose of cheating the public into the purchase of his wares. 'It has been a serious business to me,' said the true Montgomery, 'for I am constantly receiving letters, evidently intended for another person, in which I am either mercilessly abused for what I never wrote, or bespattered with compliments of the most nauseating character. Many, to this day, do not distinguish between me and Robert Montgomery; and so I am, in a great measure, robbed of what little hard-earned fame I possess.'

The poet, evidently, was much mortified by Robert's assumption of his name, and did not endeavor to disguise his contempt for the literary pirate, who sailed under false colors. His intimate friends say that this is the only subject which ruffles the habitual serenity of his mind; and well it may, for it must be no trifling annoyance to see that fame, which was acquired by years of toil and patient endurance, perilled in the minds of many by the productions of such a popinjay as the author of *Oxford and Woman*."

2470. HUDIBRAS AND STARVATION.



Samuel Butler.

Butler was fortunate, for a time, in having Charles II. to *admire* his *Hudibras*. That monarch carried one in his pocket: hence his success, though the work has great merit. Yet merit does not sell a work in one case out of twenty. Butler, after all, was left to starve; for, according to Dennis, the author of *Hudibras* died in a garret.

2471. HOW LEIGH HUNT WAS TREATED

"The story of Rimini had not long appeared," says Leigh Hunt, "when I received a copy of it, which looked like witchcraft. It was the identical

poem, in type and appearance, bound in calf, and sent me without any explanation; but it was a little smaller. I turned it over a dozen times, wondering what it could be, and how it could have originated.

"The simple solution of the puzzle I did not consider, till I had summoned other persons to partake my astonishment. At length we consulted the title page, and there saw the names of 'Wells & Lilly, Boston, and M. Carey, Philadelphia.' I thought how the sight would have pleased my father and mother.

"A few years ago, I received a copy of another Boston edition, preceded by the like piracy of another poem, the publisher of which was so good as to say, that he had heard of a new one from my pen, which he should be very happy to print also, if I would send it to him. Not a syllable did he add about the happiness of *disbursing* a little for the permission.

"How many poems of mine, or editions of poems, or editions of prose writings, have appeared in America, before or since, I cannot say; but I believe the booksellers there have republished every thing I have written; and I confess I cannot but be sensible of the shabby honor thus done me, and heartily glad of every genial hand into which my productions may be carried in consequence.

"But I should like to know what an American publisher would say, if some English traveller were to help himself to the fruits of his labor out of the till, and make off with them on board ship. Being a cousin-german of the Americans, I am very popular in their country, and receive from them every compliment imaginable, except a farthing's payment. How came my mother to be born in such a country?"

2472. GEORGE BUCHANAN.

This illustrious scholar, compelled to fly from his own country by the blood-seeking animosity of a priestly cabal, whose vices he had made the theme of his satire, sought refuge and protection under Henry VIII. of England. His appeal to that monarch was couched in terms of great pathos and elegance. "Look not," said the poet, "with an unrelenting countenance upon the humble advance of a man whose soul is devoted to your service; one who, a beggar, a vagrant, and an exile, has endured every species of misfortune which a perfidious world can inflict. A savage host of inveterate enemies pursued him, and the palace of his sovereign resounds with their menaces. *Over mountains covered in snow, and valleys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive to the Athenian altar of mercy, and, exhausted by calamities, cast myself at your feet.*"

Alas! London was not the Athens the fugitive sought, nor Henry the Pericles whose generosity was to succor him. But who can wonder that, after sacrificing to the axe that beauty on which he once reposed with delight, neither the misfortune of greatness, nor the eloquence of genius, should have been able to make the least impression on the heart of the savage Henry?

§ 241. COMPLIMENTS, HONORS, AND POPULARITY.

2473. PETRARCH AND THE OLD MAN.

While he was receiving his public examination at the court of King Robert of Naples, a schoolmaster of Pontremoli, blind and enfeebled by age, hastened to Naples in order to see him. Petrarch had already started for Rome, but the report of so extraordinary an occurrence spread rapidly through the city, and soon reached the ears of the king.

It was natural that so great a lover of letters should be struck with this burst of enthusiasm; and after having received a confirmation of the story from the lips of the old man himself, he supplied him with some conveniences for his journey, and urged him to hasten towards Rome, where he might perhaps be in time to satisfy his curiosity.

But here, also, the poor old man was too late, for Petrarch had already started for France. He returned to Pontremoli almost broken-hearted with his disappointment, but had hardly reached home, when he was told that Petrarch, instead of returning to Avignon, had stopped at Parma.

Not discouraged by his former disappointment, he again set out to seek him, and crossing the Apennines through snow and cold, with no support but the arm of his son and of one of his scholars, he at length reached the house in which Petrarch was lodged. It would be impossible to describe the rapture with which he embraced him, listening with ecstasy to every word that he uttered, and alternately kissing the hand that had written, and the head that had composed, such noble verses. After having passed three days in the enjoyment of his society, the old man returned home joyful and contented.

2474. CORONATION OF PETRARCH.

In the year 1340, Petrarch had the honor to receive two letters in one day, one from the Roman senate, the other from the University of Paris, inviting him to accept the laurel crown.

Having given the preference to Rome, on his arrival in that city, in 1341, during the pontificate of Benedict XII., he found every thing prepared for the ceremony of his coronation, by the senator, Count Orso dell' Anguillara. The design was announced in the morning by the sound of trumpets, when the people, curious to see a festival which had been interrupted for so many ages, assembled in great crowds from all quarters.

Petrarch marched to the Capitol, preceded by twelve youths of the first families in Rome, dressed in scarlet, singing verses composed by the poet, who was attired in a robe presented to him by Robert the Good, King of Naples, who had taken it off his own back, and desired him to wear it on the day of his coronation.

The principal citizens of Rome, habited in a green uniform, and crowned with chaplets of flowers, attended Petrarch in procession. After these marched the senator, accompanied by the chief members of the Roman council. When he was seated, Petrarch, being summoned by a herald, pronounced a short oration. Afterwards when he had thrice exclaimed, "*Viva lo popolo Romana! Viva lo senatore! Dio lo mantenga in libertade!*" (Long live the Roman peo-

ple! Long live the senator! May God preserve their liberty!) he kneeled before the senator, who, after a short speech, took from his own head a crown of laurel, and placed it on that of Petrarch, saying, "*Corona premia la virtù!*" (The crown is the recompense of merit!)

The poet then recited a beautiful poem upon the heroes of Rome, which is not published in his works; and the people expressed their approbation by repeated shouts and exclamations of "Long live the poet!" and "Long may the Capitol endure!" Stephen Colonna, as the poet himself tells us, afterwards spoke, and, having a great affection for Petrarch, bestowed on him such praise as flowed from the heart.

His friends, who were present on this occasion, shed tears of delight. "And though," says Petrarch of himself, "I was almost overcome with joy, I was not unconscious that these honors were superior to my desert. I blushed at the applause of the people, and at the excess of commendation with which I was overwhelmed."

2475. ALLSTON AND COLERIDGE AT ROME.

At Rome Allston met Coleridge. He passes the following high eulogium upon the author of the *Ancient Mariner*: "To no other man whom I have known do I owe so much, intellectually," said he, "as to Mr. Coleridge, with whom I became acquainted in Rome, and who has honored me with his friendship for more than five and twenty years."

"He used to call Rome the *silent city*; but I never could think of it as such while with him; for, meet him when or where I would, the fountain of his mind was never dry; but, like the far-reaching aqueducts that once supplied this mistress of the world, its living streams seemed specially to flow for every classic ruin over which we wandered."

"And when I recall some of our walks under the pines of the Villa Borghese, I am almost tempted to dream that I had once listened to Plato in the groves of the Academy. It was there he taught me this golden rule—never to judge of any work of art by its defects; a rule as wise as benevolent, and one that, while it has spared me much pain, has widened my sphere of pleasure."

2476. GOLDSMITH'S SELF-DISTRUST. THE TRAVELLER.

Goldsmith distrusted his qualifications to succeed in poetry, and doubted the disposition of the public mind in regard to it. "I fear," said he, "I have come too late into the world. Pope and other poets have taken up the places in the temple of Fame; and, as few at any period can possess poetical reputation, a man of genius can now hardly acquire it." Again, on another occasion, he observes, "Of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest. What from the increased refinement of the times, from the diversity of judgment produced by opposing systems of criticism, and from the more

prevalent divisions of opinion influenced by party, the strongest and happiest efforts can expect to please but in a very narrow circle."

At this very time he had by him his poem of the Traveller. The plan of it, as has already been observed, was conceived many years before, during his travels in Switzerland, and a sketch of it sent from that country to his brother Henry in Ireland. The original outline is said to have embraced a wider scope; but it was probably contracted through diffidence, in the process of finishing the parts. It had lain by him several years in a crude state, and it was with extreme hesitation, and after much revision, that he at length submitted it to Dr. Johnson. The frank and warm approbation of the latter encouraged him to finish it for the press; and Dr. Johnson himself contributed a few lines towards the conclusion.

The poem was published on the 19th of December, 1764, in a quarto form, by Newbery, and was the first of his works to which Goldsmith prefixed his name. As a testimony of cherished and well-merited affection, he dedicated it to his brother Henry. There is an amusing affectation of indifference as to its fate expressed in the dedication. "What reception a poem may find," says he, "which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know." The truth is, no one was more emulous and anxious for poetic fame; and never was he more anxious than in the present instance, for it was his grand stake.

Dr. Johnson aided the launching of the poem by a favorable notice in the Critical Review; other periodical works came out in its favor. Some of the author's friends complained that it did not command instant and wide popularity; that it was a poem to win, not to strike. It went on rapidly increasing in favor: in three months a second edition was issued; shortly afterwards, a third; then a fourth; and before the year was out, the author was pronounced the best poet of his time.

The appearance of the Traveller at once altered Goldsmith's intellectual standing in the estimation of society; but its effect upon the club, if we may judge from the account given by Hawkins, was almost ludicrous. They were lost in astonishment that a "newspaper essayist" and "bookseller's drudge" should have written such a poem. On the evening of its announcement to them, Goldsmith had gone away early, after "rattling away as usual;" and they knew not how to reconcile his heedless garrulity with the serene beauty, the easy grace, the sound good sense, and the occasional elevation of his poetry. They could scarcely believe that such magic numbers had flowed from a man, to whom, in general, says Johnson, "it was with difficulty they could give a hearing." "Well," exclaimed Chamier, "I do believe he wrote this poem himself; and let me tell you that is believing a great deal."

At the next meeting of the club, Chamier sounded the author a little about his poem. "Mr. Goldsmith," said he, "what do you mean by the last word in the first line of your Traveller? 'Remote, unfriended, solitary, *slow*.' Do you mean tardiness of locomotion?" "Yes," replied Goldsmith, inconsiderately, being probably flurried at the moment. "No, sir," interposed his protecting friend Johnson, "you did not mean tardiness of locomotion; you meant that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." "Ah," exclaimed Goldsmith, "that was what I meant."

Chamier immediately believed that Johnson himself had written the line, and a rumor became prevalent

that he was the author of many of the finest passages. This was ultimately set at rest by Johnson himself, who marked with a pencil all the verses he had contributed, nine in number, inserted towards the conclusion, and by no means the best in the poem. He moreover, with generous warmth, pronounced it the finest poem that had appeared since the days of Pope.

But one of the highest testimonials to the charm of the poem was given by Miss Reynolds, who had toasted poor Goldsmith as the ugliest man of her acquaintance. Shortly after the appearance of the Traveller, Dr. Johnson read it aloud from beginning to end in her presence. "Well," exclaimed she, when he had finished, "I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly."

On another occasion, when the merits of the Traveller were discussed at Reynolds's board, Langton declared "there was not a bad line in the poem, not one of Dryden's careless verses." "I was glad," observed Reynolds, "to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the finest poems in the English language." "Why, were you glad?" rejoined Langton; "you surely had no doubt of this before." "No," interposed Johnson, decisively; "the merit of the Traveller is so well established that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it."

Boswell, who was absent from England at the time of the publication of the Traveller, was astonished, on his return, to find Goldsmith, whom he had so much undervalued, suddenly elevated almost to a par with his idol. He accounted for it by concluding that much both of the sentiments and expression of the poem had been derived from conversations with Johnson. "He imitates you, sir," said this incarnation of toadyism. "Why, no, sir," replied Johnson; "Jack Hawke is one of my imitators, but not Goldsmith. Goldy, sir, has great merit." "But, sir, he is much indebted to you for his getting so high in the public estimation." "Why, sir, he has, perhaps, got *sooner* to it by his intimacy with me."

The poem went through several editions in the course of the first year, and received some few additions and corrections from the author's pen. It produced a golden harvest to Mr. Newbery, but all the remuneration on record, doled out by his niggard hand to the author, was twenty guineas.

2477. ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

A lady having expressed her wonder to the doctor, that "Milton, who had written so sublime a poem as the Paradise Lost, should have been so inferior to himself in the composition of the Sonnets," he replied, "Is it a matter of surprise, madam, that the hand which was able to scoop a colossus, of the most perfect symmetry, from a rock, should fail in an attempt to form the head of Venus out of a cherry stone?"

2478. LOPE DE VEGA.

Other writers, of the same age with Lope de Vega, obtained a wider celebrity. Don Quixote, during the life of its ill-requited author, was naturalized in countries where the name of Lope de Vega was not known, and Du Bartas was translated into the language of every reading people; but no writer ever has enjoyed such a share of popularity.

"Cardinal Barberini," says Lord Holland, "fol-

lowed Lope with veneration in the streets. The king would stop to gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him wherever he appeared; the learned and studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain, to see this phoenix of their country, this monster of literature; and even Italians, no extravagant admirers, in general, of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew, in common conversation, to signify any thing perfect in its kind; and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities."

Lope's death produced a universal commotion in the court and in the whole kingdom. Many ministers, knights, and prelates were present when he expired; among others, the Duke of Sesa, who had been the most munificent of his patrons, whom he appointed his executor, and who was at the expense of his funeral—a mode by which the great men in that country were fond of displaying their regard for men of letters. It was a public funeral, and it was not performed till the third day after his death, that there might be time for rendering it more splendid, and securing a more honorable attendance. The grandes and nobles who were about the court were all invited as mourners; a novenary, or service of nine days, was performed for him, at which the musicians of the royal chapel assisted; after which there were exequies on three successive days, at which three bishops officiated in full pontificals; and on each day a funeral sermon was preached by one of the most famous preachers of the age. Such honors were paid to the memory of Lope de Vega, one of the most prolific, and, during his life, the most popular of all poets, ancient or modern.

2479. ANNE OF BRETAGNY.

Anne of Brittany in various ways showed her regard to literature. Among other anecdotes told of her, one is, that once passing from her own apartment towards that of the king, she observed in the gallery, asleep and leaning on a table, Allaine Chartier, one of the poets of that day. In the presence of her ladies she stopped, bent down, and saluted him; which having done, she said to them, "We may not, of our princely courtesy, pass by and not honor with our kiss the mouth whence so many sweet ditties and golden poems have issued."

2480. THE MODEST POET.

Lucius Valerius was born at Hirconium, in the reign of Trajan. At thirteen years of age, he became a competitor for the prize of poetry. This prize was a beautiful gold medal, and an ivory lyre, which was, every five years, adjudged to the author who produced the best poem. Valerius, though opposed by a number of poets double his age, was victorious. Among other honors paid to him, it was determined to erect a brazen statue, which should be placed in the most conspicuous part of the city. The day of the presentation of this statue to public view presented a trait in the character of Valerius still more lovely than his talents.

At the moment in which the chief magistrate was placing a crown of laurel on the head of the statue,

Valerius perceived a young man, who had contested the prize with him, and who was, in the opinion of many, little inferior to him, looking upon this scene with a sorrowful and dejected countenance. Valerius instantly discovered the cause of his chagrin, and determined to remove it, which he did in the following manner: He seized the laurel crown, and pressing towards his disappointed rival, placed it on his head, saying, "You are more deserving of it than I am: I obtained it more on account of my youth than my merit, and rather as an encouragement than a reward."

This generous conduct called forth enthusiastic admiration from the spectators; and the astonished youth, who thus unexpectedly received the crown of victory from the hands of the victor, was overcome with gratitude and joy. To preserve the remembrance of an action which evinced at once so much modesty and such kind feelings, the people conferred on Valerius the surname of *Pudens*, which signifies modest—an honor greater even than that which he derived from his poetry.

2481. BERANGER'S CHANSONS.

It is difficult to conceive the power of Beranger over the popular mind in France. There is no doubt that his Chansons had an immense influence in producing the revolution in 1830, although he does not view the existing government with approbation, and has refused every thing in the shape of boon or favor at its hands. At the funeral of his friend Lafitte, not long ago, which was attended by the king and princes, the royal carriage passed onward unnoticed; but when that of Beranger appeared, a burst of acclamation welcomed the poet of the people—his horses were unyoked, and hundreds strove for the honor of drawing him in triumph; it was with difficulty he persuaded them to desist.

2482. SINCERE MOURNERS.

A solemn funeral honored the remains of Klopstock, led by the senate of Hamburg, with fifty thousand votaries, so penetrated by one universal sentiment, that this multitude preserved a mournful silence, and the interference of the police ceased to be necessary through the city at the solemn burial of the man of genius.

2483. QUEEN VICTORIA AND THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The following story narrates the most graceful compliment and delicate return ever made by royalty:—

"I was at her majesty's coronation, in Westminster Abbey," said Campbell, "and she conducted herself so well, during the long and fatiguing ceremony, that I shed tears many times. On returning home, I resolved, out of pure esteem and veneration, to send her a copy of all my works.

"Accordingly, I had them bound up, and went personally with them to Sir Henry Wheatly, who, when he understood my errand, told me that her majesty made it a rule to decline presents of this kind, and that she could not touch with her sceptre in any of her dominions

which I covet; and I therefore entreat you, in your office, to present them with my devotion as a subject.' But the next day they were returned.

"I hesitated," continued Campbell, "to open the parcel; but, on doing so, I found, to my inexpressible joy, a note enclosed, desiring my autograph on them. Having complied with the wish, I again transmitted the books to her majesty; and, in the course of a day or two, received in return this elegant engraving, with her majesty's autograph, as you see below." He then directed particular attention to the royal signature, which was in her majesty's usual bold and beautiful handwriting.

2484. VOLTAIRE'S HEAD.

During the extraordinary popularity which Voltaire enjoyed at Paris, the number of his portraits in circulation was immense.

One ingenious artist in particular, of the name of Huber, had acquired such a facility in forming his countenance, that he could not only cut most striking likenesses of him out of paper, with scissors held behind his back, but could mould a little bust of him in half a minute, out of a bit of bread; and at last used to make his dog manufacture most excellent profiles, by making him bite off the edge of a biscuit which he held to him in three or four different positions.

2485. MONUMENT TO MILTON.

Considerable curiosity was created, the other day, in Wathing Street, by the erection of a large tablet on the walls of All-hallows Church to the memory of Milton, the poet. It bears an inscription the following well-known lines:—

"Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in majesty of thought surpassed;
The next in gracefulness; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the other two."

"John Milton was born in Bread Street, the 9th day of December, 1608, and was baptized in the parish Church of All-hallows, Bread Street, on Tuesday, the 29th of December, 1608."

2486. REVERENCE FOR PETRARCH AND LAURA.

There is scarce a genteel family at Avignon but have the pictures of Petrarch and Laura in their houses. A lady of that country, who piques herself much on being descended from Laura, took it very ill of Mr. Ramsay that he should say Petrarch's love for Laura was only Platonic. Ramsay was obliged to recant the heresy, and write a fable against Platonic love.

2487. RESPECT PAID TO WIELAND.

The night that followed the battle of Jena was a terrible one to the inhabitants of Weimar. The contest raged in its streets and walks; showers of balls fell into the town; all around houses were in flames; plunder and devastation were at their height. But amidst this general confusion, Wieland, the poet,

received a proof of the high estimation in which his talents were held by him who had thus directed the storm of war; for by Bonaparte's orders a guard was placed before his house for its protection.

Next morning Marshal Ney waited upon him in person. He found him in his room, which had been stripped of its furniture before the guard had been placed. Wieland had only one chair remaining, which he offered to the marshal; but Ney, with politeness and kindness, gently reseated the old man in his chair, and observed that he knew better whose duty it was to stand in the presence of Wieland.

2488. DUKE OF YORK AND MILTON.

The Duke of York, in the heyday of his honors and greatness, went to satisfy a malignant curiosity, by visiting Milton in his own house. He asked him if he did not regard the loss of his sight as a judgment for his writing against the king. Milton replied, calmly, "If your highness thinks calamity is an indication of Heaven's wrath, how do you account for the fate of the king your father? I have lost but my eyes—he lost his head."

On the duke's return to court, he said to the king, "Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don't have that old rogue, Milton, hanged."

"What!" said the king, "have you seen Milton?"

"Yes," answered the duke, "I have seen him."

"In what condition did you find him?"

"Condition! Why, he is old and very poor."

"Old and poor," said the king, "and blind too? You are a fool, James, to have him hanged; it would be doing him a service. No; if he is poor, old, and blind, he is already miserable enough in all conscience. Let him live on."

2489. A POET INSTRUCTING A KING.

The sphere of a poet's influence is far wider than that of his own age; and whatever we may now think of the grave and ancient poet Gower, he found understanding admirers so late as in the reign of Charles I. In the curious "conference" which took place when Charles I. visited the Marquis of Worcester, at Ragland Castle, with his court, there is the following anecdote respecting the poet Gower:—

The marquis was a shrewd though whimsical man, and a favorite of the king for his frankness and his love of the arts. His lordship entertained the royal guest with extraordinary magnificence. Among his rare curiosities was a sumptuous copy of Gower's volume. Charles I. usually visited the marquis after dinner. Once he found his lordship with the book of John Gower lying open, when the king said he had never before seen. "O," exclaimed the marquis, "it is a book of books!"

istotlé brought up and instructed Alexander the Great in all the rudiments and principles belonging to a prince." And under the persons of Aristotle and Alexander, the marquis read the king such a lesson that all the standers-by were amazed at his boldness. The king asked whether he had his lesson by heart, or spoke out of the book. "Sir, if you would read my heart, it may be that you might find it there; or if your majesty pleased to get it by heart, I will lend you my book." The

king accepted the offer. Some of the new-made lords fretted and bit their thumbs at certain passages in the marquis's discourse, and some protested that no man was so much for the absolute power of a king as Aristotle. The marquis told the king that he would indeed show him one remarkable passage to that purpose, and turning to the place, read,—

“A king can kill, a king can save;
A king can make a lord a knave;
And of a knave a lord also.”

On this several new-made lords slunk out of the room, which the king observing, he told the marquis, “My lord, at this rate, you will drive away all my nobility.”

This amusing anecdote is an evidence that this ethical poet, after two centuries and a half, was not forgotten; his spirit was still vital; his volume still lay open on the library table; it afforded a pungent lesson to the courtiers of Charles I., as it had to those of Richard II.

242. BENEVOLENCE AND SYMPATHY.

2490. LAST MOMENTS OF SIDNEY.



Philip Sidney.

Sir Philip Sidney was regarded by his contemporaries as not only a highly-accomplished scholar, and a gallant and most true-hearted man, but also a great statesman and soldier, and, with scarcely an exception, the greatest of living poets. He was born in 1554; his father, Sir Henry Sidney, being described as a man “of excellent natural wit, large heart, and sweet conversation.”

Our readers will remember the famous anecdote told of Sidney at the battle of Zutphen, where he lost his life. Whilst being carried through the camp fatally wounded, feeling thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was brought to him. At this moment a soldier still more dangerously hurt, and who, as Lord Brooke observes, “had eaten his last at this same feast,” was borne by, and was observed by Sidney to fix his ghastly and imploring looks upon him. He immediately handed the bottle to the poor soldier, saying simply, “Thy necessity is greater than mine.”

It is painful to know that but for a chivalric imprudence Sidney's wound might have been averted. He had fully armed himself according to the custom of the time, but seeing the marshal of the camp comparatively defenceless, he threw off his own armor, and thus opened a free passage for his mortal wound. “Nothing in life, however, became him like the leaving of it.”

Sidney's death occurred at the age of thirty-two; and nothing gives so high an idea of his heroic and generous character, as the fact that he was able, at so early an age, to have made so strong an impression upon his contemporaries. The national grief at his death was extraordinary; the whole kingdom went into mourning.

2491. SHELLEY'S GENEROSITY.

As an instance of Shelley's extraordinary generosity, a friend of his, a man of letters, enjoyed from him, at that period, a pension of a hundred a year, though he had but a thousand of his own; and he continued to enjoy it till fortune rendered it superfluous.

But the princeliness of his disposition was seen most in his behavior to another friend, the writer of this memoir, who is proud to relate that, with money raised with an effort, Shelley once made him a present of fourteen hundred pounds, to extricate him from debt. “I was not extricated,” says he, “for I had not yet learnt to be careful; but the shame of not being so, after such generosity, and the pain which my friend afterwards underwent when I was in trouble and he was helpless, were the first causes of my thinking of money matters to any purpose. His last sixpence was ever at my service, had I chosen to share it.”

In a poetical epistle written some years after, and published in the volume of *Posthumous Poems*, Shelley, in alluding to his friend's circumstances, which, for the second time, were then straitened, only made an affectionate lamentation that he himself was poor; never once hinting that he had himself drained his purse for his friend.

2492. SHELLEY AND THE POOR WOMAN.

“I was returning home one night,” says Leigh Hunt, “to Hampstead, after the opera. As I approached the door, I heard strange and alarming shrieks, mixed with the voice of a man. The next day; it was reported by the gossips that Mr. Shelley,

no Christian,—for it was he who was there,—had brought some ‘very strange female’ into the house, no better, of course, than she ought to be.

“Shelley, in coming to our house that night, had found a woman lying near the top of the hill in fits. It was a fierce winter night, with snow upon the ground; and winter loses nothing of its fierceness at Hampstead. My friend, always the promptest as well as most pitying on these occasions, knocked at the first houses he could reach, in order to have the woman taken in. The invariable answer was, that they could not do it.

“He asked for an outhouse to put her in, while he went for a doctor. Impossible! In vain he assured them that she was no impostor. They could not dispute the point with him; but doors were closed, and windows were shut down. Time flies; the poor woman is in convulsions; her son, a young man, lamenting over her.

“At last my friend sees a carriage driving up to a house at a little distance. The knock is given; the warm door opens; servants and lights pour forth. Now, thought he, is the time. He puts on his best address, which any body might recognize for the highest gentleman as well as an interesting individual, and plants himself in the way of an elderly person, who is stepping out of the carriage with his family. He tells his story. They only press on the faster. ‘Will you go and see her?’ ‘No, sir; there’s no necessity for that sort of thing, depend upon it. Impostors swarm every where: the thing cannot be done: sir, your conduct is extraordinary.’

“‘Sir,’ cried Shelley, assuming a very different manner, and forcing the flourishing householder to stop out of astonishment, ‘I am sorry to say that your conduct is *not* extraordinary; and if my own seems to amaze you, I will tell you something which may amaze you a little more, and I hope will frighten you. It is such men as you who madden the spirits and the patience of the poor and wretched; and if ever a convulsion comes in this country,—which is very probable,—recollect what I tell you. You will have your house, that you refuse to put the miserable woman into, burnt over your head.’ ‘God bless me, sir! Dear me, sir!’ exclaimed the poor frightened man, and fluttered into his mansion.

“The woman was then brought to our house, which was at some distance, and down a bleak path; and Shelley and her son were obliged to hold her till the doctor could arrive.

“It appeared that she had been attending this son in London, on a criminal charge made against him, the agitation of which had thrown her into fits on her return. The doctor said that she would have perished had she lain there a short time longer. The next day my friend sent mother and son comfortably home to Hendon, where they were known, and whence they returned him their hearts full of gratitude.”

§423. GOLDSMITH DUPED BY AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

In his new lodgings, in Wine Office Court, Goldsmith began to receive visits of ceremony, and to entertain his literary friends. Among the latter he now numbered several names of note. He had also a numerous class of hangers-on, the small fry of literature, who, knowing his almost utter incapacity to refuse a pecuniary request, were apt, now that he

was considered flush, to levy continual taxes upon his purse.

Among others, one Pilkington, an old college acquaintance, but now a shifting adventurer, duped him in the most ludicrous manner. He called on him with a face full of perplexity. A lady of the first rank having an extraordinary fancy for curious animals, for which she was willing to give enormous sums, he had procured a couple of white mice to be forwarded to her from India. They were actually on board of a ship in the river. Her grace had been apprised of their arrival, and was all impatience to see them. Unfortunately, he had no cage to put them in, nor clothes to appear in before a lady of her rank. Two guineas would be sufficient for his purpose; but where were two guineas to be procured?

The simple heart of Goldsmith was touched; but, alas! he had but half a guinea in his pocket. It was unfortunate; but, after a pause, his friend suggested, with some hesitation, that “money might be raised upon his watch; it would be but the loan of a few hours.” So said, so done: the watch was delivered to the worthy Mr. Pilkington, to be pledged at a neighboring pawn-brokers; but nothing further was ever seen of him, the watch, or the white mice. The next that Goldsmith heard of the poor shifting scapegrace, he was on his death bed, starving with want; upon which, forgetting or forgiving the trick he had played upon him, he sent him a guinea. Indeed, he used often to relate, with great humor, the foregoing anecdote of his credulity, and was ultimately in some degree indemnified by its suggesting to him the amusing little story of Prince Bonbennin and the White Mouse, in the Citizen of the World.

§494. PEELE AND BYRON.

Sir Robert Peel was a contemporary of Byron’s. and a scholar at the same university. It is related that when a great fellow of a boy-tyrant, who claimed little Peel as a *fag*, was giving him a castigation, Byron happened to come by. While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel was writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend; and although he was not strong enough to fight the tyrant with any hope of success, and it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and in a voice trembling with terror and indignation, asked very humbly if he would be pleased to tell him “how many stripes he meant to inflict.”

“Why,” replied the executioner, “you little rascal, what is that to you?”

“Because, if you please,” said Byron, “*I would take half!*”

That Byron was thus originally of a noble nature, is proved beyond all contradiction by this little anecdote.

§495. BYRON AND COLERIDGE.

A generous mind will naturally seek to make reparation for wrongs done to another. Mean souls never acknowledge their faults, and seldom forgive those who point them out. In a letter to Coleridge, written in 1815, Lord Byron evinces that true magnanimity of mind which ever characterized the better feelings of the noble poet. He says, “You mention my ‘*Satire*,’ lampoon, or whatever you or others please to call it. I can only say that it was written

when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since; more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my friends; which is heaping coals of fire upon an enemy's head, and forgiving me too readily to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert and petulant, and shallow enough; but although I have done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the whole thing, I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks."

The lines referred to by Byron are familiar to the readers of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:—

"Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays, the laureate of the long-eared kind."

2406. A POET'S GENEROSITY.

Pope's conduct towards Gay should always be remembered to his honor. "I remember a letter," says Aaron Hill, "wherein he invited him to partake of his fortune, (at that time but a small one,) assuring him, with a very unpoetical warmth, that as long as himself had a shilling, Mr. Gay should be welcome to a sixpence of it, nay, to eightpence, if he could but contrive to live on a groat."

2497. PIRON.

Piron, the celebrated French academician, was walking homewards from Notre Dame, when he was accosted by a blind man, who asked him for charity. He replied in the language of St. Peter, "Silver and gold have I none: but of what I have, I shall willingly give you part;" and immediately took out his tablets, and wrote upon them the following verses, which he pinned to the old man's coat:—

"You that enjoy the light of day,
Relieve a wretched, blind man, pray.
Unseen by me, your alms let fall;
He sees them clear who sees us all;
And when his eyes remove all shade,
In sight of all, you'll be repaid."

2498. POPE'S EXPENDITURE.

"Mr. Pope's not being richer," says Spence, "may be easily accounted for. He never had any love for money; and, though he was not extravagant in any thing, he always delighted, when he had any sum to spare, to make use of it in giving, lending, building, and gardening; for those were the ways

in which he disposed of all the overplus of his income. If he was extravagant in any thing, it was in his grotto; for that, from first to last, cost him above a thousand pounds."

2499. GENEROSITY OF HUME.



David Hume.

Blacklock, the poet, certainly much better known for his blindness than for his genius, happened to call upon Hume, the historian, one day, and began a long dissertation on his misery, bewailing his loss of sight, his large family of children, and his utter incapacity to provide for them, or even to supply them, at that moment, with the necessaries of life.

Hume himself was, at that period, so little a favorite of fortune, from the smallness of his paternal estate, and the scantiness of his collegiate stipend, being then a member of the university, that he had solicited, and just then received, through the strenuous interest of a friend, a university appointment worth about forty pounds per annum.

The heart of the philosopher, however, was softened by the complaint of his friend; and being destitute of the pecuniary means of immediate assistance, he ran to his desk, took out the newly-received grant, and presented it to the unhappy poet, with a promise, which he faithfully performed, of using his best interest to have the name of Hume changed for that of Blacklock. In this generous attempt he was finally successful, and, by his noble philanthropy, had the pleasure of saving his friend and family from starvation.

§ 243. VARIOUS EXCELLENCES.

2500. POPE'S HATRED OF FLATTERY.

Mr. Pope never flattered any body for money in the whole course of his writing.

Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted in some part of Mr. Pope's writings. He did not want money, and he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds to have been gratified in this desire, and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much; but Mr. Pope would never comply with such a baseness. And when the alderman died, he left him a legacy only of a hundred pounds, which might have been some thousands if he had obliged him only with a couplet.

2501. THOMSON'S PATIENCE.

Thomson, the poet, was considered one of the most patient men that ever existed, and at the same time one of the most indolent; indeed, it was common in his lifetime for his friends to observe that such a one was "as patient as Thomson." This (almost a failing) gave rise to a bet between two gentlemen that he could be provoked. He was exceedingly fond of his bed, and of course liked it comfortably and easily made: his servant was therefore bribed to leave it altogether unmade. Thomson, the next morning, gently reminded her of her neglect; but the following night, the same fault occurred: again he reminded her; but again he was doomed to sleep in a tumbled bed. On the third morning, he merely observed, "Since it does not suit you to make my bed, you can leave it alone altogether, for I am quite accustomed to a tumbled one now."

2502. SWIFT'S GENEROSITY.

Standing one morning at the window of his study, the dean observed a decent old woman offer a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, in an insolent and surly manner. The woman, however, pressed her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The dean, whose soul was compassionate, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery. He waited most anxiously for the servant to bring the paper; but, to his surprise and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it.

The dean again looked out. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her situation, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference.

The dean could bear it no longer. He threw up the sash, and loudly demanded what the paper contained. "It is a petition, please your reverence," replied the woman. "Bring it up, rascal," cried the enraged dean. The servant, surprised and petrified, obeyed.

With Swift, to know distress was to pity it; to pity, to relieve.

The poor woman was instantly made happy, and the servant almost as instantly turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct. "The bearer," says he, "lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharged him." Such were the consequences of this paper, that for seven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar, after which the dean forgave him; and in consequence of another paper, equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till his death.

2503. PIRON'S INDEPENDENCE.

Piron would not suffer the literary character to be lowered in his presence. Entering the apartment of a nobleman, who was conducting another peer to the stairs' head, the latter stopped to make way for Piron. "Pass on, my lord," said the noble master; "pass, he is only a poet." Piron replied, "Since our qualities are declared, I shall take my rank," and placed himself before the lord.

2504. POPE'S ACCURACY.

"At fifteen years of age," says Pope, "I got acquainted with Mr. Walsh. He encouraged me much, and used to tell me that there was one way left of excelling; for though we had several great poets, we never had any one great poet that was correct. He ended his remarks by desiring me to make accuracy my study and aim."

This, perhaps, first led Mr. Pope to turn his lines over and over again so often. This habit he continued to the last, and he did it with a surprising facility.

2505. PARINI.

Parini, a native of Milan, was not only one of the first poets of modern Italy, but a dignified, philanthropic, and most amiable man.

When the government of his country was changed, and a republic first instituted under the protection of the French arms, Milan became the scene of very natural excitement, and occasionally of violence. The people had been too long deprived of liberty to be able to bear their new condition with moderation.

Things even went so far that a young and beautiful girl was seen to ascend the republican tribune, and to promise her virgin love to the man who should bring in the head of that foe to liberty—the poor old pope; and the father of this virago was seen to embrace her with transport and tears excited by this *heroic virtue*!

It was at this time that some violent demagogue tried to force Parini, one night at the theatre, to join the mob in crying, "Death to the aristocrats!" "Long live the republic!" exclaimed the poet. "Life to the republic, but death to no one!" In an instant tranquillity was restored.

2506. FERDOSI, THE PERSIAN HOMER.

When the Persian Homer, Ferdosi, had finished his noble epic poem of the Shah Nameh, or Book of Kings, Mahmood was persuaded, by envious rivals, to diminish the reward that he had promised him. The bard spurned the present which he sent him, and added to his poem a bitter satire upon the king's want of generosity; but after he had given vent to his feelings, he thought it prudent to leave

the court, and to retire to his native city of Too, the modern Mushed, in Khorassan.

Some time elapsed before Mahmood saw the verses he had written; and sensible too late of his error, he tried to retrieve his fame, by sending an immense sum to the poet; but the rich present reached the gates of Too as the body of Ferdosi was being carried to its last mansion; and it was rejected by his virtuous daughter, who scorned to accept that wealth which had been once denied to the merit of her illustrious father.

§ 244. ECCENTRICITIES. IDIOSYNCRASIES, AND CAPRICES.

2507. DEAN SWIFT AND HIS GUESTS.



Jonat: Swift.

One of the letters of Mr. Pope has the following anecdote of this celebrated but eccentric man:—

"Dean Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken by strangers for ill nature: it is so odd that there is no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head.

"One evening, Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, 'Heyday, gentlemen,' says the doctor, 'what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the great lords that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor dean?' 'Because we would rather see you than any of them.' 'Ay, any one that did not know you so well as I do might believe you. But since you have come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose.' 'No, doctor, we have supped already.' 'Supped already? That's impossible: why, it is not eight o'clock yet. That's very strange: but if you had not supped, I must have got something for you. Let me see; what should I have had? A couple of lobsters? Ay, that would have done very well—two shillings; tarts, a shilling.

"'But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket.' 'No, we had rather talk

with you than drink with you.' 'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drunk with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings. Two and two are four, and one is five; just two and sixpence apiece. There, Pope, there's half a crown for you; and there's another for you, sir; for I won't save any thing by you, I am determined.'

"This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

2508. COLERIDGE'S SATIRE ON HIMSELF.

Coleridge had a singular taste for satirizing himself. He has spoken of ludicrous consequences arising out of this indulgence.

"An amateur performer in verse," says he, "expressed to a common friend a strong desire to be introduced to me, but hesitated in accepting my friend's immediate offer, on the score that he was, he must acknowledge, the author of a very severe epigram on Mr. C.'s Ancient Mariner, which had given him great pain.

"I assured my friend that, if the epigram was a good one, it would only increase my desire to become acquainted with the author, and begged to hear it recited; when, to my no less surprise than amusement, it proved to be one which I had myself, some time before, written and inserted in the Morning Post:—

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

"Your poem must eternal be;
Dear sir, it cannot fail,
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail."

2509. COLERIDGE AND ARCHITECTURE.

Cottle says it was a remarkable trait of Mr. Coleridge's character that edifies excited in his mind very little interest.

"On his return from Italy, and after having resided for some time in Rome, I remember his describing to me the state of society; the characters of the pope and cardinals; the gorgeous ceremonies, with the superstitions of the people; but not one word did he utter concerning St. Peter's, the Vatican, or the numerous antiquities of the place.

"As a further confirmation of this view of his character, I remember to have been with Mr. Coleridge at York, on our journey into Durham, to see

Mr. Wadsworth, when, after breakfast at the inn, perceiving Mr. C. engaged, I went out alone to see the York Minster, being on the way detained in a bookseller's shop. In the mean time, Mr. C., having missed me, set off in search of his companion.

"Supposing it probable that I was gone to the Minster, he went up to the door of that magnificent structure, and inquired of the porter whether such an individual as myself had gone in there. Being answered in the negative, he had no further curiosity, not even looking into the interior, but turned away to pursue his search.

"So that, for aught which appears, Mr. C. left York without beholding, or wishing to behold, the chief attraction of the city, or being at all conscious that he had committed, by his neglect, *high treason against all architectural beauty!* This deficiency in his regard for edifices, while he was feverishly alive to all the operations of the mind, and to all intellectual inquiries, formed a striking and singular feature in Mr. C.'s mental constitution worthy of being noticed."

2510. ECCENTRICITIES OF POETS IN THE SELECTION OF THEIR THEME.

It has been the pride of many writers to choose subjects apparently the most barren and insignificant, in order to show off to the greater advantage their powers of imagination and description.

Homer sung the wars of the frogs and mice; Apuleius, the sensibility of the ass; Lucian, the rambles of a fly; Julius Scaliger, the wisdom of the goose.

A parasitical life had its eulogist in Lucian; folly, an apologist in Erasmus; and the mad freaks of the tyrant Nero, a vindicator in Cardan. While Libanus selects the ox for his theme, Michael Pfellus is content with a gnat; and Antonius Majoragius, who deems nothing worthier of his praise than the clay from which we are all sprung, and to which all must sooner or later return, is outvalled by James Donysa, the son, who sees in a shadow the essence of all human pursuits since time began, and even until time shall be no more.

2511. ALFIERI.

The poet Alfieri's hair was fated to bring into play one of his leading eccentricities; for being alone at the theatre at Turin, and hanging carelessly with his head backwards over the corner of his box, a lady in the next seat, on the other side of the partition, who had on other occasions made several attempts to attract his attention, broke into violent and repeated encomiums on his auburn locks, which were flowing down close by her hand.

Alfieri spoke not a word, and continued in his posture until he left the theatre. The lady the next morning received a parcel, the contents of which she found to be the tresses she had so much admired, and which the count had cut off close to his head. There was no billet with the present, but words could not have more clearly expostulated, "If you like the hair, here it is, but leave me alone."

2512. A STRANGE WHIM OF BYRON.

Byron, having found a skull in the cemetery of his ancestors, formed the strange idea of having it

converted into a drinking cup; and being mounted on a silver stand, he wrote an inscription, which was engraven round it, and which says,—

"Quaff while thou canst; another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace
And rhyme and revel with the dead."

2513. HARTOP AND MILTON.

Hartop lent Milton fifty pounds, soon after the restoration, which the bard returned him with honor, though not without much difficulty, as his circumstances were very low. The creditor would have declined; but the pride of the poet was equal to his genius, and he sent the money with an angry letter, which was found among the curious possessions of that venerable old man.

2514. THE POET CAMPBELL.

"It is well known," says Frazer, "that Campbell's own favorite poem was his *Gertrude*. I once heard him say, 'I never like to see my name before the *Pleasures of Hope*; why, I cannot tell you, unless it was that, when young, I was always greeted among my friends as "*Mr. Campbell, author of the Pleasures of Hope*." "Good morning to you, Mr. Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*." When I got married, I was married as the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*; and when I became a father, my son was the son of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*.' A kind of grim smile, ill subdued, we are afraid, stole over our features, when, standing beside the poet's grave, we read the inscription on his coffin:—

"Thomas Campbell, LL. D., author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, died June 15, 1844, aged 67."

"The poet's dislike occurred to our memory—there was no getting the better of the thought."

2515. ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.

The circumstance of Sheridan's well-known duel having been misrepresented, he came to town, resolved to set the British public right; and as Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, was his friend, he resolved to do so through the channels of that paper. It was agreed by them that Sheridan, under a fictitious name, should write a history of the affair as it had been misrepresented, and that he should subsequently reply to it in his own name, giving the facts of the case. The first part he accomplished, and there appeared in the *Chronicle* a bitter article against him, written, in fact, by himself; but he was too lazy to write the reply, and it never was written.

2516. YOUNG AND HIS NIGHT THOUGHTS.

"When one begins to find pleasure in sighing over Young's *Night Thoughts* in a corner," says Beattie, "it is time to shut the book, and return to the company. I grant, that while the mind is in a certain state, those gloomy ideas give exquisite delight; but their effect resembles intoxication upon the body.

"They may produce a temporary fit of exaltation, but qualms, and weakened nerves, and de

pression of spirits are the consequence. Yet I have great respect for Dr. Young, both as a man and as a poet. I even used to devour his *Night Thoughts* with a satisfaction not unlike that which, in my younger years, I have found in walking in a churchyard alone, or on a wild mountain by the light of the moon at midnight.

"When I first read Young, my heart was broken to think of the poor man's afflictions. Afterwards I took it in my head that where there was so much lamentation there could not be excessive suffering, and I could not help applying to him sometimes those lines of a song,—

'Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
He's wretched, to show he has wit.'

On talking with some of Dr. Young's friends in England, I have since found that my conjectures were right, for while he was composing the *Night Thoughts*, he was really as cheerful as any other man."

2517. RABELAIS'S OPINION OF THE WORLD.

Rabelais had written some sensible pieces, which the world did not regard at all. "I will write something," says he, "that they shall take notice of." And so he sat down to writing nonsense.

2518. SOMETHING ORIGINAL.

Campbell, the poet, received a request from a young lady to write something original in her album. He answered as follows:—

"An original something, dear maid, you would win me
To write; but how shall I begin?
For I'm sure I have nothing original in me,
Excepting original sin."

2519. JOHNSON'S PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF.

"He told me," says Mrs. Piozzi, "that the character of Sober, in the *Idler*, was by himself intended as his own portrait; and that he had his own outset into life in his eye, when he wrote the Eastern story of Gelaleddin."

2520. POPE AT FOURTEEN.

Little people mistook the excess of Pope's genius for madness. Ray Smith, after being in Mr. Pope's company when about fourteen, exclaimed, "Egad! that young fellow will either be a madman, or make a very great poet."

2521. McDONALD CLARKE.

The following account of a very singular man appeared in the *Portland Transcript* in 1850:—

"Some of our readers, perhaps, have heard of McDonald Clarke, sometimes called the *mad poet*. Our thoughts are at this moment directed to him by observing, in an exchange, one of his poems, credited to that most prolific genius, Mr. Anonymous. Poor fellow! he died in a mad-house, and now the orphaned offspring of his brain and heart wander, unowned, through the highways and byways of literature.

"McDonald Clarke was a singular, unfortunate, but gifted being. Amid a thousand absurd vagaries shone out gleams of the highest genius. Two or three years ago, we came into possession of a small, miserably-printed collection of his rhymings, published during his lifetime. It probably fell dead from the press. It was full of bad grammar and worse orthography, yet it contained snatches of poetry that would not disgrace the proudest of the children of song. The following strangely worded, but touchingly beautiful paragraphs are from his introduction to the literary volume referred to:—

"I won't pester folks with apologies. Here's a rough handful of flowers—a little dirt about the roots—a tear'll wash off.

"If the life of my poetry is wholesome, 'twill breathe after the wild spirit that inspired it has been sobered at the terrible tribunal of eternity, and the weak hand that traced it long wasted to ashes."

"He is the author of those oft-quoted lines,—

'Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star.'

"In his wilder moments, he set all rules at defiance, and mingled the startlingly sublime and the laughably ridiculous in the oddest confusion. He talks thus madly of Washington:—

'Eternity—give him elbow room;
A spirit like his is large;
Earth, fence with artillery his tomb,
And fire a double charge
To the memory of America's greatest man:
Match him, posterity, if you can.'

"In the following lines, he sketches, with a few bold touches, a well-known place, sometimes called a *rum hole*:—

'Ha! see where the wild-blazing grogshop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness roll,
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years,
The horrible light-house of hell!'

"A reviewer having made a sneering allusion to Clarke, and used the word *zigzag* in reference to brains, Clarke called at the office of the paper which published it, and wished permission to reply. It was granted, on condition that he would occupy only four lines. This was his reply:—

'I will tell Johnny —, in the way of a laugh,
Since he's dragged my name into his pen-and-ink scrawl,
That most people think it is better by half
To have brains that are 'zigzag' than no brains at all.'

"Here is a tribute to the Sabbath, which, in sweetness and simplicity, is not often equalled:—

'I feel the happier all the week,
If my foot has pressed the sacred aisle;
The pillow seems softer to my cheek;
I sink to slumber with a smile;
With sinful passions cease to fight,
And sweetly dream on Sunday night."

"Mrs. Child speaks of McDonald Clarke as one of the purest-hearted and most affectionate of beings. 'He was,' says she, 'simple and temperate in all his habits; and in his deepest poverty he always kept up the neat appearance of a gentleman.'

"He died, a few years ago, in a lunatic asylum, on Blackwell's Island, New York, at the age of forty-four, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, agreeably to a wish often expressed by him during his brief and sad career. He is said to have expressed a childlike delight when told what arrangements should be made at his funeral. 'I hope the children will come,' said he; 'I want to be buried by the side of children. Four things I am sure

there will be in heaven—music, flowers, pure air, and plenty of little children.”

2522. ANECDOTE OF L. E. L.



Birthplace of Miss Landon.

We quote the following paragraphs from William Howitt:—

“On the other hand, in mixed companies, witty and conversant as she was, you had a feeling that she was playing an assumed part. Her manner and conversation were not only the very reverse of the tone and sentiment of her poems, but she seemed to say things for the sake of astonishing you with the very contrast. You felt not only no confidence in the truth of what she was asserting, but a strong assurance that it was said merely for the sake of saying what her hearers would least expect to hear her say.

“I recollect once meeting her in company, at a time when there was a strong report that she was actually though secretly married. Mrs. Hofland, on her entering the room, went up to her in her plain, straightforward way, and said, ‘Ah! my dear, what must I call you?—Miss Landon, or whom?’

“After a well-feigned surprise at the question, Miss Landon began to talk in a tone of merry ridicule at this report, and ended by declaring that as to love or marriage, they were things that she never thought of. ‘What, then, have you been doing with yourself this last month?’

“‘O, I have been puzzling my brain to invent a new sleeve; pray, how do you like it?’ showing her arm.

“‘You never think of such a thing as love!’ exclaimed a sentimental young man; ‘you, who have written so many volumes of poetry upon it!’

“‘O that’s all professional, you know,’ exclaimed she, with an air of merry scorn.

“‘Professional!’ exclaimed a grave Quaker, who stood near; ‘why dost thou make a difference between what is professional and what is real? Dost

thou write one thing and think another? Does not that look very much like hypocrisy?’

“To this the astonished poetess made no reply, but by a look of genuine amazement. It was a mode of putting the matter to which she had evidently never been accustomed. And, in fact, there can be no question that much of her writing was professional. She had to win a golden harvest for the comfort of others as dear to her as herself; and she felt, like all authors who have to cater for the public, that she must provide, not so much what she would of her free-will choice, but what they expected from her.”

2523. BYRON'S INCONSISTENCIES AND AFFECTATION.



Lord Byron.

He began his course in affecting to despise money, and he ended in affecting to love it. At first, he pretended to disdain remuneration for his works, but subsequently his publisher found him an exacting author.

This is not the only inconsistency which we observe in him with respect to his compositions. With the sternness of a literary Brutus, he seems at times to give up his intellectual offspring to the death sentence of criticism: a literary Brutus, however, has this advantage over the old Roman, that the life of his darling may be sung in another copy; and so it was with Byron's. Shelley had given judgment against the Deformed Transformed; Byron, in the presence of Shelley and other witnesses, consigned the manuscript to the flames, with the tranquillity of an inquisitor burning a heretic; but a short while after, the drama appeared in its unmaimed integrity.

He assumed, on occasions, a supreme indifference for his writings. “I don't care,” he says, “two lumps of sugar for my poetry, but for my costume and correctness; on these points I will combat lustily.”

Some instances of whims mark his conduct with respect to his works, which would better suit a petted opera singer than a mighty poet. He corresponded at one time with Murray, to repurchase and recall his copyrights; he even refunded money he had just received. Murray doubted the seriousness of the whole matter; and from the ease with which Byron was dissuaded we may doubt it also.

2524. LORD BYRON'S MOTHER.

Lord Byron was afflicted with a club foot, and when young he submitted to some very painful operations to have the deformity removed, but with no success. His mother was a proud, passionate, and wicked woman, and even the yearnings of natural affection seemed stifled. Let us see the influence his mother exerted on this brilliant and powerful mind.

The readers of Byron's Life must have shuddered to hear him speak of his mother. Moore, the biographer of Byron, speaks three times of this fact, and the passages are so remarkable that we will transcribe them literally. The first is brief, but significant:—

"On the subject of his deformed foot," says Moore, in his Byron, (vol. i. p. 21.) Byron described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him a 'lame brat!'"

The second passage is scarcely less significant:—

"But in the case of Lord Byron, disappointment met him at the very threshold of life. His mother, to whom his affections first naturally and with order turned, either repelled them rudely, or capriciously trifled with them. In speaking of his early days to a friend at Genoa, a short time before his departure for Greece, he traced his first feelings of pain and humiliation to the coldness with which his mother had received his caresses in infancy, and the frequent taunts on his personal deformity with which she wounded him."

This passage, found on the 146th page, is only excelled in dreadfulness by the following, on the 198th page:—

"He had spoken of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion. 'Some time or other,' said Byron, 'I will tell you why I thus feel towards her.' A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to his promise, and pointing to his naked leg, exclaimed, 'Look there! it is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; and yet, as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted for the last time, on my leaving England, she, in one of her fits of passion, uttered an

imprecation on me, praying that I might prove as ill formed in mind as I am in body!' His look and manner, in relating the frightful circumstance, can only be conceived by those who have seen him in a similar state of excitement."

What an imprecation from the lips of a woman, and that woman a mother—"Praying that I might prove as ill formed in mind as I am in body!"

2525. POPE AS A MAN.

Lord Chesterfield says of Mr. Pope, "In conversation he was below himself: he was seldom easy and natural, and seemed afraid that the man should degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humor, often unsuccessfully, and too often unseasonably. I have been with him a week at a time, at his house in Twickenham, where I necessarily saw his mind in its undress, when he was, both an agreeable and instructive companion."

"His moral character has been warmly attacked, and but weakly defended; the natural consequence of his shining turn to satire, of which many felt, and all feared, the smart. It must be owned that he was the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile* offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them; but in this I really think the poet was more in fault than the man."

"He was as great an instance as any he quotes of the contrarities and inconsistencies of human nature; for, notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blamable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piously attentive to an old bed-ridden mother, who died but a little time before him. His poor, crazy, deformed body was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the physical ills that ever afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his satire, and may in some degree excuse it."

"I will say nothing of his works; they speak sufficiently for themselves: they will live as long as letters and taste shall remain in this country, and be more and more admired as envy and resentment shall subside. But I will venture this piece of classical blasphemy, which is, that however he may be supposed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him."

§ 254. COLLISIONS AND CONTROVERSIES.

2526. HANNAH MORE AND ANN YEARSLEY.

"I was well acquainted with Ann Yearsley," says Cottle, "and my friendship for Hannah More did not blind my eyes to the merits of her opponent. Candor exacts the acknowledgment that the Bristol milkwoman was a very extraordinary individual. Her natural abilities were eminent, united with which she possessed an unusually sound masculine understanding, and altogether evinced, even in her countenance, the unequivocal marks of genius."

"It has been customary to charge her with ingratitude, (at which all are ready to take fire,) but without sufficient cause, as the slight services I rendered her were repaid with a superabundant expression of thankfulness. What then must have been the feelings of her heart towards Mrs. Hannah More, to whom her obligations were so surpassing?"

"The merits of the question involved in the

disension between Ann Yearsley and Mrs. Hannah More lie in a small compass, and they deserve to be faithfully stated. The public are interested in the refutation of charges of ingratitude, which, if substantiated, would tend to repress assistance towards the humbler children of genius. The baneful effects arising from a charge of ingratitude in Ann Yearsley towards her benefactress might be the proximate means of dooming to penury and death some unborn Chatterton, or of eclipsing the sun of a future Burns.

"Hannah More discovered that the woman who supplied her family daily with milk was a respectable poetess. She collected her productions, and published them for her benefit, with a recommendatory address. The poems, as they deserved, became popular, doubtless, in a great degree, through the generous and influential support of Mrs. H. More; and the profits of the sale amounted to some hundreds of pounds."



Hannah More

"The money thus obtained the milkwoman wished to receive herself, for the promotion of herself in life, and the assistance of her two promising sons, who inherited much of their mother's talent. Hannah More, on the contrary, in conjunction with Mrs. Montague, thought it most advisable to place the money in the funds, in the joint names of herself and Mrs. Montague, as trustees for Ann Yearsley, so that she might receive a small permanent support through life.

"The great error on the part of the milkwoman was in not prevailing on some friend thus to interfere, and calmly to state her case; instead of which, in a disastrous moment, she undertook to plead her own cause, and, without the slightest intention of giving offence, called on her patroness. Ann Yearsley's suit, no doubt, was urged with a zeal approaching to impetuosity, and not expressed in that measured language which propriety might have dictated, and any deficiency in which could not fail to offend her polished and powerful patroness.

"Ann Yearsley obtained her object, but she lost her friend. Her name, from that moment, was branded with ingratitude; and severe indeed was the penalty entailed on her by this act of indiscretion. Her good name, with the rapidity of the eagle's pinion, was forfeited. Her talents, in a large circle, at once became questionable, or vanished away. Her assumed criminality also was magnified into audacity, in daring to question the honor or oppose the wishes of two such women as Mrs. Hannah More and Mrs. Montague. And thus, through this disastrous turn of affairs, a dark veil was suddenly thrown over prospects so late the most unsullied and exhilarating; and the favorite of fortune sank to rise no more.

"Gloom and perplexities in quick succession oppressed the Bristol milkwoman, and her fall became more rapid than her ascent. The eldest of her sons, William Cromartie Yearsley, who had bidden fair to be the prop of her age, and whom she had apprenticed to an eminent engraver, with a premium

of one hundred guineas, prematurely died; and his surviving brother soon followed him to the grave. Ann Yearsley, now a childless and desolate widow, retired, heart-broken, from the world, on the produce of her library, and died many years after, in a state of almost total seclusion, at Melkham. An inhabitant of the town lately informed me that she was never seen, except when she took her solitary walk in the dusk of the evening. She lies buried in Clifton Churchyard."

2527. FONTENELLE AND VOLTAIRE.

During Goldsmith's brief sojourn in Paris, he appears to have gained access to valuable society, and to have had the honor and pleasure of making the acquaintance of Voltaire, of whom, in after years, he wrote a memoir. "As a companion," says he, "no man ever exceeded him, when he chose to lead the conversation; which, however, was not always the case.

"In company, which he either disliked or despised, few could be more reserved than he; but when he was warmed in discourse, and got over a hesitating manner, which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him. His meagre visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty: every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness.

"The person who writes this memoir," continues he, "remembers to have seen him in a select company of wits of both sexes at Paris, when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle, then nearly a hundred years old, who was of the party, and who was unacquainted with the language or authors of the country he undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar began to revile both.

"Diderot, who liked the English, and knew something of their literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved all the former part of the evening, particularly as the conversation happened to turn upon one of his favorite topics.

"Fontenelle continued his triumph until about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last roused from his reverie. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence of the English with the utmost defiance, mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess that, whether from national partiality, or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute."

2528. VOLTAIRE AND ROUSSEAU.

Voltaire's quarrel with Rousseau is characteristic of the man. He visited Holland, in 1722, with Madame Rupelmonde. When passing through Brussels, he sought out the poet whom he had befriended in his need, and whose talents he had admired. They met with delight. Voltaire called him his master and judge: he placed his *Henriade* in his hand, and read him various of his epistles. All went smilingly for a short time. Rousseau read some

of his poetry in return. Voltaire did not approve; Rousseau was piqued. Various sarcasms were interchanged. Rousseau had composed an Ode to Posterity. Voltaire told him that it would never reach its address. A violent quarrel ensued, and Rousseau became his bitter enemy.

2529. POPE'S ENEMIES.

According to the scandalous chronicle of the day, Pope, shortly after the publication of the *Dunciad*, had a tall Irishman to attend him. Colonel Duckett threatened to cane him for a licentious stroke aimed at him, which Pope recanted. Thomas Bentley, nephew to the doctor, for the treatment his uncle had received, sent Pope a challenge. The modern like the ancient Horace was of a nature liable to panic at such critical moments. Pope consulted some military friends, who declared that his *person* ought to protect him from any such redundancy of valor as was thus formally required; however, one of them accepted the challenge for him, and gave Bentley the option of fighting or apologizing, who, on this occasion, proved what is usual—that the easiest of the two is the quickest performed.

2530. VOLTAIRE AND POPE.

Voltaire, when in London, was very intimate with Pope: he was familiar at his table, and introduced to the circle of his acquaintance. But gratitude, and a respect to the laws of hospitality, seemed not to govern the conduct of Voltaire.

One day, when he knew Pope was from home, he called on his ancient mother, who lived with him, and told her that he should be very sorry to do any thing to displease her, but really it was very hard living in London; that he had a poem, a severe lampoon upon her, which he was going to publish, but which he would recommend her to give him a sum of money to suppress.

The fear of the poor old woman at length prevailed over her indignation, and she bribed him not to publish, which he agreed to, on one condition—that she would never mention the subject. She promised, and she kept her word. Having so well succeeded once, he made a second attempt on the yielding prey. The indignation of the injured lady was at its height, when Pope entered the room, and, perceiving her agitation, insisted on knowing the cause. She informed him, in half-stifled accents.

Voltaire had neither time to run off nor to make up an excuse, when the enraged poet, who was never deficient in filial respect, flew with resentment on the unfeeling Frenchman, striking him vehemently. Voltaire, in the attempt to retreat precipitately, fell over a chair.

2531. STUBBORN FACTS.

The lives of authors and artists exhibit a most painful disease in that jealousy which is the perpetual fever of their existence. Plato never mentions Xenophon, and Xenophon inveighs against Plato, studiously collecting every report which may detract from his fame. They wrote on the same subject.

Corneille, tottering on the grave, when Racine consulted him on his first tragedy, advised the author never to write another. Voltaire continually de-

tracts from the sublimity of Corneille, the sweetness of Racine, and the fire of Crebillon; and when Boccaccio sent to Petrarch a copy of Dante, declaring that the work was like a first light, which had illuminated his mind, Petrarch coldly observed that he had not been anxious to inquire after it, having intended to compose in the vernacular idiom, and not wishing to be considered as a plagiarist, while he only allowed Dante's superiority from having written in the vulgar idiom, which he did not think was an enviable, but an inferior merit.

Thus frigidly Petrarch took the altitude of the solitary *Ætna* before him, in the *Inferno*, while he shrunk into himself with the painful consciousness of the existence of another poet, who obscured his own solitary majesty.

Waller is silent on the merits of Cowley, nor does he give one verse to return the praise with which Dryden honored him, while he is warm in panegyric on Beaumont and Fletcher, on Sandys, Ware, and Davenant. And why? Because of some of these their species of composition was different from his own, and the rest he could not fear.

2532. LAMB *versus* COLERIDGE.

"Charles Lamb," says Cottle, "and Charles Lloyd, between whom a strong friendship had latterly sprung up, became alienated from Mr. Coleridge, and cherished something of an indignant feeling. Strange as it may appear, Charles Lamb determined to desert the inglorious ground of neutrality, and to commence active operations against his late friend; but the arrows were taken from his own peculiar armory, tipped, not with iron, but wit.

"He accordingly sent Mr. Coleridge the following letter. Mr. Coleridge gave me this letter, saying, 'These young visionaries will do each other no good.' The following is Charles Lamb's letter to Mr. C.:—

Learned Sir, my Friend:—

Presuming on our long habits of friendship, and emboldened further by your late liberal permission to avail myself of your correspondence, in case I want any knowledge,—which I intend to do, when I have no *Encyclopædia*, or *Ladies' Magazine* at hand to refer to in any manner of science,—I now submit to your inquiries the above theological propositions, to be by you defended or opposed, or both, in the schools of Germany, whither, I am told, you are departing, to the utter dissatisfaction of your native Devonshire, and regret of universal England; but to my own individual consolation, if, through the channel of your wished return, learned sir, my friend, may be transmitted to this our island, from those famous theological wits of Leipsic and Göttingen, any rays of illumination, in vain to be derived from the home growth of our English halls and colleges. Finally, wishing, learned sir, that you may see Schiller, and swing in a wood, (*vide poems*.) and sit upon a tun, and eat fat hams of Westphalia,

I remain your friend,

And docile pupil to instruct,

CHARLES LAMB.

"Mr. Coleridge, at first, appeared greatly hurt at this letter—an impression which I endeavored to counteract, by considering it as a slight ebullition of feeling that would soon subside, and which happily proved to be the case."

§ 246. YOUTHFUL LOVE, DOMESTIC LIFE, &c.

2533. LONGFELLOW.



Henry W. Longfellow.

We know of nothing which, in few words, gives more information concerning this distinguished American poet than the following anecdote—none the less valuable for being of transatlantic origin.

"About the year 1837, Longfellow," says a Dublin paper, "being engaged in making the tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked with an illness which ultimately proved fatal.

"It so happened, however, that some time afterward there came to the same romantic place a young lady of considerable personal attractions. The poet's heart was touched—he became attached to her; but the beauty of sixteen did not sympathize with the poet of six-and-thirty, and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife.

"The young lady, also an American, returned home shortly afterwards. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time with no better success than at first. Thus foiled, he set himself resolutely down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book; a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections, and of establishing his own fame. Hyperion was the result.

"His labor and his constancy were not thrown away: they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart; and they now reside together at Cambridge, in the same house which Washington made his headquarters when he was first appointed to the command of the American armies. These interesting facts were communicated to us by a very intelligent American gentleman, whom we had the pleasure of meeting in the same place which was the scene of the poet's early disappointment and sorrow."

2534. A POET LOVE STORY.

Helen Irving, a young lady of extraordinary beauty and uncommon qualifications,—the subject of the song, "I wish I was where Helen lies,"—was descended from the ancient and respectable family of Kircconnell, in Annandale, whose estate is at present in the possession of Sir William Maxwell, of Springkell, Bart.

She had for some time been courted by two gentlemen whose names were Bell and Fleeming. Bell was proprietor of Blackwood, properly Blacket House; and Fleeming of Fleeming Hall, situate near Mossknow, at present in the possession of Captain Graham. Bell one day told the young lady that if he at any time afterwards found her in Fleeming's company, he would certainly kill him.

She, however, had a great regard for Fleeming, and being one day walking along with him on the pleasant, romantic banks of the Kirtle, she observed his rival on the other side of the river, among the bushes. Conscious of the danger her lover was in, she passed betwixt him and his enemy, who, immediately firing, shot her dead, whilst she leaped into Fleeming's arms. He drew his sword, crossed the river, and cut the murderer to pieces.

A cairn, or heap of stones, was raised on the place where she fell, as a common memorial in similar incidents, from the earlier times, among the Celtic colonies, and continues over Scotland to this day. She was buried in the adjacent churchyard of Kircconnell; and the poor, forlorn, disconsolate Fleeming, overwhelmed with love and oppressed with grief, is said to have gone abroad for some time, returned, visited her grave, upon which he stretched himself and expired, and was buried in the same place.

2535. BYRON'S MATRIMONIAL CAREER.

Byron's second proposal for his future wife, Miss Milbanke, was made under circumstances not by any means the most poetical. The circumstances were as follows:—

A person, who had for some time stood high in his affectionate confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry. This person was Lady Melbourne.

She suggested to him one lady, Lord Byron mentioned another, and that other was Miss Milbanke. "No," said Lady Melbourne, "Miss Milbanke will not suit you. In the first place, she has no fortune now, and you want money immediately. In the next place, you want a person who will have a great admiration for your genius; and she has too great an admiration of her own."

"Well," said Lord Byron, "as you please." And, sitting down, he wrote a letter to the lady recommended by Lady Melbourne. He received a refusal. "Now, you see," said Lord Byron, "that after all Miss Milbanke is to be the person; I will write to her."

He wrote to her on the moment, and as soon as he had finished, his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter, but on reading it over, observed, "Well, really, this is

a very pretty letter; it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one." "Then it *shall* go," said Lord Byron; and in so saying, sealed and sent off, on the instant, this fiat of his fate.

2536. MRS. SOUTHEY.

And who was Mrs. Southey?—who but she who was so long known, and so great a favorite, as Caroline Bowles; transformed by the gallantry of the laureate, and the grace of the parson, into her matrimonial appellation. Southey, so long ago as the 21st of February, 1829, prefaced his most amatory poem of *All for Love* with a tender address, that is now, perhaps, worth reprinting.

"Could I look forward to a distant day,
With hope of building some elaborate lay,
Then would I wait till worthier strains of mine
Might have inscribed thy name, O Caroline!
For I would, while my voice is heard on earth,
Bear witness to thy genius and thy worth.
But we have been both taught to feel with fear
How frail the tenure of existence here;
What unforeseen calamities prevent,
Alas! how oft, the best resolved intent;
And, therefore, this poor volume I address
To thee, dear friend, and sister poetess!

"KEWICK, Feb. 21, 1829. ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The laureate had his wish; for in duty he was bound to say, that worthier strains than his bore inscribed the name of Caroline connected with his own; and, moreover, she was something more than a dear friend and sister poetess.

"The laureate," observes a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, "is a fortunate man; his queen supplies him with *butts*, (alluding to the laureateship,) and his lady with *Bowls*: then may his cup of good fortune be overflowing."

2537. HIGHLAND MARY'S MONUMENT.

The Glasgow Herald informs us that a monument has now been completed over the grave of Highland Mary, in the West Churchyard, Greenock; and it will be no longer noticed with regret, as has often been done by strangers, that there is not even a stone to mark the resting-place of a maiden whose love inspired some of the most impassioned lyrics which have enriched our own or any other language.

The erection is more of the Roman than the Grecian style of architecture, is pyramidal in form, and may be said to be divided into two compartments, the cornice stones between which are beautifully and elaborately carved. The first or lower compartment contains the inscription tablet.

The second bears a bass-relief of Burns and Mary Campbell, representing their parting scene, when they plighted troth and exchanged Bibles across the "stream around the Castle of Montgomery."

The artist has been peculiarly happy in depicting the position of the young pair at this hallowed parting; and few, who have seen a correct likeness of the bard, can fail to recognize it upon the beautiful Ayrshire stone which has been used, although it has been necessary, to be in keeping with the truth, to impart to the features a more juvenile cast than those with which Robert Burns is usually represented.

The third compartment contains a figure emblematical of Grief, bending over an urn, with her

arms encircled, and on which is carved the word "Mary." Above her head, and almost at the apex of the pyramid, a star with rays is cut, in remembrance of the beautiful invocation of "Mary in Heaven."

The inscription on the monument is simply couched as follows: "Sacred to Genius and Love—to Burns and Highland Mary." The monument stands about seventeen feet high, was erected at the cost of one hundred pounds, and is by far the most imposing object in this old churchyard.

2538. BURNS'S HIGHLAND MARY.

The mother of Burns's Highland Mary, who resided in Greenock for a long period, died there on the 27th of September, 1827, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. The venerable looking woman remembered, almost to the last moment of her existence, with an affectionate regard, the one who had inspired Burns's finest effusions, and was the object of his purest attachment; and it was impossible to hear her enter minutely into the particulars of her daughter's life, and the amiable qualities of her heart, without feeling convinced that Mary Campbell had something more than ordinary attractions to fascinate the mind of the poet.

We were to judge from the appearance of the mother, whose fine eye and regular features at her advanced age gave indications of early beauty, we would say that Highland Mary probably had also personal charms, which would have influenced a less sensitive mind than that of Robert Burns. Among the little stores of the deceased, there was nothing to be found, as mementoes of our gifted bard, but the Bibles which he gave his beloved Mary on that day when they met on the banks of the Ayr, "to live one day of parting love." They are indeed curious, and have, written in the first leaf, in Burns's handwriting, the following passage of Scripture, which is strikingly illustrative of the poet's feelings and circumstances: "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but perform unto the Lord thine oaths."

It is well known that after this they never met again, and that time could not efface the solemnity of this parting from his mind; and it is to be regretted that two letters, which he wrote after her death to the afflicted mother, have been destroyed, the old woman saying "she could never read them without shedding tears."

2539. GOETHE IN LOVE.

Goethe had become a declared and accepted lover—the betrothed of the beautiful Lili; "since," says he, "it was the strange ordination of the Most High Ruler, that, in the progress of my wondrous life-course, I should also experience the feelings of a betrothed."

But ere his intended marriage, he determined on accomplishing a long and warmly-cherished project of visiting Italy. Full of enthusiasm, he commences and proceeds for a time on his journey. Now see him—this cold, impassive, self-sufficing Goethe, as he has been depicted—the man who lived only for self and art—see him, on the summit of the Alps, turning his back upon Italy, the land of his youthful dreams, the pilgrim goal of the artist, and hastening home, unable to resist any longer the passion

which drew him back to his beloved, and that after the resolution to separate himself from her, wrung from him by his sister, was already formed or forming within him.

Hear his own account of the matter: "It seems to me as if man, in such cases, had no power of decision in himself, but was rather governed and determined by earlier impressions. Lombardy and Italy lay as something wholly foreign before me, Germany as something known and love-worthy, full of friendly, domestic prospects. And—let me confess it—that which had so long compassed me about, which had borne up my existence, continued, at this moment also, to be the most indispensable element, out of whose limits I did not trust myself to pass. A small golden heart, which I had received from her in the fairest hours, hung still, by the same ribbon by which she had fastened it, love-warmed upon my neck. I seized and kissed it. And here let me insert the poem occasioned by this circumstance:—

'Memorial thou of a joy whose sound has died away,
Which I yet wear about my neck,
Holdest thou, longer than the soul band, us two?
Prolongest thou the brief days of love?
Do I flee, Lili, before thee? Must I, still led by thy band,
Through distant vales and forests wander?
Ah, Lili's heart could not so quickly
From my heart fall.
Like a bird who breaks his string
And returns to the forest,
He drags—captivity's dishonor—
A bit of the string still after him.
He is the old, free-born bird no longer;
He has already been some one's property.'

"I rose quickly, that I might get away from the steep spot, and that the friend storming towards me, with the knapsack-bearing guide, might not whirl me away with him into the steep abyss. I likewise greeted the pious *pater*, and turned myself, without losing a word, towards the path by which we had come. A little lingering, the friend followed, and, notwithstanding his love and attachment to me, he remained for a while some distance behind, until, at last, the glorious waterfall brought us together again, kept us together, and that which had once for all been determined was also finally accepted as wholesome and good. This connection, however, was sundered for reasons which are not very obvious; but not till after long and dire struggles through 'a cursed state which, in some respects, might be likened to Hades,' and a 'torture which, even in the remembrance, is well nigh insupportable.'

Goethe was most diligent, and he manifested his faculties unabated till the last. He died in 1832, in the eighty-third year of his age. It was after eighty that he wrote his own life. "In a fortnight he had nearly completed the fourth volume of his *Life*, when Nature avenged herself for the violence he had done her. The bursting of a blood-vessel brought him to the brink of the grave."

He entirely recovered from this attack, and resumed his task. In the year preceding that of his death, he had still to finish the second part of *Faust*. God willing, he would not die till that was accomplished. "He laid it down as a law to himself to complete it worthily; and on the day before his last birthday, he was enabled to announce that the highest task of his life was completed. He sealed it under a tenfold seal, escaped from the congratulations of his friends, and hastened to revisit, after many years, the scenes of his earliest cares and endeavors, as well as of the richest and happiest hours of his life. He went to Ilmenau. The deep calm

of the woods, the fresh breath of the hills, breathed new life into him. With refreshed and invigorated mind he returned home, and felt himself inspired to undertake new observations of nature. The *Theory of Colors* was revised, completed, and confirmed, the nature of the rainbow more accurately examined, and unwearied thought bestowed on the spiral tendency of vegetation.

2540. BURNS AND MISS JEFFREY.



Robert Burns.

During the three years he spent at Ellisland, Burns was so deeply engaged in the labors of his farm, and those connected with his appointment in the excise, that he had little of either time or inclination for the cultivation of his poetical gift. Yet, even in this busy time, he contrived to celebrate the charms of one or two local divinities.

One of these was Miss Jeffrey, daughter of the minister of Lochmaben. Spending an evening at the manse, he was greatly pleased with this young lady, who did the honors of the table; and he next morning presented at breakfast the lines which have made her immortal:—

"I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

"She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
She charmed my soul—I wist nae how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll siblin listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll loy my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue."

Miss Jeffrey married a man named Renwick, and accompanied him to New York. George Thomp-

son, in the second edition of his *Scottish Melodies*, (1830,) gives an interesting note respecting her.

"The editor's son," says he, "who happened to be at New York about eight years ago, gave him the following gratifying account of her, and of what fell from her respecting the poet: 'I was introduced to Mrs. Renwick by her son, the professor of chemistry in Columbia College. She is a widow—has still the remains of Burns's delightful portrait of her; her *two sweet een*, that gave him his death, are yet clear and full of expression; she has great suavity of manners, and much good sense.

"She told me that she often looks back with a melancholy satisfaction on the many evenings she spent in the company of the great bard, in the social

circle of her father's fireside, listening to the bright sallies of his fine imagination, and to his delightful conversation. Many times, said she, have I seen Burns enter my father's dwelling in a cold, rainy night, after a long ride over the dreary moors. On such occasions, one of the family would help to disencumber him of his dreadnought and boots, while others brought him a pair of slippers, and made him a warm dish of tea.

"It was during these friendly visits that he felt himself perfectly happy, and opened his whole soul to us, repeated, and even sang, many of his admirable songs, and enchanted all who had the good fortune to be present with his manly, luminous observations and artless manners."

§ 247. DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND POETS.

2541. NACK, THE DEAF AND DUMB POET.

"Among the most remarkable instances of precocious talents and acquirements," says R. W. Griswold, "is James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet of the city of New York. He is now not far from twenty years of age; but young as he is, he has written more voluminously than any poet among all those I have named. Only one volume of his works is as yet printed, though he has many manuscripts on hand, which will probably see the light when he has become more known."

This young man's growth has been most wonderful. He was born with perfect organs of hearing and of speech, and retained them until he was nine years old, when, by an accident, his head was so crushed as to have destroyed his auditory nerves, and by degrees his faculty of speech was lost—a very natural consequence of his misfortune.

His father had been unfortunate in business as a merchant in Nack's infancy, and he had no advantages of schooling but what he picked up from his sisters, yet was considered a good reader at four years of age; and he had a passion, a very common one in forward children, of preaching—that is, in a solemn way muttering over their fancies.

Any bright and observing child sees the great attention and reverence that are paid to the services of the clergyman, not only by his parents and his brothers and sisters, but by all in the church. He is taught that the speaker is a good man, and in the first awakenings of his mind he attempts to imitate him. Nack had heard the singers in the church, and had caught something of the chiming of words; and once, being without a hymn book, he framed a couplet, for which he was applauded, and this encouraged him to make a few lines every day; and before he was in his ninth year he had a good knowledge of rhythm and rhyme from a cultivated ear. This he has so completely kept in his memory that I question very much whether there is any poet living who has a better knowledge of rhyming words in the English language than Nack.

As soon as he recovered from the injury done to his head, as far as he ever recovered, he was sent to the asylum for the deaf and dumb. But it is quite questionable whether the instructors of that excellent institution ever precisely understood the bent and the extent of his genius.

At about twelve years of age Nack wrote a tragedy: this he destroyed; but his mind, at that time, was in one constant dramatic effort: it was an ex-

pendient he resorted to to get rid of the deep wretchedness he felt at being, as it were, left alone with himself to contemplate his misfortune in losing his hearing and speech. In the regions of imagination he was soothed, and warmed with all the dreamy delights to be found in such fairy land—an expedient that riper minds have resorted to, to soften the agonies of the heart.

The productions of his fourteenth year were numerous, but, to use his own words, "most of these have perished, except two or three small pieces inserted in my published volume. Most of the minor pieces in that volume were written in my fifteenth year, among which those I am proudest of are *Blue Eyed Maid*, the *Grave of Mary*, and the *Gallant Highland Rover*."

In his fifteenth year he wrote another tragedy. It was written under peculiar circumstances. At the early dawn of the morning in the winter season, in the garret where he lodged, without a spark of fire, and only a stump of a pen, and without a table, he stole the moments to write a long tragedy on his knees. He had no sooner finished than he concealed it, and has never suffered it to be seen.

In his sixteenth year he wrote, with many other poems, that beautiful effort of genius, the *Minstrel Boy*. This came from his heart, and it reaches the heart of every reader. It has a deep tone of feeling, a sweetness of language, and an ease of versification that will secure its immortality.

Until his sixteenth year he had never found any one who was capable of understanding his character, and of giving him advice and encouragement united to friendship. It was then he began to feel the balmy soothings of kindness that came with advice and patronage. It was not until this period that he had found books, except by accident. He now was in the library of a gentleman of taste who was as kind to him as a father.

This situation opened a new world to him. He revelled in fresh delights; devoured books upon poetry, history, philosophy, fiction, mathematics, politics, ethics, criticism, and theology; formed a thousand theories, and tore them up, root and branch, for new creations; and these again shared the same fate. He wrote, as well as read, on all these subjects, and piled manuscript upon manuscript, which he sometimes viewed with all the rapture of genius, and then, with freakish untowardness, turned from his numerous progeny with loathing. With all the irritation of wounded sensibility he grows feverish over his reminiscences, and then again hurries on

to perform some new task. He seems to have no dread of any labor, however severe it may be, if it will please a friend or come to any account for himself or others.

His acquirements, at this early age, in the languages and all the branches of knowledge, ordinary and extraordinary, is superior to that of any young man of the same age I have ever met with. There is a strength and maturity about his mind not to be found in one who has had the use of his ears and tongue. His criticisms have a sagacity and shrewdness unequalled by those who were critics long before he was born. He acquires a language with the most astonishing facility. No one I ever knew could do it with the same readiness, except the late learned Orientalist, George Bethune English.

Nack unites in a most astonishing degree those two seemingly inconsistent qualities, *restlessness* and *perseverance*. He reads, writes, and does all things as though he had just breathed the Delphi vapor, and perseveres as though he were chained to the spot by some talismanic power. He is a bunch of delicate fibres, too susceptible for composure, or rather of nerves, jarred to agony if struck by a rude hand.

Poetical beings are often too sensitive when in possession of every natural property and gift; but when deprived of the charms of hearing and speaking, the pulses of the heart seem to beat in our own sight, without even the thinnest skin to hide them; open to every blast of a cold and cruel world. But in a few years he will find things changing around him, and these youthful labors, now viewed as useless, will become, in his opinion, as the foundation stones of a goodly edifice, in the fashioning of which he has learnt the skill of a literary architect, and acquired the strength to raise a temple of imperishable fame, for his own and his country's glory.

3542. BLACKLOCK, THE BLIND POET.

Before he was six months old, Blacklock lost his sight by the small-pox. His father and friends endeavored to lessen the calamity by reading to him those books which might convey the instruction suitable to infancy; and as he advanced, they proceeded to others, which he appeared to relish and remember, particularly the works of Spenser, Milton, Prior, Pope, and Addison.

In 1754 he became known to the Rev. Joseph Spence, poetry professor of Oxford, who introduced him to the English public by *An Account of the Life, Character, and Poems of Mr. Blacklock*. Student of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In this pamphlet Mr. Spence detailed the extraordinary circumstances of his education and genius with equal taste and humanity, and a subscription was immediately opened at Dodsley's shop for a quarto edition, to be published at a guinea the large, and half a guinea the small paper.

"His manner of life," says Mr. Jameson, "was so uniform, that the history of it during one day, or one week, is the history of it during the seven years that our personal intercourse lasted. Reading, music, walking, conversing, and disputing on various topics, in theology, ethics, &c., employed almost every hour of our time. It was pleasant to hear him engaged in a dispute, for no man could keep his temper better than he did on such occasions.

"I have known him frequently very warmly engaged for hours together, but never could observe one angry word to fall from him. Whatever his antagonist might say, he always kept his temper. He was, however, extremely sensible to what he thought ill usage, and equally so whether it regarded himself or his friends. But his resentment was confined to a few satirical verses, which were generally burnt soon after."

"I have frequently admired," says Mr. Spence, "with what readiness and rapidity he could sometimes make verses. I have known him dictate from thirty to forty verses, and by no means bad ones, as fast as I could write them; but the moment he was at a loss for a rhyme or a verse to his liking, he stopped altogether, and could very seldom be induced to finish what he had begun with so much ardor.

"All those who ever acted as his amanuenses agree in this rapidity and ardor of composition which Mr. Jameson ascribes to him in the account I have copied above. He never could dictate till he stood up; and as his blindness made walking about without assistance inconvenient or dangerous to him, he fell insensibly into a vibratory sort of motion of his body, which increased as he warmed with his subject, and was pleased with the conceptions of his mind.

"This motion at last became habitual to him, and though he could sometimes restrain it when on ceremony, or in any public appearance, such as preaching, he felt a certain uneasiness from the effort, and always returned to it when he could indulge it without impropriety."

"He entered," says his biographer, "with the cheerful playfulness of a young man, into all the sprightly narrative, the sportive fancy, the humorous jest that rose around him. It was a sight highly gratifying to philanthropy to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and above all lighted up with innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, and the gaiety of others.

"He generally carried in his pocket a small flageolet, on which he played his favorite tunes, and was not displeased when asked in company to play or to sing them—a natural feeling for a blind man, who thus adds a scene to the drama of his society.

"As he had the best English poets frequently read to him, he attained a free command of the language of poetry, both in simple and compound words; and we know that all poets consider those as common property. It is not, therefore, wonderful that he speaks so often of mountains, valleys, rivers, nor that he appropriates to visible objects their peculiar characteristics, all which he must have heard repeated until they became fixed in his memory; but as no man pursues long what affords little more than the exercise of conjecture, we are still perplexed to discover what pleasure Mr. Blacklock could take, first in a species of reading which could give him no ideas, and then in a species of writing in which he could copy only the expressions of others.

"It will be thought a fiction, a paradox, that a man blind from his infancy, besides having made himself so much a master of various foreign languages, should be a great poet in his own, and, without having hardly ever seen the light, should be so remarkably happy in description."

§ 248. AMUSING AND MIRTHFUL DETAILS.

2543. GRAY IN A TUB OF WATER.

The poet Gray was remarkably fearful of fire, and always kept a ladder of ropes in his bed-room. Some mischievous brother collegians at Cambridge knew this, and in the middle of a dark night roused him with the cry of fire! The staircase, they said, was in flames.



Gray's Window, St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

Up went the window, and Gray hastened down his rope ladder, as quick as possible, into a tub of water, which had been placed at the bottom to receive him. The joke cured Gray of his fears, but he would not forgive it, and immediately changed his college.

2544. ARIOSTO AND THE POOR POTTER.

In the city of Ferrara, which Tasso and Ariosto have so celebrated, dwelt a potter, whose busy hours were passed in moulding the dull clay into classic forms, for garden vases, fountains, water pitchers, and the like. He had a good conception of the beautiful, as many a well-turned vase and graceful urn could testify; and he prided himself not a little upon his superiority to his brother potters, not only in the excellence of his taste in the works of his hands, but upon his poetical genius, the melody of his voice, and the beauty of his recitations.

Many a dark-eyed daughter of Ferrara had sighed for the handsome young potter, who sang the praises of Laura and of Beatrice, as well as Dante or

Petrarch themselves could have done. Indeed it was often whispered that had the potter been Petrarch, or Petrarch been the potter, he would not have mourned the coldness of his lovely mistress. A picturesque looking establishment was the potter's studio, with its classic models and variously-moulded forms; and many an idle citizen did he gather in early morning, or towards eventide, under his low walls, to listen to those melodies which printing was too rare an art to have placed in the hands of all the people.

One day quite a crowd had gathered about the potter, who was just putting the finishing touch to a beautiful vase which he had been making for the gardens of Ippolito, Cardinal d'Este. It was tall and delicate; the model, of Grecian make, was before him. Animated by the success of his work, and gratified by the praises lavished upon it, he had chanted with more than usual spirit many of the thrilling scenes of the *Inferno*; then gayly sung of Boccaccio and his gardens of pleasure.

As he paused for a few moments, the gathered crowd called upon him for some stanzas from Ariosto. Ludovico, or Lewis Ariosto, had just begun to charm the people by the vigor of his muse, which, versatile and yet powerful, passed with the greatest ease from the terrible to the tender, from the soft to the sublime; enchainning all hearts by the wonderful strength of his language, and the lightning flashes of his genius.

The potter, yielding to the request of his attentive auditors, began the introduction to the Orlando Furioso, and soon became so interested in it that he did not notice that one had drawn near the window of his establishment, whose restlessness and grimaces indicated that he listened with no pleased ear to the charming poem.

Once or twice he turned to leave, but an invisible spell kept him chained to the spot. Occasionally he raised his hand, as if in deprecation of some sentiment uttered by the unconscious reciter. Finally, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, he seized a large ewer which stood upon the window, and hurled it with great force at the potter. It dashed the beautiful vase he had just completed from his hand, and broke it into a thousand fragments. Another and another quickly followed, and the poor potter could hardly escape being wounded by the creations of his own hand. The people rushed out from the shop to seize the madman, as they deemed him, when what was their surprise to behold Ariosto himself.

The potter began to expostulate. Ariosto exclaimed, "Beware! I have not yet revenged myself!" "What mean you? What have I done to incur your displeasure?" said the poor man, who, knowing Ariosto's connection with the noblest family of Ferrara, dared not resist him. "Villain," said the enraged poet, "I have only broken a few worthless pots; you have spoiled my most beautiful compositions to my face."

2545. GOETHE.

Celebrated men are often much annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at Goethe's

house, and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and after the student had waited a short time in the antechamber, he appeared, and, without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed by this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; then, setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.

2546. SHOOTING A BOOKSELLER.

Campbell produced the *Pleasures of Hope* at Edinburgh, being then but twenty-one years of age. This fine performance at once gave him fame, and for twenty years afterward gave to the publishers between two and three hundred pounds annually. They had originally given him ten pounds for the poem. Afterwards he received some further remuneration, and was allowed the profit accruing from a quarto edition of his works.

"Many a true word is spoken in jest," the proverb teaches; and an anecdote told of Campbell may be thought to indicate a feeling within not very favorable to those who had given his poem to the world. Being in a festive party at a period when the actions of Bonaparte were most severely condemned, on being called upon for a toast, Campbell gave, 'The health of Napoleon.' This caused great surprise to all the company, and an explanation was called for.

"The only reason I have for proposing to honor Bonaparte," said he, "is, that he had the *virtue to shoot a bookseller*." Palm, a bookseller, had recently been executed in Germany by order of the French chief.

2547. DEAN SWIFT OUTWITTED.

The duchess of — was patroness of Gay, and being fond of the company of his brother wits, invited a party, consisting of Addison, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, to dine with him at her table.

Addison talked little; and what he said was with such embarrassment that he could hardly finish a sentence. Pope was the orator of the company: his voice was shrill, and he made many tart observations. Swift was in one of his odd humors, and was determined to tease the duchess.

Accordingly, as soon as the company were seated at dinner, he complained that he had left his snuff-box behind him, and requested one of the servants might be sent for it. He soon after complained of the want of his toothpick case, and a second servant was despatched for that, which he described as an indispensable requisite to his comfort. He then complained of the want of his pocket book, and a third servant was sent for that. In short, he contrived to have so many distinct wants that not a single servant was left in the room.

The duchess looked around, and seeing no servants, "Gentlemen," said she, "we are reduced to such a state that we must wait upon ourselves. If I want a piece of bread or a clean plate, I shall rise and help myself, and you must do the same."

Swift, finding his scheme of putting the duchess out of humor had failed, sat in sullen silence; but Gay, a fat, jolly figure, threw himself back in his chair in an immoderate fit of laughter, delighted at

his mortification. "I am now fully convinced," said he, "of what I have often heard, that her grace, our noble hostess, is the best natured woman in the world."

2548. MILTON'S STRATAGEM.

The freedom and asperity of Milton's various attacks on the character and prerogative of the king rendered him peculiarly obnoxious when the restoration was accomplished. To save himself, therefore, from the fury of a court which he had so highly incensed, and the vigilance of which, from the emissaries employed, it was become so difficult to elude, he connived with his friends in effecting the following imposture.

The report of his death was so industriously circulated, the credulity of the public swallowed the bait prepared for them. The coffin, the mourners, and other apparatus of his burial, were exhibited at his house with the same formality as if he had been really dead. A figure of him, as large and as heavy as life, was actually formed, laid out, and put in a lead coffin, and the whole funeral solemnity acted in all its parts.

It is said, when the truth was known, and he was found to be alive, notwithstanding the most incontestable evidence that he had been thus openly interred, the wits about the court of King Charles I. made themselves extremely merry with the stratagem by which the poet had preserved his life. The lively and good-natured monarch discovered, too, himself, not a little satisfaction, in finding that, by this ingenious expedient, his reign had not been tarnished with the blood of a man already blind by application, infirmity, and age, and who, under all his dreadful misfortunes, had written *Paradise Lost*.

2549. ANECDOTE OF CHARLES LAMB.

Lamb was once invited by an old friend to meet an author, who had just published a volume of poems. When he arrived, being somewhat early, he was asked by his host to look over the volume of the expected visitor. A few minutes convinced Elia that it possessed very little merit, being a feeble echo of different authors.

This opinion of the poetaster was fully confirmed by the appearance of the gentleman himself, whose self-conceit, and confidence in his own book, were so manifest as to awaken in Lamb that spirit of mischievous waggery so characteristic of the humorist. Lamb's rapid and tenacious memory enabled him during the dinner to quote fluently several passages from the pretender's volume. These he gave with this introduction—"This reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young." He then, to the astonishment of the gentleman in question, quoted something from the volume.

Lamb tried this a second time: the gentleman looked still more surprised, and seemed evidently bursting with suppressed indignation. At last, as a climax to the fun, Lamb coolly quoted the well-known opening lines of *Paradise Lost* as written by himself.

This was too much for the versemonger. He immediately rose to his legs, and with an impressive solemnity of manner thus addressed the claimant to so many poetical honors: "Sir, I have tamely submitted all this evening to hear you claim the merit that may belong to any little poems of my own; this I have borne in silence; but, sir, I

never will sit quietly by and see the immortal Milton robbed of *Paradise Lost*."

2550. GOLDSMITH IN A DILEMMA.

Towards the close of 1762, Goldsmith removed to "merry Islington," then a country village, though now swallowed up in omnivorous London. He went there for the benefit of country air,—his health being injured by literary application and confinement,—and to be near his chief employer, Mr. Newbery, who resided in the Canonbury House. In this neighborhood he used to take his solitary rambles, sometimes extending his walks to the gardens of the White Conduit House, so famous among the essayists of the last century.

While strolling one day in these gardens, he met three females of the family of a respectable tradesman to whom he was under some obligation. With his prompt disposition to oblige, he conducted them about the garden, treated them to tea, and ran up a bill in the most open-handed manner imaginable. It was only when he came to pay that he found himself in one of his old dilemmas—he had not the wherewithal in his pocket.

A scene of perplexity now took place between him and the waiter, in the midst of which came up some of his acquaintances, in whose eyes he wished to stand particularly well. This completed his mortification. There was no concealing the awkwardness of his position. The sneers of the waiter revealed it. His acquaintances amused themselves for some time at his expense, professing their inability to relieve him. When, however, they had enjoyed their banter, the waiter was paid, and poor Goldsmith enabled to convoy off the ladies with flying colors.

2551. MAURICE'S PECULIARITIES.

"Among those with whom my book made me acquainted," says Leigh Hunt, "was the late Rev. Mr. Maurice, of the British Museum, author of *Indian Antiquities*.

"I mention him more particularly, as I do others, because he had a character of his own, and makes a portrait. I had seen an engraving of him, representing a slender, prim-eyed, enamel-faced person, very tightly dressed and particular, with no expression but that of propriety. What was my surprise, when I beheld a short, chubby, good-humored companion, with boyish features, and a lax dress and manner, heartily glad to see you, and tender over his wine!

"He was a sort of clerical Horace. He might, by some freak of patronage, have been made a bishop; and he thought he deserved it for having proved the identity of the Hindoo with the Christian Trinity, which was the object of his book. But he began to despond on that point, when I knew him; and he drank as much wine for sorrow, as he would, had he been made a bishop, for joy. He was a man of a social and overflowing nature; more fit, in truth, to set an example of charity than faith; and would have made an excellent Brahmin of the Rama-Deeva worship.

"Maurice's Hymns to the gods of India were as good as Sir William Jones's; and his attention to the amatory theology of the country—allowing for his deficiency in the language—quite as close. He was not so fortunate as Sir William in retaining a

wife whom he loved. I have heard him lament, in very genuine terms, his widowed condition, and the task of finishing the great manuscript catalogue of the Museum books, to which his office had bound him.

"This must have been a torture, physical as well as moral; for he had weak eyes, and wrote with a magnifying glass as big round as the palm of his hand. With this, in a tall, thick handwriting, as if painting a set of rails, he was to finish the folio catalogues, and had produced the seven volumes of *Indian Antiquities*. Nevertheless, he seemed to lament his destiny, rather in order to accommodate the weakness of his lachrymal organs, than out of any mental uneasiness; for with the aspect he had the spirits of a boy, and his laughter would follow his tears with a happy incontinence. He was always catching cold, and getting well of it after dinner."

2552. MOORE'S PEDIGREE

When Moore's celebrity was in its first glow, he received a flattering invitation to dine with the Prince of Wales. His royal host was delighted with him, and after dinner fell into familiar chat, directing the greatest portion of his remarks exclusively to him, and exhibiting the most gracious interest in all that concerned his guest.

Amongst other points, the prince, assuming that his illustrious visitor must be of high descent, questioned him respecting the particular family to which he belonged, naming in turn several ancient houses in Ireland, begging to know if he were not allied to one of them. To each of these inquiries the poet at first simply replied in the negative.

The prince, whose strong prepossession that "gentle blood" flowed in his accomplished visitor's veins made him in effect less polite than he was wont to be, reiterated his question, turning from one point to another, in the hope of hitting his mark: thus exciting, unintentionally, the curiosity of all present, and directing them to the questioned party. All at once it occurred to his royal highness that his guest *must*, as he told him, be the son of a certain Mr. Moore—a man of large fortune and distinguished birth—of —. Thus pressed, the poet put an end to his royal host's persevering inquiry, and with admirable and magnanimous simplicity replied to the last suggestion, "No, sir, I have not the honor of being descended from any of the distinguished families you have named. I am, sir, the son of one of the honestest tradesmen in all Dublin."

2553. POETIC PASTRY.

A toothsome poet, having written a few lines of transcendental sublimity on the excellence of a pastry cook's productions, the cook, in the overflowing of his gratitude, prepared one of his best pastry articles, and enclosed the poetic offering inside, thus "baking it brown." The poet was delighted with the appearance of the pie, and not a whit the less so with its luxurious taste; but on finding the song within, he questioned the cook why he perpetrated such an indignity.

"Not in the least," said the cook; "I merely followed your own bright example. You made a beautiful song on my pastry, and I made my beautiful pastry on your song." But it was out of correct taste to cause a poet to eat his own words, even in a sweet syllabus or turnover.

§554. UNION OF LITERARY COMPOSITIONS.

At a large literary party in Edinburgh some years ago, it was mentioned that a certain well-known literary character had written two poems, one called the Bible, the other the Ocean; that he was offering them to the booksellers, who, however, would not accede to his terms of publication; and that the worthy author was therefore puzzled not a little as to what he should do with his productions. "Why," remarked a sarcastic gentleman, who was present, "I think the doctor could not do better than to throw the one of his poems into the other."

§555. DR. WATTS AND MRS. ROWE.

Dr. Watts, whose passion for the justly celebrated Mrs. Rowe, then Miss Singer, is well known, having called one winter morning upon that lady, and perceiving that the fire and the conversation were getting dull, took up the poker, and putting it in the fire, said, "Allow me, madam, to raise a flame."

§556. DRYDEN AND DORSET.

Dryden, who was notoriously poor, was one evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Dorset, and some other noblemen of wit and genius. It happened that the conversation, which was literary, turned on the art of composition, and elegance of style; and, after some debate, it was agreed that each party should write something on whatever subject chanced to strike his imagination, and place it under the candlestick for Mr. Dryden's judgment.

Most of the company took uncommon pains to outdo each other; while Lord Dorset, with much composure, wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them to the place agreed on. The rest having finished, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one, in particular, he seemed in raptures. "I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honor to the personages who wrote them; but I am under an indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to my Lord Dorset. I must request that your lordships will hear it, and I believe all will be satisfied with my judgment.

"I promise to pay John Dryden, or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.

'DORSET.'

§557. A ROBBER'S REMORSE.

The Lady's Book says that somebody once robbed the poet Montgomery of an inkstand, presented to him by the ladies of Sheffield. The public execration was so loud, that the thief restored the booty with the following note:—

"BIRMINGHAM, March, 1812.

"Honored Sir: When we robbed your house we did not know that you wrote such beautiful verses as you do. I remember my mother told some of them to me when I was a boy. I found what house we robbed by the writing on the inkstand. Honored sir, I send it back. It was my share of the booty, and I hope you and God will forgive me."

§558. NEW ENGLAND PSALM SINGERS.

How strange it is that those who cannot write prose always imagine that nevertheless they can produce poetry! Something is made to jingle, and they take it for granted that it must be the music of the heart. It was always so.

Here is the motto of a book called the New England Psalm Singer, or American Chorister, by William Billings, a Native of Boston, in New England. The book was published in 1770. We hope it was better than his rhymes:—

"O, praise the Lord with one consent,
And in this grand design,
Let Britain and the colonies
Unanimously join."

The historian wickedly adds, "This opened a new era for the history of psalmody in the colonies."

§559. THE POETS IN A PUZZLE.

Cottle, in his Life of Coleridge, relates the following amusing incident:—

"I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty; but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement, as a thing altogether impracticable.

"Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy?) since the collar was put on; for he said 'it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar!'

"Just at this instant, a servant girl came near, and, understanding the cause of our consternation, 'La! master,' said she, you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this; when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained."

§560. RACAN AND MADEMOISELLE GOURNAIL.

One of the best of Bois Robert's stories was that of the Three Racans.

Two friends of the Marquis de Racan were aware that he intended waiting upon Mademoiselle de Gournai, the poetess. She was of Gascony, of a temper somewhat lively and passionate; and being a woman of talent, had expressed considerable impatience, on arriving at Paris, to be introduced to Racan, whom she had never seen.

One of these gentlemen anticipating, by an hour or two, the period of the intended visit, ordered the servant to announce M. Racan. He was received with transport. He talked for a long time of Mademoiselle Gournai's works, which he had studied on purpose, and took his departure, leaving her quite delighted with the conversation of M. Racan.

Scarcely had he gone when the servant announced another M. Racan. She thought at first that her

visitor had forgotten something, and had returned on that account. She was just preparing to address him, when a stranger entered, and saluted her with much gravity. Mademoiselle de Gournai was still better pleased with this visitor than the last, for he praised her works still more warmly.

He had scarcely effected his retreat, when the real Racan was announced. The lady lost all patience. "What," said she, "more Racans still! Show him up, however." The moment he entered, Mademoiselle de Gournai, assuming a high tone, asked whether he came there for the purpose of insulting her.

M. de Racan, who was not a very ready orator, and who had anticipated a very different reception, was so confounded that he could only stammer out a reply. The lady, conceiving that this was really some person who had been sent for the purpose of insulting her, now lost all temper, and pulling off her slipper, belabored the unfortunate author till he was glad to make a precipitate retreat from the house.

2561. THE LATIN MOTTO.

"The Latin motto," says Cottle, "prefixed to the second edition of Mr. Coleridge's poems, puzzled every body to know from what author it was derived. One and another inquired of me, to no purpose, and expressed a wish that Mr. C. had been clearer in his citation, as 'no one could understand it.' On my naming this to Mr. Coleridge, he laughed heartily, and said, it was all a hoax. 'Not meeting,' said he, 'with a suitable motto, I invented one, and with references purposely obscure.'

The motto was the following :—

Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitie et similitum juncturarumque Camænarum; quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longinquitas! — Groscoil. Epist. ad Car. Utenhov. et. Ptol. Lux. Tast.

2562. SWIFT ON TAXATION IN IRELAND.

Voltaire related to Mr. Sherlock the following anecdote of Swift:—

Lady Carteret, wife of the lord lieutenant, said to Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, falling down on his knees before her, "don't say so in England; for if you do, they will certainly tax it."

2563. MOLIERES AND THE THIEF.

The Abbé Privat de Molières was a man of very distinguished literary abilities, but, like too many learned men, extremely poor. In the winter he was obliged to write and read in bed, not having any other means to defend himself from the rigor of the season. He was professor of philosophy at the royal college, and seldom went from the room he had there. One day a thief knocked at his chamber door; the abbé opened it; the man entered boldly, and demanded our philosopher's purse.

As he was more attached to his studies than to his money, he, with his usual *sang froid*, said, "Open one of the drawers of my secretary, and take whatever you find." The thief, mistaking the drawer, pulled out a number of manuscripts. Privat de Molières, perceiving the confusion which the robber was making among his papers, very gravely said, "O, sir, you have mistaken the drawer, and you

will give me a great deal of trouble." The thief, more desirous of money than papers, ransacked the poor abbé's premises, and went off without shutting the door. Our philosopher called after him, "Mr. Thief, be at least polite; shut my door."

2564. HABITS OF GREAT AUTHORS.

Shelley usually ate a baked potato previous to sitting down to write. He has been heard to assert that some of his finest ideas came whilst putting in the butter. Whether he purchased his potatoes in the street, or had them dressed at home, does not appear.

2565. DICKENS'S FIRST QUESTION.

Dickens asked the first man who boarded the Britannia, and welcomed him to America, where Bryant lived.

This sounds a little like the story of the Scotch peasant girl, who, arriving at the turnpike gate nearest Glasgow, knocked and inquired, "Is this Glasgow?" and on being answered yes, asked, "Is Peggy in?"

2566. RARE VERSIFYING.

A London poet, some years ago, offered fifty pounds for a word that would rhyme with "porringer." This was done about the time the Duke of York married his daughter to the Prince of Orange. The next morning after the offer, the papers contained the following:—

"The duke of York a daughter had;
He gave the prince of Orange her;
You see, my friend, I've found a word
Will rhyme with yours of porringer."

2567. STORY OF WYNNE.

The following story is told of the eccentric Wynne. A short time previous to his publishing his History of Ireland, he expressed a desire to dedicate it to the Duke of Northumberland, who had just returned from being lord lieutenant of that country. For this purpose he waited on Dr. Percy, and met with a very polite reception. The duke was made acquainted with his wishes, and Dr. Percy went as the messenger of good tidings to the author.

But there was more to be done than a formal introduction. The poor writer intimated this to the good doctor, who, in the most delicate terms, begged his acceptance of an almost new suit of black, which, with a very little alteration, might be made to fit. This, the doctor urged, would be best, as there was not time to provide a new suit, and other things necessary for his *debut*, as the duke had appointed Monday in the next week to give the historian an audience.

Mr. Wynne approved of the plan in all respects, and in the mean time had prepared himself with a set speech, and a manuscript of the dedication. But it must be understood that Dr. Percy was considerably in stature above Mr. Wynne, and his coat sufficiently large to wrap round the latter, and conceal him.

The morning came for the author's public entry at the Northumberland House; but, alas! one grand mistake had been made: in the hurry of business, no application had been made to the tailor for the

necessary alteration of his clothes; however, great minds are not cast down by ordinary occurrences. Mr. Wynne dressed himself in Dr. Percy's friendly suit, together with a borrowed sword, and a hat under his arm, of great antiquity; then, taking leave of his trembling wife, he set out for the great house.

True to the moment, he arrived—Dr. Percy attended—and the duke was ready to receive our poet, whose figure at this time presented the appearance of a suit of sables hung on a hedge stake, or one of those bodiless forms we see swinging on a dyer's pole.

On his introduction, Mr. Wynne began his formal address; and the noble duke was so tickled at the singularity of the poet's appearance, that, in spite of his gravity, he burst the bonds of good manners; and at length, agitated by an endeavor to restrain risibility, he leaped from his chair, forced a purse of thirty guineas into Mr. Wynne's hand, and hurrying out of the room, told the poet he was welcome to make what use he pleased of his name and patronage.

2568. RABELAIS AND HIS WILL.

The celebrated Rabelais is said to have made the following will: "I owe much. I possess nothing. I give the rest to the poor."

2569. THE CORSAIR PUZZLED.

The crew of a vessel was taken by a Barbary corsair. When they were before the dey, he inquired their several occupations. The riggers, and blacksmiths, and carpenters, were all sent off to the dockyard. The sailors had a comfortable berth provided for them; and even the officers were turned to account one way or another.

At last his highness came to a literary man—a passenger and a poet. What to do with him, for a long while, his highness could not, for the life of him, say; till at last, learning that the prisoner was a man of sedentary occupations, and having them explained by the interpreter, he ordered the poet a pair of feather breeches, and set him to hatching chickens.

2570. UNSUITABLE NAMES.

A lively critic, noticing some American poets, says, "There is, or was, a Mr. Dwight, who wrote a poem in the shape of an epic; and his baptismal name was Timothy;" and involuntarily we infer the sort of epic that a Timothy must write. Sterne humorously exhorts all godfathers not to "Nicomodemus a man into nothing."

2571. A MADMAN'S JOKE.

Dryden, in a letter to Dennis, the critic, relates the following anecdote of Lee, the dramatic poet, who was confined four years in Bedlam; after which he regained his liberty, but never thoroughly recovered his senses.

I remember poor Nat Lee, who was then upon the verge of madness, yet made a sober and a witty answer to a bad poet, who told him it was an easy thing to write like a madman. "No," said he, "it is very difficult to write like a madman; but it is a very easy thing to write like a fool."

2572. SIGHS AND TEARS.

As Augustus was pleased with the company of Virgil and Horace, he invited them frequently to his table, and used to seat himself between the two poets. Virgil was asthmatic, and Horace had weak eyes. The emperor said jocosely, in allusion to his situation between these two invalids,—

"Here I am between sighs and tears."

2573. THE UNLUCKY POET.

There is an anecdote told of Charles Cotton, the burlesque poet, which seemed to show that his vein of humor could not restrain itself on any consideration. It appears that in consequence of a single couplet in his Virgil Travestic, in which he has made mention of a particular kind of ruff, worn by a grandmother of his, who lived in the Peak, he lost an estate of four hundred pounds per annum. The old lady, whose humor and testy disposition he could by no means have been a stranger to, was never able to forgive the liberty he had taken with her; and having her fortune wholly at her own disposal, although she had previously made him her sole heir, she altered her will, and gave away the whole estate to an absolute stranger.

2574. DIPPING CHARLES LAMB.

"Coleridge," says De Quincey, "told me of a ludicrous embarrassment which Lamb's stammering caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea bathing; and accordingly, at the door of his bathing machine, whilst he stood shivering with cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them: "Hear me, men! Take notice of this; I am to be dipped——"

What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea bathing machines; for, having reached the word *dipped*, he commenced such a rolling fire of di—di—di—di, that when at length he descended *à plomb* upon the full word *dipped*, the two men, rather tired of the long suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the "operative" clause of the sentence, and both exclaiming at once, "O, yes, sir, we're quite aware of that," down they plunged him into the sea.

On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold, that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; from necessity he seemed tranquil; and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus: "Men, is it possible to obtain your attention?" "O, surely, sir, by all means." "Then listen: once more I tell you, I am to be di—di—di—di," and then, with a burst of indignation, "dipped, I tell you——" "O, decidedly, sir." And down the stammerer went for the second time.

Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation. "Grant me pa—pa—patience; is it mum—um—murder you me—me—mean? Again and a—ga—ga—gain, I tell you, I'm to be di—di—di—dipped——" now speaking furiously with the voice of an injured man. "O, yes, sir," the men replied, "we know that,—we fully understand it;" and, for the third time, down went Lamb into the sea.

"O limbs of Satan!" he said, on coming up for

the third time, "it's now too late. I tell you that I am—no, that I was to be di—di—di—dipped only once."

and then remained silent to receive their compliments. He used to call this *trying on his romance*, as a tailor *tries his coat*.

2575. SCARRON.

Segraix informs us that when Scarron was visited, previous to general conversation, his friends were taxed with a perusal of whatever he had written since he saw them before. One day Segrais and a friend calling on him, "Take a chair," said our author, "and let me *try on you* my Roman Comique." He took his manuscript, read several pages, and when he observed that they laughed, he said, "Good! this goes well; my book can't fail of success, since it obliges such able persons as yourselves to laugh;"

2576. POPE'S EPITAPH ON MACKLIN.

Several years before his death, Mr. Macklin happened to be in a large company of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Pope. The conversation having turned upon Mr. Macklin's age, one of the ladies addressed herself to Mr. Pope, in words to the following effect: "Ma Pope, when Macklin dies, you must write his epitaph." "That I will, madam," said Pope: "nay, I will give it you now:—

'Here lies the Jew
That Shakspeare drew.'"

§ 249. SARCASMS, PUNS, AND JEUX D'ESPRITS.

2577. DRYDEN AND OTWAY.



Thomas Otway.

The renowned Dryden and Otway were contemporaries, and lived for some time opposite each other in Fetter Lane. One morning the latter happened to call upon his brother bard about breakfast time, but was told by his servant that his master was gone to breakfast with the Earl of Pembroke. "Very well," said Otway; "tell your master that I will call to-morrow morning."

Accordingly he called the next day, about the same hour. "Well, is your master at home now?" "No, sir; he is just gone to breakfast with the Duke of Buckingham." "The devil he is!" cried Otway; and, actuated either by envy, pride, or disappointment, in a kind of involuntary manner, took up a piece of chalk, that lay on the table, which stood upon the landing-place near Dryden's chamber, and wrote over the door,—

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit."

The next morning, at breakfast, Dryden recognized the handwriting, and told the servant to go

to Mr. Otway, and desire his company to breakfast with him. In the mean time, with the same piece of chalk, he added to Otway's line of—

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit,"—

"This was written by Otway, opposite."

When Otway arrived, and saw that his line was linked with a rhyme, being a man of rather a petulant disposition, he took it in dudgeon, and, turning upon his heel, told his friend that he was welcome to keep his wit and his breakfast to himself.

2578. SWIFT *versus* LAWYERS.

The celebrated Dean Swift, in preaching an assize sermon, was severe against the lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner, a young counsel said some severe things against the clergy, and added, that he did not doubt, were the devil to die, a parson might be found to preach his funeral sermon.

"Yes," said Swift, "I would, and would give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

2579. ANECDOTE OF COLERIDGE.

Mr. Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so as generally to attract notice.

On a certain occasion he was riding along the turnpike road, in the county of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and, quite mistaking his man, thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport; when, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. C.: "I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the road?" "Yes," replied Mr. C., who was never at a loss for a rejoinder, "I did; and he told me if I went a little farther I should meet a *goose*!" The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on.

2580. DEAN SWIFT AND THE BARBER.

The dean, while resident on his living in the county of Meath, before his promotion to the deanery of St. Patrick's, was daily shaved by the village barber, who at length became a great favorite with

him. Razor, while lathering him one morning, said he had a great favor to request of his reverence—that his neighbors had advised him to take the little public house at the corner of the churchyard, which he had done, in the hope that by uniting the profession of publican with his own, he might gain a better maintenance for his family.

"Indeed," said the dean, "and what can I do to promote this happy union?"

"And please you," said Razor, "some of our customers have heard much about your reverence's poetry; so that, if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine forever."

"But what do you intend for your sign?" says the dean.

"The *jolly barber*, if it please your reverence, with a razor in one hand and a *full pot* in the other."

"Well," rejoined the dean, "in that case there can be no great difficulty in supplying you with a suitable inscription." So taking up his pen, he instantly scratched the following couplet, which was affixed to the sign, and remained there for many years:—

"Rave not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where nought excels the *shaving* but—the *beer*."

2581. MR. SERGEANT BETTESWORTH.

The following lines on Sergeant Bettesworth, which Swift inserted in one of his poems, gave rise to a violent resentment on the part of the barrister:—

"So at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
Though half-a-crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margin,
Calls Singleton his brother *sergeant*."

The poem was sent to Bettesworth at a time when he was surrounded with his friends in a convivial party. He read it aloud till he had finished the lines relative to himself. He then flung it down with great violence—trembled and turned pale—and after some pause, his rage for a while depriving him of utterance, he took out his penknife, and opening it vehemently, swore, "With this very penknife I will cut off his ears."

He then went to the dean's house, and, not finding him at home, followed him to the house of a friend, where being shown into a back room, he desired the doctor might be sent for; and on Swift entering the room, and asking what were his commands, "Sir," said he, "I am Sergeant Bettesworth."

"Of what regiment, pray, sir?" said Swift.

"O Mr. Dean, we know your powers of railery—you know me well enough; I am one of his majesty's sergeants at law, and I am come to demand if you are the author of this poem, [producing it,] and these villainous lines on me."

"Sir," said Swift, "when I was a young man, I had the honor of being intimate with some great legal characters, particularly Lord Somers, who, knowing my propensity to satire, advised me, when I lampooned a *knave* or *fool*, never to own it. Conformably to that advice, I tell you I am not the author."

2582. BEN JONSON AND THE VINTNER.

A vintner, to whom Ben Jonson was once in debt, invited him to dine at Falcon Tavern, and told him that, if he would give him an immediate

answer to the following questions, he would forgive him his debt. The vintner asked him what God is best pleased with; what the devil is best pleased with; what the world is best pleased with; and what he was best pleased with. Ben, without the least hesitation, gave the following reply; which, as an impromptu, deserves no small share of praise:—

"God is best pleased when men forsake their sin;
The devil is best pleased when they persist therein;
The world's best pleased when thou dost sell good wine;
And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine."

2583. LORD BYRON.

When Lord Byron was cut by the great, on account of his quarrel with his wife, he stood leaning on a marble slab at the entrance of a room, while troops of duchesses and countesses poured out. One little pert red-haired girl stood a few paces behind the rest, and as she passed him, said, with a nod, "Ay, you should have married me, and this wouldn't have happened to you."

2584. ONE OF BYRON'S JOKES.

The "moody Childe," says Powell, had given to Murray, his publisher, as a birthday present, a Bible, magnificently bound, and which he enriched by a very flattering inscription. This was laid by the grateful publisher on his drawing-room table, and somewhat ostentatiously displayed to all comers.

One evening, as a large company were gathered around the table, one of the guests happened to open the Testament, and saw some writing on the margin. Calling to Murray, he said, "Why, Byron has written something here!" Narrower inspection proved that the profane wit had erased the word "*robber*," in the text, and substituted that of "*publisher*," so that the passage read thus: "Now, Barabbas was a publisher."

The legend goes on to state that the book disappeared that very night from the drawing-room table.

2585. THE BONE OF MY BONE.

A sprightly young belle, who was an admirer of poetry, would often tease her beau to write verses for her, as he had made some acquaintance with the Muses. One day, becoming quite importunate, she would take no denial. "Come, pray, do now write some poetry for me—won't you? I'll help you out. I'll furnish you with rhymes if you will make lines for them. Here now,—

please,	moan,
tease,	bone,"

He at length good-humoredly complied, and filled up the measure as follows:—

"To a form that is faultless, a face which must—please,
Is added a restless desire just to—tease;
O, how my hard fate I should ever be—moan,
Could I but believe she'd be bone of my bone!"

2586. THE BITER BIT.

"Campbell," says Dr. Beattie, "went to Paisley races, got prodigiously interested in the first race, and betted on the success of one horse, to the amount of fifty pounds, with Professor Wilson. At the end

of the race he thought he had lost the bet, and said to Wilson, "I owe you fifty pounds; but really, when I reflect that you are a professor of moral philosophy, and that betting is a sort of gambling only fit for blacklegs, I cannot bring my conscience to pay the bet."

"O," said Wilson, "I very much approve of your principles, and mean to act upon them. In point of fact, Yellow Cap, on whom you betted, has won the race; and, but for conscience, I ought to pay you the fifty pounds; but you will excuse me."

2587. RIVAL REMEMBRANCE.

Mr. Gifford to Mr. Hazlitt.

"What we read from your pen we remember no more."

Mr. Hazlitt to Mr. Gifford.

"What we read from your pen we remember before."

2588. PUN BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

Some literary and scientific gentlemen one day dined with Mr. Hogg at his farm of Mont Benger, when it was mentioned by some one, as a strange thing, that Dr. Parr should have lately been married in a somewhat clandestine way, and that nobody knew who his wife was, or any thing about her. "Ah," said the shepherd, "I am afraid she must have been a *little below Par*."

2589. ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

Burns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant, belonging to the town, had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer; and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor, who happened to be passing at the time, immediately plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation.

The Greenock merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and generously presented the sailor with a shilling! The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor; "for," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

2590. CAMPBELL AND HIS BROTHER.

On one occasion, when the poet Campbell and his elder brother were in bed together, the poet was more than usually restless, and, in the ardor of inspiration, inflicted sundry kicks upon his less elevated brother, which the other received with his usual *sang froid*.

In the morning, however, he took the first opportunity of interrogating the poet as to the cause of his perplexed slumbers. "I was not asleep," he replied, "but was attempting a poem upon grandeur, and could not get the lines to please me at all; with one or two alterations, however, I think it will do now."

"Indeed!" said the elder brother dryly: "well, Tom, I don't know what share you claim in this

effusion, but I am quite sure I had all the bold strokes of it."

2591. LAMARTINE.

It is said that as Lamartine was about entering the Hall of Conference one day, a person stepped up to him, with a menacing gesture, as if intending to attack him, and exclaimed, "Poet, thy lyre has sounded long enough!" Lamartine, without exhibiting the slightest emotion, calmly answered, "Wait a little longer, and you may perhaps hear the song of the swan!"

2592. ODE TO SLEEP.

A poet asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, *An Ode to Sleep*. The latter replied. "You have done so much justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

2593. RHYMING.

A punster one day observed that any thing might be turned into rhyme, or doggerel; upon which a friend, pointing to a board in the street, upon which were painted the words, "This house to be sold," exclaimed, "Come, then, turn that into rhyme!" upon which the other, with infinite promptitude, redeemed his pledge, by writing, with chalk, on the board, —

This house to be
S O L D.

2594. PUTTENHAM'S ODDITIES.

Puttenham, in that very scarce book, the *Art of Poesie*, p. 75, gives several odd specimens of poems in the form of lozenges, rhomboids, pillars, &c., some of them from Oriental poems, communicated by a traveller. Puttenham is a very lively writer, and has contrived to form a defence for describing and making such trifling devices.

He has done more: he has erected two pillars himself to the honor of Queen Elizabeth; every pillar consists of a base of eight syllables, the shaft or middle of four, and the capital is equal with the base. The only difference between the two pillars is this: in the one "ye must read upwards," in the other the reverse. These pillars, notwithstanding this fortunate device and variation, may be fixed as two columns in the porch of the vast temple of literary folly.

2595. THE POET AND HIS PARODIST.

A lady of *bas bleu* celebrity (the term is getting odious, particularly to our *savantes*) had two friends, whom she equally admired — an elegant poet and his parodist.

She had contrived to prevent their meeting as long as her stratagems lasted, till at length she apologized to the serious bard for inviting him when his mock *umbra* was to be present. Astonished, she perceived that both men of genius felt a mutual esteem for each other's opposite talent: the ridiculed had perceived no malignity in the playfulness of the parody, and even seemed to consider it as a compli-

ment, aware that parodists do not waste their talent on obscure productions; while the ridiculer himself was very sensible that he was the inferior poet. The lady critic had imagined that a parody must necessarily be malicious; and in some cases it is said those on whom the parody has been performed have been of the same opinion.

2596. GOSTLING'S PARODY.

Mr. Gostling, a clergyman of Canterbury, was, we are told, the writer of an admirable parody on the noted grammatical line,—

"Bifrons, atque Custos, Bos, Fur, Sus, atque Sacerdos."

It runs thus :—

*"Bifrons even when he preaches ;
Custos of what in his reach is ;
Bos among his neighbors' wives ;
Fur in gathering of his tithes.
Sus at every parish feast ;
On Sunday, Sacerdos, a priest."*

2597. POETICAL TRIADS.

Mr. Owen Pugh, the Welsh bard, being called upon for his opinion of the requisites of a poet, wrote on the spot the following parody on the Bardic Triads :—

1. The three primary requisites of poetical genius : an eye that can see nature ; a heart that can feel nature ; and a resolution that dares follow nature.
2. The three final intentions of poetry : increase of goodness, increase of understanding, and increase of delight.
3. The three properties of a just imagination : what may be, what ought to be, and what is seemly to be.
4. The three indispensabilities of poetical language : purity, copiousness, and ease.
5. Three things that ought to be well understood in poetry : the great, the little, and their correspondences.
6. Three things to be avoided in poetry : the mean, the obscure, and the extravagant.
7. Three things to be chiefly considered in poetical illustration : what shall be obviously seen, what shall be instantly admired, and what shall be eminently characteristic.
8. The three dignities of poetry : the true and wonderful united, the union of the beautiful and the wise, and the union of art and nature.
9. The three advantages of poetry : the praise of goodness, the memory of what is remarkable, and the invigoration of the affections.
10. The three purities of poetry : pure truth, pure language, and pure conception.
11. Three things that poetry should thoroughly be : thoroughly learned, thoroughly animated, thoroughly natural.

2598. RECIPROCAL COMPLIMENTS.

"John Leyden," says Walter Scott, "introduced me to Tom Campbell. They afterwards quarrelled. When I repeated Hohenlinden to Leyden, he said, 'Dash it, man, tell the fellow I hate him ; but, then he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years.' I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had

for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him ; but I know the value of his critical approbation.'"

2599. BATHOS.

The art of "sinking in poetry" was never, perhaps, better illustrated than in the following epitaph, written by Howell, upon Charles I. :—

*"So fell the royal oak by a wild crew
Of mongrel shrubs, that underneath him grew ;
So fell the lion, by a pack of curs ;
So the rose withered 'twixt a knot of burs ;
So fell the eagle by a swarm of gnats ;
So the whale perished by a shoal of sprats !"*

2600. DI, DO, DUM.

Two punsters being in company together, one desired the other to make a pun upon the following words,—di, do, dum ; when, after a little consideration, he produced the following :—

*"When Dido found Æneas did not come,
She mourned in silence, and was Di-do dum," (dumb.)*

2601. THE COPY AND ORIGINAL.

A certain lord having a termagant wife, and, at the same time, a chaplain, who was a tolerable poet, his lordship desired him to write a copy of verses on a shrew. "I cannot imagine," said the parson, "why your lordship should want a *copy*, who has so good an *original*."

2602. QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE MAYOR.

When Queen Elizabeth visited Falkenstone, the inhabitants employed their parish clerk to versify their addresses. The mayor being introduced, he, with great gravity, mounted a three-legged stool, and commenced his poetical declamation thus :—

*"O mighty Queene,
Welcome to Falkensteene !"*

Elizabeth burst out in a loud roar of laughter, and, without giving his worship time to recover himself, she replied,—

*"You great fool
Get off that stool."*

2603. CAMPBELL, THE POET.

Campbell, in the midst of his severe studies, while aiming at academic honors, was guilty of a spree once, in his frolic hours, that led him into serious difficulty. It was as follows :—

A respectable apothecary in Glasgow had in the windows of his shop this notice : "Ears Pierced by A. Fife ;" meaning the boring of young ladies' ears for ear-rings. His next door neighbor was Mr. Drum, a spirit dealer, whose windows, adjoining Fife's, showed samples of whiskey, rum, and other inflammables of that sort. These two men, from jealousy, were at loggerheads with each other.

Campbell got a sign painted, in flaming capitals, stretching across the two houses, with this inscription from Othello, and put it up at dead of night : "The spirit-stirring Drum ; the ear-piercing Fife." A great sensation was produced next

morning; a great crowd came. It made the Drum and Fife a laughing-stock to all the town; and none enjoyed the joke more than Campbell and his coadjutors. They were sentenced to a severe reprimand, after having narrowly escaped fine and imprisonment.

2604. BARTY.

Bartholomew Willard (called "Barty" for short) was a "queer customer," once very well known in the north part of Vermont, for his careless, vagabond habits, ready wit, and remarkable facility at extempore rhyming. Sitting one day in a village store, among a crowd of idlers who always gathered about him on his arrival, the merchant asked Barty "why he always wore that shocking bad hat." Barty replied that it was simply because he was unable to purchase a new one.

"Come," said the merchant, "make me a good rhyme on the old hat immediately, — without stopping to think, — and I'll give you the best castor in the store." Whereupon Barty threw his old tile on the floor, and began: —

"There lies my old hat,
And, pray, what of that?
'Tis as good as the rest of my raiment:
If I buy me a better,
You'll make me your debtor,
And send me to jail for the payment."

The new hat was adjudged, "by the unanimous vote of the house," to belong to Barty, who wore it off in great triumph, saying, "it was but a poor head that could not take care of itself."

2605. DEAN SWIFT.

The motto which was inserted under the arms of William Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown, was, "*Non rapui, sed recepi.*" (I did not steal it, but I received it.)

This being shown to Dean Swift, he said, with a sarcastic smile, "The receiver is as bad as the thief."

2606. CANNING'S LOZENGES.

When Canning was challenged to find a rhyme for Julianna, he immediately wrote, —

"Walking in the shady grove
With my Julianna,
For lozenges I gave my love
Ip-e-cac-u-an-na."

There might be now as much fact as there was then fiction in the verses. Ipecacuanha lozenges are now sold by the apothecaries.

2607. BISHOP HEBER.

The late lamented Lord Bishop of Calcutta, in his youthful days, was very fond of writing a *jeu d'esprit*. Some of his quizzical writings he sent to the Gentleman's Magazine, in which he occasionally corresponded with himself, keeping down to the dulness of his model, to the great amusement of the few who were in the secret.

One of his articles was a solemn inquiry, from Clericus Leicestrensis, into the remedy for the devastations of an insect which peculiarly attacked



Heber's Parish Church.

spinach — the evil, the remedy, and the insect being all equally imaginary. Another was a sonnet on the death of Lieutenant Philip V——, who was killed at the storming of Fort Muzzaboo, on the St. Lawrence, (fort and war equally unknown.) The last line was, —

"And Marathon shall yield to Muzzaboo."

The *jeu d'esprit* from which the last line is taken deceived a very respectable old gentleman, for it happened, by an odd coincidence, that there had been missing, for some years, a certain Philip V——, whose uncle was so much pleased with the scene of his death, and with the glowing eulogium from a witness of his valor, that he sent five pounds to the editor of the Magazine for the author of the sonnet.

2608. PORSON'S SATIRE.

One of the most pointed and severe satires that, perhaps, was ever uttered, was made by Professor Porson, a short time before his death. Being in a mixed company, among which were many eminent literary characters, and particularly Mr. S——y, the poet, who had a very high opinion of *his own* talents, the conversation turned on some of his own productions, when, as usual, he began to extol their merits.

"I will tell you, sir," said Mr. Porson, "what I think of your poetical works: they will be read when Shakspeare's and Milton's are forgotten," (every eye was instantly turned upon the professor,) — but not till then!"

2609. RATHER SHARP.

Piron, the French author, having been taken up by the watchman of the night in the streets of Paris, was carried, on the following morning, before a

lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession.

"I am a poet, sir," said Piron.

"O, O! a poet, are you?" said the magistrate
"I have a brother who is a poet."

"Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

2610. DANTE.

The secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact, that, in the household of princes, the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher. "Similarity of mind," said the fierce genius, "is all over the world the source of friendship."

2611. SHREWD REPLY.

James II., when Duke of York, made a visit to Milton, out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the duke said to the poet, that he thought his blindness was a judgment of Heaven on him, because he had written against Charles I., his (the duke's) father, when the immortal poet replied, "If your highness thinks that misfortunes are indexes of the wrath of Heaven, what must you think of your father's tragical end? I have only lost my eyes — he lost his head."

2612. DIDN'T DO ANY THING ELSE.

Prosy Coleridge, during one of his interminable table-talks, said to Lamb, "Charley, did you ever hear me preach?"

"I never heard you do any thing else," was the prompt and witty reply of Elia, which has become a favorite byword at the present day.

2613. DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CLOCK AND A WOMAN.

Fontenelle, being asked one day, by a lord waiting at Versailles, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

2614. CHARLES LAMB.

The regular routine of clerkly business ill suited the literary tastes and the wayward though innocent habits of our essayist. Once, at the India House, one in authority said to him, —

"I have remarked, Mr. Lamb, that you come very late in the morning."

"Yes, sir," replied the wit, "but I go away early in the afternoon."

The oddness of the excuse silenced the reprover, who turned away with a smile.

2615. CHOICE POETRY.

A very indifferent poet, having read to a friend what he deemed the choice parts of a pretty long

poem, inquired which were the passages he most approved of. "Those which you have not yet read," replied the other.

2616. THE THREE VERSES OF EURIPIDES.

Euripides once said that three of his verses had cost him the labor of three days. "I could have written a hundred in that time," said another poet of ordinary abilities. "I believe it," replied Euripides; "but they would have lived only three days."

2617. AN UNFURNISHED HOUSE.

When Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of the late celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father, if he succeeded, he should place a label on his forehead with these words, "To let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right, Tom," said the father; "but don't forget to add the word *unfurnished*."

2618. THE MAGPIE.

Swift, in travelling, called at a hospitable house. The lady of the mansion, rejoicing to have so distinguished a guest, with great eagerness and flippancy asked him what he would have for dinner. "Will you have an apple pie, sir? Will you have a gooseberry pie, sir? Will you have a cherry pie, sir? Will you have a currant pie, sir? Will you have a plum pie, sir? Will you have a pigeon pie, sir?" "Any pie, madam, but a *magpie*."

2619. COLERIDGE.

Walking with Coleridge in the country, we saw washed linen hanging in a village churchyard. He said, "The inhabitants dry these clothes on the graves of their ancestors." After a pause he added, "The scene appears as if the ghosts had hung up their shrouds."

2620. BOILEAU.

Boileau was one day visited by a nobleman lounging, who reproached him with not returning his previous calls. "You and I," said the poet, "meet upon unequal terms. I lose my time when I pay you a visit, and you only get rid of your irksome hours."

Yet when a philosopher called upon him one day, and, finding him engaged in his study, apologized for the interruption, he was replied to, by the gifted poet, with, "Sir, one man of letters can never interrupt another."

2621. POETS TRAVEL SAFELY.

The celebrated Peter Pindar was, at one period of his life, in possession of a few hundreds in the funds, which his necessities, from time to time, compelled him to sell out. When Peter was receiving the last portion of his former savings, he expressed great anxiety lest he should be robbed of it, in his

way through the city; "for," said he, "'tis the largest sum ever in my possession." "Poh!" replied his broker, a shrewd personage, in a broad brim and snuff-colored suit; "let me attach a piece of paper to your coat, with the word *poet* inscribed upon it, and I'll engage you will excite no suspicions."

2622. SWIFT AND THE BILL OF FARE.

When a gentleman, who was trying to persuade him to dine at his house, said, "I will send you my bill of fare," he replied, "Send me your bill of company."

2623. POPE AND ROYALTY.

Queen Caroline declared her intention of honoring Mr. Pope with a visit at Twickenham. His mother was then alive, and lest the visit should give her pain, on account of the danger his religious principles might incur by an intimacy with the court, his piety made him, with great duty and humility, beg that he might decline this honor.

Some years after, his mother being dead, the Prince of Wales condescended to do him the honor of a visit. When Mr. Pope met him at the water-

side, he expressed his sense of the honor done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment; on which the prince said, "It is very well; but how shall we reconcile your love to a prince with your professed indisposition to kings, since princes will be kings in time?"

"Sir," replied Pope, "I consider royalty under that noble and authorized type of the lion; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."

2624. EPIGRAM BY POPE IN HIS LAST ILLNESS.

During Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians, Dr. Burton and Dr. Thompson, they mutually charging each other with hastening the death of the patient by improper prescriptions. Pope at length silenced them, saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn by your discourse that I am in a dangerous way; therefore all I now ask is, that the following epigram may be added after my death to the next edition of the *Dunciad*, by way of postscript:

Dunces, rejoice; forgive all censures past;
The greatest dunce has killed your foe at last."

§ 250. ORIGIN AND FACTS OF NOTED POEMS.

2625. THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.



HE stealing of Miss Belle Fermor's hair," says Pope, "was taken too seriously, and caused an estrangement between the two families, though they had lived so long in great friendship before. A common acquaintance, and well wisher to both, desired me to write a poem to make a jest of it, and laugh them together again. It was with this view that I wrote the Rape of the Lock,

which was well received, and had its effect in the two families.

"Nobody but Sir George Brown was angry; but he was a good deal so, and for a long time. He could not bear that Sir Plume should talk nothing but nonsense. Copies of the poem got about, and it was likely to be printed; on which I published the first draught of it, without the machinery, in a miscellany of Tonson's. The machinery was added afterwards, to make it look a little more considerable, and the scheme of adding it was much liked and approved by several of my friends, and particularly by Dr. Garth, who, as he was one of the best-natured men in the world, was very fond of it."

"I have been assured," says Spence, "by a most intimate friend of Mr. Pope, that the peer in the Rape of the Lock was Lord Petre; the person who

desired Mr. Pope to write it, old Mr. Curyl, of Sussex; and that what was said of Sir George Brown in it was the very picture of the man."

2626. ORIGIN OF THE MARSEILLAISE.

M. de Lamartine, in his *Histoire des Girondins*, published in Paris, gives the following account of the origin of the French national air, the Marseillaise.

"In the garrison of Strasburg was quartered a young artillery officer, named Rouget de Lisle, a native of Louis de Salmier, in the Jura. He had a great taste for music and poetry, and often entertained his comrades during their long and tedious hours in the garrison. Sought after for his musical and poetical talent, he was a frequent and familiar guest at the house of one Dietrich, an Alsatian patriot, mayor of Strasburg.

"The winter of 1792 was a period of great scarcity at Strasburg. The house of Dietrich was poor, his table was frugal, but a seat was always open to Rouget de Lisle.

"One day there was nothing but bread and some slices of smoked ham on the table. Dietrich, regarding the young officer, said to him, with sad serenity, 'Abundance fails at our boards; but what matters that if enthusiasm fails not at our civic feets, nor courage in the hearts of our soldiers? I have still a last bottle of wine in my cellar. Bring it,' said he to one of his daughters, 'and let us drink France and Liberty! Strasburg should have its patriotic solemnity. De Lisle must draw from these last drops one of those hymns which raise the soul of the people.'

"The wine was brought and drank, after which the officer departed. The night was cold. De Lisle was thoughtful. His heart was moved, his head

heated. He returned staggering to his solitary room, and slowly sought inspiration, sometimes in the fervor of his citizen soul, and anon on the keys of his instrument, composing now the air before the words, and then the words before the air. He sung all and wrote nothing, and at last, exhausted, fell asleep with his head resting on his instrument, and awoke not till daybreak.

"The music of the night returned to his mind like the impression of a dream. He wrote it, and ran to Dietrich, whom he found in the garden digging winter lettuces. The wife and daughters of the old man were not up. Dietrich awoke them, and called in some friends, all as passionate as himself for music, and able to execute the composition of *De Lisle*. At the first stanza cheeks grew pale; at the second tears flowed; and at last the delirium of enthusiasm burst forth. The wife of Dietrich, his daughters, himself, and the young officer, threw themselves, crying, into each other's arms.

"The hymn of the country was found. Executed some days afterwards in Strasburg, the new song flew from city to city, and was played by all the popular orchestras. *Marseilles* adopted it to be sung at the commencement of the sittings of the clubs, and the *Marseillaise* spread it through France, singing it along the public roads. From this came the name of '*Marseillaise*.'"

2627. CAMPBELL'S HOHENLINDEN.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Thomas Campbell to a relative in America, and affords us the first impressions of the battle of Hohenlinden.

"Never shall time efface from my memory the recollections of that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, when I stood with the good monks of St. Jacob, to overlook a charge of Klenau's cavalry upon the French under Grennier, encamped below us. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas de charge*, collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours' awaiting the issue of a severe action, a park of artillery was opened just beneath the walls of the monastery, and several wagoners, who were stationed to convey the wounded in spring wagons, were killed in our sight. My love of novelty now gave way to personal fear; and I took a carriage, in company with an Austrian surgeon, back to Landshut."

"I remember," he adds, on his return to England, "how little I valued the art of painting, before I got into the heart of such impressive scenes; but in Germany I would have given any thing to have possessed an art capable of conveying ideas inaccessible to speech and writing. Some particular scenes were rather overcharged with that degree of the terrific which oversteps the sublime; and I own my flesh yet creeps at the recollection of spring wagons and hospitals; but the sight of Ingolstadt in ruins, or Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten."

2628. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The New York Sunday Age relates the origin of this famous ballad, written, it seems, by Samuel B. Woodworth, when a journeyman printer in an office situate at the corner of Chatham and Cham-

bers Streets, New York. Near by, in Frankfort Street, was a drinking shop, kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was superexcellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to any thing he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken; there was one thing which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this, in the way of drinking."

"What was that," asked Woodworth, dubiously.

"The draught of pure, fresh, spring water, that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer."

The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True—true!" he replied, and shortly after quitted the place.

He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the Old Oaken Bucket, one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.

2629. DR. SYNTAX'S TOUR IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESCUE.

The manner in which the late Mr. Coombe composed his popular poem, Dr. Syntax, is a curious fact in the history of the fine arts. Mr. Rowlandson, celebrated for his humorous designs, made a series of sketches, in his loose style, to burlesque a modern tourist in search of the picturesque.

This eccentric genius, like Gillray, never at loss for a subject, chose to make his hero a comical, thin-visaged country parson, and led him from place to place, into a variety of situations, whimsical to the last degree. There were perhaps eighty or a hundred of these. Mr. Ackermann had for many years been a collector of the humorous designs of this artist, and, among others, purchased these.

One evening, in looking over his portfolio, in company with Mr. Coombe, for a subject for the Poetical Magazine, he pounced upon the tourist. Coombe was amused with the sketches, and a few were selected as a theme for versifying. It was subsequently agreed that a continued tale should be formed from them, and Mr. Ackermann was to continue the selections. One, two, or three, were forwarded to Mr. Coombe, and when he had written from them, as many more were sent in exchange; thus, without further arrangement, or the author having the least knowledge of what would come next, the work proceeded, being published in detached parts, until the poem grew into a sufficient number of verses to form a volume.

The magazine was discontinued, and long after, at the instance of his neighbor, Mr. Taylor, proprietor of the Sun evening newspaper, Mr. Ackermann was induced to publish the Tour of Dr. Syntax in a separate volume; Mr. Taylor always insisting that it was a poem that would suit the public taste.

The best comment upon his judgment is, that few poems, perhaps, have experienced so extensive a sale. It may not be known to all our readers, perhaps, that the world owes to the lively pen of this Mr. Taylor, of the Sun, that fictitious tale in verse entitled *Monsieur Tonson*, which has been so successfully dramatized.

2630. HAIL, COLUMBIA.

In the year 1798, when patriotic feeling pervaded the country, and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young player, who was more admired for his vocal than histrionic powers, called one morning upon his friend Mr. Hopkinson, and after stating that the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, and expressing great fear for the result, as not a single box had been taken, begged his friend to do something in his behalf.

"If," said Fox, "you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the President's March, I feel sure of a full house. Several of the people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done; yet I think you may succeed."

Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, and in a short time wrote the first verse and chorus, which were submitted to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them to a piano accompaniment, and proved the measure and music to be compatible and in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written, and when Fox returned in the evening, he received with delight the song as it now stands. The following morning small handbills and placards announced that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song, &c.

The theatre was crowded; the song was sung and received with rapture; it was repeated eight times, and again *encored*; and when sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night, Hail, Columbia, cheered the visitors of the theatre, and in a very few days it was the universal song of the boys in the streets, from one end of the city to another. Nor was the distinguished author of this truly national song—a song which met the approbation of both parties—forgotten. The street in which he resided was on one occasion crowded, and Hail, Columbia, broke on the stillness of midnight from five hundred patriotic voices.

2631. THOMAS CARLYLE.

The editor of the London Monthly Magazine relates an anecdote characteristic of Carlyle, and from which others may take a useful hint. "We recollect," says the editor, "walking with Mr. Thomas Carlyle down Regent Street, when he remarked, that we poets had all of us mistaken the argument that we should treat."

"The past," he said, "is too cool for this age of progress. Look at this throng of carriages, this multitude of men and horses, of women and children. Every one of these had a reason for going this way, rather than that. If we could penetrate their minds, and ascertain their motives, an epic poem would present itself, exhibiting the business of life as it is, with all its passions and interests, hopes and fears. A poem, whether in verse or prose, conceived in this spirit, and impartially written, would be the epic of the age." And in this spirit it was that he conceived the plan of his own *French Revolution, a History*.

2632. POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

"In a rough attack upon Warburton," says D'Israeli, "respecting Pope's privately printing fifteen hundred copies of the Patriot King of Bolingbroke,

which I conceive to have been written by Mallet, I find a particular account of the manner in which the *Essay on Man* was written, over which Johnson seems to throw great doubts.

"The writer of this angry epistle, in addressing Warburton, says, 'If you were as intimate with Pope as you pretend, you must know the truth of a fact which several others, as well as I, who never had the honor of a personal acquaintance with Lord Bolingbroke or Mr. Pope, have heard. The fact was related to me by a certain senior fellow of one of our universities, who was very intimate with Mr. Pope.'

"He started some objections one day, at Mr. Pope's house, to the doctrine contained in the *ethic Epistles*; upon which Mr. Pope told him that he would soon convince him of the truth of it, by laying the argument at large before him; for which purpose he gave him a *large prose manuscript* to peruse, telling him, at the same time, the author's name. From this perusal, whatever other conviction the doctor might receive, he collected at least this—that Mr. Pope had from his friend not only the *doctrine*, but even the *finest and strongest ornaments of his ethics*.

"Now, if this fact be true,—as I question not but you know it to be so,—I believe no man of candor will attribute such merit to Mr. Pope as you would insinuate, for acknowledging the wisdom and the friendship of the man who was his instructor in philosophy, nor, consequently, that this acknowledgment, and the *dedication of his own system, put into a poetical dress by Mr. Pope*, laid his lordship under the necessity of never resenting any injury done to him afterwards. Mr. Pope said no more than the literal truth in calling Lord Bolingbroke his *guide, philosopher, and friend*."

The existence of this very manuscript volume was authenticated by Lord Bathurst, in a conversation with Dr. Blair and others, where he said "he had read the manuscript in Lord Bolingbroke's handwriting, and was at a loss whether most to admire the elegance of Lord Bolingbroke's prose, or the beauty of Mr. Pope's verse." See the letter of Dr. Blair in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

2633. INDIAN LEGEND.

The lately published poem of C. F. Hoffman, Esq., entitled the *Vigil of Faith*, is founded on one of the most poetic legends of the Indians. The late number of *Arcturus* gives the following version of this fine tradition:—

Among the Adirondach Highlands, on an island in the Lake Inca-pah-chow, or Lindenmere, there dwelt a chieftain and his only daughter. The maid was not unvisited by love. Often would she, whether the night were fair or dark, cross to an opposite headland, to watch the camp light of her returning lover, whom the morrow's sun would bring again to her arms. There is rivalry in love, and treachery in Indian life. In those hours of absence, a rival tribesman suggested doubt and suspicion; another maiden, he said, shared the vows and the spoils of the huntsman.

She feared not, and believed not. The lover came, and the day of the bridal, and at eve the husband would bear her to his lodge, that they had prepared together in former days; when the foe appeared, and the life of the girl that detraction could not poison, nor fear wither, fell before his assassin knife. He slew the bride.

And now came the sad, slow hours of revenge. The bride had departed to the spirit land, and happy he who first leaves this earth to join her there. It was an Indian superstition, and death to both the lovers would have been a welcome gift. Neither feared destruction. Life was the curse they bore about with them as a charmed spell. The husband guarded the life of his enemy as if it were his dearest treasure; he made him his serf, according to the Indian law, which changed the penalty of death to degradation.

He hunted for him, he fed him, he watched over him, for the love of the dead maiden in the blessed isles of the Indian heaven, that she might walk and wander, and her steps never be crossed by the shade of her murderer. So solemnly was his existence bound to cherish his direst foe, and death and its dark bourn of punishment were mysteriously foreshadowed in life and on the earth.

A wilder or a more beautiful legend we never met with. Filled to overflowing must have been the heart of the old Indian, as every footstep of his life was directed by his spiritual bride in heaven—a strange love, that could turn hate into kindness, and make the happiest blessing the direst revenge.

2634. DUNGEON COMPOSITIONS.

It was behind the bars of a gloomy window in the Tower, where "every hour appeared to be a hundred winters," that Chaucer, recent from exile, and sore from persecution, was reminded of a work popular in those days, and which had been composed in a dungeon,—the *Consolations of Philosophy*, by Boethius—and which he himself had formerly translated. He composed his Testament of Love, substituting for the severity of an abstract being the more genial inspiration of love itself. But the fiction was a reality, and the griefs were deeper than the fancies.

In this chronicle of the heart the poet moans over "the delicious hours he was wont to enjoy," of his "richesse," and now of his destination—the vain regret of his abused confidence—the treachery of all that "summer brood" who never approach the lost friend in "the winter hour" of an iron solitude. The poet energetically describes his condition: there he sat, "witless, thoughtful; and sightless, looking." This work the poet has composed in prose; but in the leisure of a prison the diction became more poetical in thoughts and in words than the language at that time had yet attained to, and for those who read the black letter, it still retains its impressive eloquence.

2635. ORIGIN OF JOAN OF ARC.

Mr. Southey, the poet laureate, gives the following origin of the publication of his poem of Joan of Arc:—

"Towards the close of the year 1794, the poem was announced to be published by subscription, in a quarto volume, at one pound one shilling. Soon afterwards, I became acquainted with my fellow-townsmen, Joseph Cottle, who had just commenced business as a printer and bookseller in the city of Bristol. One evening I read to him part of the poem, without any thought of making a proposal concerning it, or expectation of receiving one. He offered me fifty guineas for the copyright, and fifty copies for my subscribers, which was more than the

list amounted to; and the offer was accepted as readily as it was proposed.

"It rarely happens that a young author meets with a bookseller as inexperienced and as ardent as himself; and it would be still more extraordinary if such mutual indiscretion did not bring with it cause for regret to both. But this transaction was the commencement of an intimacy which has continued, without the slightest displeasure, to this day.

"At that time few books were printed in the country; and it was seldom indeed that a quarto volume issued from a provincial press. A fount of new types was ordered for what was intended to be the handsomest book that Bristol had ever yet sent forth; and when the paper arrived, and the printer was ready to commence his operations, nothing had been done towards preparing the poem for the press, except that a few verbal alterations had been made. I was not, however, without misgivings; and when the first proof-sheet was brought me, the more glaring faults of the composition stared me in the face.

"But the sight of a well-printed page, which was to be set off with all the advantages that fine-wove paper and hot pressing could impart, put me in spirits, and I went to work with good will. About half the first book was left in its original state; and the rest of the poem was recast and recomposed while the printing went on.

"This occupied six months. I corrected the concluding sheet of the poem, left the preface in the publisher's hands, and departed for Lisbon, by way of Corunna and Madrid."

2636. GOD SAVE THE KING.

It is said that the English national hymn, so called, God save the King, is of French origin, both the words and the music. In the memoirs of the Marquise de Crequy, published in 1844, and containing her souvenirs from 1710 to 1800, the original words are given in French, as sung in French before Louis XIV., when he entered the Chapel of St. Cyr. The words are as follows:—

*"Grand Dieu, Sauvez le Roi!
Grand Dieu, Venez le Roi!
Vive le Roi!
Qui toujours Glorifiez
Louis Victorieux
Voyez vos ennemis
Toujours soumis!
Grand Dieu, Sauvez le Roi!
Grand Dieu, Venez le Roi!
Vive le Roi!"*

The words are said to have been written by Madame de Brinon, and the music by the famous Sully. It is also said that Handel, during a visit to Paris, got possession of the music, and on his return dedicated it to King George I. It must be rather galling for a loyal Englishman, while bursting his lungs in roaring "God save the Queen," and knocking the hats over the eyes of the refractory individuals who refuse to join him in his folly, to remember that he is glorifying his "Mrs. Cobourg" in a French song to French music.

2637. COWPER'S JOHN GILPIN.

It happened one afternoon, in those years when Cowper's accomplished friend Lady Austen made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increased dejection. It was her custom, on these occasions, to try all the resources

of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin, (which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood,) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effects on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment.

He informed her, the next morning, that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad. So arose the pleasant poem of John Gilpin.

2638. COWPER'S TASK.

Cowper, like many other men of eminence, was often indebted to others for the subjects on which he wrote. Lady Austen was very fond of blank verse, and urged her friend to try his powers in that species of composition. At length he promised to do so if she would furnish him with a subject. She replied, "O, you can never be in want of a subject: you can write upon any: write upon this sofa." The poet obeyed her command, and produced the Task.

This poem, which thus arose from the lively repartee of familiar conversation, presents a variety, including almost every subject and every style, without the violation of order and harmony, while it breathes a spirit of the purest and most exalted morality.

2639. THE SENSITIVE POET.

Tasso's contradictory critics perplexed him with the most intricate literary discussions, and probably occasioned a mental alienation. We find, in one of his letters, that he repents the composition of his great poem; for although his own taste approved of the marvellous, which still forms the nobler part of its creation, yet he confesses that his critics have decided that the history of his hero, Godfrey, required another species of conduct. "Hence," cries the unhappy bard, "doubts vex me; but for the past, and what is done, I know of no remedy;" and he longs to precipitate the publication, that "he may be delivered from misery and agony." He solemnly swears that "did not the circumstances of my situation compel me, I would not print it, even, perhaps, during my life, I so much doubt of its success."

Such was that painful state of fear and doubt experienced by the author of the Jerusalem Delivered, when he gave it to the world—a state of suspense, among the children of imagination, of which none are more liable to participate in than the too sensitive artist.

2640. LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

On the merest trifle often hinges the fortune of a whole future life; and had it not been for the accidental suggestion of the beautiful, accomplished, and truly amiable Countess of Dalkeith, Scott would certainly never have written his first metrical romance, and possibly never even dreamed of rising to high eminence as an author. She had heard the legend of the dwarf-demon, (Gilpin Horner,) and wished to have some verses written about him, probably thinking this would be an easy task; and her slightest wish was a law. But the dwarf was no very poetical personage.

He had made his appearance unexpectedly, it is

true, had behaved capriciously, like Number Nip, frightened both grown people and children, shown the notable inclination for mischief which is customary with devils, and at last vanished as unexpectedly as he came; but all this was quite as well told in prose as in the best rhymes that ever were penned. In order to meet Lady Dalkeith's wishes, therefore, he must be introduced as an infernal agent in some plot of importance, which was yet to be devised.

Thus arose the Lay of the Last Minstrel, though the original idea of Gilpin soon became subordinate, and was lost in the superstructure.

Of the Last Minstrel, he wrote, at Lady Dalkeith's request, some opening stanzas, which he read to his friends, who, being, of course, utterly unconscious of the effects to which such a commencement might lead, received them with great coldness. The rule holds good—"Never show to fools or children a work half done."

Although he at first destroyed his production, and seemed to abandon the idea, yet there is no doubt he conceived the plan for an entire poem; for, when some friendly critics declared that the lines had dwelt on their remembrance, and that they wished he would go on with it, the work proceeded at the rate of about a canto in a week. Such rapidity was the natural effect of his vivid conception of character and situation, which carried him on without effort; so that the work proved as entertaining to the author in composition as to his admirers in perusal.

In the beautiful and quiet seclusion of Ashiestiel, the Lay of the Last Minstrel was completed. It appeared in 1805. Rapidly it spread his reputation, and the most inspiring encomiums poured in from all quarters. The description of Melrose Abbey, and the ballad of Rossabelle, were imprinted on the memory of every one not utterly unsusceptible of the charms of romantic poetry; and it was scarcely possible to visit any house where a copy of the expensive quarto, with its "rivulet of verse flowing through a meadow of margin," was not to be found on the drawing-room table.

2641. SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.

Perhaps no lyric has been more universally admired than Burns's beautiful little poem commencing,

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

But it is not generally known that Burns, by the advice of some friends, was induced to suppress the first two stanzas, as they stood in the poet's manuscript. We very much regret that the poem was not printed entire, for we think the poet's talent far surpassed the critic's taste. It stood thus in the original:—

"At Bannockburn the English lay;
The Scots they werna far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.

"But the sun broke through the heath,
And lighted up that field of death;
When Bruce, wi' saul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed:—

"Scots, wha hae," &c.

2642. ORIGIN OF PARADISE REGAINED.

Thomas Ellwood, an intelligent and learned Quaker, who was honored by the intimate friendship

of Milton used to read to him various authors in the learned languages, and thus contributed as well to his own improvement as to solace the dark hours of the poet when he had lost his sight.

"The curious ear of John Milton," said Ellwood, in his own life, "could discover, by the tone of my voice, when I did not clearly understand what I read, and open the difficult passages."

Milton lent Ellwood the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* to read. When he returned it, Milton asked him how he liked it. "I like it much," said the judicious Quaker: "thou hast written well, and said much of *Paradise Lost*; but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?" Milton made no answer, but sat musing for some time.

When business afterwards drew Ellwood to London, he called on Milton, who showed him the poem of *Paradise Regained*; and in a pleasant tone said to his friend, "This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you asked me at Charlfont, which before I had not thought of."

2643. THOMSON'S WINTER.

Many writers of popular name have been indebted to casual circumstances for their elevated distinction. When Thomson produced his *Winter*, the best of his Seasons, the poem lay like waste paper in the shop of the bookseller, and to the great mortification of the author. At last Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman of taste and rank, having read the piece with pleasure, took it in his pocket, read passages from it in all companies where he visited, and in a few days the whole impression being disposed of, the poet was enabled to complete his design.

2644. SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

An amusing adventure, which occurred in Goldsmith's last journey from home to Edgeworthstown school, is believed to have given birth to the chief

incident in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Having set off on horseback, — there being then, and, indeed, now, no regular wheeled conveyance thither from Ballymahon, — he loitered on the road, amusing himself by viewing the neighboring gentlemen's seats. A friend had furnished him with a guinea, and the desire, perhaps, of spending it in (to a schoolboy) the most independent manner at an inn, tended to slacken his diligence on the road.

Night overtook him in the small town of Ardagh, about half way on his journey. Inquiring for the best house in the place, meaning the best inn, he chanced to address, as is said, a person named Cornelius Kelly, who boasted of having taught fencing to the Marquis of Granby, and was then domesticated in the house of Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune in the town. He was known as a notorious wag, and, willing to play off a trick upon one whom he, no doubt, discovered to be a swaggering schoolboy, directed him to the house of his patron.

Suspecting no deception, Oliver proceeded as directed; gave authoritative orders about the care of his horse; and, being thence conceived by the servants to be an expected guest, was ushered into the presence of their master, who immediately discovered the mistake. Being, however, a man of humor, and willing to enjoy an evening's amusement with a boy under the influence of so unusual a blunder, he encouraged it, particularly when, by the communicative disposition of the guest, it was found that he was the son of an old acquaintance, on his way to school.

Nothing occurred to undeceive the self-importance of the youth, fortified by the possession of a sum he did not often possess; wine was therefore ordered, in addition to a good supper, and the supposed landlord, his wife and daughters were invited to partake of it.

On retiring for the night, a hot cake was ordered for breakfast the following morning; nor was it until preparing to quit the house next day, that he discovered he had been entertained in a private family.

§ 251. POETICAL CURIOSITIES.

2645. THE FIRST POET LAUREATE.

The first mention of the king's poet, under the appellation of laureate, was John Kay, who was appointed poet laureate to Edward IV. It is extraordinary that he should have left no pieces of poetry to prove his pretensions in some degree to this office, with which he is said to have been invested by the king, at his return from Italy.

The only composition he has left to posterity is a prose English translation of a Latin history of the siege of Rhodes. In the dedication, addressed to King Edward, — or rather in the title, — he styles himself "hys humble poete laureate." Although this our laureate furnishes us with no materials as a poet, yet his office, which here occurs for the first time under this denomination, must not pass unnoticed in the annals of literature.

2646. THE POETICAL GARLAND.

The beautiful Julia d'Angennes was in the flower of her youth and fame, when the celebrated Gus-

tavus, king of Sweden, was making war in Germany with the most splendid success. Julia expressed her warm admiration of this hero. She had his portrait placed on her toilet, and took pleasure in declaring that she would have no other lover than Gustavus. The Duke de Montausier was, however, her avowed and ardent admirer. A short time after the death of Gustavus, he sent her, as a new year's gift, the Poetical Garland, of which the following is a description: —

The most beautiful flowers were painted in miniature by an eminent artist, one Robert, on pieces of vellum, all of an equal size. Under every flower a sufficient space was left open for a madrigal on the subject of that flower there painted. The duke solicited the wits of the time to assist in the composition of these little poems, reserving a considerable number for the effusions of his own amorous muse. Under every flower he had his madrigal written by a penman, N. du Jarry, who was celebrated for beautiful writing. It is decorated by a frontispiece, which represents a splendid garland composed of these twenty-nine flowers; and on turning the page a Cupid is painted.

These were magnificently bound, and enclosed in a bag of rich Spanish leather. This gift, when Julia awoke on new year's day, she found lying on her toilet; it was one quite to her taste, and successful to the donor's hopes.

At the sale of the library of the Duke de la Valiere, in 1784, among its numerous literary curiosities, this garland appeared. It was actually sold for the extravagant sum of fourteen thousand five hundred and ten livres; though in 1770, at Gaignat's sale, it only cost seven hundred and eighty livres. It is described "a manuscript on vellum, composed of twenty-nine flowers painted by one Robert, under which are inserted madrigals by various authors."

2647. AN UNLETTERED POET.

Among the literary productions called forth by the death of the celebrated Whitefield, was an elegiac poem, written by an African girl, a slave, belonging to Mr. J. Wheatly, of Boston. Her name was Phillis, and she was only seventeen years of age, and had been but nine years in the country at

the time of writing the poem. The following lines are from the poem :—

"He leaves this earth for heaven's unmeasured height;
And worlds unknown receive him from our sight.
There Whitefield wings with rapid course his way,
And sails to Zion through vast seas of day."

2648. THE PLOUGHMAN.

The following line, from Gray: "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way," has been found to admit of the eleven following transpositions, without destroying the rhyme or altering the sense :—

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.
The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.
The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.
The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.
Weary the ploughman plods his homeward way.
Weary the ploughman homeward plods his way.
Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.
Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.
Homeward the ploughman, weary, plods his way.
The homeward ploughman weary plods his way.
The homeward ploughman plods his weary way.

§ 252. AFFECTING INCIDENTS.

2649. THOMSON'S AMANDA



James Thomson.

Every one will recollect the Amanda, whom Thomson introduces as the companion of his rural walks, in the following lines, in which the poet and the lover are equally happy :—

"And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song,
Formed by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mixed,
Sits lively Fancy, and the feeling Muse!"

This lady herself encouraged the addresses of Thomson; but the prejudices of her mother were not to be overcome. "What!" she would say, "shall my daughter marry a poet?"

She was at breakfast with her one morning, when a gentleman came in who was acquainted with their connections. On their inquiring the news of the day, he answered, "Mr. Thomson is dead." "What Thomson?" inquired Amanda. "The poet, madam," he replied. The presence of her mother no longer awed her. She fainted away.

Amanda, however, though the lover of a poet, does not appear to have been too romantic, and was for many years after the happy wife of a gallant admiral, who survived her.

2650. CAMOENS.

When the celebrated poet of Portugal found it prudent to banish himself from his native country, he sailed for India with a resolution never to return. As the ship left the Tagus, he exclaimed, in the words of the sepulchral monument on Scipio Africanus, "*Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea*," (Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones.) He then little knew what evils in the East would awaken the remembrance of his native fields.

After various adventures, Camoens set sail in a ship, freighted by himself, from Macao for Goa, but was shipwrecked in the gulf near the mouth of the River Mecon, in Cochin China. All he had acquired was lost in the waves: his poems, which he held in one hand, while he saved himself with the other, were all he found himself possessed of when he stood friendless on the unknown shore.

But the natives gave him a most humane reception; and he has immortalized them in the prophetic song in the tenth Lusiad. Having named the Mecon, he thus proceeds :—

"*Esta recobera placido, e brando,*" &c.

"On his gentle, hospitable bosom shall he receive the song, wet from woful, unhappy shipwreck, escaped from destroying tempests, from ravenous

dangers, the effect of the unjust sentence upon him, whose lyre shall be more renowned than enriched."

2651. GRAHAME AND HIS SABBATH.

There is a beautiful anecdote told of Grahame, the Scottish poet, in connection with his Sabbath. He had composed the poem, and sent it to the press unknown to his wife. When it was issued, he brought her a copy, and requested her to read it. As his name was not prefixed to the work, she did not dream that he had any thing to do with it. As she went on reading, the sensitive author walked up and down the room. At length she broke out in praise of the poem, and turning to him, said, "Ah, James, if you could but produce a poem like this!" Judge, then, of her delighted surprise when she found he was the author. The effect upon her, it is said, was almost overwhelming.

2652. THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

The following passage occurs in the *Memoirs* of Mrs. Hemans:

"It was about this time that a circumstance occurred, by which Mrs. Hemans was greatly affected and impressed. A stranger one day called at her house, and begged earnestly to see her. She was then just recovering from one of her frequent illnesses, and was obliged to decline the visits of all but her immediate friends. The applicant was, therefore, told that she was unable to receive him; but he persisted in entreating for a few minutes' audience with such urgent importunity, that at last the point was conceded.

"The moment he was admitted, the gentleman (for such his manner and appearance declared him to be) explained, in words and tones of the deepest feeling, that the object of his visit was to acknowledge a debt of obligation which he could not rest satisfied without avowing—that to her he owed, in the first instance, that faith and those hopes which were now more precious to him than life itself; for that it was by reading her poem of the Sceptic he had been first awakened from the miserable delusions of infidelity, and induced to 'search the Scriptures.' Having poured forth his thanks and benedictions in an uncontrollable gush of emotion, this strange but interesting visitant took his departure, leaving her overwhelmed with a mingled sense of joyful gratitude and wondering humility."

2653. POPE'S THREE NARROW ESCAPES.

Mr. Pope's life, that was so valuable to the world, was in danger several times, and the first so early as when he was a child in coats. A wild cow, that was driven by the place where he was at play, struck at him with her horns, tore off his hat, wounded him in the throat, beat him down, and trampled over him.

His second escape was when he was about two and twenty. He was travelling in a coach by night, and with a coachman that did not know the road so well as he should have done. They were to cross the Thames, and the coachman drove into the water; but, after they were a little way in, the

horses stopping could not make them stir a foot on. Some passengers, that happened to come by just in the height of his endeavoring to force them to go on, called to the man, and told him that his horses had more sense than himself; that the Thames was not fordable there; that they were just on the brink of a hole twice as deep as the coach; and that, if they had proceeded a step farther, they must all have been lost. So he drew back, and got out of the river again; and they were very glad to lie at a little ale-house on the bank they had just quitted.

His third danger was in a coach, too, with six spirited horses. They took fright, ran away, and overturned the coach, with him only in it, into a ditch full of water. He was almost suffocated there, and broke the glass with his hand to let in the air; but, as the coach sunk deeper, the water gained very fast upon him, and he was taken out but just time enough to save him from being drowned.

2654. THOMSON AND QUIN.

Thomson, the poet, when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances, and was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. Upon the publication of his *Seasons*, one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money.

The report of this misfortune reached the ears of Quin, who had read the *Seasons*, but never seen their author; and he was told that Thomson was in a sponging-house in Holborn. Thither Quin went, and being admitted into his chamber, "Sir," said he, "you don't know me, but my name is Quin." Thomson said, that though he could not boast of the honor of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit, and invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse.

When supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr. Quin told him it was "now time to enter upon business." Thomson declared he was ready to serve him as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command, (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama.) "Sir," says Quin, "you mistake me. I am in your debt. I owe you a hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you."

Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied, that, as he was a gentleman whom he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to trifle with his misfortunes. "No," said Quin, raising his voice, "I say I owe you a hundred pounds, and there it is;" and, suiting the action to the word, immediately laid a bank note of that value before him.

Thomson, astonished, begged he would explain himself. "Why," says Quin, "I will tell you. Soon after I had read your *Seasons*, I took it into my head, that, as I had something to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will. Among the rest of my legacies, I set down the author of the *Seasons* for a hundred pounds; and, this day hearing that you were in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as order my executors to pay it, when perhaps you might have less need of it; and this, Mr. Thomson, is my business."

2655. ARABIAN LOVE OF POETRY.

There is nothing so remarkable in the character of the Arabians as their love of poetry. It is nearly universal among them. A talent for making verses was reckoned by them a qualification equal to the greatest military capacity. The Abbé de Marigny, in his History of the Arabians, furnishes us with the following anecdotes of the caliph Moawiyah:—

"An Arabian robber, being condemned to have his hand cut off, was brought before Moawiyah, in order that the sentence might be confirmed. The criminal, being in the caliph's presence, and reflecting on his great love of poetry, made and repeated four very ingenious and beautiful verses on the spot, with which Moawiyah was so highly pleased, that he immediately pardoned the Arabian, and ordered him to be set at liberty."

"The great fondness which Moawiyah had for poetry also enabled a young Arabian to obtain a speedy redress for a severe injury committed against him by the governor of Cufah, in forcibly taking from him his beautiful and beloved wife. The wretched husband came to make his complaint to the caliph, and expressed his grievance in so pathetic an elegy, that Moawiyah, both interested and delighted with the energetic softness and lively fancy of the young poet, protracted the determination of other business, that he might render him immediate justice. He sent an express to the governor, and commanded him to resign the woman without delay. In the mean time, he kept the husband at court, and treated him with the greatest respect."

"The governor returned a very extraordinary answer, which showed the excess of his passion. He informed the messenger, that if the caliph would permit him to retain her only twelve months, he would consent to have his head cut off at the end

of that time; but the caliph rigidly insisted on her being given up, and she was brought before him.

"So extraordinary an event excited the caliph's curiosity. He was desirous of seeing a woman whose beauty was so much talked of. When she appeared, he found that her perfections had not been exaggerated, and that her charms were capable of inspiring love in the heart of every one who saw her. But when she spoke, her elegant manner and refined expressions were such, that he declared, notwithstanding the many embassies he had received and the various conversations he had held with the greatest men of his country, he never before heard such a torrent of eloquence as flowed from the lips of the charming Arabian."

"After a long conversation, with which the caliph was enraptured, he assumed a very serious tone, and asked her for which she had the greatest love, for the governor or her husband. The fair Arabian remained some time silent. Moawiyah thought she did not wish to answer the question, and was getting angry, when she, with a modesty becoming her sex, answered him in verse, full of fire and spirit, in which she expressed the greatest love and attachment to her husband, and begged she might be restored to him."

"What a prodigy of wit and beauty!" exclaimed the caliph in amazement; "how highly would my kingdom be honored, if you would please to share my throne! but since you are resolved to return to your husband and country, I will not prevent you. Go then, and if you would enjoy your husband without fear of some fresh misfortune, keep within doors; and if you must go out, let a thick veil cover your matchless charms from the eyes of men."

"The caliph then dismissed the happy pair, with large presents; and the young poet and his wife publicly acknowledged the many favors they had received from him."

§ 253. TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

2656. MRS. HEMANS.

In the following passage from Miss Jewsbury's Three Histories, she avowedly describes Mrs. Hemans:—

"Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or in England. She did not dazzle; she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute, but I never saw any one so exquisitely feminine. . . . Her birth, her education, but, above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic, in one word, the beautiful. It was in her faculty divine, and yet of daily life; it touched all things, but, like a sunbeam, touched them with a golden finger."

"Any thing abstract or scientific was unintelligible or distasteful to her. Her knowledge was extensive and various; but, true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief—poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, colored all her imaginative conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound; there was no room in her mind for philosophy, nor in her heart for ambition. The one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness."

"She had a passive temper, but decided tastes; any one might influence, but very few impressed her. Her strength and her weakness lay alike in her affections: these would sometimes make her weep, at others imbue her with courage; so that she was, alternately, 'a falcon-hearted dove,' and a 'reed broken with the wind.' Her voice was a sweet, sad melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange-tree, with its

'Golden lamps, hid in a night of green,'

or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate blossoms beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if in her sadness she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars. I might describe and describe forever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria. She was a Muse, a Grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings."

2657. COWLEY AND HIS MISFORTUNES.

Cowley, in an ode, had commemorated the genius of Brutus, with all the enthusiasm of a votary of liberty. After the king's return, when Cowley

solicited some reward for his sufferings and services in the royal cause, the chancellor is said to have turned on him with a severe countenance, saying, "Mr. Cowley, your pardon is your reward."



It seems that the ode was then considered to be of a dangerous tendency among half the nation; Brutus would be the model of enthusiasts, who were sullenly bending their necks under the yoke of royalty. Charles II. feared the attempt of desperate men; and he might have forgiven Rochester a loose pasquinade, but not Cowley a solemn invocation.

This fact, then, is said to have been the true cause of the despondency so prevalent in the latter poetry of "the melancholy Cowley." And hence the indiscretion of the Muse, in a single flight, condemned her to a painful, rather than a voluntary, solitude, and made the poet complain of "barren praise" and "neglected verse."

No wonder, therefore, that he thus expresses himself in the preface to his *Cutter of Coleman Street*:—

"We are, therefore, wonderfully wise men, and have a fine business of it; we, who spend our time in poetry. I do sometimes laugh, and am often angry with myself, when I think on it; and if I had a son inclined to the same folly by nature, I believe I should bind him from it by the strictest conjurations of a parental blessing. For what can be more ridiculous than to labor to give men delight, whilst they labor, on their part, most earnestly, to take offence?"

And thus he closes the preface, in all the solemn expression of injured feelings: "This I do affirm, that from all which I have written, I never received the least benefit or the least advantage, but, on the contrary, have felt sometimes the effects of malice and misfortune."

2658. ADDISON'S COMPANIONS.

Addison's chief companions, before he married Lady Warwick, in 1716, were Steele, Budgell,

Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. He used to breakfast with one or other of them, at his lodgings in St. James's Place; dine at taverns with them; then to Button's; and then to some tavern again for supper in the evening: and this was then the usual round of his life.

2659. PERCIVAL, THE POET.

Dr. Percival is one of the most eccentric men in the world, and one of the most learned. He lived a long time in a garret—literally a garret, after the manner of the old poets—at New Haven, and had very few companions, save his books, cabinets, and herbariums. He reads with fluency ten languages, and is so familiar with the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, and Italian, that he can take a work never before seen by him, in any of those languages, and read it in English with as much correctness and ease as he would one of his own poems.

For several years, he was engaged in making a geological survey of Connecticut; and his report was laid before the legislature of that state, when a proposal to give the copyright to the author, after a certain number of copies should be printed for the use of the state, was discussed. On this occasion, one of the members said, that "in his examination of our geology, Dr. Percival had been upon one side at least of every square mile in the state, except where river or lake had interrupted his progress. He had walked over every hill, plain, and morass in Connecticut, with his basket on his arm and his bag on his back; stopping at the farm-houses at night, and resuming his examination at early light."

He was engaged in this work for five years, and his salary never exceeded three hundred dollars per annum. The legislature of course adopted the proposal of giving to him the copyright. He is one of the poorest, as well as one of the most meritorious, of our authors.

2660. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Dr. Young was fond of coffee in an afternoon; till, finding it prejudicial to his nerves, he intimated his intention of abstaining from it. His grandson, who was then a little boy, inquired into the particular motive that led him to this resolution. "My reason is," answered the doctor, "because it keeps me awake at night. I can't sleep for it." "Then I beg you, sir, not to leave off your coffee; otherwise you will give us no more *Night Thoughts*."

2661. ALAMANNI AND CHARLES V.

It is related of an Italian poet, (Alamanni,) that having, in his younger days, bitterly satirized the house of Austria; he found himself awkwardly situated in more advanced life, when, being in exile, and employed by Francis I., the king sent him on an embassy to the court of Charles V. One of his sarcasms in particular had been very offensive. Alluding to the Austrian crest, the two-headed eagle, he had described the imperial house as a monstrous creature,—

Which bore two beaks, the better to devour,
 ("Che per più divorar, due becchi porta.")

Charles had treasured this passage in his mind; and when the ambassador, perhaps forgetting it altogether, or trusting to its being forgotten, had terminated a fine oration, full of compliments to the power which he had so angrily painted, the emperor, without making any other observation, calmly said,

“Which bore two beaks, the better to devour.”

“Sir,” said Alamanni, not hesitating or betraying any confusion, which shows that he was either prepared for the rebuke, or was a man of great presence of mind, “when I wrote that passage, I spoke as a poet, to whom it is permitted to use fictions; but now I speak as an ambassador, who is bound to utter truth. I spoke then as a young man, but I now speak as a man advanced in years. I spoke as one who was agitated by grief and passion at the wretched condition of my country; but now I am calm and free from passion.”

Charles rose from his seat, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the ambassador, said, in the kindest manner, that the loss of his country ought not to grieve him, since he had found such a patron in Francis; and that to an honest man every place was his country.

2662. MOORE.



Thomas Moore.

“Moore’s forehead,” says Leigh Hunt, “was bony and full of character, with ‘bumps’ of wit, large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. In this particular he strongly resembled Sterne. His eyes were as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves; his mouth generous and good-humored, with dimples; and his manner as bright as his talk, full of the wish to please and be pleased. He sang and played with great taste on the piano-forte, as might be supposed from his musical compositions. His voice, which was a little hoarse in speaking,—at least I used to think so,—softened into a breath, like that of the flute, when singing.

“In speaking he was emphatic in rolling the letter

r, perhaps out of a despair of being able to get rid of the national peculiarity. The structure of his versification, when I knew him, was more artificial than it was afterwards; and in his serious compositions it suited him better. He had hardly faith enough to give way to his impulses in writing, except when they were festive and witty; and artificial thoughts demand a similar embodiment. Both patriotism and personal experience, however, occasionally inspired him with lyric pathos; and in his naturally musical perception of the right principles of versification, he contemplated the fine, easy playing, muscular style of Dryden, with a sort of perilous pleasure. I remember his quoting with delight a couplet of Dryden’s which came with a peculiar grace out of his mouth:—

‘Let honor and preferment go for gold;
But glorious beauty isn’t to be sold.’

“Besides the pleasure I took in Moore’s society as a man of wit, I had a great esteem for him as a man of candor and independence. His letters were full of all that was pleasant in him. As I was a critic at that time, and in the habit of giving my opinion of his works in the Examiner, he would write me his *opinion* of the *opinion*, with a mixture of good humor, admission, and deprecation, so truly delightful, and a sincerity of criticism on my own writings so extraordinary for so courteous a man, though with abundance of balm and eulogy, that never any subtlety of compliment could surpass it.”

2663. NOBLE REPLY.

When Bernard Tasso remonstrated with his son, the immortal Torquato, on his indiscreet preference of philosophy to jurisprudence, and angrily demanded, “What has philosophy done for you?” Torquato nobly replied, “It has taught me to bear with meekness the reproofs of a father.”

2664. PRIVATE HABITS OF MILTON.

He arose at four in the morning; had some one to read the Bible to him for about half an hour; contemplated till seven; read and wrote until dinner; walked, or swung, and played music three or four hours; entertained visitors until eight; took a light supper; smoked his pipe; drank a glass of water, and went to bed. He never drank strong liquors, and seldom drank any thing at all between his meals.

2665. SOURCE OF BUTLER’S WIT.

The Earl of Dorset, having a great desire to pass an evening with Butler, as a private gentleman, prevailed upon a common friend, Mr. Shepherd, to introduce him into his company at a tavern, to which they both resorted. While the first bottle was being drunk, Butler appeared very flat and heavy; at the second bottle extremely brisk and lively, abounding in wit and learning, and making himself a most agreeable companion; when the third bottle was finished, he again sank into such stupidity and dullness, that hardly any body could have believed him to be the author of Hudibras.

The next day, the Earl of Dorset was asked his opinion of him: he answered, “He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.”

2666. GOLDSMITH'S HABITS.

In the house he usually wore his shirt collar open, in the manner represented in the portrait by Sir Joshua. Occasionally he read much at night when in bed; at other times, when not disposed to read, and yet unable to sleep, which was not an unusual occurrence, the candle was kept burning, his mode of extinguishing which, when out of immediate reach, was characteristic of his fits of indolence or carelessness: he flung his slipper at it, which in the morning was in consequence usually found near the overturned candlestick, daubed with grease.

2667. POETIC INSPIRATION.

We hear much about "poetic inspiration," and the "poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling;" but Sir Joshua Reynolds gives an anecdote of Goldsmith, while engaged upon his poem, calculated to cure our notions about the ardor of composition.

Calling upon the poet one day, he opened the door without ceremony, and found him in the double occupation of turning a couplet and teaching a pet dog to sit upon his haunches. At one time he would glance his eye at his desk, and at another shake his finger at the dog to make him retain his position. The last lines on the page were still wet; they form a part of the description of Italy:—

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child."

Goldsmith, with his usual good humor, joined in the laugh caused by his whimsical employment, and acknowledged that his boyish sport with the dog suggested the stanza.

2668. MALHERBE.

It has been said that it was not without great application and labor that Malherbe produced his poetical performances. This is seen in the following passage in Balzac's Letters to Conrart:—

"At last it is finished; I mean the discourse which I mentioned to you in my last letter, and which is one of the five that I promised you. It has fatigued, it has exhausted me; though you may tell me, this is still to be more easily satisfied than was that honest man, whom I so often quote to you. He blotted half a ream of paper in making and retrenching one single stanza."

Balzac also tells us that Malherbe "said the most genteel things in the world; but he did not say them with a good grace, and he was the worst reciter of his age. He spoiled his fine verses in reading them: besides that, one could scarcely hear him for the impediment in his speech and the lowness of his voice. He spit at least six times in reciting a stanza of four lines; and it was this habit which caused the Cavalier Marin to say of him, that he had never seen so moist a man or so dry a poet."

2669. ANALYSIS OF CAMPBELL.

"They who knew Mr. Campbell," says Leigh Hunt, "only as the author of Gertrude of Wyoming, and the Pleasures of Hope, would not have suspected him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humor and anecdote, and any thing but fastidious.



"The Scotch poets have always something in reserve. It is the only point in which the major part of them resemble their countrymen. He was one of the few men whom I could at any time have walked half a dozen miles through the snow to spend an evening with.

"No man felt more kindly towards his fellow-creatures, or took less credit for it. When he indulged in doubt and sarcasm, and spoke contemptuously of things in general, he did it, partly, no doubt, out of actual dissatisfaction, but more perhaps than he suspected out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive; which is a blind that the best men very commonly practise.

"When I first saw this eminent person, he gave me the idea of a French Virgil. I found him as handsome as the Abbé Delille is said to have been ugly. But he seemed to me to embody a Frenchman's ideal notion of the Latin poet; something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature as in a drawing-room mirror.

"This fancy was strengthened, in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had a volume of the French poet in his hand.

"His skull was sharply cut and fine, with a full share, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs; and his poetry will bear them out. His face and person were rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth; which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it. Some gentle Puritan seemed to have crossed the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the female Scotch face, rather than the male."

2670. MILTON'S INSPIRATION.



John Milton.

Milton's third wife survived this inimitable poet in a state of widowhood nearly fifty-five years, dying at Nanpt, which was in her native Cheshire, about the year 1729. She related that her husband, then completely blind, composed principally in the winter, and, on his waking in the morning, would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses.

On being asked whether he did not frequently read Homer and Virgil, she replied, that "he stole from nobody, but that the Muse inspired him." To a lady who inquired who the Muse was, she answered, "It was God's grace and the Holy Spirit that visited him nightly."

2671. SAMUEL ROGERS.

A writer in the Boston Atlas of 1845 says, "Samuel Rogers is an exception to the almost general rule that authors are poor. And who has not, at some time or other, heard of the author of *Pleasures of Memory*? He is not gifted, as Byron was, with beauty of person; so far from it, he is the very opposite of 'good looking,' as it is termed; but he is rich—a very Cæsus. A London banker, he can draw checks alike on the Bank of England and on the treasury of the Muses; and, what is better, find each duly honored. He has an exquisite taste, and possesses abundantly the means of gratifying it. Art lays her tributes at his feet, and Genius is at his beck and call. For him Science labors, and at his bidding Music pours forth its melodious offerings. He possesses the magic talisman MONEY—which, like the slave of the lamp, in the Arabian tale, fulfils all his requirements, and surrounds him with all that heart can wish. Verily, if wealth, taste, and refinement can confer happiness on mortals, Samuel Rogers must be a satisfied man.

"About six years ago, while on a visit to some friends in London, I spent a day with Coleridge, who then resided with Mr. Gilman, at Highgate. While there, the poet received a note from Mr. Rogers, inviting him to breakfast, in St. James's Place, on the following morning. Coleridge, knowing that it would gratify me to accompany him, very kindly asked me to do so, saying that he could take the liberty of introducing a friend, and I agreed to go.

"On the following morning, for a wonder, Mr. Coleridge called for me at the time he had appointed, and we proceeded together in a hack carriage to St. James's Place. Mr. Rogers himself received us, and as none of the other invited guests had arrived, I had a favorable opportunity of observing the venerable poet.

"I had anticipated seeing what is termed a *plain* face, but I had not pictured to myself one so unpoetical as Rogers's. Byron's lines on it, ill-natured and uncalled for as they were, were at least *pictorially* true to nature. There was recently published in the *Pictorial Times*, or *London Illustrated News*, I forget which, a sketch of him, taken at the National Gallery, in the act of examining a painting.

"That likeness is correct in every respect. The sunken eye, shrivelled nose, toothless jaws, and retracted lips are to the life. But though time has been busy with the poet's mortal part, he has not interfered with the jewel it contains. That remains undimmed, and although it emits fewer rays than of yore, its capability of doing so is not destroyed.

"The poet is of middle stature, and unbowed by age. Indeed, in his motions he is, to use a common but expressive figure, 'as brisk as a boy.' Nothing on earth is more delightful, I think, than a cheerful, intelligent old man. And such is Samuel Rogers. He, indeed, possesses all 'the pleasures of memory,' and has had the rare good fortune to live and experience what he sang about years and years ago.

"His conversation was lively and piquant, but did not exhibit any of those sallies of wit which are so often attributed to him in the newspapers, under the head of 'Sam Rogers's last,' &c. To Coleridge's observations he was profoundly attentive; but the great conversationalist was not in a very talking humor, and I was rather glad of it, as it gave me a better opportunity of using my eyes than I should have had, had his words fallen on my charmed ear.

"Mr. Rogers received me very kindly, without an introduction; for Coleridge, with his usual absence of mind, or rather utter disregard of all the minor courtesies and usages of society, neglected to present me to Mr. Rogers, until the latter looked very hard at me, and I reminded Coleridge that he had a companion.

"What a magnificent room was that library of Rogers's! There were paintings from the hands of the best ancient and modern masters, in gorgeous frames; portfolios of the choicest and rarest prints; water color drawings, by every artist of celebrity of past and present times; rare specimens of *virtu*, which would have thrown the proprietor of Strawberry Hill into a very flutter of excitement; busts, some brown with age, and others in all the brilliant modern whiteness of Carrara marble; costly gems and princely intaglios; books curious in their old literal board covers, with ancient silver clasps and venerable letters; manuscripts so precious from time, and in consequence of the labor which had been bestowed on them by gray monks, in solemn old cells, ages since, that they were shrined in crystal cases.

"There was a large piece of amber, in which was a fly enclosed, perfect and un mutilated, leaving us to wonder how it got there, and achieved its transparent immortality. Sidney Smith, once taking it up, said, 'Perhaps it buzzed in Adam's ear.' And there were vases of exquisite form and workmanship—relics from Pompeii and from far away Ind; and all so tastefully disposed that no museum effect was produced, nor did any one object obtrude itself so

as to detract from the apparent value to the impression produced by another.

"On a pedestal was a bust of Pope, modelled, at least so far as a part of the drapery was concerned, by the artist (Roubilliac, I believe) in the presence of Mr. Rogers. But there were two objects in the room which, more than any others, engrossed my attention: the one represented the enormous wealth of its possessor, and the other indicated his keen appreciation of the value of mind.

"These articles were simply two small pieces of paper, in gold frames. One of them was a Bank of England note for one million pounds sterling, and the other the original receipt of John Milton for five pounds, (the sum he received for the copy-right of *Paradise Lost*, from Simmonds, the book-

seller.) The bank note was one of the only four which were ever struck from a plate, which was afterwards destroyed. The Rothschilds have one impression; the late Mr. Coutts had another; the Bank of England the third; and, as I have said, Mr. Rogers decorates his parlor with the remaining one.

"There it hangs, within any one's reach; a fortune for many, but valueless to all excepting its owner. No one would think of stealing it, for it would be only as so much waste paper. It never could be negotiated without detection, and, were it destroyed by fire, from its peculiar character, no loss would ensue to Mr. Rogers. At his word, however, it might be transformed into a golden shower. He, alone, is the magician who can render it all-powerful for good or evil."

§ 254. POETICAL RELICS AND ANTIQUITIES.

2672. THE PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

When Mr. R. H. Wilde, of Georgia, was in Tuscany in 184—, he occupied himself with researches respecting the private life of Tasso.

While occupied upon this work, he incidentally learnt from Signor Carlo Liverati, that there once and probably still existed in the Bargello, anciently both the prison and palace of the republic, an authentic portrait of Dante. It was believed to be in fresco, on a wall which afterwards, by some strange neglect or inadvertency, had been covered with whitewash.

Afterwards, in perusing the notes of the late learned Canonico Moreri on Filelfo's Life of Dante, Mr. Wilde found it stated that a portrait of the poet by Giotto was formerly to be seen in the Bargello; and prosecuting the subject with his usual energy and sagacity, he soon satisfied himself, by reference to Vasari, and to the still more ancient and decisive authority of Filippo Villari, who lived shortly after the poet, that Giotto, the friend and contemporary of Dante, did undoubtedly paint his likeness in the place indicated.

Mr. Wilde now revolved in his own mind the possibility that this precious relic might remain undestroyed under its coat of whitewash, and might yet be restored to the world. For a moment he felt an impulse to undertake the enterprise, but feared that, in a foreigner, from a new world, any part of which is unrepresented at the Tuscan court, it might appear like an intrusion.

He soon, however, found a zealous coadjutor, Giovanni Aubrey Bezzi, and through his aid a formal memorial was addressed to the grand duke.

Success attended the effort. Signor Marini, a skilful artist, who had succeeded in similar operations, was now employed to remove the whitewash by a process of his own, by which any fresco painting that might exist beneath would be protected from injury. He set to work patiently and cautiously. In a short time he met with evidence of the existence of the fresco. From under the coat of whitewash the head of an angel gradually made its appearance, and was pronounced to be by the pencil of Giotto.

The enterprise was now prosecuted with increased ardor. Several months were expended on the task, and three sides of the chapel wall were uncovered: they were all painted in fresco by Giotto, with the history of Magdalen, exhibiting her conversion, her

penance, and her beatification. The figures, however, were all those of saints and angels; no historical portraits had yet been discovered, and doubts began to be entertained whether there were any.

At length, on the uncovering of the fourth wall, the undertaking was crowned with complete success. A number of historical figures were brought to light, and among them the undoubted likeness of Dante. He was represented in full length, in the garb of the time, with a book under his arm,—designed most probably to represent the *Vita Nuova*, for the *Commedia* was not yet composed,—and to all appearance from thirty to thirty-five years of age.

The face was in profile, and in excellent preservation, excepting that at some former period a nail unfortunately had been driven into the eye. The outline of the eyelid was perfect, so that the injury could easily be remedied. The countenance was extremely handsome, yet bore a strong resemblance to the portraits of the poet taken later in life.

It is not easy to appreciate the delight of Mr. Wilde and his coadjutors at this triumphant result of their researches; nor the sensation produced, not merely in Florence, but throughout Italy, by this discovery of a veritable portrait of Dante, in the prime of his days. It was a sensation something like what would be produced in England by the sudden discovery of a perfectly well authenticated likeness of Shakspeare, with a difference in intensity proportioned to the superior sensitiveness of the Italians.

2673. RELICS OF IZAAK WALTON.

Flatman's beautiful lines to Walton, (says Mr. Jesse,) commencing,—

"Happy old man, whose worth all mankind knows
Except himself;"—

have always struck us as conveying a true picture of Walton's character, and of the estimation in which he was held after the appearance of his Angler.

The last male descendant of our "honest father," the Rev. Dr. Herbert Hawes, died in 1839. He very liberally bequeathed the beautiful painting of Walton, by Houseman to the National Gallery; and it is a curious fact, as showing the estimation in which anything connected with Walton is held in the present day, that the lord of the manor in which Dr. Hawes resided laid claim to this portrait as a heriot, though not successfully.



Izaak Walton.

Dr. Hawes also bequeathed the greater portion of his library to the dean and chapter of Salisbury; and his executor and friend presented the celebrated prayer book, which was Walton's, to Mr. Pickering, the publisher. The watch which belonged to Walton's connection, the excellent Bishop Ken, has been presented to his amiable biographer, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.

Walton died at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, at Winchester. He was buried in Winchester Cathedral, in the south aisle, called Prior Silkstead's Chapel. A large black marble slab is placed over his remains; and, to use the poetical language of Mr. Bowles, "the morning sunshine falls directly on it, reminding the contemplative man of the mornings when he was, for so many years, up and abroad with his angle, on the banks of the neighboring stream."

2674. CURIOUS TITLE.

The title which George Gascoigne, who had great merit in his day, has given to his collection, may be considered a specimen of the titles of his times. They were printed in 1576. He calls it *A Hundred Sundrie Flowres bounde vp in one small Poesie: gathered partly by translation in the fyne and outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarke, Ariosto and others; and partly by invention out of our own fruitfull orchardes in Englande; yielding sundrie sweet savours of tragicall, comicall, and morall discourses, both pleasaunt and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers.*

2675. THE FIRST POETIC EFFUSION ON AMERICAN SOIL.

The Bangor Whig, in 1850, gave the following statement, as derived from the archives of the ancient Historical Society in Boston:—

"The first poetic effusion ever produced on American soil originated in a circumstance which was handsomely explained by one of the full bloods of the Jibawa, or, as we call them, Chippewas. All

those who have witnessed the performances of the Indians of the far west, recently in our city, must recollect the cradle, and the mode in which the Indians bring up their children.

"Soon after our forefathers landed at Plymouth, some of the young people went out into a field where Indian women were picking strawberries, and observed several cradles hung upon the boughs of trees, with the infants fastened into them—a novel and curious sight to any European. A gentle breeze sprang up, which waved the cradle to and fro. A young man, one of the party, peeled off a piece of birch bark, and upon the spot wrote the following lines, which have been repeated thousands of times, by thousands of American mothers, very few of whom ever knew or cared for its origin:—

'Lullaby, baby, upon the tree top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down comes lullaby, baby, and all.'

2676. DUTCH POETRY.

The Carrier's Address of the Albany Dutchman contains the following highly poetic strain. It reminds us of the printer who, having the misfortune to pi his form, hastily gathered up the scattered types, and filling up the columns with the mysterious-looking compound, gravely informed his readers that it was the contents of the *Dutch mail*, which arrived too late for translation. We recommend the reading of the lines as an exercise for the jaws.

"Where be the Dutchmen of the olden time,
Who saw our ancient city in its prime?
The Bleekers, Brinckerhoffs, Van Hornes, and Dyckmans,
Van Hacks Van Rummals Vandermals and Bockmans

the Vander epiques, Vander moos, and Croppers.
Van Benthuyssens, Van Sandtfords, and Van Deusens;
The Varra Vangers, Schermerhorns, Van Heusens;
The Vander Voorts, Van Rippers, and Dycks;
The Vanderheydens, Slingerlands, Ten Eycks;
The Knickerbockers, Lansings, and Van Burens,
Van Dams, Van Winkles, Suyvesants, Van Kewrens;
The Hoffmans, Rosbooms, Hogeboms, and Schroders,
Van Valkenburghs, and Stovenburghs, and Schneiders,
Van Schaacks, Van Vechtens, Vischers and Van Wises,
Van Tromps, Van Schoonhovens, and Vanderzees,
Van Zandts, Van Clarcoms, Schuytlers, Van Schellynes,
Douws, Hooglands, Waldrons, Vanderburghs, and Fruyns,
De Witts, Hochstrasses, Bontecous, Van Giesons,
Van Gaasbecks, Grosbecks, Bensons, and Van Hiesons;
Where are they all, those men of sounding name,
Of pipe, knee-breeches and round bellied frame?"

2677. CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

A curious literary discovery, connected with Burns, has just been announced, says the Spectator. It is stated that there is manuscript evidence to show that much of the good poetry in the Scotch hymns and paraphrases owes its existence to the emendations of the Ayrshire bard. Hitherto the corrections on those compositions have been ascribed to Logan, a minister of South Leith, and author of *Runnymede*, a tragedy, and of the posthumous sermons which bear his name.

In collections of poetry he is named as the author of *Ode to the Cuckoo*; but even of this honor his memory is about to be deprived, for that ode, as well as other pieces of which he obtained the credit, is now said to have been written by Michael Bruce, well known as the author of the verses entitled *Spring*. It is curious, if true, that the people of Scotland should all this time have been singing Burns in their devotions, without a suspicion of the fact.

§ 255. INTERVIEWS WITH POETS.

2678. MRS. HEMANS AT HOME.



Rhyllon, the Residence of Mrs. Hemans in Wales.

A traveller who called on Mrs. Hemans, at Wavertree, in 183-, gives us some pleasing items. "After some conversation in the parlor," he says, "Mrs. H. proposed a visit to her study.

"Come," said she, "I will show you my poetic mint;" and she led the way to a room over the one in which we were sitting. It was a very small place, but neat almost to a fault. There were no author litterings. Every thing was in order. An open letter lay on the table. She pointed to it, and said, laughingly,—

"An application for my autograph, and the postage unpaid. You cannot imagine how I am annoyed with albums and such matters. A person who ought to have known better sent me an album lately, and begged a piece from me, if it were only long enough to fill up a page of sky-blue tinted paper, which he had selected for me to write upon."

"In incidentally referring to her compositions, she said, 'They often remain chiming in my mind for days, before I commit them to paper; and sometimes I quite forget many, which I compose as I lie awake in bed. Composition is less a labor with me than the act of writing down what has impressed me, excepting in the case of blank verse, which always involves something like labor. My thoughts have been so used to go in the harness of rhyme, that when they are suffered to run without it, they are often diffused, or I lose sight, in the ardor of composition, of the leading idea altogether.'

"Mrs. Hemans's voice was peculiarly musical, and I would have given any thing to have heard her recite some of her own poetry; but I did not dare to hazard such a request; and feeling that I had intruded quite long enough on her time, I intimated

my intention of taking my departure, when she begged me to partake of some refreshment.

"I must not omit to mention, for the especial benefit of my fair readers, that Mrs. Hemans's dress was simple enough. She wore a white gown, (I am really not learned enough in such matters to say whether it was of cotton or muslin,) over which was thrown a black lace shawl; on her head was a cap of very open network, without flowers or ornament of any kind."

2679. VISIT TO BERANGER.

"After being eight or ten days in Paris," says a recent traveller, "I wrote a note to Beranger, stating that I had attempted the translation of part of his works into English, and would feel honored by having an interview accorded me when it might answer his convenience to grant it. The return of post brought me a polite reply, appointing the following Monday at ten o'clock for the meeting.

"At the appointed time I appeared before the residence of the poet. My summons at the door was answered by an elderly servant maid, who, on my desiring to see Beranger, told me to follow her up stairs, which I did; catching a glimpse, as I crossed the lobby, of a well-arranged flower garden behind the house. On reaching the top of the uppermost stair, she opened a door, and said, politely, '*Entrez, monsieur, s'il vous plait,*' when I at once found myself in the presence of the French bard.

"He rose to receive me, on my entrance, with the politeness so natural to his nation, and at the same time with a degree of pleasant jocularly, well calculated to put a stranger at his ease, and begged me to be seated on the easy chair which he had just left.

"When I wished to take another seat, Beranger intercepted me, placed his hands on my shoulder, and pressed me back into his own, replying laughingly to the acknowledgment of the honor he had done me in granting me the interview, 'Ah, my dear sir, don't speak of it; there's little enough honor in being received by a poor fellow of an old bachelor like me; sit down, then, I beg of you.' This was, of course, said in French, in which language all our conversation was conducted, as he scarcely understands a word of English.

"He then drew his seat close in front of mine, with so good-natured a look, that I felt under no more constraint than if I had known him for years. Should this meet the eye of any one who has enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with Beranger, he will recognize the poet's unaffected kindness in this little scene. Beranger's studio presented to the eye as little of the 'pomp and circumstance' of literature, in which souls of inferior calibre are apt to please themselves, as may well be imagined. An attic room with a bow window, a bed with plain blue check curtains, at one end of the apartment, a small table having a mahogany desk on it at the other, a couple of chairs, at most half a dozen of volumes—*voilà tout*, (behold all.) The first song writer of France needed no artificial circumstance to give interest to his name or to his residence. As he himself says of his great emperor, in the *Souvenirs du Peuple*,—

'They will tell of all his glory round the hearth for many a day.'

"Beranger is a little man, I should say five feet five inches in height, about sixty-five years of age, of a firm make, and apparently robust and healthy. He has an intellectual forehead, regular and rather handsome features, and a clear black eye. The principal expression of his face is, I think, that of kindness and shrewdness; and I at once set him down as a man of large and noble heart, as became a poet."

2680. MONTGOMERY, THE POET.

Professor Durbin, in one of his interesting letters from England, writes, "The day I left Sheffield, at five o'clock, P. M., for Manchester, Dr. Newton, and Mr. Jones, his host, were so good as to afford several of us the great pleasure of spending an hour or two in the company of Mr. Montgomery, the poet. It was at the dinner table at Mr. Jones's.

"Conference business required that the company should sit down to dinner early, and it chanced to be before Mr. Montgomery arrived. As soon as he was seen through the window approaching the door, Mr. Jones rose and went out to meet him, and led him into the room. All rose, and stood while he passed round the table, shaking each one by the hand, and then took his seat with Mr. Newton, between him and myself.

"The conversation was interrupted but a moment; and the intelligence, vivacity, and piety of the poet instantly diffused a glow and elevation of thought and feeling which true consecrated genius only can inspire. The topics were various—grave, gay, amusing, sometimes witty, but always marked with great propriety, and often with deep piety.

"He is now quite advanced in years, and nervous, his health not being good; yet in company he is very cheerful. He is exceedingly easy and agreeable in manner, and his whole bearing very gentlemanly.

"No man in any community was ever more respected; and he enters into all the great benevolent movements in his vicinity, and generally presides, at least once a year, at one of the principal missionary meetings of the Wesleyans in Sheffield. He is a truly religious man; the son of a Moravian missionary, who died in the West Indies.

"Some time ago there was a proposition to re-establish the mission on the same island; and, out of respect to Mr. Montgomery, all classes contributed, and the funds were immediately raised. He has a small income from his works, and a small pension from the government; and thus passes his days in sweet retirement, coming forth only to countenance the cause of religion and benevolence, or to shine upon his friends. I was obliged to take my leave of him and the entire company around him ere the dinner party broke up."

2681. THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

A literary gentleman, in 1838, met with the poet Montgomery, at Olney, for some time the residence of Cowper. They visited together the various localities of interest in the place, the favorite spots of Cowper, and the gentleman was highly delighted with his visit.

"On leaving," says he, "Montgomery kindly invited me to call on him, should I ever visit Sheffield, which I gladly promised to do.

"About two years afterwards, I was in that busy mart, and, remembering the poet's invitation, I determined to avail myself of it. I had no difficulty in finding my way to 'the Mount,' the name of his residence, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. We had a pleasant talk together, and, after dinner, he accompanied me to the literary institutions of the neighborhood, and it was quite delightful to observe with what marked attention and respect he was every where received.

"On our way back to his house, our conversation turned on the poems of the 'Corn-law Rhymer,' of which Mr. Montgomery spoke in very high terms, but deprecated his violence of language. 'Would you like to see Elliott?' he asked.

"Much," said I.

"Well, he lives some three miles from here, at Uppertorpe; but he is to speak to-night at a corn law meeting in Sheffield, and, if you like, after tea, we'll go and hear him, and I'll introduce you to him."

"At the time specified we set out. The place where the lecture was to be delivered was situated in one of the most densely inhabited portions of the smoky town of Sheffield. As we neared the hall, groups of dark-looking, unwashed artisans were seen proceeding in the same direction as ourselves, all of them engaged in deep and earnest conversation on the then one great subject—the corn laws. Strong men, as they hurried by, clinched their hands, and knitted their brows, and ground their teeth, as they muttered imprecations on those whom they considered their oppressors.

"Here we would encounter a crowd of dusky forms circling around a pale, anxious man, who was reading, by the light of a gas lamp, a speech reported in the Northern Star, or the last letter of Publicola, in the Weekly Despatch; and women, with meagre children in their arms,—children drugged to a deathlike sleep, by that curse of the manufacturing districts of England, laudanum, disguised as Godfrey's Cordial,—were raising their shrill, shrewish voices, and execrating the laws which ground them to the dust; and there were fierce denunciations from mere boys, and treasonable speeches from young men: old men, with half-paralyzed energies, moaned and groaned, and said they had never known such times; all seemed gaunt and fierce, and ripe for revolt. It was an audience of working men—of such as these—that Ebenezer Elliott was to address that evening.

"The lecturing hall was crammed with the working classes, and as the orator of the evening mounted the rostrum, a wild burst of applause rang from every part of the house. He bowed slightly, smiled sternly, and took a seat, while a hymn which he had composed for the occasion was roared forth by hundreds of brazen lungs.

"He was a man rather under than above what is termed the middle height. Like the class from which he sprang, and which he was about to address, he was dressed in working clothes—clothes plain even to coarseness. He had a high, broad, very intellectual forehead, with rough ridges on the temples, from the sides and summits of which thick, stubby hair was brushed up—streaks of gray mixed with the coarse black hair; his eyebrows were dark and thick, and shaded two large, deep-set, glaring eyes, which rolled every way, and seemed to survey the whole of that vast assembly at a glance. His nasal organ was as if it were grafted on his face; the mouth was thick-lipped, and the lines from the angles of the nostrils to the corners of the mouth were deeply indented—graven in. A very black

beard, lately shaven, made his chin and neck appear as if it was covered with dots, and he had a thick, massive throat. His figure was indicative of great muscular strength, and his big, horny fists seemed more fitted to wield a sledge hammer than to flourish a pen. Looking at him, the most casual observer would be impressed with the idea that no common man was before him.



Ebenezer Elliott.

"He rose amidst great cheering, and for an hour and a half held that great audience in entire subjection, by one of the most powerful addresses I ever listened to. With a terrible distinctness he painted the situation of the working man; he showed what he might have been, and contrasted his possible and probable situation with what it then was. On the heads of those who opposed free trade the corn-law rhymers poured out all the vials of his wrath; but, vigorous and forcible as was his language, there was no coarseness; and frequently over the landscape, which he had painted with all the wild force of a Spagnoletti or a Caravaggio, he flung a gleam of sunshine which made the moral wilderness he had created to rejoice and blossom as the rose. And there were passages in his speech of such extreme pathos that strong men would bow down and weep like little children: to these would succeed such sledge-hammer denunciations, that his hearers sat with compressed lips, and glaring eyes, and resolute hearts. When he sat down, after an appeal to the justice of the law makers, the whole audience burst forth into one loud cheer, and those near the speaker gripped his hand in fierce delight. I never saw such a scene, nor could I have conceived it possible that one working man should so carry with him the passions and feelings of an audience consisting entirely of those of his own class.

"Montgomery introduced me to Elliott, and we all three walked to the house of the former together. How different from the man on the platform was the man in the parlor! No longer the fervid orator, he was now the simple, placid poet; and I never before or since heard from mortal lips such powerful and yet pleasant criticisms on our literary men as I did that night from the lips of Elliott. He spoke with great enthusiasm of Southey, whom he revered, despite his politics, and whom he called

his 'great master in the art of poetry.' He had much reverence for Wordsworth; but I must not attempt to record the conversation. Suffice it to say, that after an hour's chat, our party of three broke up; one of them, at least, not a little gratified with the events of the evening."

2682. MISS SEDGWICK'S VISIT TO MISS MITFORD.

"I had written to Miss Mitford my intention of passing the evening with her; and, as we approached her residence, which is in a small village near Reading, I began to feel a little tremulous about meeting my 'unknown friend.' Captain Hall had made us all merry with anticipating the usual *dénouement* of a mere epistolary acquaintance.

"Our coachman, who, after our telling him we were Americans, had complimented us on our speaking English, and 'very good English too,' professed an acquaintance of some twenty years' standing with Miss Mitford, and assured us that she was one of the 'cleverest women in England,' and 'the doctor, her father, an 'earty old boy.' And when he reined his horses up to her door, and she appeared to receive us, he said, 'Now, you would not take that little body there for the great author, would you?' and certainly we should have taken her for nothing but a kindly gentlewoman, who had never gone beyond the narrow sphere of the most refined social life.

"My foolish misgivings—H. must answer for them—were forgotten in her cordial welcome. K. and I descended from our airy seat; and when Miss Mitford became aware who M. was, she said, 'What! the sister of—— pass my door? That must never be.' So M., nothing loath, joined us.

"Miss Mitford is truly a 'little body,' and dressed a little quaintly, and as unlike as possible to the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which all have a broad humor, bordering on coarseness. She has a pale-gray, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow—a wintry sign that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet, low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness, and affectionateness that we have been so long familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been indeed a disappointment not to have found them.

"She led us directly through her house into her garden, a perfect bouquet of flowers. 'I must now show you my geraniums while it is light,' she said, 'for I love them next to my father.' And they were indeed treated like petted children, guarded by a very ingenious contrivance from the rough visitation of the elements. They are all, I believe, seedlings. She raises two crops in a year, and may well pride herself on the variety and beauty of her collection.

"Geraniums are her favorites; but she does not love others less because she loves these more. The garden is filled, matted with flowering shrubs and vines; the trees are wreathed with honeysuckles and roses; and the girls have brought away the most splendid specimens of heart'sease to press in their journals. O that I could give some of my countrywomen a vision of this little paradise of flowers, that they might learn how taste and industry, and an earnest love and study of the art of garden culture, might triumph over small space and small means!

"Miss Mitford's house is, with the exception of certainly not more than two or three, as small and humble as the smallest and humblest in our village of S—; and (such is the difference, in some respects, in the modes of expense in this country and ours) she keeps two men servants,—one a gardener,—two or three maid servants, and two horses.

"In this very humble home, which she illustrates as much by her unsparing filial devotion as by her genius, she receives on equal terms the best in the land. Her literary reputation might have gained for her this elevation; but she started on 'vantage ground, being allied by blood to the Duke of Bedford's family. We passed a delightful evening, parting with the hope of meeting again, and with a most comfortable feeling that the ideal was converted into the real. So much for our misgivings. Faith is a safer principle than some people hold it to be."

2063. LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

"I believe," says Miss Sedgwick, "of all my pleasures here, dear J. will most envy me that of seeing Joanna Baillie, and of seeing her repeatedly at her home—the best point of view for all best women. She lives on Hempstead Hill, a few miles from town, in a modest house, with Miss Agnes Baillie, her only sister, a kindly and agreeable person.

"Miss Baillie—I write this for J., for women always like to know how one another look and dress,—Miss Baillie has a well-preserved appearance: her face has nothing of the vexed or sorrowful expression that is often so deeply stamped by a long experience of life. It indicates a strong mind, great sensibility, and the benevolence that, I believe, always proceeds from it if the mental constitution be a sound one, as it eminently is in Miss Baillie's case.

"She has a pleasing figure, what we call lady-like, that is, delicate, erect, and graceful; not the large-boned, muscular frame of most English women. She wears her own gray hair,—a general fashion, by the way, here, which I wish we elderly ladies of America may have the courage and the taste to imitate; and she wears the prettiest of brown silk gowns and bonnets, fitting the beau ideal of an old lady—an ideal she might inspire, if it has no pre-existence.

"You would, of course, expect her to be free from pedantry and all modes of affectation; but I think you would be surprised to find yourself forgetting, in a domestic and confiding feeling, that you were talking with the woman whose name is best established among the female writers of her country; in short, forgetting every thing but that you were in the society of a most charming private gentlewoman. She might—would that all female writers could—take for her device a flower that closes itself against the noontide sun, and unfolds in the evening shadows."

2064. ANOTHER INTERVIEW WITH MRS. HEMANS.

The following account of a visit to Mrs. Hemans is given by a correspondent of the Boston Atlas of 1845:—

"It was about four in the afternoon, when the Waverree stage set me down at about a hundred yards from the place of my destination. The house in

which the poetess resided was one of a row, or terrace, as it was called, situated on the high road, from which it was separated only by the footway and a little flower garden, surrounded by a whitethorn hedge. I noticed that, of all the houses on either side of it, hers was the only one adorned with flowers: the rest had either grass lawns or plain gravel surface; some of them even grew cabbages and French beans.



Felicia Hemans.

"My knock at the door was answered by a servant girl,—one of the pretty Lancashire witches,—by whom I was shown into a small parlor, where I remained, whilst my letter and card were taken to the lady of the house.

"It was a very small apartment, but every thing about it indicated that it was the home of genius and of taste. Over the mantel shelf hung a fine engraving of William Roscoe, author of the *Lives of the De' Medici*, with a presentation line in his own handwriting. The walls were decorated with prints and pictures, and on the mantel shelf were some models, in *terra cotta*, of Italian groups. On the tables lay casts, medallions, and a portfolio of choice prints and water-color engravings; but I was too much excited to pay much attention to such matters, and so I sat down, anxiously awaiting the entrance of the poetess.

"It was not long before the poetess entered the room. She held out her hand, and welcomed me in the kindest manner, and then sat down opposite me.

"I cannot well conceive of a more exquisitely beautiful creature than Mrs. Hemans was. None of the portraits or busts I have ever seen of her do her justice, nor is it possible for words to convey to the reader any idea of the matchless yet serene beauty of her expression. Her glossy waving hair was parted on her forehead, and terminated, on the sides, in rich and luxuriant auburn curls; there was a dove-like look in her eyes, and yet there was a chastened sadness in their expression. Her complexion was remarkably clear, and her high forehead looked as pure and spotless as Parian marble. A calm repose, not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of the face; but when she smiled, all traces of sorrow were lost, and

she seemed to be but "a little lower than the angels"—fitting shrine for so pure a mind. Let me not be deemed a flatterer or an enthusiast, in thus describing her, for I am only one of many who have been almost as much captivated by her personal beauty as charmed by the sweetness and holiness of her productions. If ever poesies were the reflex of the beauties, personal and mental, of their writers, they were indeed so in the case of Mrs. Hemans.

"We talked, of course, a great deal about poetry and poets, and she asked me if I had seen Wordsworth.

"On my replying that I had not, she said, 'You will be almost as much delighted with the man as with his works. He is delightful. I once saw him at St. Asaph's, and he spent half a day with me reciting his own poetry.'

"We talked of L. E. L. Mrs. Hemans said she had received several letters from her, containing pressing invitations to visit London. 'A place I never was in, and never wish to be,' she observed. 'My heart beats too loudly, even in this quiet place, and there I think it would burst. The great Babel was not made for such as I.'

§ 256. FLATTERING AND EULOGIZING THE GREAT.

2685. CHATTERTON'S WANT OF INTEGRITY.

Whoever examines the conduct of Chatterton will find one striking defect of character, which was, through an excess of ingenuity, to impose on the credulity of others. This predominant quality elucidates his character, and is deserving of minute regard by all who wish to form a correct estimate of the Rowleian controversy. A few instances of it are here recapitulated.

The Rev. Mr. Catcott once noticed to Chatterton the inclined position of Temple Church, in the city of Bristol. A few days after the blue coat boy brought him an old poem, transcribed, as he declared, from Rowley, who had noticed the same peculiarity in his day, and had, moreover, written a few stanzas on the very subject.

A new bridge is just completed over the River Avon, at Bristol, when Chatterton sends to the painter a genuine description, in antiquated language, of the passing over the old bridge, for the first time, in the thirteenth century, on which occasion two songs are chanted by two saints, of whom nothing was known, and expressed in language precisely the same as Rowley's, though he lived two hundred years after this event. Mr. Burgham, the pewterer, is credulous, and, from some whimsical caprice in his nature, is attached to heraldic honors. Chatterton, who approaches every man on his blind side, presents him with his pedigree, consecutively traced from the time of William the Conqueror, and coolly allies him to some of the noblest houses in the kingdom.

Mr. Burgham, with little less than intuitive discernment, is one of the first persons who expresses a firm opinion of the authenticity and excellence of Rowley's Poems. Chatterton, pleased with this first blossom of success, and from which he presaged an abundant harvest, with an elated and grateful heart, presents him, together with other testimonials, with the *Romaunte of the Cuyghte*, a poem written by John de Burgham, one of his own illustrious ancestors, who was the great ornament of a period four hundred and fifty years antecedent; and the more effectually to exclude suspicion, he accompanies it with the same poem modernized by himself.

Chatterton wishes to obtain the good opinion of his relation, Mr. Stephens, leather breeches maker, of Salisbury; and, from some quality, which it is possible his keen observation had noticed in this Mr. Stephens, he deems it the most effectual way, to flatter his vanity, and accordingly tells him, with great gravity, that he traces his descent from Fitz-Stephen, son of Stephen Earl of Ammerle, who was

son of Od, Earl of Bloys, and Lord of Holderness, who flourished about A. D. 1095.

The late Mr. George Catcott, to whom the public are so much indebted for the preservation of Rowley, is a very worthy and religious man, when Chatterton, who has implements for all work, and commodities for all customers, like a skilful engineer, adapts the style of his attack to the nature of the fortress, and presents him with the fragment of a sermon, on the divinity of the Holy Spirit, as "written by Thomas Rowley."

Mr. Barrett is zealous to establish the antiquity of Bristol. As a demonstrable evidence, Chatterton presents him with an escutcheon, on the authority of the same Thomas Rowley, borne by a Saxon, of the name of Ailward, who resided in Bristow, A. D. 718.

Mr. Barrett is also writing a comprehensive History of Bristol, and is solicitous to obtain every scrap of information relating to so important a subject. In the ear of Chatterton he expressed his anxiety, and suggested to him the propriety of his examining all Rowley's multifarious manuscripts with great care for an object of such weight.

Soon after this, the blue coat boy came breathless to Mr. Barrett, uttering, like one of old, "I have found it." He now presented the historian with two or three notices (in *his own handwriting*, copied, as he declared, faithfully from the originals) of some of the ancient Bristol churches; of course wholly above suspicion, for they were in the true old English style. These communications were regarded as of inestimable value, and the lucky finder promised to increase his vigilance in ransacking the whole mass of antique documents for fresh disclosures. It was not long before other important scraps were discovered, conveying just the kind of information which Mr. Barrett wanted, till, ultimately, Chatterton furnished him with many curious particulars concerning the castle, and every church and chapel in the city of Bristol; and these are some of the choicest materials of Mr. Barrett's otherwise valuable history.

2686. WALLER'S OBSEQUIOUSNESS.

When Cromwell died, Waller celebrated the event in one of his most vigorous and impressive poems. The image of the commonwealth, though reared by no common hands, soon fell to pieces under Richard Cromwell, and Waller was ready with a congratulatory address to Charles II. The royal offering was considered inferior to the panegyric on Crom-

well, and the king himself, though he admitted the poet to terms of courtly intimacy, is said to have told him of the disparity. "Poetry, sire," replied the witty, self-possessed Waller, "succeeds better in fiction than in truth."

particular, when a comet appeared and approached the earth, he told some of his acquaintance,—

"It was only sent to convey Lord Bolingbroke home again, just as a stage coach stops at a door to take up a passenger."

2687. POPE'S FLATTERY OF TITLED PERSONS.

As Alexander Pope complimented all persons of title, so he did Lord Bolingbroke in the highest style of adulation. He always spoke of this "guide, philosopher, and friend," as a being of a superior order, that had condescended, in pity to the moral wants of mankind, to visit this lower world. In

2688. THE TWO WINDS.

Heywood, a poet of the sixteenth century, being asked by Queen Mary what wind blew him to the court, he answered, "Two specially; the one to see your majesty." "We thank you for that," said the queen; "but, I pray you, what is the other?" "That your grace," said he, "might see me."

§ 257. DEFECTS, WEAKNESSES, &c.

2689. LA FONTAINE'S MENTAL ABSENCE.

La Fontaine's singularities were so well known that his mistakes and eccentricities were chartered in society, and excused even by Louis XIV. Having been introduced to the royal presence, to present one of his works, he searched, and searched in vain, for the votive volume, and then frankly told the king that he had forgotten it. "Let it be till another time, M. de la Fontaine," said the monarch with a graciousness and good humor which did him honor, and dismissed the poet with a purse of gold. This blunder did not quicken his attention even for a moment: he left his purse of gold behind him in the carriage.

Meeting, at a dinner party, a young man with whose conversation he seemed pleased, somebody asked his opinion of him. "He is a young man of sense and promise," said La Fontaine. "Why, it is your own son," said the questioner. "Ah! I am very glad of it," rejoined the father with the utmost indifference. He had forgotten that he ever had a son, who fortunately had been taken charge of and educated by others.

It was one of his singularities, that when any thing took his fancy, he could think of nothing else, for the time; and he introduced his favorite topic, or favorite author, in a manner at once unseasonable and comic. One day, whilst in company with the Abbé Boileau, his head full of Rabelais, whom he had just been reading, he abruptly asked the grave ecclesiastic which he thought had more wit, Rabelais or St. Austin. Some were shocked, others laughed; and the abbé, when recovered from his surprise, replied, "M. de la Fontaine, you have put on your stocking the wrong side out," which was really the fact.

Wishing to testify his respect for the celebrated Arnaud, he proposed dedicating to him one of the least scrupulous of his tales, in which a monk is made to cite Scripture in a manner far from edifying. Boileau and Racine had the utmost difficulty in making him comprehend that such an offering would be an outrage to the respected and rigid Jansenist.

The humor and fancy which abounded in his tales, and his reputation among the men of genius of his time, made him an object of curiosity. He was sought and shown in company as "a lion," if one may use that ephemeral term.

A farmer-general invited a large party "to meet the celebrated La Fontaine." They came prepared

to hear him talk like Joconde, or tell such stories as the Matron of Ephesus. Poor La Fontaine ate, drank, never opened his mouth for any other purpose, and soon rose, to attend, he said, a meeting of the Academy. "The distance is short; you will be too early," said the host. "I'll take the longest way," replied La Fontaine.

Madame de la Sabliere at one time discharged her whole establishment whilst La Fontaine was residing in her house. "What!" said somebody, "have you kept no one?" "None," replied the lady, "except *mes trois bêtes*—my dog, my cat, and La Fontaine." Such was her idea of his thoughtless and more than childish simplicity.

Furetiere relates an anecdote, which, if true, is almost incredible. La Fontaine had attended the burial of one of his friends, and yet some time afterwards called to visit him. At first he was shocked at the information of his death; but, recovering from his surprise, he observed, "It is true enough, for now I well recollect that I went to his funeral."

After twenty years of unwearied kindness, he was deprived of the society and care of his benefactress, and soon after of the home which he had enjoyed in her house. La Fontaine was once more thrown helpless and homeless upon the world.

He would soon have been in almost perfect destitution, if he had not become indebted once more for a home and its comforts to the friendship of a woman. Madame de la Sabliere offered him an asylum in her own. Whilst on her way to make the proposal, she met him in the street, and said, without preface or form, "La Fontaine, come and live in my house." "I was just coming to do so, madame," said the poet, with as much indifference as if his doing so was the simplest thing in the world; and this relation of kindness and confidence subsisted without change to his death.

2690. COLERIDGE'S ABSENCE OF MIND.

Mr. Coleridge had solicited permission of Mr. Southey to deliver his fourth lecture on the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Roman Empire, as a subject to which he had devoted especial attention. The request was immediately granted, and at the end of the third lecture it was formally announced to the audience that the next lecture would be delivered by Mr. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge.

At the usual hour the room was thronged. The

moment of commencement arrived. No lecturer appeared. Patience was preserved for a quarter of an hour or more; but still no lecturer. At length it was communicated to the impatient assemblage, that a circumstance exceedingly to be regretted would prevent Mr. Coleridge from giving his lecture that evening, as intended.

Some few present learnt the truth, but the major part of the company retired not very well pleased, and under the impression that Mr. Coleridge had either broken his leg, or that some severe family affliction had occurred.

Mr. Coleridge's rather habitual absence of mind, with the little importance he generally attached to engagements, renders it likely that at this very time he might have been found at T—, College Street, composedly smoking his pipe, and lost in profound musings on his divine Susquehanna.

An eminent medical man in Bristol, who greatly admired Mr. Coleridge's conversation and genius, on one occasion invited Mr. C. to dine with him on a given day. The invitation was accepted, and this gentleman, willing to gratify his friends with an introduction to Mr. Coleridge, invited a large assembly for the express purpose of meeting him, and made a splendid entertainment, anticipating the delight which would be universally felt from Mr. Coleridge's far-famed eloquence.

It unfortunately happened that Mr. Coleridge had forgotten all about it; and the gentleman, with his guests, after waiting till the hot became cold, under his mortification consoled himself by the resolve never again to subject himself to the like disaster. No explanation or apology from Mr. Coleridge's friends could soothe the choler of this disciple of Galen.

A dozen subscribers to his lectures fell off from this slip of his memory.

§691. WORDSWORTH, THE POET.

Wordsworth had no sense of smell. Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power awakened. It was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire, and he said it was like a vision of paradise to him; but it lasted only a few moments, and the faculty continued torpid from that time.

§692. VOLTAIRE'S TEMPER.

M. de Villette, one day, had a large party at dinner. In sitting down to table, M. de Voltaire missed his drinking cup, which he had marked with his seal. "Where is my cup?" he said, with flashing eyes, to a simple footman behind his chair, whose special duty it was to wait upon him. The poor man, frightened out of his wits, stammered out a few words. "Enemy of your master," roared the old man in a fury, "find my goblet. I will have my goblet. I won't dine without it." Seeing that the goblet did not appear, he left the table in rage, went up to his room, and shut himself in.

Madame Denis, Madame and M. de Villette, one after the other, went to beg him to come down, but in vain. At length it was determined to depute the Marquis de Villeville, whom Voltaire was fond of, from his pleasant and amiable manners. He knocked softly at the door. "Who is there?" "Tis I—Villeville." "Ah," said Voltaire, opening the door, "it is you, my dear marquis. What do

you want with me?" "I am come in the name of all your friends, in despair at your absence, to beseech you to come down." "They ask me to come down?" says Voltaire. "They conjure you." "But, my dear friend, I dare not." "Why so?" "They will laugh at me." "How can you think so? Have we not all our notions about things that belong to us? Does not every body fancy his own glass, his penknife, or his pen?" "Well, I see you wish to find an excuse for me. Let us rather own frankly that every body has his foibles. I blush for mine; but yet I remember having read somewhere that the sage Locke was passionate. Go down first; I shall follow you."

A few minutes afterwards he appeared, and sat down to table, mimicking the timid awkwardness of a naughty child that expects a scolding. Some persons present, who told the story, assured us that they never saw him so amiable.

§693. BLUNDERING TRANSLATORS.

What a pretty tale was slaughtered when Mr. Grenville Piggot pointed out, in his *Manual of Scandinavian Mythology*, the blundering translation of the passage, in an old Scandinavian poem, relating to the occupation of the blest in the halls of Valhalla, the northern paradise. "Soon shall we drink out of the curved horns of the head," are the words found in the death-song of Regner Lodbrog; meaning by this violent figure to say, that they would imbibe their liquor out of cups formed from the crooked horns of animals.

The first translators, however, not seeing their way clearly, rendered the passage, "Soon shall we drink out of the skulls of our enemies;" and to this strange banqueting there are allusions without end to be met with in our literature. Peter Pindar, for example, once said that the booksellers, like the heroes of Valhalla, drank their wine out of the skulls of authors.

§694. AN UNPOETIC POET.

Dr. Glover was on a visit at Stowe, when he wrote his celebrated ballad of Admiral Hosier's Ghost, perhaps the most spirited of all his productions. The idea occurred to him during the night; he rose early, and went into the garden to compose.

In the heat of his composition, he walked into the tulip bed; unfortunately, he had a stick in his hand, and with a true poetical fervor, he hewed down the tulips in every direction. Lady Temple was particularly fond of tulips, and some of the company, who had seen the doctor slashing around him, and suspected how his mind was occupied, asked him, at breakfast, how he could think of thus wantonly destroying her ladyship's favorite flowers.

The poet, perfectly unconscious of the havoc he had made, pleaded not guilty. There were witnesses enough to convict him. He acknowledged that he had been composing in the garden, and made his peace by repeating the ballad.

§695. KOTZEBUE.

The best dramatic productions of this unfortunate author were written when he was in his twenty-sixth year; after which time he sunk, without any assignable cause, into a depression of spirits, which

soon degenerated into a confirmed melancholy. All the happy circumstances which before seemed so attractive appeared now in the most gloomy colors; he withdrew at once from all society, and felt the utmost reluctance to any active exertion.

His passion for the stage alone preserved its empire over him, and it was during this period that he wrote the *Stranger*, and *Lover's Vows*. The former is, perhaps, the most characteristic of his plays. He wrote it during the height of his disorder.

"Never," says he, "either before or since, did I feel such a rapid flow of thoughts and images; and I firmly believe that there are some maladies, especially those by which the irritation of the nerves

is increased, which stretch the powers of the mind beyond their usual reach; just, as report says, diseased muscles' shells produce pearls."

2696. NAE MOTIVE, MAN.

Every body is aware of the indolent character of Thomson, the author of the *Seasons*; of his being found once in a garden, eating fruit off a tree with his hands in his pockets, &c. A friend one day entered his room, and, finding him in bed, although the day was far spent, asked him in the name of wonder why he did not get up. "Man, I hae nae motive," replied the poet.

§ 258. APTNESS AND INGENUITY.

2697. HOOK'S TALENT AT EXTEMPORE VERSE.



Theodore: Hook

I remember, one day at Sydenham, Mr. Theodore Hook coming in unexpectedly to dinner, and amusing us very much with his talent at extempore verse. He was then a youth, tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak; a face that had character and humor, but no refinement. His extempore verses were really surprising.

It is easy enough to extemporize in Italian. One only wonders how, in a language in which every thing conspires to render verse-making easy, and it is difficult to avoid rhyming, this talent should be so much cried up. But in English it is another matter. I have known but one other person besides Hook who could extemporize in English; and he wanted the confidence to do it in public. Of course, I speak of rhyming. Extempore blank verse, with a little practice, would be found as easy in English, as rhyming is in Italian.

In Hook the faculty was very unequivocal. He could not have been aware of the character of

all the visitors, still less of the subject of conversation when he came in, and he talked his full share till called upon. Yet he ran his jokes and his verses upon us all in the easiest manner, saying something characteristic of every body, or avoiding it with a pun; and he introduced so agreeably a piece of village scandal, upon which the party had been rallying Campbell, that the poet, though not unjealous of his dignity, was, perhaps, the most pleased of us all.

Theodore afterwards sat down to the piano-forte, and enlarging upon this subject, made an extempore parody of a modern opera, introducing sailors and their claptraps, rustics, &c., and making the poet and his supposed flame the hero and heroine.

He parodied music as well as words, giving us the most received cadences and flourishes, and calling to mind—not without some hazard to his filial duties—the commonplaces of the pastoral songs and duets of the last half century; so that if Mr. Dignum, the Damon of Vauxhall, had been present, he would have doubted whether to take it as an affront or a compliment.

Campbell certainly took the theme of the parody as a compliment; for having drunk a little more wine than usual that evening, and happening to wear a wig on account of having lost his hair by a fever, he suddenly took off the wig, and dashed it at the head of the performer, exclaiming, "You dog! I'll throw my laurels at you."

2698. BOGART.

Mr. Bogart was a native of the city of Albany, where, at the early age of twenty-one years, he died, in 1826. He was engaged in the study of the law at the time of his decease, and, as we have learned from an eminent member of the bar in that city, gave the highest promise of professional reputation, when his studies were interrupted by the illness which terminated in his death. He wrote with singular rapidity, and would frequently astonish his companions by an improvisation equal to the elaborate performances of some poets of distinguished reputation.

It was good-naturedly hinted on one occasion that his impromptus were prepared beforehand, and he was asked if he would submit to the application of a test of his poetical abilities. He promptly acceded, and a most difficult one was immediately proposed.

Among his intimate friends were Colonel John B. Van Schaick and Charles Fenno Hoffman, both of whom were present. Said Van Schaick, taking up a copy of Byron, "The name of Lydia Kane" (a lady distinguished for her beauty and cleverness, who died a year or two since, but who was then just blushing into womanhood) "has in it the same number of letters as a stanza of Childe Harold has lines: write them down in a column." They were so written by Bogart, Hoffman, and himself. "Now," he continued, "I will open the poem at random; and for the ends of the lines in Miss Lydia's *acrostic* shall be used the words ending those of the verse on which my finger may rest." The stanza thus selected was this:—

"And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
'The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain'
And doth the power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate valor acts in vain?
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel?"

The following stanza was composed by Bogart within the succeeding ten minutes—the period fixed in a wager—finished before his companions had reached a fourth line, and read to them as we print it:—

"Lovely and loved, o'er the unconquered Your charms resistless, matchless girl, shall Dear as the mother holds her infant's In Love's own region, warm, romantic And should your fate to courts your steps Kings would in vain to regal pomp And lordly bishops kneel to you in Nor valor's fire, law's power, nor churchman's zeal Endure 'gainst love's (time's up!) untarnished steel."	brave reign! grave Spain! ordain, appeal, vain, zeal steel."
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2699. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

Robert Treat Paine, once reckoned among the first poets of America, wrote with remarkable facility. It is related of him by his biographers, that he had finished Adams and Liberty, and exhibited it to some gentlemen at the house of a friend. His host pronounced it imperfect, as the name of Washington was omitted, and declared that he should not approach the sideboard, on which bottles of wine had just been placed, until he had written an additional stanza. The poet mused a moment, called for a pen, and wrote the following lines, which are perhaps the best in the song:—

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portals would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder;
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, every flash of the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons," &c.

He had agreed to write the Opening Address, on the rebuilding of the Boston Theatre, in 1798. Hodgkinson, the manager, called on him in the evening, before it was to be delivered, and upbraided him for his negligence; the first line of it being yet unwritten.

"Pray, do not be angry," said Paine, who was drinking with some literary friends: "sit down and take a glass of wine." "No, sir," replied the manager; "when you begin to write, I will begin to drink." Paine took his pen at a side table, and in

two or three hours finished the address, which is one of the best he ever wrote.

2700. HOGG'S ORATORY.

"My excellent friend," says a spirited writer, "now known as the Ettrick Shepherd, was, fifteen or twenty years ago, a member of the Forum, then a popular debating society.

"He had taken it into his head that he was an orator, and, in order to give greater effect to his speech, he had planted himself in a conspicuous and commanding situation in the gallery. The church (in Carrubber's close) was crowded to excess. The president had proposed, and I had opened the question: it was, as I well remember, upon the comparative happiness of the married and single state.

"Hogg was then unmarried, and a staunch antagonist. I had espoused the side of matrimony, and found that the cause I advocated was not unpopular. Hogg rose in reply. For a space, his appearance, though somewhat Doric and uncouth, was rather imposing, and he dwelt amongst 'squalling weans and scolding Kates,' with all the address of the gude man of Auchtermuchty. I began, in fact, to fear that the audience was disposed to go along with him, when, all at once, he paused, and, after some instants of breathless suspense, pulled from his pockets the contents of his seemingly extempore address.

"A gentleman, who occupied a situation in the body of the church, having observed the pause, with seeing the occasion of it, and imagining that the speaker had stopped, as a mill pauses, for want of an encouraging moving force, exclaimed, in a tone and manner ludicrously resembling those of an orator, 'Go on, honest man!'

"Hogg coolly snuffed the candle which was attached to the adjoining pillar, and opening his papers slowly and deliberately, said, with the utmost composure, 'What's a' the hurry?' When I see the world a-gog, and a-drive, and a-push, and a-struggle, in every direction, into which perverted genius has sent it a wool-gathering, I am ever and anon disposed to exclaim, with my old friend Hogg, 'What's a' the hurry?'"

2701. LEGISLATIVE POETRY.

The poetical genius both of the Senate and the House of New Jersey has been severely taxed, says a Newark paper, by a prayerful rhyming effusion, from the ladies of Cape May, which was first presented to the Senate—a most unsusceptible body, according to the proceedings below—several days since. They sent it to the house, probably for the benefit of the many gallant bachelors and widowers there congregated, who received it with more favor, though, with characteristic coquetry, their promises at so late a day in the session afford little prospect of their hopes being realized.

The following message was presented to the house on the 5th of March, by Mr. Gray, the secretary. The judiciary committee, by Mr. Whitehead, their chairman, it will be seen, has perpetrated a poetical report:—

SENATE CHAMBER, March 4.

Mr. Speaker: I am directed to inform the House of Assembly that the Senate has received a petition from the ladies of the county of Cape May, in which—

"As humble petitioners they earnestly pray
Your honorable body, without delay,
To pass a new law wherein power is shown
For wives to hold landed estates of their own;" —

and that the address of said petitioners indicates that the same was intended for the House of Assembly, and not the Senate.

The judiciary committee, therefore, to whom said petition was referred, has reported —

"This petition appears to have got quite astray,
And the committee advise that it be sent away
To the speaker of the house to whom it is directed,
To be there to the forms of legislation subjected."

And said report having been read, considered, and agreed to by the Senate, the secretary was directed to present said petition to the honorable speaker of Assembly, whose distinguished courtesy and gal-

lantry to the sex will doubtless secure for it the most profound consideration.

The subject was referred to a special committee of the house, and the same day, Mr. Brown, the chairman, presented the following report:

Committee appointed to weigh and consider
The message concerning the wife and the widder,
Received from the Senate by prim Mr. Gray,
Permission allowed them, respectfully say,
After solemn reflection, they all recommend
That the House of Assembly their pity extend
To senators past all their feeling of beauty,
And making excuses to shrink from their duty.
But the wants of the ladies, however aggrieved,
Made known to the house, shall be promptly relieved.
'Tis true that the senate is feeble and old;
But the boys of the house are as gallant as bold,
And will tender their aid, at the earliest day,
To the ladies who live on the shores of Cape May.'



Abney House, where Watts lived and died.

2703. DR. WATTS'S RETORT.

Dr. Watts was remarkable for vivacity in conversation, and ready wit, though he never showed a fondness for displaying it. Being one day in a coffee-room, with some friends, he overheard a gentleman say, "What! is that the great Dr. Watts?" when, turning suddenly round, and in good humor, he repeated a stanza from his lyric poems, which produced a silent admiration:—

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or meet the ocean with my span;
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man."

Dr. Watts was short in stature, being only about five feet in height.

2704. MILTON, ON THE MIRACLE.

When Milton was going to St. Paul's school, in London, at one of the public examinations, the subject for poetical composition happened to be our Savior's first miracle, the turning of water into wine at the marriage feast. Folios were written and handed in on the subject. When it came to Milton's turn to hand in his poem, from which not much

was expected, he merely wrote on a slate one line—

"The conscious waters saw his God and blushed."

The judges looked at each other in astonishment; the laconic beauty of the line and simple sublimity of the idea were so striking. After bestowing encomiums upon the more elaborate productions, according to their merits, they awarded the prize to the future bard of *Paradise Lost*.

2705. AN INTRACTABLE WORD.

Conversation one day turning upon some intractable word in the English language, that could not be made to rhyme, the challenge was thrown out, and it was almost universally admitted that "month" had no counterpart; when one of the party took up the gauntlet, and instantly repeated,—

"Among our numerous English rhymes,
They say there's none to 'month';
I tried, and failed a hundred times,
But succeeded the hundred and 'onth.'"

"And why not 'onth'?" he exclaimed, on hearing the general laugh; "why not *onth*, as well as fourth, fifth, tenth? why not say the hundred and *onth* time as well as the hundred and first?"

2706. HAPPY RETORT OF LAMB.

A retired cheesemonger, who hated any allusion to the business that had enriched him, once remarked to Charles Lamb, in the course of a discussion on the poor law, "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you poets call the 'milk of human kindness.'" Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these words: "Yes, sir, I am aware of it; you turned it all into cheese several years ago."

2707. JOHNSON'S VERSE-MAKING IN CONVERSATION.

When Dr. Percy first published his collection of Ancient English Ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of their beautiful simplicity and poetic nature. This provoked Dr. Johnson to observe one evening, at Miss Reynolds's tea table, that

he could rhyme as well and as elegantly in common narrative and conversation. "For instance," says he,—

As with my hat upon my head,
I walked along the Strand,
I there did meet another man,
With his hat in his hand.

Or, to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,—

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown:
Thou canst not make the tea as fast
As I can gulp it down.

§ 259. VICIOUS HABITS.

2708. EMANCIPATION FROM SLAVERY TO OPIUM.

One of the most melancholy facts in the history of Coleridge is his indulgence in the use of opium. It had been continued for a long time, and had begun to weaken and becloud his vigorous and brilliant intellect before his friend Cottle became aware that he used it.

In 1814, Cottle wrote to him a very faithful letter, full of dissuaves against the habit; and in Coleridge's reply occur the following affecting paragraphs:—

"For ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my guilt worse—far worse than all. I have prayed, with drops of agony on my brow; trembling, not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents; what hast thou done with them?'

"Secondly, overwhelmed as I am with a sense of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to disguise or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole case with tears, and the very bitterness of shame, but in two instances I have warned young men, mere acquaintances, who had spoken of taking laudanum, of the direful consequences, by an awful exposition of its tremendous effects on myself.

"Thirdly, though before God I cannot lift up my eyelids, and only do not despair of his mercy, because to despair would be adding crime to crime, yet to my fellow-men I may say, that I was seduced into the accursed habit ignorantly. I had been almost bed-ridden for many months, with swellings in my knees. In a medical journal, I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case, or what appeared to me so, by rubbing in laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally. It acted like a charm—like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned, the supposed remedy was resorted to; but I cannot go through the dreary history.

"Suffice it to say, that effects were produced which acted on me by terror and cowardice, of pain and sudden death, not—so help me God—by any temptation of pleasure, or expectation or desire of exciting pleasurable sensations. On the very contrary, Mrs. Morgan and her sister will bear witness so far as to say that the longer I abstained, the higher my spirits, the keener my enjoyments, till the moment, the direful moment arrived, when my pulse began to fluctuate, my heart to palpitate, and such falling down, as it were, of my whole frame, such intolerable restlessness, and incipient bewilderment, that in the last of my several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony, which I now repeat in seriousness and solemnity. 'I am too poor to hazard this.' Had I but a few hundred pounds,—but two hundred pounds,—half to send Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private mad-house, where I could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months, (in less than that time life or death would be determined,) then there might be hope. Now there is none! You bid me rouse myself: go bid a man, paralytic in both arms, to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery!'

Writing to another friend, a short time after, he says, "Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have. I used to think the text in St. James, that 'he who offends in one point offends in all,' very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of! Ingratitude to my Maker, and to my benefactors injustice, and unnatural cruelty to my poor children, self-contempt for my repeated promise, breach, nay, too often, actual falsehood."

It is interesting to know that Coleridge afterwards broke away from this dreadful habit, and that his life was lengthened out some twenty years longer.

2709. EXTRA STIMULANTS.

A London work says, "Polidori, the author of the *Vampyre*, was a prey to nightmare: he died with a laudanum bottle in his bed. And Coleridge might have thus left a sad and pointed moral, blazoning his wretched suicide to that world which unconsciously has pored with a thrill of admiration over those fruits of his delinquency—the romantic and unearthly stories of Christabel, and the Ancient Mariner. There was a vast deal of laudanum, in more senses than one, in much of Coleridge's conversations, which those admired most who understood the least. Southey admits that he was always saying startling things to amuse himself and astonish others.

2710. INTEMPERANCE OF POETS.

The biographies of some of the most distinguished literary characters, of this and of other countries, present lamentable examples of the direful effects of alcoholic liquors on the intellect.

Lord Byron forms a prominent example. Prior, according to his biographer, was not free from the charge of intemperance. Dr. King states that Pope hastened his end by drinking spirits. Pope remarks that Parnell "was a great follower of drams, and strangely open and scandalous in his debaucheries;" all are agreed that he became a sot, and finished his existence. Dryden, in his youthful days, was conspicuous for sobriety; but for the last ten years of his life, observes Dennis, he was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him even more than he ever used to do, probably so far as to hasten his end.

The immortal Shakspeare also fell a victim to the same direful habit. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, it seems drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.

2711. COWLEY AT CHERTSEY.

The poet Cowley died at the Porch House, Chertsey, on the 21st of July, 1667. There is a curious letter preserved of his condition when he removed here from Barn Elms. It is addressed to Dr. Sprat, dated Chertsey, 21st May, 1665, and is as follows:—

"The first night that I came hither I caught so great a cold, with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days. Besides, I had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall that I am yet unable to move, or turn myself in bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with; and then, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbors. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows; if it be ominous, it can end in nothing but hanging. I do hope to recover my hurt so far within five or six days (though it be uncertain yet whether I shall ever recover it) as to walk about again; and then, methinks, you and I and the dean might be very merry upon St. Ann's Hill. You might very conveniently come hither by way of Hampton Town, lying there one night. I

write this in pain, and can say no more. *Verbum sapienti.*"

It is stated, by Sprat, that the last illness of Cowley was owing to his having taken cold through staying too long among his laborers in the meadows; but in Spence's *Anecdotes* we are informed, on the authority of Pope, that "his death was occasioned by a mere accident, whilst his great friend, Dean Sprat, was with him on a visit at Chertsey.

They had been together to see a neighbor of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of those times, made them too welcome. They did not set out for their walk home till it was too late; and had drank so deep that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off. The parish still talk of the drunken dean."

The Porch House at Chertsey, or Cowley's House, as it is now called, (the porch having been removed) appears to have been built in the latter part of the reign of James I. The interior has some panelled and carved oak; and Cowley's study is a small closet-like room, with a pleasant prospect towards St. Ann's Hill.

2712. BADINA.

"In the office of the *Weekly Messenger*," says Leigh Hunt, "I saw one day a person who looked the epitome of squalid authorship. He was wretchedly dressed, and dirty; and the rain as he took his hat off, came away from it as from a spout.

"This was a man of the name of Badina, who had been poet at the opera, and was then editor of the *Messenger*. He was afterwards sent out of the country under the alien act, and became reader of the English papers to Bonaparte. His intimacy with some of the first families in the country, among whom he had been a teacher, is supposed to have been of use to the French government. He wrote a good idiomatic English style, and was a man of abilities.

"I had never before seen a poor author, such as are described in books; and the spectacle of the reality startled me. Like most authors, however, who are at once very poor and very clever, his poverty was his own fault. When he received any money, he disappeared, and was understood to spend it in ale-houses."

2713. WILLIAM J. SNELLING.

The loathsome drunkard is always a picture of pity and disgust. The young inebriate, stepping from an eminence of sobriety and virtue down to the depths of the sin of intoxication, is a picture too sorrowful to look upon with other than feelings of sincere pain and regret. But the man of letters, whose earliest and best days have been passed in the acquisition of knowledge,—whose education has fitted him to become a moral as well as a scientific teacher,—whose genius and talents are above that of the great mass of men around him, and the character of whose exalted mind shortened the distance and brought nearer the resemblance between man and his Creator;—such a man a drunkard, is a sight altogether too horrible for contemplation.

Most of our readers must have been acquainted with William J. Snelling, of Boston, a man whose mind was like a good and beautiful ship, driven about at the mercy of the winds and the waves, without sails or compass. He was a lawyer and a writer, and in his latter profession distinguished himself as a

keen, powerful, but vindictive satirist: his wit, too, was as pointed and brilliant as his sarcasm, and his observation of men and things was quick and vigorous.

His *Tales of the North-west*, which first brought him into notice some ten years since,—in short, all his prose articles as well as his poetry,—have always found a ready publication, and numerous and admiring readers. All have given him a high intellectual character, and a literary reputation which will long survive him.

Such were some of his virtues, but his prominent follies and vices were more visible and no less numerous.

From his ill success in life, his poverty, and his disappointments, he flew to the last and worst expedient of drowning sorrow, by drinking deep from the bowl of the drunkard. Remorse then did its work, and William J. Snelling, the man of genius and education, was found, first a drunkard in the watch-house, then a voluntary petitioner at the Police Court, begging that he might "be placed out of the public view for six months." The prison was now his home, and the prisoner free from temptation.

"So the dark in soul expire,
Or live, like scorpion, girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse hath driven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven;
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death."

2714. THE UNRECLAIMED.

John C. Mossie, the talented improvisator, at the Police Court of New York, made application, some time since, to be committed to Bridewell, where he might dash from him the cup of temptation. Such was his sacrifice; and we behold him a voluntary exile to the prison of the criminal to save himself from the demon of intoxication. Mossie was a man as capable of refinement as he was prone to self-degradation. That he was a man of talents, no one will doubt; and in evidence of the fact, we give a chaste production of his pen, which was but the work of some eight or ten minutes. The Unreclaimed seems to be a picture of his own life, written by himself.

OUR BRETHEREN.

"Hast thou a brother unreclaimed,
A sister yet in sin,
Who, though they listen to the truth,
Feel not the power within?
O, pray for them! pray day and night,
That they may yet discern aright.

"Thou answerest, 'All my father's house
Are servants of the Lord;
They bless the Father for his Son,
And reverence the Word.'
Are all thy father's house, O youth,
Humble adorers of the truth?"

"Nay, nay, I tell thee they are not.
'O, ye! they are.' What, all?
Whom dost thou, then, thy brethren term,
And whom thy Father call?
God is the Sire of all men named;
Say, are thy brethren all reclaimed?"

2715. DERMODY.

This eccentric youth was the eldest son of Nicholas Dermody, a schoolmaster at Ennis, in Ireland,

where he was born in 1775. In his early years he contracted a fatal and degrading attachment to drinking, in all its excess.

A romantic desire of seeing the world led him, about the end of his tenth year, to leave his paternal home; which he did clandestinely, with only two shillings, a change of linen, and a volume of *Tom Jones*, in his pocket; and the money he gave away the same day in *charity*. By the assistance of a benevolent carrier, he accomplished the journey, of above one hundred and forty miles, to Dublin, where he roamed about the streets two or three days without a lodging, depending entirely for supplies on the sale of his second shirt.

The keeper of a book stall, who was astonished at observing such a child poring over one of his old Greek volumes, economically engaged him as *classical preceptor* to his son; from which situation, in the course of a few weeks, he passed into the shop of a bookseller of rather more respectability. After ten weeks, Dermody felt little regret at being again left to his own discretion; and, "without a settled home, he again roved about the streets by day, and begged the meanest shelter during the night."

He was next taken into the house of a humane scene painter belonging to the Dublin theatre; and in this situation he went on messages, warmed his humble patron's size-pots at the theatre, told merry tales, and wrote, verses on the walls with chalk.

While he was thus employed in the painting-room as superintendent of the glue, oil, and color pots, Mr. Cherry, the dramatist, with great rapture, brought one morning into the greenroom a poem, written, as he said, by a most surprising boy then in the house. The description which he gave of the boy, together with the merit of the composition, raised among the performers the greatest curiosity to see him; and, led on by Cherry, they rushed from the greenroom to the place where the painter and his wonderful attendant were at work.

If their astonishment had been excited at hearing the poem read, it was increased tenfold at the sight of the author. Infantine in appearance, and clad in the very garb of wretchedness, with a meagre, half-starved, but intelligent countenance; a coat much too large for him, and his shoulders and arms seen naked through it; without waistcoat, shirt, or stockings; with a pair of breeches made for a full-grown person, soiled and ragged, reaching to his ankles; his uncovered toes thrust through a pair of old slippers without heels, almost of the magnitude of Kamschatka snow-shoes; his hair clotted with glue, and his face, and almost naked body, smeared and disfigured with paint of different colors, black, blue, red, green, and yellow; thus in amazement stood before them, with a small pot of size in one hand, and a hair brush in the other, the elegant translator of Horace, Virgil, and Anacreon.

By the kindness of Messrs. Cherry and Raymond, few have experienced so liberal and exalted a patronage as Dermody; and none ever made so unwise a use of it. When good fortune prevailed, he set no bounds to what he called his *happy frolics*.

He had dined one day with Mr. Raymond, who, perceiving his shoes and stockings to be in a very bad condition, sent and purchased a pair of each, which Dermody put into his pocket with the intention of wearing them the following morning. The next evening, however, he made his appearance without either shoes, stockings, hat, neckcloth, or waistcoat; and in a state of intoxication not to be endured. He had pledged the shoes and stockings,

got drunk with the money, and in a fray in the streets had lost his other necessities.

He entered the house in this state, told his tale, throw on the floor the duplicate of the articles he had pledged, demanded other apparel, was refused, swore a few oaths, threatened to destroy a sideboard of glass, alarmed the whole family, was turned out of doors, and during the remainder of the night took shelter in a shed fitted up for some cattle in one of the fields leading from Westminster to Chelsea.

After suffering, on different occasions, the results entirely of his imprudence, distress scarcely inferior to any thing that is told of Otway, of Chatterton, or of Boyle, he died of the mere effect of drinking, in a wretched hovel, at Sydenham, in Kent, on the 15th of July, 1802, in his twenty-eighth year. He lies interred in the churchyard of Lewisham, with a

monument erected over him, on which is inscribed a poetical epitaph taken from his own works.

2716. PARNELL'S FALL.

When Parnell, the author of the *Hermit*, had been introduced by Swift to Lord Treasurer Oxford, and had been established in his favor by the assistance of Pope, he soon began to entertain ambitious views. The walk he chose to shine in was *popular preaching*; he had talents for it, and began to be distinguished in the mob places of Southwark and London, when the queen's sudden death destroyed all his prospects, and at a juncture when famed preaching was the readiest road to preferment. This fatal stroke broke his spirits; he took to drinking, and soon finished his course.

§ 260. FACETIOUS AND HUMOROUS.

2717. WHITTIER WITH ONE BOOT.

Whittier gave early indications of poetic powers. Several of his juvenile poems, having found their way into the newspapers and magazines of the day, attracted the attention of some literary gentlemen, who appreciated the merit of the productions, and resolved to make their author a visit, to offer their assistance in introducing the "Quaker poet" to literary notoriety.

Accordingly, they took a conveyance that soon set them down in the picturesque town of Weare, New Hampshire, the residence of the young poet. With some difficulty they found the dwelling of Whittier, and were ushered into the best room of the house by the mother, to whom they made known their desire to see her son.

All this time young Whittier was working away at the certainly very unpoetical business of cleaning out the pigsty. He plied his shovel with right good will, totally unconscious of the honor that awaited him. Judge of his astonishment when Lizzy, his sister, came running from the house, and informed him "that it was full of very great people, who were waiting to see him."

"What shall I do?" cried the poet, in agony. "Run, Lizzy, and get my boots, while I wash me in the brook."

The boots were brought, but the bare, wet feet of Whittier refused to enter. At length, after a deal of tugging, one was drawn on; but O, horrors! the other would not go on, neither would the first come off!

"A pretty looking spectacle I shall present for their inspection," murmured Whittier, as, with one boot in his hand and the other on his foot, he entered the house. But, in a short time, the flattering words of his visitors made him quite forget the awkwardness of his attire.

2718. WHITTIER'S APOSTROPHE TO CLAY.

The editor of the New York Despatch, in a review of Whittier's poems, says,—

"In looking through the volume, we fail to find several of Whittier's early poems—an 'Apostrophe to Clay,' in particular. Our readers will remember it:—

'Not fallen! As well the tall
And pillared Alleghany fall.'

"That poem has given Whittier a world of trouble. In 1844, during the presidential contest, it was reproduced, and run the rounds of the whig press. Whittier protested against its publication, issued a card, beseeching the editors to let 'Not Fallen' fall; that the verses no longer expressed his sentiments; that he had changed his mind; that—that, in fact, and to be candid, Mr. Clay had fallen in the poet's estimation. Poor Whittier! did he think to light a fire on a dry prairie, and then extinguish the flames?

"The poem literally ran like wildfire, and Whittier, in chasing it, got clean out of breath. But this was not the worst of it. The admirers of Thomas H. Benton clapped his name over it, and compelled Whittier to maintain that Benton was as firm, strong, and upright as

'——— the tall
And pillared Alleghany.'

"And to make matters more provoking, a country editor, of the democratic side, immediately after the defeat of Silas Wright, clapped that smart statesman's name to the 'Not Fallen'; and forthwith every democratic paper in the state forced Whittier to assure the world that Mr. Wright was right side up. The history of this little poem is a curiosity in American literature."

2719. DR. BYLES.

Dr. Byles, of Boston, was a favorite in every social or convivial circle, and no one was more fond of his society than the colonial governor, Belcher, on the death of whose wife he wrote an elegy, ending with,—

"Meantime my name to thine allied shall stand,
Still our warm friendship mutual flames extend;
The muse shall so survive from age to age,
And Belcher's name protect his Byles's page."

The doctor had declined an invitation to visit, with the governor, the province of Maine, and Belcher resorted to a stratagem to secure his company. Having persuaded him to drink tea with him on board the Scarborough ship of war, one Sunday

afternoon, as they were seated at the table the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and before the punning parson had called for his last cup, the ship was too far at sea for him to think of returning to the shore. As every thing necessary for his comfort had been thoughtfully provided, he was easily reconciled to the voyage. While making preparations for religious services, the next Sunday, it was discovered that there was no hymn book on board; and he wrote the following lines, which were sung instead of a selection from Sternhold and Hopkins:—

"Great God, thy works our wonder raise;
To thee our swelling notes belong;
While skies, and winds, and rocks, and seas,
Around shall echo to our song.

"Thy power produced this mighty frame;
Aloud to thee the tempests roar,
Or softer breezes tune thy name
Gently along the shelly shore.

"Round thee the scaly nation roves;
Thy opening hands their joys bestow,
Through all the blushing coral groves,
Those silent, gay retreats below.

"See the broad sun forsake the skies,
Glow on the waves and downward glide—
Anon, heaven opens all its eyes,
And starbeams tremble o'er the tide.

"Each various scene, or day or night,
Lord, points to thee our nourished soul;
Thy glories fix our whole delight;
So the touched needle courts the pole."

Joseph Green, a merchant at Boston, who had been a classmate of Byles at Cambridge, was little less celebrated than the doctor for humor; and some of his poetical compositions were as popular, ninety years ago, as in our own time have been those of "Croaker & Co.," which they resemble in spirit and playful ease of versification. The abduction of the Hollis Street minister was the cause of not a little merriment in Boston; and Green, between whom and Byles there was some rivalry, as the leader of opposing social factions, soon after wrote a burlesque account of it:—

"In David's Psalms an oversight
Byles found one morning at his tea:
Alas! that he should never write
A proper psalm to sing at tea.

"Thus ruminating on his seat,
Ambitious thoughts at length prevailed;
The bard determined to complete
The part wherein the prophet failed.

"He sat a while, and stroked his muse,
Then, taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use
Of his seafaring bretheren.

"The task performed, the bard content,
Well chosen was each flowing word!
On a short voyage himself he went,
To hear it read and sung on board."

§720. TIT FOR TAT.

Campbell, the poet, and Turner, the artist, were dining together, with a large party, a few years ago. The poet was called upon for a toast, and, by way of a joke upon the great professor of the sister art, gave, "The Painters and Glaziers." After the laughter had subsided, the artist was of course summoned to propose a toast also. He rose, and, with admirable tact and ready wit, discharged the debt of his craft to the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," by giving the "Paper-stainers."

§721. THE APPARITION.

Santeuil was crossing the court of the College of Cardinal Le Morne, when he met a scholar who was walking up and down, composing his theme, which he held in his hand. Santeuil, guessing what he was employed about, pulled the paper out of his hand with a tremendous expression of countenance, translated it instantly into elegant Latin, and returned it to him, saying, "If your regent asks you who composed this theme, tell him it was the devil."

He then hurried off, making his cloak fly about him, and raising a cloud of dust all about. The terrified student retreated instantly into college, and repeated to the regent the history of the apparition of the devil. The Jesuit, who saw that the theme was composed in the most elegant Latin, and that the student told the story with perfect sincerity and good faith, was puzzled what to think of the matter.

Soon after this, Santeuil was present at a public discussion, which took place in the hall of the Jesuits. The scholar recognized his old acquaintance, and immediately called out, in an agony of fear, "The devil! the devil!" Santeuil, perceiving that he was detected, related the story, to the infinite amusement of the audience, who found this explanation much more interesting than the former subject of discussion.

§722. SCOTT AND MOORE.

"Having found, in a volume sent to me by some anonymous correspondent," says Moore, "a more circumstantial account of the scene of the evening which Sir Walter and myself spent at the Edinburgh Theatre, I shall here avail myself of its graphic, and, with one exception, accurate details. After adverting to the sensation produced by the appearance of the late Duchess of St. Alban's in one of the boxes, the writer thus proceeds:—

"There was a general huzza and stare for a few seconds; the audience then turned their backs to the lady, and their attention to the stage, to wait till the first pieces should be over ere they intended starting again. Just as it terminated, another party quietly glided into a box near that filled by the duchess. One pleasing female was with three male comers. In a minute the cry ran round, 'Eh, yon's Sir Walter, wi' Lockhart an' his wife; and wha's the wee bit bodie wi' the pawkie een?' Wow, but it's Tam Moore just. Scott, Scott! Moore, Moore!"—with shouts, cheers, bravoos, and applause.

"But Scott would not rise to appropriate these tributes. One could see that he urged Moore to do so; and he, though modestly reluctant, at last yielded, and bowed, hand on heart, with much animation. The cry for Scott was then redoubled. He gathered himself up, and, with a benevolent bend, acknowledged this deserved welcome. The orchestra played alternately Scotch and Irish melodies."

"Among the choicest of my recollections of that flying visit to Edinburgh are the few days I passed with Lord Jeffrey at his agreeable retreat—Craig Crook. I had then recently written the words and music of a glee contained in this volume, 'Ship Ahoy!' which there won its first honors. So often, indeed, was I called upon to repeat it, that the upland echoes of Craig Crook ought long to have its burden by heart."

2723. WORDSWORTH AT ALLFOXDEN.



Wordsworth

The Lyrical Ballads were mostly written at Allfoxden, near the Bristol Channel, in one of the deepest solitudes in England, amid woods, glens, streams, and hills. Here Wordsworth had retired with his sister; and Coleridge was only five miles distant, at Stowey.

Cottle relates some amusing anecdotes of the ignorance of the country people in regard to them, and to poets and lovers of the picturesque generally. Southey, Coleridge and his wife, Lamb, and the two Wedgewoods visited Wordsworth in his retirement, and the whole company used to wander about the woods, and by the sea, to the great wonder of all the honest people they met. "As they were often out at night, it was supposed they led a dissolute life; and it is said that there are respectable people in Bristol who believe now that Mrs. Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth were disreputable women, from a remembrance of the scandalous tattle circulating then.

Cottle asserts that Wordsworth was driven from the place by the suspicions which his habits provoked, being refused a continuance of his lease of the Allfoxden house by the ignoramus who had the letting of it, on the ground that he was a criminal in the disguise of an idler.

One of the villagers said "that he had seen him wander about at night, and look rather strangely at the moon; and then he roamed over the hills like a partridge." Another testified, "he had heard him mutter, as he walked, in some outlandish brogue that nobody could understand." This last, we suppose, is the rustic version of the poet's own statement, —

"He murmurs near the running brooks,
A music sweeter than their own."

Others, however, took a different view of his habits, as little flattering to his morals as the other view to his sense. One wiseacre remarked confidently, "I know what he is. We have all met him tramping away towards the sea. Would any man in his senses take all that trouble to look at a par-

cel of water? I think he carries on a snug business in the smuggling line, and, in these journeys, is on the lookout for some wet cargo."



Tintern Abbey, the Residence of Wordsworth.

Another, carrying out this bright idea, added, "I know he has got a private still in his cellar; for I once passed his house at a little better than a hundred yards' distance, and I could smell the spirits as plain as an ashen fagot at Christmas." But the charge which probably had the most weight in those times was the last. "I know," said one, "that he is surely a desperate French Jacobin; for he is so silent and dark that no one ever heard him say one word about politics."

While the ludicrous tattle to which we have referred was sounding all around him, he was meditating Peter Bell and the Lyrical Ballads, in the depths of the Allfoxden woods, and consecrating the rustics who were scandalizing him. The great Poet of the Poor, who has made the peasant a grander object of contemplation than the peer, and who saw through vulgar externals and humble occupations to the inmost soul of the man, had sufficient provocations to be the satirist of those he idealized.

2724. WORTH MAKES THE MAN.

Robert Burns, on his way to Leith, one morning, met a country farmer; he shook him earnestly by the hand, and stopped to converse a while. A young Edinburgh blood took the poet to task for this defect of taste. "Why, you fantastic gomeril," said Burns, "it was not the great-coat, the scone bonnet, and the saundaer boot hose I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day."

2725. LAMB-LIKE RESIGNATION.

Charles Lamb, when reminded by his sister of the days when they were poor, and capable of enjoying a very little treat with the keenest relish, so differ-

ent from the days when they were rich, stately, and dull, said,—

"Well, Bridget, since we are in easy circumstances, we must just endeavor to put up with it."

2726. YOUNG GOLDSMITH'S REPARTEE.

A number of young people had assembled Goldsmith's uncle's to dance. One of the company, named Cummings, played on the violin. In the course of the evening, Oliver undertook a hornpipe. His short and clumsy figure, and his face pitted and discolored with the small-pox, rendered him a ludicrous figure in the eyes of the musician, who made merry at his expense, calling him his little *Æsop*. Goldsmith was nettled by the jest, and, stopping short in the hornpipe, exclaimed,—

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying:
See *Æsop* dancing, and his monkey playing."

The repartee was thought wonderful for a boy of seven years old, and Oliver became forthwith the wit and bright genius of the family.

2727. RARE COMPLIMENT.

One of the prettiest and wittiest compliments ever passed is contained in the lines by Sheridan, addressed to Miss Payne:—

"'Tis true I am ill; but I cannot complain,
For he never knew pleasure who never knew Payne."

2728. GOLDSMITH.

Few authors were more remarkable for a careless indifference to worldly concerns than Goldsmith. One leading feature in the character of this admirable writer, was to be liberal to his poor countrymen in distress. One man, who was artful, never failed to apply to him as soon as he published any new work, and was likely to be in cash. This person succeeded twice, but sometimes found that all the copy money was gone before the doctor's works saw the light.

Goldsmith, tired of his applications, told him to write himself, at the same time ordering him to draw up a description of China, interspersed with political reflections—a work which a bookseller had applied to Goldsmith for, at a price which he despised, but had not rejected.

The idle carelessness of his temper may be collected from this, that he never gave himself the trouble to read the manuscript, but sent to the press an account which made the Emperor of China a Mahometan, and placed India between China and Japan. Two sheets were cancelled at Goldsmith's expense, who afterwards kicked his newly-created author down stairs.

2729. BROWNING'S SORDELLO AND JERROLD.

When Robert Browning's poem of *Sordello* appeared, it astonished his friends and amazed the public. Douglas Jerrold's first perusal of the poem furnishes an amusing anecdote.

This distinguished contributor to *Punch* was recruiting himself at Brighton after a long illness. In the progress of his convalescence, a parcel ar-

rived from London, which contained, among other things, this new volume of *Sordello*. The medical attendant had forbidden Mr. Jerrold the luxury of reading; but, owing to the absence of his conjugal "life-guards" he indulged in the illicit enjoyment.

A few lines put Jerrold in a state of alarm. Sentence after sentence brought no consecutive thought to his brain. At last the idea crossed his mind that in his illness his mental faculties had been wrecked. The perspiration rolled from his forehead, and smiting his head, he sat down on his sofa, crying, "O God, I am an idiot!" When his wife and her sister came, they were amused by his pushing the volume into their hands, and demanding what they thought of it. He watched them intently while they read: at last his wife said, "I don't understand what the man means; it is gibberish." The delighted humorist sank in his seat again: "Thank God I am not an idiot."

Mr. Browning, to whom we told this, has often laughed over it, and then endeavored to show that *Sordello* was the clearest and most simple poem in the English language. We know only one person who pretends to understand *Sordello*, and this is the poet's wife.

2730. CAMPBELL.

When complimented upon his poetical fame, Campbell generally met the speaker with some ludicrous deduction; some mortifying drawback from the ready-money reputation for which his friends ave him credit.

"Calling at an office," says he, "in Holborn, for some information I was in want of, the mistress of the house, a sensible, well-informed woman, invited me to take a seat in the parlor; her husband would be at home instantly, but if I was in a hurry, she would try to give me the information required.' Well, I was in a hurry, as usual, thanked her much, received the information, and was just wishing her good morning, when she hesitatingly asked if I would kindly put my name to a charity subscription list. 'By all means,' and putting on my glasses, wrote 'T. Campbell,' and returned it with the air of a man who had done something handsome.

"Bless me," said she, in a whisper, looking at the name, 'this must be the great Mr. Campbell! Excuse me, sir, but may I just be so bold as to ask if you be the celebrated gentleman of that name?'

"Why, really, ma'am, no,' ('yes,' said my vanity;) my name is, just as you see, T. Campbell,' making her at the same time, a handsome bow. 'Mr. Campbell,' she said, advancing a step, 'very proud and happy to be honored with this unexpected call. My husband has only gone to 'Change, and will be so happy to thank you for the great pleasure we have had in reading your very interesting work: pray take a chair.' 'This is a most sensible woman,' thought 'and I dare say her husband is a man of great taste and penetration.'

"Madam," said I, 'I am much flattered by so fair a compliment,' laying the emphasis on *fair*. 'I will wait with much pleasure; but, in the mean time, I think I forgot to pay my subscription.' She tendered me the book, and I put down just double what intended. When had I ever so fair an excuse for liberality? 'Indeed,' resumed the lady, 'I consider this a most gratifying incident. But here comes my husband. John, dear, this is the celebrated Mr. Campbell.' 'Indeed!' I repeated my bow, and in

two or three minutes we were as intimate as any three people could be.

"Mr. Campbell," said the worthy husband, "I feel greatly honored by this visit, accidental though it be." "Why, I am often walking this way," said I, "and will drop in now and then, just to say, How d'ye do." "Delighted, Mr. Campbell, delighted! your work is such a favorite with my wife there; only last night we sat up till one o'clock reading it." "Very kind, indeed, very. Have you the new edition?" "No, Mr. Campbell, ours is the first." "What!" thinks I to myself, forty years ago!—This is gratifying;—quite an heirloom in the family!

"O, Mr. Campbell!" said the lady, "what dangers—what—what—you must have suffered! Do you think you will ever make Christians of them horrid cannibals?" "No doubt of that, my dear," said the husband, triumphantly; "only look what Mr. Campbell has done already." I now felt a strange ringing in my ears; but recollecting my Letters from Algiers, I said, "O, yes, there is some hope of them Arabs yet." "We shall certainly go to hear you next Sunday, and I am sure your sermon will raise a handsome collection."

"By this time I had taken my hat, and walked hastily to the door. 'Mr. Campbell, are you ill?' inquired my two admirers. 'No, not quite, only thinking of them horrid cannibals!' 'Ah, no wonder; I wish I had said nothing about them.' 'I wish so too; but, my good lady, I am not the celebrated Mr. Campbell.' 'What, not the great missionary?' 'No.' And so saying, I returned to my chambers, minus a guinea, and a head shorter than when I left."

2731. RECEPTION OF THE FAIR QUEEN.



Edmund Spenser.

When Spenser had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscripts being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered the servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in rapture, "Carry that man another twenty pounds." Proceeding farther, he exclaimed, "Give that man

twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go, turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read farther, I shall most certainly be ruined."



Kilcolman Castle, where the Fairy Queen was written.

2732. A GOOD HIT.

Bautru, in presenting a poet to M. D'Hemery, addressed him, "Sir, I present to you a person who will give you immortality; but you must give him something to live upon in the mean time."

2733. NEW ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

Being in church one Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring a seat, a young lady, who perceived him, kindly made way for him in her pew. The text was upon the terrors of the gospel, as denounced against sinners, to prove which the preacher referred to several passages of Scripture, to all of which the lady seemed very attentive, but somewhat agitated. Burns, on perceiving this, wrote with a pencil, on the blank leaf of her Bible, the following lines:—

"Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas only sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you."

2734. A WITTY REPLY.

Goldsmith became a member of a debating club, called the Robin Hood, which used to meet near Temple Bar, and in which Burke, while yet a Temple student, had first tried his powers. Goldsmith spoke here occasionally, and is recorded in the Robin Hood archives as "a candid disputant, with a clear head and an honest heart, though coming but seldom to the society." His relish was for clubs of a more social, jovial nature, and he was never fond of argument.

An amusing anecdote is told of his first introduc-

tion to the club, by Samuel Derrick, an Irish acquaintance of some humor. On entering, Goldsmith was struck with the self-important appearance of the chairman ensconced in a large gilt chair. "This," said he, "must be the lord chancellor at least." "No, no," replied Derrick, "he's only master of the rolls." The chairman was a baker.

2735. OMNIBUS JOKE.

It is told of Charles Lamb, that one afternoon, returning from a dinner party, having taken a seat in a crowded omnibus, a stout gentleman subsequently looked in, and politely asked, "All full inside?" "I don't know how it may be with the other passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of oyster pie did the business for me."

2736. ANECDOTE OF POLLOK.

Mr. Robert Pollok, a Scottish poet, while a student of theology, once delivered a trial discourse before the Secession Divinity Hall, Glasgow, the subject of which was Sin. His manner of treating it, in the opinion of his fellow-students, was rather turgid; and at those passages which they considered to be particularly outrageous, they did not scruple to give audible symptoms of the amusement they derived from Mr. Pollok's highflown phrases. At last one flight was so extravagant that the professor himself was fairly obliged to give way—and smiled.

At this moment the young preacher was just upon the point of a climax expressing the dreadful evils which sin had brought into the world, and he closed it with the following remark: "And had it not been for sin, the smile of folly had ne'er been seen upon the brows of wisdom."

This anecdote is related upon the authority of a person who was present; but it may be remarked that, perhaps, if Mr. Pollok's discourse had been listened to with that decorum which the gravity of the occasion demanded, it might not, to an unprejudiced auditor, have seemed deserving of the unfavorable reception it met with. But when the speaker became sensible that his compeers were making merry at his expense, it must have produced in his manner a degree of confusion, or perhaps of vehemence, by which language and ideas, in themselves not inappropriate, might be rendered ridiculous. It is also to be kept in view that Pollok was not popular among his fellow-students; so that they may be supposed to have been on the watch for an opportunity to testify their dislike of him.

2737. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND.

The anecdote of Margaret of Scotland (wife of the Dauphin of France) and Alain, the poet, is, perhaps, generally known. Who is not charmed with that fine expression of her poetical sensibility?

The person of Alain was repulsive, but his poetry had attracted her affections. Passing through one of the halls of the palace, she saw him sleeping on a bench: she approached and kissed him. Some of her attendants could not conceal their astonishment that she should press with her lips those of a man so frightfully ugly. The amiable princess answered, smiling, "I did not kiss the man, but the mouth which has uttered so many fine things."

2738. LORD BYRON AND "MY GRAND-MOTHER'S REVIEW."

At the close of the first canto of Don Juan, its noble author, by way of propitiating the reader for the morality of his poem, says,—

"The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect,
As children cutting teeth receive a coral;
Meantime they'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel.
For fear some prudish reader should grow skittish,
I've bribed my Grandmother's Review—the British.

"I sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thanked me duly by return of post;
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is, that he had the money."

Canto I. st. ccix. ccx.

Now, "the British" was a certain staid and grave high-church review, the editor of which received the poet's imputation of bribery as a serious accusation; and, accordingly, in his next number after the publication of Don Juan, there appeared a postscript, in which the receipt of any bribe was stoutly denied, and the idea of such connivance altogether repudiated; the editor adding that he should continue to exercise his own judgment as to the merits of Lord Byron, as he had hitherto done in every instance.

However, the affair was too ludicrous to be at once altogether dropped; and so long as the prudish publication was in existence, it enjoyed the sobriquet of "My Grandmother's Review."

There is another hoax connected with this poem. One day an old gentleman gravely inquired of a print seller for a portrait of "Admiral Noah," to illustrate Don Juan!

2739. STRAW BONNETS.

In 1817, when straw bonnets first became general, it was common to trim them with artificial wheat or barley, in ears; on which custom the following lines were written:—

"Who now of threatening famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain!
See how the wheat sheaves nod amid the plumes;
Our barns are now transferred to drawing-rooms,
And husbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their granaries, may thresh their wives."

§ 261. ADVENTURES OF POETS.

3740. GOLDSMITH'S WANDERINGS.

Goldsmith, after graduating from college, was urged by his friends to fit himself for the clerical office. Though to this office he had a settled repugnance, yet they overruled it. The two years of probation were spent in a rather lounging and indolent manner, and he made little or no preparation for the sacred office. He presented himself for ordination, and was rejected.

His next step was to enter as a tutor in a gentleman's family; but falling into an altercation, the gentleman paid him off, and he left. On being paid off, he found himself in possession of an unheard-of amount of money. His wandering propensity and his desire to see the world were instantly in the ascendency. Without communicating his plans or intentions to his friends, he procured a good horse, and, with thirty pounds in his pocket, made his second sally forth into the world.

The worthy niece and housekeeper of the hero of *La Mancha* could not have been more surprised and dismayed at one of the Don's clandestine expeditions, than were the mother and friends of Goldsmith, when they heard of his mysterious departure.

Weeks elapsed, and nothing was seen or heard of him. It was feared that he had left the country on one of his wandering freaks, and his poor mother was reduced almost to despair, when one day he arrived at her door, almost as forlorn in plight as the prodigal son. Of his thirty pounds not a shilling was left; and, instead of the goodly steed on which he had issued forth on his errantry, he was mounted on a sorry little pony, which he had nicknamed *Fiddleback*.

As soon as his mother was well assured of his safety, she rated him soundly for his inconsiderate conduct. His brothers and sisters, who were tenderly attached to him, interfered, and succeeded in mollifying her ire; and whatever lurking anger the good dame might have, was no doubt effectually vanquished by the following whimsical narrative, which he drew up at his brother's house, and despatched to her:—

"My dear Mother: If you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork, and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than *Fiddleback*, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that, when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing every thing curious; and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

"Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother, and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast *Fiddleback*, and bade adieu to

Cork, with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance, for man and horse, towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

"I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. 'We shall,' says he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse.'

"However, upon the way I met a poor woman, all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not to have given her the other half crown? for what she got would be of little use to her.

"However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she with great humanity relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

"Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night-cap, night-gown and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to perfect his recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure, in a safe and hospitable harbor.

"He made no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him; and, as that increased, I gave the most favorable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

"It now approached six o'clock in the evening; and, as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of

sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese, all over crawling with mites.

"My friend apologized that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would *lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark*. My hunger at this time was so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

"This lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible. Accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. 'To be sure,' said he, 'the longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made.'

"Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking 'how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half crown.' I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. 'And you know, sir,' said I, 'it is no more than I have done for you.' To which he firmly answered, 'Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith; that is neither here nor there. I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you; sell your horse, and I will furnish you a much better one to ride.'

"I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bed-chamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. 'Here he is,' said he; 'take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride.'

"I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlor, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself, and must have betrayed indignation in my appearance to the stranger, who was a counsellor at law in the neighborhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

"After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my hospitable friend; but at the solicitation of both I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives—one, that I was prejudiced in favor of the looks and manner of the counsellor; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found every thing that I could wish—abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation.

"In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbor's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him; upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and

take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never reënter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbor.

"And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls for his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt, the first time I heard them; for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavored to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea, to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"TO MRS. ANNE GOLDSMITH, Ballymahon."

Such is the story given by the poet errant of this his second sally in quest of adventures.

2741. COLERIDGE AS A SOLDIER.

"Mr. Coleridge," says Cottle, "told us of one of his Cambridge eccentricities, which highly amused us. He said that he had paid his addresses to a Mary Evans, who rejecting his offer, he took it so much in dudgeon, that he withdrew from the university to London, when, in a reckless state of mind, he enlisted in the 15th regiment of Elliot's Light Dragoons. No objection having been taken to his height or age, he was asked his name. He had previously determined to give one that was thoroughly Kamschatkian, but having noticed that morning, over a door in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or the Temple, the name of 'Cumberbatch,' (not Cumberback,) he thought this word sufficiently outlandish, and replied 'Silas Tomken Cumberbatch;'* and such was the entry in the regimental book.

"Here, in his new capacity, laborious duties devolved on Mr. C. He endeavored to think on Cæsar, and Epaminondas, and Leonidas, with other ancient heroes, and composed himself to his fate; remembering, in every series, there must be a commencement. But still he found confronting him no imaginary inconveniences. Perhaps he who had most cause for dissatisfaction was the drill sergeant, who thought his professional character endangered; for, after using his utmost efforts to bring his raw recruit into something like training, he expressed the most serious fears, from his unconquerable awkwardness, that he should never be able to make a soldier of him.

"Mr. C., it seemed, could not even rub down his own horse, which, however, it should be known, was rather a restive one, who, like Cowper's hare, 'would bite if it could,' and, in addition, kick not a little. We could not suppose that these predispositions in the martial steed were all aggravated by the unskilful jockeyship to which he was subjected; but the sensitive quadruped did rebel a little in the stable, and wince a little in the field.

"Perhaps the poor animal was something in the state of the horse that carried Mr. Wordsworth's

* These three initials would be the proper S. T. C. affixed to his garments.

Idiot Boy, who, in his sage contemplations, 'wondered what he had got upon his back.'

"This rubbing down of his horse was a constant source of annoyance to Mr. C., who thought the most rational way was—to let the horse rub himself down, shaking himself clean, and so to shine in all his native beauty; but on this subject there were two opinions, and his that was to decide carried most weight. If it had not been for the foolish and fastidious taste of the ultra precise sergeant, this whole mass of trouble might be avoided; but seeing the thing must be done, or punishment, he set about the herculean task with the firmness of a Wallenstein. But lo! the paroxysm was brief, in the necessity that called it forth.

"Mr. C. overcame this immense difficulty by bribing a young man of the regiment to perform the achievement for him; and that on very easy terms; namely, by writing him some love stanzas, to send his sweetheart.

"Mr. Coleridge, in the midst of all his deficiencies, it appeared, was liked by the men, although he was the butt of the whole company; being esteemed by them as next of kin to a natural, though of a peculiar kind—a talking natural. This fancy of theirs was stoutly resisted by the love-sick swain; but the regimental logic prevailed; for, whatever they could do with masterly dexterity, he could not do at all; *ergo*, must he not be a natural?

"There was no man in the regiment who met with so many falls from his horse as Silas Tomken Cumberbatch. He often calculated with so little precision his due equilibrium, that, in mounting on one side,—perhaps the wrong stirrup,—the probability was, especially if his horse moved a little, that he lost his balance, and if he did roll back on this side, came down ponderously on the other. Then the laugh spread amongst the men—'Silas is off again.' Mr. C. had often heard of campaigns, but he never before had so correct an idea of hard service.

"Some mitigation was now in store for Mr. C., arising out of a whimsical circumstance. He had been placed, as a sentinel, at the door of a ball-room, or some public place of resort, when two of his officers, passing in, stopped for a moment near Mr. C., talking about Euripides, two lines from whom one of them repeated.

"At the sound of Greek, the sentinel instinctively turned his ear, when he said, with all deference, touching his lofty cap, 'I hope your honor will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not quite accurately cited. These are the lines,' when he gave them in their more correct form. 'Besides,' said Mr. C., 'instead of being in Euripides, the lines will be found in the second antistrophe of the *Œdipus of Sophocles*.' 'Why, man, who are you?' said the officer; 'old Faustus ground young again?' 'I am your honor's humble sentinel,' said Mr. C., again touching his cap.

"The officers hastened into the room, and inquired of one and another about that 'odd fish' at the door, when one of the mess—it is believed the surgeon—told them that he had his eye upon him, but he could neither tell where he came from, nor any thing about his family of the Cumberbatches; 'but,' continued he, 'instead of his being an "odd fish," I suspect he must be a "stray bird" from the Oxford or Cambridge aviary.' They learned also the laughable fact, that he was bruised all over by frequent falls from his horse. 'Ah!' said one of the officers, 'we have had, at different times, two or three of these "university birds" in our regiment.'

"This suspicion was confirmed by one of the of-

ficers, Mr. Nathaniel Ogle, who observed that he had noticed a line of Latin chalked under one of the men's saddles, and was told, on inquiring whose saddle it was, that it was 'Cumberbatch's.'

"The officers now kindly took pity on the 'poor scholar,' and had Mr. C. removed to the medical department, where he was appointed assistant in the regimental hospital. This change was a vast improvement in Mr. C.'s condition; and happy was the day, also, on which it took place, for the sake of the sick patients; for Silas Tomken Cumberbatch's amusing stories, they said, did them more good than all the doctor's physic.

"If he began talking to one or two of his comrades,—for they were all on a perfect equality, except those who went through their exercises the best, and stretched their necks a little above the 'awkward squad,' in which ignoble class Mr. C. was placed as *præmiment* member, almost by acclamation,—if he began to speak, notwithstanding, to one or two, others drew near, increasing momentarily, till by and by the sick beds were deserted, and Mr. C. formed the centre of a large circle.

"In one of these interesting conversations, when Mr. C. was sitting at the foot of the bed, surrounded by his gaping comrades, who were always solicitous of and never wearied with his stories, the door suddenly burst open, and in came two or three gentlemen, (his friends,) looking some time, in vain, amid the uniform dresses, for their man. At length they pitched on Mr. C., and, taking him by the arm, led him, in silence, out of the room—a picture, indeed, for a Wilkie. As the supposed *deserter* passed the threshold, one of the astonished auditors uttered, with a sigh, 'Poor Silas! I wish they may let him off with a cool five hundred!' Mr. C.'s ransom was soon joyfully adjusted by his friends, and now the wide world once more lay before him."

2742. A NARROW ESCAPE.

"Baltimore is memorable to me," says Willis Gaylord Clark, "for it was in that city of monuments that I had well nigh lost my life. That spice of the adventurous which has accompanied me from my earliest days led me to ascend the long ladder, said to have been some seventy feet high, placed on the outside of the great dome of the cathedral, then undergoing repairs. The upward distance lent an enchantment to my eye which was irresistible. I fancied that the view from the 'topmost round' of those tapering ladders, tied together with ropes, would be magnificent.

"I was not disappointed. The bay melted afar into the iris-blue of air—that golden edging, which hangs over forest tops and waters in summer, whose tremulousness makes the eye ache with gazing, and fills the heart with happy and ethereal feelings. Landward, the country spread brightly around, seamed with brown roads, and fading afar into apparent ridges and swells of cedar green.

"It was a calm and cheerful day, and every object in unison one with another. The air was rarefied and sweet; the last odor of the latest flowers of summer seemed floating by in the sunshine, and I fancied that the voices of summer birds, taking their farewells for distant climes, were mingling with them. The shipping in the harbor sent every pennon to the gale; the flagstaffs waved their signals; and, what with the fresh breeze and the beauty of the morning, it really seemed a gala day.

"After having fed my eyes with the beauty of

the scene from the extreme height of the ladder, the voices of the workmen in the cupola, or on the balustrade above, making a pleasant hum in my ear, I prepared to descend. But the moment I looked towards the earth, a dizziness came upon me which almost led me to instantaneous self-abandonment. My brain reeled, my eyes grew dim, a sleepy sensation crept over me; the whole cathedral seemed to recede from my gaze, and for a moment I seemed as if sailing in the air. I had not descended more than a dozen rounds, when my tottering steps and trembling hands really seemed to refuse their office. My sickness increased, and a languor crept over my perceptions, like the effect of an anodyne. I felt myself absolutely becoming indifferent to my peril, though I knew it well. I was, in truth, as if in a dream; and I can safely aver that I felt myself losing all consciousness, when I heard one of the laborers above say, — and the words came to my ear as if from the supernatural lips of a spirit, — ‘My God! that young gentleman is going to fall!’

“This sentence went like fire to my brain, and rolled like a flood of lava over every nerve. It restored me instantly to a full perception of my course. I grasped the rounds of the ladder with the firmness which a drowning man exhibits when clutching, in the bubbling groan of his last agony, at the slenderest spar. Every footfall shook the ladder from end to end; and when I touched the ground, I felt precisely as if rescued from the grave.”

§743. ARIOSTO AND THE BANDITTI.

Barretti relates the following incident: —

“Ariosto,” says he, “took up his residence in a fortified castle, from which it was imprudent to venture without guards, as the whole neighborhood was filled with outlaws, smugglers, and banditti, who, after committing the most enormous excesses all around, retired for security against justice amidst the rocks and cliffs.

“Ariosto, one morning, happened to take a walk

without the castle in his night-gown, and in a fit of thought so far forgot himself, that, step by step, he found himself far from his habitation, and suddenly surrounded by a troop of these desperadoes, who certainly would have maltreated and murdered him, had not his face been known by one of the gang, who, informing his comrades that this was Signor Ariosto, the chief of the banditti addressed him with great gallantry, and told him that since he was the author of the *Orlando Furioso*, he might be sure none of the company would injure him, but, on the contrary, would see him safe back to the castle.

“They were as good as their word. They conducted him safely back, entertaining him all the way with the various excellences they had admired in his poem, and bestowing upon it the most rapturous praises — a rare proof of the irresistible power of poetry, and a noble comment on the tale of Orpheus and Amphion.”

§744. TASSO.

As the Italian poet Tasso, whose misfortunes were as great as his genius, was on one of his journeys between Rome and Naples, he fell into the hands of banditti, who immediately proceeded to plunder him and his fellow-travellers. But no sooner did the captain of the band, the celebrated Marco Sciarra, of Abruzzi, hear the poet pronounce his name, than, with tokens of admiration and respect, he set him at liberty; nor would he even permit his followers to plunder Tasso's companions.

Thus a prince of royal or imperial birth confined the poet in a mad-house for more than seven years; the great and wealthy left him to a precarious life, which was often a life of absolute want; the servile men of letters of the day loaded him with abusive and most unjust criticism; but a mountain robber, by the roadside, controlled in his favor the very instinct of his gang, and kissed the hand of the author of the *Gerusalemme*.

§ 262. DEATH AND DEATH BED COMPOSITIONS.

§745. REMOVAL OF BYRON'S REMAINS.

“In the month of July, 1824, the body of Lord Byron was brought from Missolonghi to England, and, on being landed from the Florida, was removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, who then resided in Great George Street, Westminster. At the house of Sir Edward it lay in state for two days, and was visited by hundreds of persons, who paid their last tributes to the genius of the mighty slumberer by gazing on his coffin lid.

“After the lying in state had terminated, it was found necessary to remove the body, for the purpose of placing it in a better constructed leaden coffin than that which had been prepared in Greece. A friend of mine happened to know the undertaker, and kindly offered to procure me admission to the chamber where the removal of the body was to be effected — an offer which, I need not say, I gladly accepted.

“Accordingly, on the afternoon of the eleventh of July, I proceeded to Sir Edward Knatchbull's, and found three or four gentlemen, attracted thither, like myself, to witness the solemn face of the poet, for

the last time, ere it should be shut up in the darkness of death. Mr. Rogers, the author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, Mr., now Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and John Hanson, Esq., (the two latter Lord Byron's executors,) and one or two others, whose names I did not learn, were present.

“The body lay in the large drawing-room, on the first story, which was hung with black cloth and lighted with wax candles. Soon after my arrival, the work of opening the coffin commenced. This was soon effected, and when the last covering was removed, we beheld the face of the illustrious dead, —

‘All cold and serene.’

“Were I to live a thousand years, I should never, never forget that moment. For years I had been intimate with the mind of Byron. His wondrous works had thrown a charm around my daily paths, and with all the enthusiasm of youth I had almost adored his genius. With his features, through the medium of paintings, I had been familiar from my boyhood; and now, far more beautiful, even in death, than my most vivid fancy had ever pictured, there they lay in marble repose.



Lord Byron's Tomb.

"The body was not attired in that most awful of habiliments—a shroud. It was wrapped in a blue cloth cloak, and the throat and head were exposed. The former was beautifully moulded. The head of the poet was covered with short, crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with gray hairs, especially over the temples, which were ample and free from hair, as we see in the portraits. The face had nothing of the appearance of death about it; it was neither sunken nor discolored in the least, but of a dead, marble whiteness. The expression was that of stern repose.

"How classically beautiful was the curved upper lip and the chin! I fancied the nose appeared as if it was not in harmony with the other features; but it might possibly have been a little disfigured by the process of embalming. The forehead was high and broad; indeed, the whole head was extremely large; it must have been so to contain a brain of such capacity.

"But what struck me most was the exceeding beauty of the *profile*, as I observed it when the head was lifted, in the operation of removing the corpse. It was perfect in its way, and seemed like a production of Phidias. Indeed, it far more resembled an exquisite piece of sculpture than the face of the dead—so still, so sharply defined, and so marble-like in its repose. I caught the view of it but for a moment; yet it was long enough to have it stamped upon my memory as

"A thing of beauty,"

which poor Keats tells us is 'a joy forever.'

"Among the persons engaged in the performance of the offices of removal, I noticed one—a tall, thin man, who spoke little, and seemed absorbed in grief. He would scarcely allow any one to touch the corpse, and, with his own hands, he composed the head in its new resting-place. The words, 'My dear lord,' were frequently uttered by him, whilst performing his melancholy duties.

"It was Fletcher, Byron's faithful valet. This man afterwards told me the particulars of the noble poet's

death, and gave me a lock of his hair. Fletcher did not long survive his beloved master."

2746. THE LAST DAYS OF BYRON.

"I passed the winter of Byron's death in Greece," says a traveller, "and in the latter part of February went to Missolonghi to see him. He was then suffering from the effect of his fit of epilepsy, which occurred the middle of February. The first time I called at his residence I was not permitted to see him; but in a few days I received a polite note from him, at the hand of his negro servant, who was a native of America, and whom Byron was kind to and proud of to the last.

"I found the poet in a weak and rather irritable state, but he treated me with the utmost kindness. He said that at the time I first called upon him, all strangers and most of his friends were excluded from his room. 'But,' said he, 'had I known an American was at the door, you should not have been denied. I love your country, sir; it is the land of liberty; the only portion of God's green earth not desecrated by tyranny.'

"In our conversation I alluded to the sympathy at that time felt in America for struggling Greece. All he said at that time in reply was, 'Poor Greece—poor Greece! once the richest land on earth; God knows I have tried to help thee.'

"You will remember that but a little while before this, Marco Bozzaris had fallen. When I mentioned his name, Byron said, 'Marco Bozzaris! He was as brave as an ancient Spartan. Perhaps he had the blood of Leonidas in his veins; I presume he had. But of this I am certain, he had as good blood as ever wet this soil.'

"At his request, his servant then brought him a rosewood box, from which he took a letter written to himself by that gallant chief. It was a warm-hearted welcome of Byron to Greece. 'There,' said the author of *Childe Harold*, as he handed the precious relic to me, 'I would not part with that but to see the triumph of Greece. That glorious hero, but a few moments before he led his Sulist band forth to his last battle, wrote this letter to me in his tent.' As he spoke these words a heroic smile lit up his pale countenance, and I am sure I never saw such an expression on the face of mortal man as at that moment flashed from Byron's.

"Soon he fell back upon his couch, and wiping the cold sweat from his lofty forehead, once more exclaimed, 'Poor Greece! God bless thee and Ada! I only ask of Heaven two things; and Heaven ought to grant them—that Greece may become free, and Ada cherish my memory when I am dead.'

"In a few days after I left him, I received another note from him, requesting me to call and bring with me Irving's *Sketch Book*. I took it in my hand, and went once more to the illustrious author's residence. He rose from his couch when I entered, and pressing my hand warmly, said, 'Have you brought the *Sketch Book*?' I handed it to him, when, seizing it with enthusiasm, he turned to the 'Broken Heart.' 'That,' said he, 'is one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear an American read it. But stay, do you know Irving?' I replied that I had never seen him. 'God bless him!' exclaimed Byron; 'he is a genius; and he has something better than genius—a heart. I wish I could see him, but I fear I never shall. Well, read—read the Broken Heart—yes, the Broken Heart. What a word!'

"In closing the first paragraph, I said, 'Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts.'—'Yes,' exclaimed Byron, 'and so do I, and so does every body but philosophers and fools.' I waited whenever he interrupted me until he requested me to go on; for although the text is beautiful, yet I cared more for the commentary as it came fresh from Byron's heart. While I was reading one of the most touching portions of that mournful piece, I observed that Byron wept. He turned his eyes upon me, and said, 'You see me weep, sir. Irving himself never wrote that story without weeping; nor can I hear it without tears. I have not wept much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes; but I always have tears for the Broken Heart.'

"When I read the last line of Moore's verses at the close of the piece, Byron said, 'What a being that Tom Moore is, and Irving, and Emmet and his beautiful love! What beings all! Sir, how many such men as Washington Irving are there in America? God don't send many such spirits into this world. I want to go to America for five reasons. I want to see Irving; I want to see your stupendous scenery; I want to see Washington's grave; I want to see the classic form of living freedom, and I want to get your government to recognize Greece as an independent nation. Poor Greece!'

"Those were the last days of Byron; and I shall consider myself happy that I was permitted so often to be with him. I have day by day watched the workings of his lofty imagination while he lay upon his couch or sat by his window, and deep troubled thought lit up with an unearthly glow his beautiful features, or clouded them in gloom. It was a painful spectacle to see Byron's form wasting away by disease; and I never gazed upon him after we first met without feeling as I think I should feel to see a powerful stream undermining in its progress the foundations of some classic temple. It was inexpressibly painful; but yet there was something very sublime in the struggle of his proud spirit with the advancing king of terrors. His full, bright eye, which sometimes burnt so restlessly, revealed a spirit free, tameless and unconquerable as the proud ocean.

"In a few hours," said the faithful Fletcher, as he related these facts to me, "my master called me to his bedside, and said, 'I begin to think I am going to die pretty soon, Fletcher, and I shall give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular to execute, if you love me.' " Fletcher *did* love his master, and told him that he would do every thing faithfully, and expressed the hope that he should not be called to part with him. 'Yes, you will,' said Byron; 'it's nearly all over now; I must tell you without losing a moment. I see my time has come to die.'

"Fletcher went to get a portfolio to write down his master's words. Byron called him back, exclaiming, 'O my God! don't waste time by writing, for I have no time to waste. Now hear me—you will be provided for. O my poor dear child! My dear Ada! My God! could I but have seen her! Give her my blessing, and my dear sister Augusta and her children; and you will go to Lady Byron and say—tell her every thing—you are friends with her.' And tears rolled down his emaciated face.

"His voice here failed him, so that only now and then a word was audible. For some time he muttered something very seriously, and finally, raising his voice, said, 'Now, Fletcher, if you do not execute every order I have given you, I will torment you hereafter, if possible.'

"Poor Fletcher wept over his dying master, and told him he could not understand a word of what he had last been saying. 'O my God!' said Byron, 'then all is lost, for it is now too late. Can it be possible you have not understood me?' Fletcher replied, 'No, but do tell me again more clearly, my lord.' 'How can I?' said Byron: 'it is too late, and all is over.' Fletcher replied, 'Not our will, but God's, be done.' 'Yes,' said he, 'not mine be done; but I will try once more.' He made several efforts to speak, but through the indistinct mutterings of the dying man, only a few broken accents could be distinguished, and they were about his wife and child.

"After many ineffectual and painful efforts to make known his wishes, at the request of his friend, Mr. Parry, to compose himself, he shed tears, and apparently sunk into slumber, with an expression of grief and disappointment on his countenance. This was the commencement of the lethargy of death.

"I believe the last words the great poet ever spoke on earth were, 'I must sleep now.' How full of meaning those words were! Yes, he had laid himself down to his last sleep. For twenty-four hours not a hand nor foot was seen to stir; although that heart which had been the home of such wild feeling still continued to beat on. Yet it was evident to all around his bedside that the angel of death had spread his dark wings over Byron's pillow.

"On the evening of the 19th of April he opened his fine eye for the last time, and closed it peacefully, without any appearance of pain. 'O my God,' exclaimed the kind Fletcher, 'I fear my master is gone.' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone.'

"It is impossible to describe the sensation produced at Missolonghi by the death of Lord Byron. All Greece, too, was bathed in tears. Every public demonstration of respect and sorrow was paid to his memory, by firing minute guns, closing all public offices and shops, and suspending the usual Easter festivities, and by a general mourning, and funeral prayers in all the churches. His body was embalmed by physicians, and preparations were made for taking it to England.

"A few days after his death, his honored remains were borne to the church where the body of Marco Bozzaris was buried. The coffin was a rude chest of wood; a black mantle was his only pall; and over it were placed a helmet, a sword, and a crown of laurel.

"Here the bier rested two days, and around it gathered a thousand noble hearts who had loved the generous poet. I stood by that coffin for a long time; and more tears were shed over it than I ever saw fall upon the dust of a great man. But the simple-hearted, grateful people, who crowded the church, loved him, not as the author of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, but as the distinguished benefactor of Greece. A detachment of his own brigade guarded his body. There was something indescribably more affecting and sublime in this spectacle than in the gorgeous display which usually attends the funeral obsequies of the great.

"I remained in the church till the shadows of night had fallen around that solemn place, and there could be seen the rude forms of the descendants of Plataea relieved against the walls, their armor gleaming in the uncertain light of the wax candles burning before the altar, and in the centre of the church a group of emancipated Greeks bending over that illustrious dust. It was all in keeping with the poet's own wayward soul."

2747. DEATH OF CAMPBELL, THE POET.

A writer in the North British Review gives a touching description of the closing scene of Campbell's earthly career. A contemporary well remarks that to utter the sentiment contained in the concluding sentences below furnishes the best commentary upon the purity of the life he had spent:—

"On the 16th he was able to converse more freely; but his strength had become more reduced, and being assisted to change his posture, he fell back insensible. Conversation was carried on in the room in whispers; and Campbell uttered a few sentences, so unconnected, that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn.

"One of them spoke of the poem of Hohenlinden, and pretending to forget the author's name, said he had heard it was by Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw the trick, was amused, and said playfully, but in a calm and distinct tone, 'No; it was one Tom Campbell.'

"The poet had, as far as a poet can, become for years indifferent to posthumous fame. In 1838, five years before this time, he had been speaking to some friends in Edinburgh on the subject. 'When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid over my head, how can literary fame appear to me, to any one, but as nothing? I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue.'

2748. SINGULAR DEATH OF A RUSSIAN POET.

Mr. Alexander Demainowitch Ilitchewski, creditably known by his poems, died when hardly thirty-five years old. His death is attributed to the vivacity of his imagination. Young, sufficiently rich, possessing all the gifts of pleasing, he avoided the world, and sought solitude. While yet a child, he had created for himself an imaginary being—a woman adorned by beauty and talent; he sought her in vain in this world, and his passion, instead of diminishing, increased in proportion as he perceived the impossibility of finding the object of his love. It was his love which made him a poet, and poetry, in its turn, raised the aspirations of the young man.

His parents, after having employed all means, all persuasions, to restore him to actual life, sent him to the capital. There he wrote down his dreams, and no occupation, no amusement, could distract him from them.

At last, he believed he had found her he adored. If a beautiful woman was shown him, he said, "Mine is still more beautiful." If the happiness of any of his acquaintance was spoken of, he replied, "Mine is still greater." Still, in spite of the great happiness which, according to his account, he enjoyed, he visibly declined.

On the 17th of October, he paid visits to all his acquaintances, and appeared extremely pleasant and gay. This extraordinary change gave his parents and friends the most lively joy, mixed, at the same time, with great astonishment.

The next day, early, some friends of M. Ilitchew-

ski came to his house, and were told by the servant that his master was asleep. But one of them, without noticing his reply, entered the chamber of the young poet, and his surprise may be imagined at finding him inanimate upon his bed.

No indications suggested that he had committed suicide; his countenance was calm, and a smile rested on his lips; a natural and mild death had taken him from the earth. On a table was a paper on which he had written, "I have found, at last, the object of my love."

2749. WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

The twin brother of Willis Gaylord Clark thus alludes to some touching incidents connected with the close of the life of that gifted poet:—

"One of the Philadelphia journals, in announcing the demise of the dear departed, observes, 'Mr. Clark was a scholar, a poet, and a gentleman. "None knew him but to love him." His health had for a long time been failing. The death of his accomplished and lovely wife, a few years ago, upon whom he doted with a passionate and rapturous fondness, had shaken his constitution, and eaten his strength. None but intimate friends knew the influence of that sad affliction upon his physical frame. To the last, his heart yearned over the dust of that lovely woman. In his death chamber, her portrait stood always before him on his table, and his loving eyes turned to it even in extremest pain, as though it were his living and only friend.'

"This is literally true. Beyond question, moreover, the seeds of the disease which finally removed him from the world were 'sown in sorrow' for the death of the cherished companion of his bosom. His letters, his gradually declining health, his daily life, his published writings, all evince this. The rose on the cheek and the canker at the heart do not flourish at the same time. The manuscript of the Dirge in Autumn came to us literally *sprinkled* with spreading tear-drops; and the familiar correspondence of the writer is replete with kindred emotion.

"To the last moment of his life, he kept a collection of 'his Anne's' letters under his pillow, which he as regularly read every morning as his Bible and prayer book. Her portrait, draped in black, crossed the angle of the apartment, above his table, where it might gaze ever upon him with its 'large, bright, spiritual eyes.' Never shall we forget his apostrophe to that beautiful picture, when his 'flesh and his heart failed him,' and he knew that he must soon go hence, to be here no more. 'Sleep on, my love,' said he, in the beautiful and touching words of the Bishop of Chichester's 'Exequy on the Death of a Beloved Wife,' and in a voice scarcely audible through his frequent sobs.

'Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted;
My last 'good night!' Thou wilt not wake,
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Say for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way;
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrow breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee;

At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.'

"To the last, his heart was full-fraught with all tender reminiscences and associations. In the first stages of his illness, when as yet it was scarcely known to affect his general routine of life, he thus replies to a remonstrance from the writer against the growing infrequency of his familiar letters:—

"In these spring days, I—, all my old feelings come freshly up, and assure me that I am unchanged. I shall be the same always; so do you be. "Twinn'd both at a birth," the only pledges of our parents' union, we should be all the world to each other.

'We are but two—a little band:
Be faithful till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie!'

"As he gradually grew weaker and weaker, the 'childhood of the soul' seemed to be renewed, the intellectual light to burn brighter and brighter, and the chastened fancy to become more vivid and refined.

"Willis was for some months aware that he had not long to live. 'I shall die,' said he, a few weeks since, 'in the leafy month of June—beautiful season!' And, turning his head to gaze upon the trees in the adjoining cemetery-grove, whose heavy foliage was swaying in the summer wind, he murmured to himself the touching lines of Bryant:—

'I know, I know I shall not see
The season's glorious show;
Nor will its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep
The friends I love shall come to weep,
They may not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Will keep them lingering by my tomb:
These to their softened hearts will bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene.'

"How forcibly were the recollections of this scene borne in upon the mind, as the long procession, following the friend for whom they mourned, entered the gates of St. Peter's on that brightest morning of the month of his heart! the officiating divine chanting eloquently the while the touching and beautiful service for the dead. Upon the soft velvet greensward, and the white marble vault slabs, shimmered down through venerable trees the warm sunlight, flecking all the expanse below; but where was *he* to whose eye every phase of nature was a delight; whose 'silent voice, speaking in forms and colors,' was ever in his ear; the divinity whom he worshipped with fervent, poetical devotion, looking ever through nature up to nature's God?"

2750. THE CUBAN POET.

In the month of July, 1844, twenty persons were executed together at Havana, in Cuba, for having been concerned in a conspiracy for giving liberty to the black population—the slaves of the Spanish inhabitants.

One of these, and the leader of the revolt, was Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, more commonly known by the name of *Placido*, the Cuban poet. Little is known of this negro beyond a few particu-

lars contained in one or two brief newspaper notices, which appeared shortly after his execution, announcing the fact in this country.

The *Heraldo*, a Madrid newspaper, in giving an account of the execution, speaks of him as "the celebrated poet Placido;" and says, "This man was born with great natural genius, and was beloved and appreciated by the most respectable young men of Havana, who united to purchase his release from slavery." The Poems by a Cuban Slave, edited by Dr. Madden, some years ago, are believed to have been the compositions of this gifted negro.

Placido appears to have burnt with a desire to do something for his race; and hence he employed his talents not only in poetry, but also in schemes for altering the political condition of Cuba. The Spanish papers, as might be expected, accuse him of wild and ambitious projects, and of desiring to excite an insurrection in Cuba similar to the memorable negro insurrection in St. Domingo, fifty years ago.

Be that as it may, Placido was at the head of a conspiracy formed in Cuba in the beginning of 1844. The conspiracy failed, and Placido, with a number of his companions, was seized by the Spanish authorities. The following is the account given of his execution, in a letter from Havana, dated July 16, 1844, which appeared in the Morning Herald newspaper:—

"What dreadful scenes have we not witnessed here these last few months! what arrests and frightful developments! what condemnations and horrid deaths! But the bloody drama seems approaching its close; the curtain has just fallen on the execution of the chief conspirator, Placido, who met his fate with a heroic calmness that produced a universal impression of regret.

"Nothing was positively known of the decision of the council respecting him, till it was rumored a few days since that he would proceed, along with others, to the 'chapel' for the condemned. On the appointed day, a great crowd was assembled, and Placido was seen walking along, with singular composure, under circumstances so gloomy, smoking a cigar, and saluting, with graceful ease, his numerous acquaintances.

"Are you aware what the punishment of the 'chapel' means? It is worse a thousand times than the death of which it is the precursor. The unfortunate criminals are conducted into a chapel hung with black and dimly lighted. Priests are there to chant, in a sepulchral voice, the service of the dead; and the coffins of the trembling victims are arrayed in cruel relief before their eyes. Here they are kept for twenty-four hours, and are then led out to execution. Can any thing be more awful? And what a disgusting aggravation of the horror of the coming death!

"Placido emerged from the chapel cool and undismayed, whilst the others were nearly or entirely overcome with the agonies they had already undergone. The chief conspirator held a crucifix in his hand, and recited in a loud voice a beautiful prayer in verse, which thrilled upon the hearts of the attentive masses which lined the road he passed. It was written in prison on the night before his execution. On arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down on a bench, with his back turned, as ordered, to the military, and rapid preparations were made for his death. And now the dread hour had arrived. At the last he rose and said, '*Adios, mundo; no hay piedad para mi. Soldados, fuego!*' (Adieu, O world; here is no pity for me. Soldiers, fire.) Five balls

entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck spectators, he got up, and turned his head upon the shrinking soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman courage. 'Will no one have pity on me?' he said. 'Here,'—pointing to his heart,—'fire here.' At that instant two balls pierced his breast, and he fell dead whilst his words still echoed in our ears. Thus has perished the great leader of the attempted revolt."

2751. DEATH AND FUNERAL OF SHELLEY.

It is well known that Shelley was wrecked and drowned in a storm, with his friend, Captain Williams, on their way from Leghorn to Lerici.

"The remains of Shelley and Mr. Williams," says Leigh Hunt, "were burnt, after the good ancient fashion, and gathered into coffers. Those of Mr. Williams were subsequently taken to England. Shelley's were interred at Rome, in the Protestant burial-ground, the place which he had so touchingly described in recording its reception of Kents.

"The ceremony of the burning was alike beautiful and distressing. Trelawney, who had been the chief person concerned in ascertaining the fate of his friends, completed his kindness by taking the most active part on this last mournful occasion. He and his friend Captain Shenley, were first upon the ground, attended by proper assistants. Lord Byron and myself arrived shortly afterwards. His lordship got out of his carriage, but wandered away from the spectacle, and did not see it. I remained inside the carriage, now looking on, now drawing back, with feelings that were not to be witnessed.

"None of the mourners, however, refused themselves the little comfort of supposing that lovers of books and antiquity, like Shelley and his companion,

—Shelley in particular, with his Greek enthusiasm, — would not have been sorry to foresee this part of their fate. The mortal part of him, too, was saved from corruption — not the least extraordinary part of his history.

"Among the materials for burning were many of the more graceful and more classical articles, such as could readily be procured — frankincense, wine, &c. To these was added Keats's volume found in his vest pocket.

"The beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was extraordinary. The weather was beautifully fine. The Mediterranean, now soft and lucid, kissed the shore as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand and blue sky were intensely contrasted with one another; marble mountains touched the air with coolness; and the flame of the fire bore away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty. It seemed as though it contained the glassy essence of vitality. You might have expected a seraphic countenance to look out of it, turning once more, before it departed, to thank the friends that had done their duty.

"Shelley, when he died, was in his thirtieth year. His figure was tall and slight, and his constitution consumptive. He was subject to violent spasmodic pains, which would sometimes force him to lie on the ground till they were over; but he had always a kind word to give to those about him, when his pangs allowed him to speak. In this organization, as well as in some other respects, he resembled the German poet Schiller. Though well turned, his shoulders were bent a little, owing to premature thought and trouble. The same causes had touched his hair with gray; and though his habits of temperance and exercise gave him a remarkable degree of strength, it is not supposed he could have lived many years."

§ 263. MISCELLANEOUS.

2752. CHRISTOPHER PITT, THE POET.

Benson, who wrote a pamphlet to expose Dryden's translation of Virgil, was fond of the alliteration for which Pitt was remarkable. Pitt thought it an excellence far less considerable than Benson did. "But," said he, "since you like it so well, this couplet upon Cardinal Wolsey will not displease you:—

"Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,
How high his honor holds his haughty head!"

2753. VEXATIONS OF OFFICE.

Sir Robert Walpole, at the close of his administration, was sitting one evening with some intimate friends, to whom he was complaining of the vanities and vexations of office, adding, from the second epistle of the second book of Horace,—

"*Luxuristi saties, edisti, atque bibisti;
Tempus abire tibi est.*"

"Pray, Sir Robert," says one of his friends, "is that good Latin?" "Why, I think so: what objections have you to it?" "Why," says the other, dryly, "I did not know but that the word might be *bride-isti* in your Horace."

2754. MAJOR ANDRE A POET AND PROPHET.

This accomplished gentleman and gallant warrior, who forfeited his life to the unforgiving laws of war, published in New York, but a short time previous to his death, a poem called the Cow Chase, which terminates with the following sadly prophetic lines:—

"And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble, as I show it,
Lest this same warrior-drover Wayne
Should ever catch the poet."

He was apprehended as a spy on the very day that the last canto made its appearance in New York.

2755. ORIGIN OF RHYMING.

One may find the origin of *bouts-rimés*, or "Rhyming Ends," in Goujet's Bib. fr. xvi. p. 181. One Dulot, a foolish poet, when sonnets were in demand, had a singular custom of preparing the rhymes of these poems, to be filled up at his leisure. Having been robbed of his papers, he was regretting most the loss of three hundred sonnets. His friends were astonished that he had written so many which they had never heard. "They were blank sonnets,"

he replied ; and explained the mystery by describing his *bouts-rimés*. The idea appeared ridiculously amusing ; and it soon became fashionable to collect the most difficult rhymes, and fill up the lines.

2756. BUCHANAN.

The famous poet Buchanan, in his travels, was taken hold of by some of the pope's inquisitors, his free writings having raised suspicions about his religion ; but he, to acquit himself, wrote to his holiness this distich :—

"*Laus tua, non tua fraus, virtus non copia rerum
Scandere te fecit hoc decus eximium.*"

For this encomium he was set at liberty ; and being gone out of the pope's jurisdiction, he sent to his holiness, and desired that, according to his own true meaning, the selfsame verses should be read backward. The reading was thus :—

"*Eximium decus hoc fecit te scandere rerum,
Copia non virtus, fraus tua, non tua laus.*"

2757. LORD BYRON'S APOLOGY.

No one knew how to apologize for an affront with better grace, or with more delicacy, than Lord Byron. In the first edition of the first canto of *Childe Harold*, the poet adverted in a note to two political tracts—one by Major Pasley, and the other by Gould Francis Leckie, Esq., and concluded his remarks by attributing "ignorance on the one hand, and prejudice on the other." Mr. Leckie, who felt offended at the severity, and, as he thought, injustice of the observations, wrote to Lord Byron, complaining of the affront. His lordship did not reply immediately to the letter, but in about three weeks he called upon Mr. Leckie, and begged him to accept an elegantly bound copy of a new edition of the poem, in which the offensive passage was omitted.

2758. THE MODERN ENGLISH POETESSES.

A charming article appeared about six years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, entitled *Modern English Poetesses*. It was written, we believe, by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, and is full of cautious but kindly criticism. The conclusion is worth quotation :—

"Meleager bound up his poems in a wreath. If we did the same, what flowers would suit our tuneful line ?

"1. Mrs. Norton would be the *Rose* ; or, if she like it, *Love lies a-bleeding*.

"2. Miss Barrett must be *Greek Valerian*, or *Lad-der to Heaven* ; or, if she pleases, *Wild Angelica*.

"3. Maria del Occidente is a *Passion Flower* confessed.

"4. Irene was *Grass of Parnassus*, or sometimes a *Roman Nettle*.

"5. Lady Emmeline is a *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and a *Crocus* too.

"6. Mrs. Southey is a *Meadow Sage*, or *Small Teasel*.

"7. The classical nymph of Exeter is a *Blue Belle*.

"8. V. is a *Violet*, with her leaves heart-shaped.

"9. And the authoress of '*Phantasmion*' is *Heart's Ease*."

The complimentary nature of the criticism drew a world of trouble upon John Murray, the well-known publisher of the *Quarterly*. He was inundated with verse. Each of the nine, in less than a week, offered him a volume—some on easy terms, some at an advanced price. He received letters, he received calls, and, worse still, volumes of manuscript verse.

But the friendly character of the criticism was not confined in its influence to the nine reviewed ; parcels of verse, from all parts of the country, were sent to receive an *imprimatur* at Albemarle Street. Some were tied with white tape, some were sewed with violet ribbon, and a few, in a younger hand, with Berlin wool.

"I wished," Mr. Murray has been heard to relate, "ten thousand times over, that the article had never been written. I had a great deal of trouble with the ladies who never appeared before ; and, while I declined to publish for the nine, succeeded in flattering their vanity, by assuring them that they had already done enough for fame, having written as much or more than Collins, Gray, or Goldsmith, whose reputations rested on a foundation too secure to be disturbed."

2759. DESTRUCTION OF LITERARY WORKS.

When Abdoolah, who, in the third century of the Mahometan era, governed Khorasan, was presented at Nishapoor with a manuscript, which was shown as a literary curiosity, he asked the title of it, and was told it was the tale of Wamick and Oozra, composed by the great poet Noshirwan. Abdoolah observed that those of his country and faith had nothing to do with any other book than the Koran, and that the composition of an idolater must be detestable. Not only he declined accepting it, but ordered it to be burnt in his presence ; and further issued a proclamation commanding all Persian manuscripts, which should be found within the circle of his government, to be burnt. Much of the most ancient poetry of the Persians perished by this fanatical edict.

2760. POPULARITY OF POETS.

When Lord Byron was presented with an American edition of *Childe Harold*, he exclaimed, "This, now, is something like immortality."

We are reminded of his remark by meeting in the Mexican correspondence of the Boston Atlas with this statement : "At Puebla I found in a convent a volume of Lalla Rookh, and another of the *Lady of the Lake*. On the battle-field of Contreras I picked up a volume of Burns's poems."

2761. BRYANT'S THANATOPSIS.

Bryant wrote *Thanatopsis* in his nineteenth year. It was offered for publication in the *North American Review*, then edited by Dana, the poet, who, discovering its great merit, thought it could not have been written by an American. The interest it excited produced a sort of epoch in the circle where it became known.

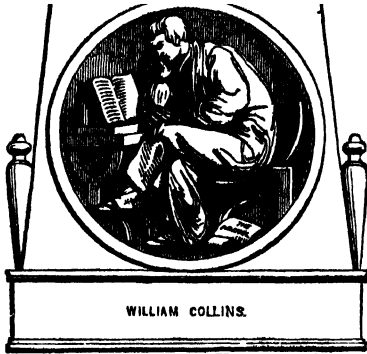
"Dana," says Griswold, "was informed that the author of it was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, then in session ; and he walked immediately from Cambridge to the state house in Boston, to

obtain a view of the remarkable man. A plain, middle-aged gentleman, with a business-like aspect, was pointed out to him : a single glance was sufficient ; the legislator could not be the author of *Thanatopsis* ; and he returned without seeking an introduction. The introduction of the real author to the public, however, soon followed ; and need we doubt the effect which was produced upon the youth's exhibiting such a merit ?

2762. POOR COLLINS.

"At Chichester," says Mr. D'Israeli, "tradition has preserved some striking and affecting occurrences of the last days of the unhappy Collins. He would haunt the aisles and cloisters of the cathedral, roving nights and days together, loving their

"Dim, religious light ;"



Tomb of Collins.

and when the choristers chanted their anthem, the listening and bewildered poet, carried out of himself by the solemn strains and his own too susceptible imagination, moaned and shrieked, and awoke a sadness and terror most affecting in so solemn a place, their friend, their kinsman, and their poet was before them, an awful image of human misery and ruined genius.

2763. A MAN OF BOOKS.

Lewis Sacks was born at Nuremburg, in 1494. He was taught the trade of a shoemaker, and received merely an education in reading and writing. But being instructed in music, he had acquired, at the age of fourteen, the art of writing poetry ; and continued to make "verses and shoes, plays and pumps, boots and books, till the seventy-seventh year of his age."

At this time, he took an inventory of his stock in trade, and found, according to his own narrative, that his works filled thirty folio volumes, all written with his own hand. They consisted of forty-two hundred mastership songs ; two hundred and eight comedies, tragedies, and farces, some of which

extended to seven acts ; seventeen hundred fables, tales, and miscellaneous poems ; and seventy-three devotional, military, and love songs, — making a sum total of six thousand and forty-eight pieces.

2764. BARON HALLER.

Poets change their opinions of their own productions wonderfully at different periods of life. Baron Haller was in his youth warmly attached to poetic composition. His house was on fire, and to rescue his poems, he rushed through the flames. He was so fortunate as to escape with his beloved manuscripts in his hands. Ten years afterwards, he condemned to the flames those very poems which he had ventured his life to preserve.

2765. AGE OF POETS.

Are poets destined to a long life ? It is rarely the case that they live to the common age of man, although instances are on record where they have lived to fourscore years and upwards. If manual exercise is united with close study, a man may lengthen his days to a good old age. It is the disregard of what produces ill health and endangers life that cuts down so many talented men in the flower of their days.

Ariosto died at the age of 59.

Burns died at the age of 38 ; Byron at the age of 36 ; Brainard at the age of 32 ; Butler at the age of 68.

Cowley died at the age of 49 ; Collins at the age of 55 ; Cowper at the age of 69 ; Camoens at the age of 55.

Dryden died at the age of 70 ; Dante at the age of 50.

Fessenden died at the age of 66.

Goldsmith died at the age of 41 ; Gray at the age of 57.

Hogg died at the age of 63 ; Hemans at the age of 45.

Logan died at the age of 40.

Milton died at the age of 67 ; Metastasio at the age of 34 ; Mellen at the age of 44 ; Moore at the age of 89.

Rockwell died at the age of 24.

Shenstone died at the age of 50 ; Spenser at the age of 46 ; Scott at the age of 61.

Thomson died at the age of 48.

Tasso died at the age of 52.

White died at the age of 21 ; Watts at the age of 75 ; Wordsworth at the age of about 60.

Young died at the age of 84.

2766. RALEIGH.

Walter Raleigh was one of the most remarkable men of the sixteenth century — less a poet, indeed, than a prose writer, and less a scholar than a man of court gallantry and a warrior. He was known both in the old world and the new.

His busy life was at length closed by a violent death, though probably an unjust one. The manner of his death will hardly find a parallel in history. He was beheaded October 29, 1618.

On the scaffold, after addressing the people in justification of his character and conduct, he took up the axe, and observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases."

Having tried how the block fitted his head, he told the executioner that he would give the signal by lifting his hand, and then added, "Fear not, but strike home."



Sir Walter Raleigh.

He then laid himself down, and was requested by the executioner to alter the position of his head. "So the heart be right," was his reply, "it is no matter which way the head lies." On the signal being given, the executioner failed to act with promptitude, which caused Raleigh to exclaim, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" By two strokes, which he received without shrinking, the head of this intrepid man was severed from his body.

2767. GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Some fourteen or fifteen years after the publication of *Gertrude*, Campbell found himself engaged in a correspondence with the son of Brandt, the Indian chief, who was represented by the poet as the leader of a savage party, whose ferocity gave to war more than its own horrors. Campbell had abused him, almost in the language of an American newspaper:—

"The mammoth comes, the foe, the monster Brandt,
With all his howling, desolating band."

It was rather a serious moment when a gentleman with an English name called on Campbell, demanding, on the part of the son of Brandt, some explanation of this language, as applied to his father. A long letter from Campbell is printed in *Stone's Life of Brandt*, addressed to the Mohawk chief, *Ahyawahga*, commonly called John Brandt, Esq., of the Grand River, Upper Canada, in which he states the various authorities which had misled him into the belief of the truth of the incidents on which his notion of Brandt's character was founded, and which, it seems, misrepresented it altogether.

It was, no doubt, a strange scene, and the poet could with some truth say, and with some pride, too, that when he wrote his poem, it was unlikely that

he should ever have contemplated the case of the son or daughter of an Indian chief being affected by its contents. He promises in future editions to correct the involuntary error, and he does so by saying, in a note, that the Brandt of the poem is a pure and declared character of fiction.

This does not satisfy Mr. Stone's sense of justice, who would have the tomahawk applied to the offending rhyme, and who thinks any thing less than this is a repetition of the offence.

2768. POETIC MISERIES.

Pope Urban VIII. erected a hospital for the benefit of decayed authors, and called it the *Retreat of the Incurables*, intimating that it was equally impossible to reclaim the patients from poverty or poetry.

Homer is the first poet and beggar of note among the ancients. He was blind, sung his ballads about the streets, and his mouth was oftener filled with verses than with bread.

Plautus, the comic poet, was better off; for he had two trades: he was a poet for his diversion, and helped to turn a mill in order to gain a living.

Terence was a slave, and Boëthius died in a jail.

Among the Italians, Paulo Burghese, almost as good a poet as Tasso, knew fourteen different trades, and yet died because he could get no employment in any of them.

Tasso was often obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to pay for a month's subsistence. He has left us a pretty sonnet to his cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes to write by, being too poor to buy a candle.

Bentivoglio, whose comedies will last with the Italian language, dissipated a large fortune in acts of benevolence, fell into poverty in his old age, and was refused admittance into a hospital, which, in his better days, he had himself paid for building.

In Spain, the great Cervantes died of hunger, and Camoens, equally celebrated in Portugal, ended his days in a hospital.

In France, Vaugelas was surnamed the *Owl*, from having been obliged to keep within all day, and only venturing out by night, through fear of his creditors. In his last will, he bequeathed every thing towards the discharge of his debts, and desired his body to be sold to that end.

Cassander was one of the greatest geniuses of his time, but barely able to procure his livelihood.

Bacon, "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind," lived a life of poverty and distress. Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold. Spenser, the charming Spenser, died forsaken and in want.

The death of Collins came through neglect, first causing mental derangement. Milton sold his copy-right of *Paradise Lost* for fifteen pounds, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity.

Dryden lived in poverty and distress, and towards the close of his life, was compelled to sell his talent piecemeal to support existence. "Little cause have I," said he, "to bless my stars for being born an Englishman."

It is quite enough for one century that it neglected a Cowley, and saw Butler starved to death. Otway died prematurely, and through hunger. Lee died in the streets; and Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs.

Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* was sold for a trifle to save him from the gripe of the law. Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory

at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot. Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of eight pounds, leaving his corpse to the

jailer, who defrayed the expense of his interment. Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself by taking poison.

§ 264. PRECOCITY OF MIND.

2769. ZERAH COLBURN.



HE eccentric Zerah Colburn was the sixth child of a somewhat indigent family in Caledonia county, Vermont. He was born in 1804. He and two of his brothers inherited from their father a superfluous finger, growing from the outside of each hand.

During the first years of Zerah's life, he gave no evidence of unusual talents; indeed, he was unusually awkward and backward. Owing to this circumstance, to parental indigence, and to the fact that he was at a great distance from school, he only received, during this long period, about six weeks of school instruction.

When he was within one month of six years of age, while his father was employed at joiner's work, and Zerah was playing on the floor, he suddenly began to say to himself, 5 times 7 are 35, 6 times 8 are 48, &c. His father's attention being arrested by hearing this, so unexpectedly, and at so early an age, he left his work, and began to examine him on the multiplication table. At first, he supposed he might have learnt it from other boys, but he soon found it was not so.

He now proceeded to interrogate him beyond the multiplication table. The first question of this kind was, what was the product of 97, multiplied by 13. He replied instantly, 1261. Other questions followed, still more difficult. The father was astonished.

The fact was so remarkable, that by means of the papers, it soon spread through the United States and Europe. The public curiosity being now highly excited, together with the ambition, vanity, and perhaps cupidity of his friends, he soon began to travel abroad with his father.

He was in Boston in the fall of 1810, when he was little over six years of age. The following questions were put to him:—

1. In 2000 years how many seconds? His answer was, 730,000 days, 17,520,000 hours, 1,051,200,000 minutes, 63,072,000,000 seconds.

2. Allowing a clock strikes 156 times in one day, how many times will it strike in 2000 years?

Answer. 113,880,000 times.

3. What is the product of 12,225, multiplied by 1223?

Answer. 14,951,175.

4. Suppose I have a cornfield, on which are 7 acres, having 17 rows to each acre, 64 hills to each row, 8 ears on a hill, and 150 kernels on an ear: how many kernels in the cornfield?

Answer. 9,139,200.

Before he was eight years of age, he was taken to Europe. In London, Paris, and elsewhere, he attracted much attention. The Earl of Bristol, and some other eminent gentlemen, gave him encour-

agement. He was finally placed, for a season, in one of the government schools of France. He remained in Europe several years. But it was at length found out, both by him and his father, (who accompanied him,) that the expense of a residence in Europe was too great for the receipts, and young Colburn was induced to try the stage, where he was well received. But even this was not permanent.

His fortune was various, both in the old world and the new. At eighteen years of age, we find him teaching school for his support. At twenty-one or twenty-two, he became a preacher, in Vermont, of the Wesleyan Methodist connection. Here, and every where else, except in numbers, he was only a common man.

It was a long time before he could be persuaded to explain how he procured his results, and when urged to the task, he would sometimes even weep. We have no room for details in such a work as this.

2770. TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD.

To the state of Vermont was reserved the honor—if honor it can be called—of producing two of the greatest prodigies in mathematics, which our country has ever seen—Zerah Colburn and Truman Henry Safford. Of the former, we have given a brief account already; of the latter we will say a few words—all for which we have room.

This young prodigy was born at Royalton, Vermont, early in the year 1836, and, consequently, is now fifteen years of age. His present home is Cambridge, Massachusetts, near Mount Auburn Cemetery, where the writer of this article has just seen and conversed with him.

His father is a hardy farmer, but possesses superior intelligence, and his mother, formerly a judicious teacher, is said to have been as good a scholar as the Green Mountains ever produced. We are not, therefore, to wonder at superior intellectual power in their progeny; but with every allowance for a good inheritance, we should hardly be prepared for what we now behold.

Young Safford had a highly delicate mental organization to begin with. He was very frail during his infancy—so frail that none but a superior mother could have reared him. On entering his second year, his health underwent a change for the better.

The avidity of his infant intellect was insatiable. He learnt the names and external character of objects with astonishing rapidity, and forgot nothing. When but twenty months old, he learnt the alphabet, in the space of a month, from blocks. At the beginning of his third year, he learnt to reckon time upon the clock, and to enumerate from Webster's Spelling Book. At three years of age, he commenced going to school.

He did not like school, and, above all, school methods and restrictions. He had a way of his own. Every branch of study he preferred to master alone. His progress was astonishingly rapid.

Adams's New Arithmetic, for example, he went through with, thoroughly, in four days!

In his sixth year, he told his father, one day, that if he would tell him how many rods it was round a certain field, he would tell him how many barley-corns it would take to surround it. The father told him the number of rods was 1040. In a few minutes, the boy gave from his head the proper answer, viz., 617,760 barleycorns.

The maximum of Zerah Colburn's faculty of calculation was to give the product of four places of figures by five. Young Safford could equal this in his ninth year. This year, he suffered from a severe fit of sickness; but his mental powers were not impaired by it in the end.

At nine and a half years old, he prepared an almanac. The next year, he calculated four more—for Vermont, Boston, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. Some portions of the miscellaneous parts of these were the products of another hand; but the usual calendar calculations were prepared solely by Safford. In his tenth year, he even constructed a rule unknown before for calculating eclipses.

His greatest feat—perhaps the greatest of the kind ever performed—consisted in multiplying correctly in one minute, in his head, 365,365,365,365,365,365 by 365,365,365,365,365,365. He was then ten years old. It nearly overcame him.

We are not aware that there has been, as yet, any falling off in the case of this young prodigy. Judging from similar cases which have come before the world, and reasoning *a priori* on the subject, such a result might have been expected. May we not hope that the present case is an exception to the general rule?

The details of examinations made by Professor Peirce, and the late President Everett, of Harvard College, to show his giant powers in mathematics, would be exceedingly interesting. They may, however, be found elsewhere, especially in the Ladies' Repository for April, 1849, from the pen of Rev. A. Stevens, editor of Zion's Herald.

What is most needed, however, in the case of young Safford, at present, is bodily cultivation and discipline. His precocity will otherwise shorten his days. Would that a mind and heart as pure as his seem to be were often joined to a higher degree of physical hardihood, and greater capability of endurance!

2771. PRINCE HENRY'S WIT AND BRILLIANCY.

Prince Henry, the son of James I., whose premature death was lamented by the people, as well as by poets and historians, unquestionably would have proved an heroic and military character. Had he ascended the throne, the whole face of history might have been changed.

The prince early attracted the attention and excited the hopes of those who were about his person. A manuscript narrative has been preserved, which was written by one who tells us that he was "an attendant upon the prince's person ever after he was under the age of three years, and always diligently observed his disposition, behavior, and speeches." The latest anecdotes could not have occurred beyond the thirteenth or fourteenth year.

The first time he went to the town of Stirling, to meet the king, observing, without the gate of the town, a stack of corn, it fancifully struck him with

the shape of the top he used to play with; and the child exclaimed, "That's a good top." "Why do you not play with it, then?" he answered. "Set you it up for me, and I will play with it."

This is just the fancy we might expect in a lively child, with a shrewdness above its years. In all things, freedom of action, from his own native impulse, he preferred to the settled rules of his teachers; and when his physician told him that he rode too fast, he replied, "Must I ride by rules of physic?" When he was eating a cold capon, in cold weather, the physician told him that that was not suitable meat for the weather. "You may see, doctor," said Henry, "that my cook is no astronomer."

Born in Scotland, and heir to the crown of England at a time when the mutual jealousies of the two nations were running so high, the boy often had occasion to express the unity of affection which was really in his heart. Being questioned by a nobleman, whether, after his father, he had rather be a king of England or Scotland, he asked which of them was best. Being answered that it was England, "Then," said the Scottish born prince, "would I have both." And once in reading this verse in Virgil,—

"Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur,"

the boy said he would make use of that verse for himself, with a slight alteration, thus:—

"Anglus Scotusne mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

He was careful to keep alive the same feeling for another part of the British dominions, and the young prince appears to have been regarded with great affection by the Welsh; for when once the prince asked a gentleman at what mark he should shoot, the courtier pointed with levity at a Welshman who was present. "Will you see, then," said the princely boy, "how I will shoot at Welshmen?" Turning his back from him, the prince shot his arrow in the air.

When a Welshman, who had taken a large carouse, in the fulness of his heart and his head, said, in the presence of the king, that the prince should have forty thousand Welshmen to wait upon him against any king in Christendom, the king, not a little jealous, hastily inquired, "To do what?" The little prince turned away the momentary alarm by his facetiousness. "To cut off the heads of forty thousand leeks."

One of his servants having cut the prince's finger, and sucked out the blood with his mouth, that it might heal the more easily, the young prince, who expressed no displeasure at the accident, said to him pleasantly, "If—which God forbid!—my father, myself, and the rest of his kindred should fail, you might claim the crown, for you have now in you the blood royal."

Our little prince once resolved on a hearty game of play, and for this purpose only admitted his young gentlemen, and excluded the men: it happened that an old servant, not aware of the injunction, entered the apartment, on which the prince told him he might play too; and when the prince was asked why he admitted this old man rather than the other men, he rejoined, "Because he had a right to be of their number, for *senex bis puer*."

It was then the mode, when the king or the prince travelled, to sleep with their suite at the house of the nobility; and the loyalty and zeal of the host were usually displayed in the reception

given to the royal guests. It happened that in one of these excursions the prince's servants complained that they had been obliged to go to bed supperless, through the pinching parsimony of the house, which the little prince at the time of hearing seemed to take no great notice of.

The next morning, the lady of the house coming to pay her respects to him, she found him turning over a volume that had many pictures in it; one of which was a painting of a company sitting at a banquet: this he showed her. "I invite you, madam, to a feast." "To what feast?" she asked. "To this feast," said the boy. "What, would your highness give me but a painted feast?" Fixing his eye on her, he said, "No better, madam, is found in this house." There was a delicacy and greatness of spirit in this ingenious reprimand, far excelling the wit of a child.

2772. THOMAS WILLIAMS MALKIN.

Thomas Williams Malkin was two years old before he began to talk; but he was familiar with the alphabet almost half a year sooner. Before he could articulate, when a letter was named, he immediately pointed to it with his finger.

From this time, when he was two years old, and the acquisition of speech seemed to put him in possession of all the instruments necessary to the attainment of knowledge, he immediately began to read, spell, and write with a rapidity which could scarcely be credited by those who were witnesses of its reality.

Before he was three years old, he had taught himself to make letters, first in imitation of printed books, and afterwards of handwriting, and that without any instruction, for he was left to chalk out his own pursuits of this nature.

On his birthday, when he attained the age of three years, he wrote a letter to his mother with a pencil, and a few months afterwards, he addressed others to some of his relatives.

At the age of four, he had learnt the Greek alphabet, and had advanced so far in Latin as to write an exercise every day with a considerable degree of accuracy. Before he had reached his fifth year, he not only read English with perfect fluency, "but," says his father, "he understood it with critical precision."

He had acquired a happy art in copying maps with neatness and accuracy—an amusement to which he was very partial. He had also made copies from some of Raphael's heads, so much in unison with the style and sentiment of the originals, as to induce connoisseurs to predict, that if he were to pursue the arts as a profession, he would one day rank among the most distinguished of their votaries.

When he was in his seventh year, he wrote fables, and made one or two respectable attempts at poetical composition; but the most singular instance of a fertile imagination, united with the power of making all he met with in books or conversation his own, yet remains to be told.

This was the idea of a visionary country, called *Allestone*, which was so strongly impressed on his own mind as to enable him to convey an intelligible and lively transcript of its description. Of this delightful territory he considered himself as king. He had formed the plan of writing its history, and had executed detached parts of it.

Neither did his ingenuity stop here; for he drew a map of the country, giving names of his own

invention to the principal mountains, rivers, cities, seaports, villages, and trading towns. This map, in whatever light it is viewed, is a very remarkable production. Considerable part of the history he wrote in a number of letters and tales, in which he displayed a most fertile imagination.

This was one of the last efforts of his genius, for this youthful prodigy of learning died before he attained the seventeenth year of his age.

2773. PASCAL OUTDONE.

The French newspapers, of August, 1760, gave an account of a boy, only five years of age, whose precocity of talent exceeded even that of Pascal himself. He was introduced to the assembly of the Academy of Montpellier, where a great number of questions were put to him on the Latin language, on sacred and profane history, ancient and modern, on mythology, geography, chronology, and even philosophy, and the elements of the mathematics; all which he answered with so much accuracy, that the Academy gave him a most honorable certificate.

2774. LILLY, DESCARTES, PLATO, AND OTHERS.

Lilly, the astronomer, was born and brought up among rustic society; but he turned his childish mind from sheep and oxen, from ploughs and harrows, to the moon and stars.

Descartes was termed "the philosopher" when he was a child.

Plato was eloquent in infancy. Poetry has been able to boast of some of her worthiest sons, that they were cradled in the lap of the Muses. This was the case with Cowley, Milton, Lope de Vega, Pope, Watts, and many others. Pope says of himself,—

"While still a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

2775. NANTEUIL, HANDEL, AND FERGUSON.

We find Nanteuil, when a boy, his parents being averse to their son's practising drawing, hiding himself in a tree to pursue the delightful exercise of his pencil.

Handel was intended for a doctor of the civil laws, but no parental discouragement could deprive him of his enthusiasm for the musical science; for, ever touching harpsichords, and having secretly conveyed a musical instrument to a retired apartment, he sat there through the night awakening his harmonious spirit.

Ferguson, the child of a peasant, acquired the art of reading without any one suspecting it, by listening to his father teaching his brother. He made a wooden watch, without the slightest knowledge of mechanism, and while a shepherd, like an ancient Chaldean, studied the phenomena of the heavens; and he made a celestial globe, as he had made a wooden watch. Can we hesitate to believe that in such minds there was not a resistless and mysterious propensity growing up with the temperaments of these artists?

Ferguson was a shepherd lad on a plain, placed entirely out of the chance of imitation, or of the influence of casual excitement, or any other of those

sources of genius so frequently assigned for its production.

2776. KING EDWARD VI.

Though considerable talents and attainments have not always been associated with eminent stations, a goodly number of the great are to be found in the list of those who have been richly endowed by their Creator, and have diligently improved his gifts. The young King Edward VI. stands among the most prominent of these examples.

This amiable prince was born in 1537, at Hampton Court. His mother was Jane Seymour, the third wife of Henry VIII. At the early age of six years, he was committed to the care of Sir Anthony Cook, and other learned preceptors, who were intent on his improvement in spiritual knowledge, as well as in science and learning. The manner in which these gentlemen performed their duties, and in which the prince improved, may be ascertained from an account written by William Thomas, a learned man, who was afterwards clerk of the council. He says,—

"If ye knew the towardness of that young prince, your hearts would melt to hear him named, and your stomach abhor the malice of them that would him ill. The beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun, the wittiest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world. Such a capacity in learning the things taught him by his schoolmaster, that it is a wonder to hearsay. And, finally, he hath such a grace of posture, and gesture in gravity, when he comes into a presence, that it should seem he were already a father, and yet passes he not the age of ten years. A thing, undoubtedly, much rather to be seen than believed."

In his ninth year he wrote letters in Latin and French; and in the British Museum are themes and orations in Latin, which he then composed. Curio, the Italian reformer, told his tutors, "that by their united prayers, counsels, and industry, they had formed a king of the highest, even divine hopes."

His ardent attachment and reverence to the Holy Scriptures are well known; and Fox tells us that "he was not wanting in diligence to receive whatever his instructors would teach him. So that, in the midst of all his play and recreation, he would always keep the hours appointed to study, using the same with much attention, till time called him again from his book to pastime."

"In this, his study and keeping of his hours, he so profited, that Cranmer, beholding his towardness, his readiness in both tongues, in translating from Greek to Latin, from Latin to Greek again, in declaiming with his schoolfellows, without help of his teachers, and that extempore, wept for joy, declaring to Dr. Cox, his schoolmaster, that he would never have thought it to have been in the prince, except he had seen it himself."

He became acquainted with seven languages, and well understood logic and theology.

2777. MICHAEL VERIN.

Michael Verin was born at Florence, in 1468. His father, whose name was Hugolino, was a man of a cultivated mind and of literary pursuits. He took peculiar pleasure in the instruction of his little son, assiduously promoting the development of his talents, and imbuing his mind with the love of virtue and knowledge. He taught him the

elements of the Latin, Greek, and Italian languages; but was prevented from continuing his education by affairs which required the whole of his time and attention.

He therefore placed Michael in a seminary at Rome, where he made such rapid proficiency, that he had completed his grammatical studies at ten years old; and at that age he very well understood the Greek and Latin, Italian and Spanish: he had also a good knowledge of profane and sacred history, and had successfully applied himself to poetry.

What facilitated the acquisition of so much knowledge, was the method and regularity which he uniformly observed in his studies. He devoted stated hours to stated pursuits, employed every moment to the best advantage, and "never put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day."

Verin read with delight the works of the philosophers, orators, and poets of antiquity, and treasured in his mind the excellences and beauties they contain. He had a decided talent for poetry, and very ingeniously reduced into Latin distichs what he had selected as the most judicious maxims and reflections of Homer, Virgil, Plato, Horace, Sallust, Ovid, and Cicero, chiefly on political and moral subjects.

After having finished this performance, he had it printed, under the title of *Moral Distichs*, and presented it to the public. The young poet was then only in his thirteenth year. This work was received with great applause by all the literati of the time, and some of the learned supplied it with explanatory notes, to render it more easy to the apprehension of youth.

This amiable and prepossessing youth died in his fifteenth year.

2778. LEWIS CANDIAC.

Lord Lewis Candiac, a premature genius, was born at Candiac, in the diocese of Nismes, in France, in 1719. In the cradle he distinguished his letters; at thirteen months he knew them perfectly; at three years old he read Latin, either printed or in manuscript; at four he translated from that tongue; at six he read Greek and Hebrew, was master of the principles of arithmetic, history, and geography, heraldry, and the science of medals, and had read the best authors on almost every branch of literature. He died of a complication of disorders, in Paris, 1726.

2779. HUGO GROTIUS.

Hugo Grotius was born at Delft, April 10, 1583, and had the best master to direct his education. He was distinguished from his earliest years by great brilliancy of his parts, and his application was equally remarkable. At eight years of age he composed Latin elegiac verses, and at fourteen he maintained public theses in mathematics, law, and philosophy, with general applause. His reputation by this time was established, and he was mentioned by the principal scholars of the age as a prodigy of learning, and as destined to make a conspicuous figure in the republic of letters. His memory was said to be so retentive, that he remembered every thing he had ever read.

In 1598, he accompanied Barnevelt, ambassador extraordinary of the Dutch states, in a journey to France, where he was introduced to Henry IV., who was so pleased with his learning, that he presented

him with his picture and a gold chain. While in France he took the degree of doctor of laws. The following year he commenced practice as an advocate, and pleaded his first cause at Delft. In the same year, though then only seventeen, he was chosen historiographer to the United Provinces, in preference to several learned men who were candidates for that office.

2780. EARLY PROFICIENCY AS A LINGUIST.

The Abbé de Rance, afterwards a celebrated monk of La Trappe, made such a rapid proficiency in Greek, that at the age of twelve he translated Anacreon, and published it with learned notes. He was very little older when he was appointed to a considerable benefice. Some persons at court murmuring at the advancement of so young an abbé, Caussin, the Jesuit, was directed by the king to examine him.

When the little abbé came to court, Caussin had Homer lying before him, and desired De Rance to read a passage which casually presented itself. The boy read it immediately in French; the Jesuit could not credit such an extraordinary facility, but thought he had looked at the Latin version, printed in the same page; and, covering the Latin with his gloves, was surprised to hear the lad explain the Greek as before. The Jesuit, astonished, exclaimed, "*Ubes lynceus oculos.*"—"You have lynx eyes, my son, for you can see through a pair of gloves."

2781. THE AUSTRIAN PRODIGY.

Wilhelm Otto von Prawn, the son of a captain of cavalry in the Austrian service, was born at Tyrnau, in Hungary, on the 1st of June, 1811. When but an infant, he showed a singular desire for instruction; and in his second year he had acquired such a readiness in the knowledge of his letters, in reading, and in deciphering prints of subjects from general and natural history, that on the 1st of November, 1813, when but two years and five months old, he was deemed qualified to enter the second form of the principal national school of Tyrnau.

Having attended the school about ten months. on the 26th of August, 1814, he was examined with the rest of the pupils, and bore away the highest prize from seventy of his juvenile competitors, in reading and writing German, in Hungarian orthography, his catechism, and drawing.

On the examination of the 17th of March, 1815, this child, who had then attained the age of three years and three quarters, was again pronounced the greatest proficient among the one hundred and twenty-four pupils of his form, in reading the German, Hungarian, and Latin languages, in arithmetic, and his catechism.

This infant prodigy excited still greater attention, from the extraordinary and more rapid progress he made in music. From his second year he studied the violin with so much success, that after the examination of the 17th of March, he astonished those who were assembled to hear him; namely, the magistracy, all the teachers of the principal national schools, and a number of amateurs of music, by taking the leading part in a duet and trio of Pleyel's.

This he repeated on the 13th of April following, at a party given by Prince Schwartzzenburgh, at Tyrnau, before a numerous circle of nobility. Nor was the progress he made in acquiring foreign

languages, fencing, and drawing, inferior to his other advancements.

During the summer of 1815, this boy gave a public concert at Vienna, where the astonishment and admiration of all present were unbounded. The proceeds of it he bestowed on the invalid fund.

2782. EARLY LIFE OF ROBERT HALL.

Sir Robert Hall, when a boy about six years of age, was sent to a boarding-school, where he spent the week, coming home Saturday and returning Monday. When he went away on Monday morning, he would take with him two or three books from his father's library, to read at the intervals between school hours. The books he selected were not those of mere amusement, but such as required deep and serious thought. Before he was nine years old, he had read over and over again, with the deepest interest, Edwards on the Affections, Edwards on the Will, and Butler's Analogy.

2783. GEORGE MORLAND.

George Morland was the son of a painter and picture dealer. Almost as soon as he escaped from the cradle, he took to the pencil and crayon, and showed that he inherited art the natural way. The indications of early talent in others are nothing compared to him. At four, five, and six years of age, he made drawings worthy of ranking him among the common race of students: the praise bestowed on these by the Society of Artists, to whom they were exhibited, and the money which collectors were willing to pay for the works of this new wonder, induced his father to urge him onward in his studies; and his progress was rapid.

But it is a dangerous thing to overtask either the mind or the body at these years, and there is great reason to believe that young Morland suffered both of these evils. His father stimulated him by praise and by indulgences at the table, and, to insure his continuance at his allotted tasks, shut him up in a garret, and excluded him from free air, which strengthens the body, and from education, that free air which nourishes the mind.

His stated work for the time was making drawings from pictures and from plaster casts, which his father carried out and sold; but as he increased in skill, he chose his subjects from popular songs and ballads, such as "Young Roger came Tapping at Dolly's Window," "My Name it is Jack Hall," "I am a Bold Shoemaker; from Belfast Town I came," and other productions of the mendicant muse.

The copies of pictures and casts were commonly sold for three half crowns each; the original sketches—some of them a little free in posture, and not over delicately handled—were framed and disposed of for any sum from two to five guineas, according to the cleverness of the piece, or the generosity of the purchaser. Though far inferior to the productions of his manhood, they were much admired; engravers found it profitable to copy them, and before he was sixteen years old, his name had flown far and wide.

2784. THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

This gentleman was a native of Scotland, who, in the course of a short life, acquired an uncommon

degree of celebrity, and on account of his extraordinary endowments, both of mind and body, obtained the appellation of "the admirable Crichton," by which title he has continued to be distinguished to the present day.

The time of his birth is said to have been in 1560. He is said to have received his grammatical education at Perth, and to have studied philosophy at the University of St. Andrew's. His tutor at that university was Mr. John Rutherford, a professor, at that time, famous for his learning, and who distinguished himself by writing four books on Aristotle's logic, and a commentary on his poetics.

According to Aldus Manutius, who called Crichton first cousin to the king, he was also instructed, with his majesty, by Buchanan, Hepburn, and Robertson, as well as by Rutherford; and he had scarcely arrived at the twentieth year of his age, when he had gone through the whole circle of the sciences, and could speak and write to perfection in ten different languages. Nor had he neglected the ornamental branches of education; for he had likewise improved himself, to the highest degree, in riding, dancing, and singing, and was a skilful performer on all sorts of instruments.

Possessing these numerous accomplishments, Crichton went abroad upon his travels, and is said to have first visited Paris. Of his transactions at that place, the following account is given: He caused six placards to be fixed on all the gates of the schools, halls, and colleges of the university, and on all the pillars and posts before the houses belonging to the most renowned literary characters in that city, inviting all those who were well versed in any art or science to dispute with him in the college of Navarre, that day six weeks, by nine o'clock in the morning, when he would attend them, and be ready to answer to whatever should be proposed to him in any art or science, and in any of these twelve languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Sclavonian; and this either in verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant.

During the whole intermediate time, instead of closely applying to his studies, as might have been expected, he attended to nothing but hunting, hawking, tilting, vaulting, riding, tossing the pike, handling the musket, and other military feats; or else he employed himself in domestic games, such as balls, concerts of music, vocal and instrumental, cards, dice, tennis, and the like diversions of youth.

This conduct so provoked the students of the university, that beneath the placard which was fixed on the Navarre gate, they wrote the following words: "If you would meet with this monster of perfection, the readiest way to find him is to inquire for him at the tavern, or the houses of ill fame."

Nevertheless, when the day appointed arrived, Crichton appeared in the college of Navarre, and acquitted himself beyond expression in the disputation, which lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night. At length the president, after extolling him highly for the many rare and excellent endowments which God and nature had bestowed upon him, rose from his chair, and, accompanied by four of the most eminent professors of the university, gave him a diamond ring, and a purse full of gold, as a testimony of their respect and admiration. The whole ended with the repeated acclamations and huzzas of the spectators, and henceforward our young disputant was called the "admirable Crichton."

We find him, about two years after this display of his talents, at Rome, where he affixed a placard in all the conspicuous places of the city, in the following terms: "We, James Crichton, of Scotland, will answer extempore any question that may be proposed." In a city which abounded in wit, this bold challenge could not escape the ridicule of a pasquinade. It is said, however, that being nowise discouraged, he appeared at the time and place appointed, and that, in the presence of the pope, many cardinals, bishops, doctors of divinity, and professors in all the sciences, he exhibited such wonderful proofs of his universal knowledge, that he excited no less surprise than he had done at Paris.

Boccalini, however, who was then at Rome, gives a somewhat different account of the matter. According to that writer, the pasquinade made such an impression upon him, that he left a place where he had been so grossly affronted as to be put upon a level with jugglers and mountebanks.

From Rome Crichton proceeded to Venice, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Aldus Manutius, Laurentius Massa, Speron Speronius, Johannes Donatus, and various other learned persons, to whom he presented several poems in commendation of the city and university. At length he was introduced to the doge and senate, in whose presence he made a speech, which was accompanied with such beauty of eloquence, and such grace of person and manner, that he received the thanks of that illustrious body, and nothing but this prodigy of nature was talked of through the whole city.

He likewise held disputations on the subjects of theology, philosophy, and mathematics, before the most eminent professors and large multitudes of people. His reputation was so great, that the desire of seeing and hearing him brought together a vast concourse of persons from different quarters to Venice. It may be collected from Manutius, that the time in which Crichton gave these demonstrations of his abilities was in the year 1580.

From Padua, Crichton set out for Mantua, where there happened to be at that time a gladiator who had foiled, in his travels, the most skilful fencers in Europe, and had lately killed three who had entered the lists with him in that city. The Duke of Mantua was much grieved at having granted this man his protection, as he found it to be attended with such fatal consequences.

Crichton, being informed of his concern, offered his services to drive the murderer, not only from Mantua, but from Italy, and to fight him for fifteen hundred pistoles. Though the duke was unwilling to expose such an accomplished person to so great a hazard, yet, relying on the report he had heard of his martial feats, he agreed to the proposal, and the time and place being appointed, the whole court attended to behold the performance.

At the beginning of the combat, Crichton stood only on his defence; while the Italian made his attack with such engerness and fury, that he began to be fatigued. Crichton now seized the opportunity of attacking his antagonist in return, which he did with so much dexterity and vigor, that he ran him through the body in three different places, so that he immediately died of his wounds.

On this occasion the acclamations of the spectators were loud and extraordinary; and it was acknowledged by all of them that they had never seen art, grace, or nature, second the precepts of art in so striking a manner as on that day. To crown the glory of the action, Crichton bestowed the prize of his victory on the widows of the three

persons who had lost their lives in fighting with his antagonist.

It is asserted that in consequence of this and his other wonderful performances, the Duke of Mantua made choice of him as preceptor to his son, Vincenzio de Gonzaga, who is represented as being of a riotous temper and a dissolute life.

One night, during the carnival, as he was walking through the streets of Mantua, and playing upon his guitar, he was attacked by half a dozen people in masks. The assailants found that they had no ordinary person to deal with, for they were not able to maintain their ground against him. Having at length disarmed the leader of the company, the latter pulled off his mask, and begged his life, telling him he was the prince, his pupil.

Crichton immediately fell upon his knees, and expressed his concern for his mistake; alleging that what he had done was only in his own defence, and that if Gonzaga had any design upon his life, he might always be master of it. Then taking his sword by the point, he presented it to the prince, who was so irritated at being foiled with all his attendants, that he instantly ran Crichton through the heart, in his twenty-third year.

2755. THE SISTERS DAVIDSON.

Among the more remarkable instances which are on record of mental precocity is the case of the two sisters, Lucretia M. and Margaret Davidson, daughters of Dr. Oliver Davidson, of Plattsburg, New York.

These young females were as beautiful in form and feature as they were brilliant in intellect. Lucretia was uncommonly symmetrical, though the prevailing expression of her face was melancholy. Her poetical writings, besides many which she burnt, amounted to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces.

A writer in the London Quarterly Review, supposed to be Dr. Southey, the poet laureate, said of her, "In our own language, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, we can call to mind no instance of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement." When she was only four years old, a number of her little books were found, filled with rude drawings, and accompanied by a number of verses in explanation of them, written in the characters of the printed alphabet. Her parents were poor, and she was compelled to almost constant employment at domestic services; yet every moment of leisure was devoted to reading.

It was thought a very great favor, when a gentleman, who knew of her literary taste, placed her at a female seminary; but his kindness proved the occasion of her destruction. Her constitution, already feeble, soon yielded to disease, under which she gradually sank, at the early age of seventeen years.

Margaret Davidson, who nearly resembled her sister in habits, taste, and character, was also eminently precocious in her intellect, and died early.

2756. DON LOPE DE VEGA.

It is usual for precocious persons to perish prematurely. Such, however, was not the case with Lope de Vega, the Spanish dramatic poet. He lived to full threescore and ten; and yet he was one of the most remarkable instances of mental precocity which we have on record.

While a mere child he displayed a lively taste for poetry. Like Watts, he made verses before he knew how to write them; and, if we are to place full reliance on his own statements, he had composed several theatrical pieces when scarcely twelve years of age.

From this period, during his whole life of about seventy-three years, he continued without interruption to produce poems and plays. We have seen elsewhere that, according to the estimate of some, he had printed what would have been equal to one thousand volumes of four hundred and twenty-six pages each, admitting each page to contain fifty lines; and that he claimed to have written still more that never saw the light; and that he wrote in all one hundred and thirty-three thousand sheets, or, on an average, five sheets a day his whole life. If he is supposed to have commenced writing at thirteen years of age, and to have written every day for seventy years, he must, on this supposition, have written about two thousand lines daily. But his works were less valuable to the world than those of many authors who were less voluminous, and they are now chiefly forgotten.

2757. JOHN PHILIP BARATIERE.

John Philip Baratiere was a most extraordinary instance of the early and rapid exertion of mental faculties. This surprising child was the son of Francis Baratiere, minister of the French church at Schwoback, near Nuremberg, where he was born, January 10, 1721. The French was his mother tongue, with some words of High Dutch; and, by means of his father's occasionally talking Latin to him, it became as familiar to him as the rest; so that, without knowing the rules of grammar, he, at four years of age, talked French to his mother, Latin to his father, and High Dutch to the servant and neighboring children, without mixing or confounding the respective languages.

About the middle of his fifth year, he acquired Greek in like manner; so that in fifteen months he perfectly understood all the Greek books in the Old and New Testament, which he translated into Latin.

When five years and eight months old, he entered upon Hebrew; and, in three years more, was so expert in the Hebrew text, that, from a Bible without points, he could give the sense of the original in Latin or French, or translate, extempore, the Latin or French versions into Hebrew.

He composed a dictionary of rare and difficult Hebrew words; and, about his tenth year, amused himself for twelve months with the rabbinical writers. With these he intermixed a knowledge of the Chaldaic, Syriac, and Arabic; and acquired a taste for divinity and ecclesiastical antiquity, by studying the Greek fathers of the first four ages of the church.

In the midst of these occupations, a pair of globes coming into his possession, he could, in eight or ten days, resolve all the problems on them; and, in January, 1735, he devised his project for the discovery of the longitude, which he communicated to the Royal Society of London, and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin.

In June, 1731, he was matriculated in the University of Altorf; and, at the close of 1732, he was presented by his father at the meeting of the reformed churches of the Circle of Franconia, who, astonished at his wonderful talents, admitted him to assist in the deliberations of the synod; and to pre-

serve the memory of so singular an event, it was registered in their acts.

In 1634, the Margrave of Brandenburg Anspach granted this young scholar a pension of fifty florins; and his father receiving a call to the French church at Stettin, in Pomerania, young Baratiere was, on the journey, admitted master of arts. At Berlin he was honored with several conversations with the King of Prussia, and was received into the Royal Academy.

The king, to mortify our ingenious youth, coldly asked him if he knew the law. The learned boy was constrained to confess that he knew nothing of law. "Go," was the king's reply, "go and study it before you give yourself out as a scholar." Poor Baratiere renounced for this his other studies, for the time being, and became an excellent lawyer at the end of fifteen months; but the effort is considered by some to have been the occasion of his untimely decease.

Towards the close of his life he acquired a considerable taste for medals, inscriptions, and antiquities, metaphysical inquiries, and experimental philosophy. He wrote several essays and dissertations; made astronomical remarks and laborious calculations; took great pains towards a history of the heresies of the anti-Trinitarians, and of the thirty years' war in Germany.

His last publication, which appeared in 1740, was on the succession of the bishops of Rome. The final work he engaged in, and for which he had gathered large materials, was, *Inquiries concerning the Egyptian Antiquities*.

But the substance of this blazing meteor was now almost exhausted. He was always weak and sickly, and died October 5, 1740, aged nineteen years eight months and sixteen days.

Baratiere published eleven different pieces, and left twenty-six manuscripts, on various subjects, the contents of which may be seen in his life, written by M. Formey, professor of philosophy at Berlin.

2788. DELRIUS.

Among the various instances of literary precocity, perhaps that of the learned Delrius is the most extraordinary. At the early age of nineteen, he published a work illustrative of Seneca, quoting one hundred thousand different authors.

2789. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"I last night supped at Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius for a boy I ever knew. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on: it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the

storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes; they will all perish!'

"After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton, and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was, 'How strange it is that Adam, just new come into the world, should know every thing! That must be the poet's fancy,' says he. But when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded.

"When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' 'Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso, like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuoso?' 'Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know every thing.'

"Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. 'Why, twelve or fourteen.' No such thing; he is not quite six years old."

2790. MUSICAL PRODIGY.

Carl Anton Florian Eckert, the son of a sergeant in the second regiment of Fencible Guards, was born on the 7th of December, 1820.

While in the cradle, the predilection of this child for music was striking, and passages in a minor key affected him so much as to make tears come in his eyes. When about a year and a quarter old, he listened to his father playing the air *Seene Mika* with one hand, on an old harpsichord; he played it with both hands, employing his knuckles in aid of his short and feeble fingers. He continued afterwards to play by ear.

He retained in his memory whatever he heard and could tell at once whether an instrument was too high or too low for concert pitch. At the age of four and a half years, his ear was sufficiently delicate to enable him to name any note or chord which might be struck without his seeing it; and he transposed into any key he pleased, executing, with the greatest facility, pieces of fancy extempore.

2791. CAN SHE SPIN?

A young girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can assure your majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James; "but, pray tell me, can she spin?"

§ 265. PRESS, LIBERTY AND RESTRAINT OF.

2792. STYLE OF AN AUTHOR.



Lord Bacon relates of Queen Elizabeth, that once, when she could not be persuaded that a book containing treasonable matter was really written by the person whose name it bore, she said, with great indignation, that "she would have him racked to produce his author." Bacon replied, "Nay, madam; he is a doctor; never rack his person; rack his style; let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue his story, and I will undertake, by collecting his styles, to judge whether he were the author."

This is only one instance among many of Bacon's great good sense, as well as practical liberality.

2793. LEIGH HUNT DEFEATED IN ATTEMPTING TO INTRODUCE ENGLISH LITERATURE INTO ITALY.

"I thought," says Leigh Hunt, "when abroad, I would try if I could bring over some literature of modern English growth into Italy. I proposed to a Florentine bookseller to set up a quarterly compilation from the English magazines. Our periodical publications are rarely seen in Italy, though our countrymen are numerous. In the year 1825, two hundred English families were said to be resident in Florence. In Rome, visitors, though not families, were more numerous; and the publication, for little cost, might have been sent all over the peninsula. The plan was to select none but the very best articles, and follow them with an original one commenting upon their beauties, so as to make readers in Italy well acquainted with our living authors. But the Tuscan authorities were frightened.

"You must submit the publication," said my bookseller, 'to a censorship.'

"Be it so."

"But you must let them see every sheet before it goes to press, in order that there may be no religion or politics."

"Very well: to please the reverend censors, we will have no religion. Politics also are out of the question."

"Ay, but politics may creep in."

"They shall not."

"Ah, but they may creep in, say the authorities, without your being aware; and then what is to be done?"

"Why, if neither the editor nor the censors are

aware, I do not see how any very vivid impression need be apprehended with regard to the public."

"That has a very plausible sound; but how if the censors do not understand English?"

"There, indeed, they confound us. All I can say is, that the English understand the censors, and I see we must drop our intended work."

"This was the substance of a discourse which I had with the bookseller, in answer to the communications which he brought me from his government. The prospectus had been drawn out; the bookseller had rubbed his hands at it, thinking of the money which the best writers in England were preparing for him; but he was forced to give up the project. 'Ah,' said he to me in his broken English, as he sat in winter time with cold feet, and an irritable face, pretending to keep himself warm by tantalizing the tips of his fingers over a little basin of charcoal,— 'ah, you are verce happee in England. You can get so much money as you please.'"

2794. FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

A letter appeared in an English newspaper, giving a ludicrous account of one of the heads of the Bourbon family; upon which, not only the Spanish ambassador, but all the ambassadors belonging to that family, joined in a memorial, which was delivered to Lord Weymouth, insisting upon condign punishment being inflicted upon the printer, and even threatening England as a nation, if such satisfaction was refused.

To this the secretary of state answered like a man of sense and spirit, that he was surprised the ambassadors could be so ignorant of the constitution of that country, as not to know that it was out of the power of government to punish a printer in the way their excellencies desired; that he was sorry for the affront offered to their sovereign; that the English newspapers took liberties with their own king, and a foreign prince had no great cause to be angry, if he was sometimes treated with the same freedom, since the laws of the land were equally the shelter of the offenders in both cases.

As to the threats, he smiled at them; but added, that if what the printers had done could be construed into a libel, the attorney-general should be spoken to, a prosecution commenced, and such damages adjudged as a jury of Englishmen thought equitable.

Prince Masserano, the Spanish ambassador, was greatly enraged at this answer of Lord Weymouth's, and exclaimed, "What, not punish the rascal who has called the king of Spain a fool?" "No," said Lord Weymouth, "I cannot; for these very printers have said the same of our king, who is a sensible man; and when brought to trial by our course of law, they were acquitted."

2795. JOURNALS IN LOUIS PHILIPPE'S REIGN.

During the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign, fifty-seven journals were obliged to discon-

tinue publication. Their writers and contributors were sentenced, in the aggregate, to an imprisonment of three thousand one hundred and forty-one years.

2796. ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

In a history of the press at Caille, an anecdote occurs from which it may be seen that Anne of Austria loved literature, and sustained its freedom and dignity. Antoine Berthier, librarian of Paris, having formed a design to add to the Life of Cardinal Richelieu two volumes of letters and memoirs, addressed himself to the regent, to whom he intimated, that without a powerful protection, he dared not hazard the publication, as many persons who were received at court were blamed in its pages. Her reply was truly noble: "Proceed without fear; and make so many blush for vice, that, for the future, virtue only may find repose in France."

2797. SUSPICIONS OF TREASON.

Paradise Lost, when ready for the press, was nearly being suppressed through the ignorance or malice of the licenser, who saw or fancied treason in the following noble simile:—

"As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal, misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

2798. AMERICAN BONAPARTEISM.

A Mr. Janeway, of Loudon county, Virginia, has been presented by the grand jury for writing articles against slavery for the National Era, a paper printed at Washington city, out of the jurisdiction of Virginia. It is as if President Bonaparte were to imprison Julius Le Chevalier for his letters from Paris, published in the New York Tribune.

2799. RESTRAINTS ON THE PRESS.

By the scandalous act of Parliament of the 13th and 14th of King Charles II., chap. 33, for regulating the press, it was enacted that no private person, or persons, shall print, or cause to be printed, any book or pamphlet whatsoever, unless the same be first lawfully licensed, and authorized to be printed, by certain persons appointed by the act to license the same.

Law books were to be licensed by the lord chancellor, or by one of the chief justices, or by the chief baron.

Books of history, or books concerning state affairs, were to be licensed by one of the principal secretaries of state.

Books concerning heraldry were to be licensed by the earl marshal.

And all other books, that is to say, all novels, romances, and fairy tales, and all books about philosophy, mathematics, physic, divinity, or love, were to be licensed by the lord archbishop of Canterbury, or by the lord bishop of London for the time being; the framers of this curious act of Parliament, no doubt, supposing that those right reverend prelates were, of all the men in the kingdom, the most conversant with all those subjects.

That act commenced in June, 1662, and passed only for two years. It was continued by an act of the 16th of Charles II., and by another act of the 17th year of the same disgraceful reign; and in a few months afterwards it expired.

2800. POWER OF THE PRESS.

One of the most remarkable instances of sagacity of which we have any record is Wolsey's remark on the press. Speaking in the name of the Romish clergy, this haughty prelate said, "We must destroy the press, or the press will destroy us." How truly foreseen, and how entirely verified!

2801. NEWS CLOTH.

A printer at Greenock, Scotland, having been fined for printing news on unstamped sheets of paper, now prints upon cloth, which is not specified in the act, and calls his journal the Greenock News-cloth, in allusion to that material.

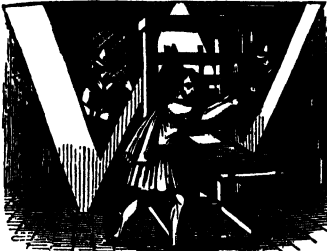
2802. MILTON.

The literary fate of Milton was remarkable: his genius was castrated alike by the monarchical and the republican governments. The royal licenser expunged several passages from Milton's history, in which Milton had painted the superstition, the pride, and the cunning of the Saxon monks, which the sagacious licenser applied to Charles II. and the bishops. But Milton had before suffered as merciless a mutilation from his old friends the republicans, who suppressed a bold picture, taken from life, which he had introduced into his History of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines. Milton gave the unlicensed passages to the Earl of Anglesea, a literary nobleman, the editor of White-lock's Memorials; and the castrated passage, which could not be licensed in 1670, was received with peculiar interest when separately published in 1681.

PRINTING AND PRINTERS.

§ 266. HISTORICAL ITEMS.

2903. THE ART OF PRINTING.



HEN, where, and by whom printing was invented are equally unknown; and it may, perhaps, be matter of surprise to many that the art of

printing, which throws so much light upon almost every other subject, should throw little upon its own origin. The most we know is, that it was discovered either in Germany or Holland, about 1440—only about four hundred years ago; and that the first types were made of wood, not metal; and that some of the earliest printed works were passed off as manuscripts.

The two principal cities which lay claim to the invention are Haerlem and Mentz; and either from one or the other, or perhaps from both, it was conveyed to the different cities and countries of Europe.

The introduction of printing into England is undoubtedly to be ascribed to William Caxton, a modest, worthy, and industrious man, who went to Germany entirely to learn the art; and, having practised it himself at Cologne, in 1471, brought it to England two years afterwards. He was not only a printer, but an author; and the book which he translated, called the Game at Chess, and which appeared in 1474, is considered as the first production of the English press.

The seal engravers were, however, the first printers; and the art of printing with blocks was merely an extension of the art, from impressions on wax to impressions on paper or vellum.

Though a variety of opinions exist as to the individual by whom the art of printing was first discovered, yet all authorities concur in admitting Peter Schœffer to be the person who invented cast metal types; having learned the art of cutting the letters from the Guttembergs: he is also supposed to have been the first who engraved on copper plates.

The following testimony has been preserved in the family, by Jo. Fred. Faustus, of Ascheffenburg:—

“Peter Schœffer, of Gernsheim, perceiving his master Faust’s design, and being himself desirous ardently to improve the art, found out—by the good providence of God—the method of cutting (*uncidendi*) the characters in a matrix, that the letters might easily be singly cast, instead of being cut. He privately cut matrices for the whole alphabet. Faust was so pleased with the contrivance, that he promised Peter to give him his only daughter, Christina, in marriage—a promise which he soon after performed.”

2904. THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK, OR THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS.

The first printed book on record is the Book of Psalms, by one Faust, of Mentz, and his son-in-law, Schœffer. It appeared in 1457, less than four hundred years ago. Several works were printed many years before, by Guttemberg; but as the inventors wished to keep the secret to themselves, they sold their first printed works as manuscripts.

This gave rise to an adventure that brought calamity on Faust. Having, in 1450, begun an edition of the Bible, and finished it in 1460, he carried several printed copies of it to Paris, and offered them for sale as manuscripts. This made him at once an object of suspicion.

It was in those days when Satan was thought to be ready at every man’s elbow, to offer his services if called upon, and as the French could not conceive how so many books should perfectly agree in every letter and point, they ascribed it to infernal agency, and poor Faust had the misfortune to be thrown into prison.

Here it was, that, in order to prove he had no aid from the devil, as well as to gain his liberty, he was obliged to reveal the secret, and show to the proper officers how the work was done.

Perhaps it was upon this adventure that somebody built up the story of the league of the devil and Dr. Faustus, as well as wrote those ludicrous dialogues, which, in some of the puppet-shows, Faust, under the name of Dr. Faustus, is made to hold with the devil.

2905. INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING INTO ENGLAND.

In the earliest days of the art of printing, we have narratives of printers who were romantically spirited away from the parent presses. One of the most extraordinary is the history of printing, set up at Oxford, ten years before the art was practised in Europe, except at Haerlem and Mentz, and which is as follows:—

Henry VI., by advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, despatched a confidential agent in disguise, under the guidance of Caxton, in his trading journeys to Flanders. The Haerlemites were so jealous of idling strangers who had come on the same insidious design, that foreigners had frequently been imprisoned.

The royal agent did not venture to enter the city; but by heavy bribes, and a secret intercourse with the workmen, one dark night he smuggled a printer aboard a vessel, and carried him away. That printer, whose name was Frederic Corsellis, on landing in England, was attended by a guard to Oxford. There he was constantly watched, till he had revealed the mysterious craft.

The evidence of this unheard-of history hinged on a record at Lambeth Palace, authenticating the whole narrative, and on a monument of Corsellis’s art, which any one might inspect at the Bodleian,

being a book bearing a date six years prior to any printing by Caxton. The record at Lambeth, however, was never found, and never heard of, and the date of the book might have been accidentally or designedly falsified. An X dropped in the date of the impression would account for the singularity of a book printed before our Caxton had acquired the art. The tale of Corsellis long excited a sharp controversy at Oxford. The possibility of the existence of this person at Oxford, and even of the book he printed, appears by a lively investigation of Dr. Cotton; and we have been assured of a circumstance, which, if true, would render the story of Corsellis probable: it is, that a family of this name may still be found in Oxfordshire.

2806. THE RIGHT OF PRINTING BIBLES.

Printing of English Bibles, even before the dethronement of Charles I., was an article of open trade in England. Every one printed at the lowest price, and as fast as their presses would allow. Even those who were dignified as "his majesty's printers" were among these manufacturers; for we have an account of a scandalous omission by them of the important negative in the seventh commandment. The printers were summoned before the Court of High Commission, and this *not* served to bind them in a fine of three thousand pounds. A prior circumstance, indeed, had occurred, which induced the government to be more vigilant on the biblical press.

The learned Usher, one day, hastening to preach at Paul's Cross, entered the shop of one of the stationers, — as booksellers were then called, — and inquiring for a Bible of the London edition, when he came to look for his text, to his astonishment and his horror, he discovered that the verse was omitted in the Bible! This gave the first occasion of complaint to the king of the insufferable negligence and incapacity of the London press; and, says the manuscript writer of this anecdote, first bred that great contest which followed, between the University of Cambridge and the London stationers, about the right of printing Bibles.

2807. FIRST ENGLISH PRINTING PRESS.

The first printing press in England was set up in the almonry of Westminster, where Caxton, probably encouraged by the learned Thomas Milling, then abbot, produced the moral treatise entitled the *Game and Playe of the Chesse*, the first book printed in that country. The ancient printing house contains nothing of the interior appearance peculiar to its original arrangement, having been for a long time let in tenements, and divided according to the convenience of the generation of lodgers that have inhabited it.

2808. PAPER MADE EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Chinese affirm that eighteen centuries ago, they had discovered the secret and means of manufacturing paper. Before that invention they used to inscribe written characters on thin strips of bamboo, or sheets of metal, using a style, or pen of iron, for the purpose of marking the characters; and this,

they assert, had been the practice of their nation from the most remote ages. In the first century of the Christian era, during the Han dynasty, a mandarin, who was attached to the emperor's court, and whose name was Sai-lun, discovered the art of paper making.

Tradition affirms that this mandarin took the bark of trees, pieces of old silk, and hempen cloth, and boiled them down until they came to the consistence of glue, or paste; he then spread the mass in thin layers upon the earth, and the sun's rays dried up the moisture, leaving a thin, compact substance: thus the paper was made. Shortly afterwards, the means were discovered by which a smooth surface was given to paper.

2809. THE BIBLE.

Great Britain did not allow the printing of the English Bible in this country whilst we were colonies. The first Bible in the English language, printed in America, was published in 1782.

As the printing of the Scriptures was prohibited during the early history of New England, the pulpit Bibles, in most of the Congregational and other churches here, were Oxford editions, in which was included the Book of Common Prayer, the Psalter, and the Articles of Faith of the English church.

2810. INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING INTO THE UNITED STATES.

The Rev. Jesse Glover, a worthy and wealthy dissenting clergyman of England, may be considered as the father of the American press. This benefactor of the infant colony of Massachusetts was early engaged in pursuing such measures as he judged would be for its interest and prosperity.

Among other things, he was desirous of establishing a press for the accommodation of the business of the church and state. To raise a sum sufficient to purchase printing materials, he contributed liberally himself, and solicited aid from others, in England and Holland. In 1638, Mr. Glover, having obtained the means, procured a good printing apparatus, and engaged a printer to accompany it to New England.

Mr. Glover, with his family, embarked in the same vessel: he, however, died on the passage, and his widow and children, after their arrival, settled at Cambridge. Stephen Daye, (the printer engaged by Mr. Glover,) by the direction of the magistrates and elders, having erected the press and prepared the other parts of the apparatus, began business in the first month of 1639. The first thing issued from the press was the Freeman's Oath; the second, an Almanac; and the third, the Psalms in metre.

Samuel Green, the successor of Daye in the printing business, was in Cambridge eight years before the arrival of Daye from England. Green probably obtained a knowledge of the art from Daye, as he was not known as a printer until about the year 1649. Mr. Green died at Cambridge, in 1702, aged eighty-seven years. He was esteemed for his virtues, and was the father of nineteen children. For a long period, many of his descendants of his name have been engaged in the printing business.

2811. EARLY PRINTING.

Several years before the revolution, a type foundry was commenced at Germantown, but employed chiefly for the presses of its owner, Christopher Sower, who printed the Bible and other works in the German language.

In 1769, Abel Buel, of Killingworth, in Connecticut, began the casting of types, on a small scale; but the first, who regularly pursued this business in the United States, was John Baine, of Edinburgh, who settled in Philadelphia soon after the termination of the war.

2812. JEALOUSY OF BOOKSELLERS AND PRINTERS.

Day, the printer, in Elizabeth's time, envied by the rest of his fraternity, who did what they could to hinder the sale of his books, had books upon his hands, in the year 1572, to the value of two thousand or three thousand pounds — a great sum in those days. But living under Aldersgate, an obscure corner of the city, he wanted a good vent for them. His friends, who were among the learned, procured aid from the dean and chapter of St. Paul's Churchyard, so that he had a neat, handsome shop framed. It was little and low, and flat roofed, and leaded like a terrace, railed and posted, fit for men to stand upon in any triumph or show, but could not in any wise either hurt or debase the same. This cost him forty or fifty pounds.

But his brethren, the booksellers, envied him, and by their interest got the mayor and aldermen to forbid him setting it up. Archbishop Parker interfered, and obtained the queen's permission on his behalf, and he at length succeeded.

2813. STATIONERS' COMPANY.

The Stationers' Company existed as a fraternity long previous to the invention of printing. Some of its members, indeed, have acquired immortality

into the world. Wynkyn de Worde, and Pynson, and "learned John Day" were all of the Stationers' Company.

2814. FRANKLIN IN THE PRINTING OFFICE.

Franklin was in conversation sprightly, in manners bland. Destitute of pride, he considered all honest men on an equality. During the time he was in Great Britain, in the dignified station of ambassador, he went into his old printing office, and entering the press room, proceeded to a particular press, where two men were at work. "Come, my friends," says he, "we will drink together: it is now forty years, since I worked, like you, at this press, as a journeyman printer." A gallon of porter was sent for, and he then drank, "Success to printing."

2815. PRINTERS, PUSH ON.

About a dozen years ago, the brothers Chambers, of Edinburgh, Scotland, were compositors in a printing office; now they are the proprietors of one of the largest establishments of the kind in the world. Their warehouses are so extensive, that the bindery alone will accommodate some two hundred and fifty persons. The buildings are eleven stories in height, being situated on the side of a hill. Each floor is appropriated to a particular branch of the business — the composition room, the press room, the stereotyping department, the bindery, publishing, and the editorial rooms.

The circulation of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal is ninety thousand weekly; thirteen thousand of their Cyclopædia of English Literature, and of their Educational series, some fifty thousand. The total quantity of printed sheets issued of their several publications, was estimated at about seven millions annually.

The history of the Messrs. Harper, of New York, — the only fact which will at all compare with the foregoing — we have noticed in another part of the volume.

§ 267. CURIOSITIES.

2816. THE BIBLE THE FIRST BOOK PRINTED.

The earliest book, properly so called, is now generally believed to be a Latin Bible, commonly called the Mazarin Bible, a copy having been found about the middle of the last century, in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris. It is remarkable that its existence was unknown before; for it can hardly be called a book of very great scarcity, nearly twenty copies being in different libraries, half of them in those of private persons in England.

No date appears in this Bible, and some have referred its publication to 1452, or even to 1450, which few perhaps at present maintain; while others have thought the year 1455 rather more probable. In a copy belonging to the royal library at Paris, an entry is made importing that it was completed in binding and illuminated at Mentz, on the feast of the Assumption, (August 15,) 1456.

But Triethemius, in criticising on the above, seems to intimate that no book had been printed in 1452; and considering the lapse of time that would

naturally be employed in such an undertaking, during the infancy of art, and that we have no other printed book of the least importance to fill up the interval till 1457, and also that the binding and illuminating the above-mentioned copy is likely to have followed the publication at no great length of time, we may not err in placing its appearance in the year 1456, which will secure its hitherto unimpeached priority in the record of bibliography.

It is a very striking circumstance, that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried, at the very onset, so bold a flight as the printing of an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armor, ready, at the moment of her nativity, to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarin Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper, of choice quality, with strong, black, and tolerably handsome characters, but with some want of uniformity, which has led, unreasonably, to doubt whether they were cast in a matrix.

We may see, in imagination, this venerable and

splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven.

2817. TECHNICAL OBITUARY.

An English paper thus chronicles the death of a printer, named George Woodcock : " He was the * of his profession, the *type* of honesty, the ! of all, and although the ☞ of death has put a . to his existence, every § of his life was without a |.

2818. ATTEMPT TO PRINT A PERFECT BOOK.

" Whether such a miracle as an immaculate edition of a classical author does exist," says one, " I have never learnt ; but an attempt has been made to obtain this glorious singularity, and was as nearly realized as is perhaps possible — the magnificent edition of *Os Lusíadas* of Camoens by Don Joze Souza, in 1817. This amateur spared no prodigality of cost and labor, and flattered himself that, by the assistance of Didot, not a single typographical error should be found in that splendid volume.

" But an error was afterwards discovered in some of the copies, occasioned by one of the letters in the word *Lusitano* having got misplaced during the working of one of the sheets. It must be confessed that this was an accident or misfortune, rather than an erratum ! "

2819. ANOTHER.

Some hundred years ago, a number of the professors of the Edinburgh University attempted to publish a work which should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. Every precaution was taken to secure the desired result. Six experienced proof-readers were employed, who devoted hours to the reading of each page ; and after it was thought to be perfect, it was pasted up in the hall of the

university, with a notification that a reward of fifty pounds would be paid to any person who could discover an error. Each page was suffered to remain two weeks in the place where it had been pasted, before the work was printed, and the professors thought that they had attained the object for which they had been striving.

When the work was issued, it was discovered that several errors had been committed, one of which was in the first line of the first page.

2820. ANOTHER DR. FAUSTUS.

The whole library of one of the Scilly Isles consisted, about a century ago, of the Bible and the History of Dr. Faustus. The island was populous ; and, the western peasants being generally able to read, the conjurer's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments or his catastrophe was left legible. On this alarming conjuncture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal was made, and unanimously approved, that, as soon as the season permitted any intercourse with Cornwall, a supply of books should be sent for.

A debate now began, in order to ascertain what those books should be, and the result was, that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller at Penzance, for him to send them *another Dr. Faustus* !

2821. ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRINTERS IN OLD TIMES.

The council of New York passed the following resolve on the 23d of March, 1692, old style : —

" It is resolved in council, that if a printer will come and settle in the city of New York, for the printing of our acts of assembly and public papers, he shall be allowed the sum of forty pounds, current money of New York, per annum, for his salary, and have the benefit of his printing, besides what serves to the public."

§ 268. AMUSING AND LAUGHABLE.

2822. BURNS IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

The following anecdote is extracted from Burns's *Life and Works*, edited by Robert Chambers, and now publishing at Edinburgh : —

" Meanwhile the preparation of the new edition was going rapidly on in the printing office of William Smellie — a man who, like Creech, mingled literary labors with those attending one of the trades of literature.

" There was a vast fund of knowledge, shrewdness, and talent under the rude exterior of Smellie. In his office, at the foot of Anchor Close, he had done typographic duty for Gilbert Stuart, Robert Ferguson, Dr. Robertson, Hugo Arnot, Adam Smith, and many others of the recent and living literati of Scotland, all of whom had been his personal friends.

" His son, Alexander, who lately died at an advanced age, perfectly remembered the visits of the

Ayrshire Ploughman to the composing room, along which he would walk about three or four times, cracking a whip which he carried, to the no small surprise of the men. He paid no attention to his own copy under their hands, but looked at any other which he saw lying on the cases.

" One day he asked a man how many languages he was acquainted with. ' Indeed, sir,' replied the man, ' I've enough ado wi' my ain.' Burns remarked that behind there was one of his companions setting up a Gaelic Bible, and another composing from a Hebrew Grammar. ' These two,' said the compositor, ' are the greatest dolts in the house.' Burns seemed amused by the remark, and said he would take a note of it.

" Mr. Alexander Smellie also communicated the following anecdote : There was a particular stool in the office, which Burns uniformly occupied while correcting his proof-sheets : as he would not sit on any other, it always bore the name of Burns's stool.

It is still (1844) in the office, and in the same situation where it was when Burns sat on it.

"At this time Sir John Dalrymple was printing, in Mr. Smellie's office, an Essay on the Properties of Coal Tar. One day it happened that Sir John occupied the stool, when Burns came into the correcting room, looking for his favorite seat. It was known that what Burns wanted was his stool; but before saying any thing to Sir John on the subject, Burns was requested to walk into the composing room.

"The opportunity was taken in his absence to request of Sir John to indulge the bard with his favorite seat, but without mentioning his name. Sir John said, 'I will not give up my seat to you impudent, staring fellow.' Upon which it was replied, 'Do you not know that that staring fellow, as you call him, is Burns, the poet?' Sir John instantly left the stool, exclaiming, 'Good gracious! Give him all the seats in your house!' Burns was then called in, took possession of his stool, and commenced the reading of his proofs."

2823. CHEAP PRINTING.

While Colonel Alden Spooner printed a paper at Sag Harbor, he was much encouraged by a liberal merchant, who advertised his wares in two long columns, specifying every item of wet or dry goods, shovels, stationery, and mouse traps. While this was working magically among the villagers, a rival merchant called in one day, and asked, with a *nonchalant* air, the charge of inserting a couple of lines. He was told fifty cents, and paid the money. He thereupon paraded directly under the long advertisement,

I TOO.

JOHN THOMPSON.

The joke took mightily, and more particularly as John Thompson had borrowed his idea from a little squaw, who used to sell her baskets at the Harbor. She had a rival in a larger squaw with a loud voice, who would cry her baskets with every necessary adjunct of descriptive eloquence. The feeble squaw, keeping close at her heels, would squeak out, "I too!"

2824. THE PRINTER'S SANCTUM.

We were much amused at the hour of going to press, last week, on hearing the questions and answers which passed between our foreman and the compositors. Few offices can boast of a more respectable set of men than those connected with this establishment; we, therefore, would not be guilty of offending them. The questions and answers are laughable in their way, and in some instances show how easily a compositor can pervert the literal meaning, and thus occasionally (very rare) make us say nonsense!

Foreman. "William, did you do O'Connell and the Traversers?"

"No; I did the Kingston Corporation."

Foreman. "Who was it, then, that did O'Connell and the Traversers?"

"I did," said John.

"Then finish them," said the foreman.

Foreman. "What are you setting on, James?"

"The houses which were burnt down at Brooklyn," said James.

Foreman. "Alfred, what are you setting on?"

"The *Exchange*," says Alfred.

Foreman. "Whose marriage is this?"

"Mine," says Edgar.

"Then complete it," says the foreman.

Foreman. "Whose birth is this?"

"Mine," says Gen.

"It is too long: you must shorten it by a line."

Foreman. "Is this your death, Mac?"

"What name is it?" asks Mac.

Foreman. "So and so."

"Yes, that is mine," says Mac.

"You have made too much of it, then: cut it short," said the foreman.

Foreman. "Whose breach of promise of marriage is this?"

"Mine," says Andrew.

"Then make it all right," says the foreman.

Foreman. "Oswin, what are you setting on?"

"The *Bridge of Sighs*," says Oswin.

"How much will it make?"

"Nearly three thousand," says Oswin.

Foreman. "Who did this from the York Herald?"

"What is it? a murder?" said Charlton.

"Yes, it is."

"Then I did it," says Charlton.

"Why don't you complete it? What is the use of beginning a thing without finishing it?"

"Sir," says Charlton, "I can easily do that."

Foreman. "Whose 'pi' is this?"

"Mine," says Christopher.

"Why don't you put it away, then?"

"So I will as soon as I have had my dinner."

Foreman. "What are you setting upon, Jephtha?"

"The old woman with the broken leg," says Jephtha.

"Are you most done?"

"Not quite."

"Make haste, then," says the foreman.

Foreman. "Alfred Smith, are you setting on that love affair?"

"No, I am completing a marriage."

Foreman. "Harry, what are you doing?"

"O, I am doing up Chambers."

"I see in the proof of the article headed 'Woman,' it reads, 'I curse her.' Ask the editor if that is correct."

"No, sir, he says it should be, 'I love her.'"

A few other questions are asked, when all at once a rush is made to revise the proofs. The editor is solicited to cut down this article, and that article, to get them into the columns, so as to save the post. At last, they go to press, and our subscribers are presented with a copy, got up, as it were, in a few hours. Do you not wonder, reader, under all these circumstances, that the daily papers are published with so few mistakes?

2825. PRINTING AND PHYSIC.

A printer, whose industry was not the most prominent virtue he possessed, left "case," and became a physician. When he was asked the reason of this conduct, his reply was, "In printing, all the faults are exposed to the eye; but in physic, they are buried with the patient."

2826. A SINGLE LETTER.

A western newspaper heads an advertisement, "Infernal Remedy." This may be quite true, but

we imagine that "internal remedy" was intended. Mistakes, even of single letters, are sad things.

2827. INCREASE OF PRINTERS.

When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, the good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer; there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain the country would support them. It was plain young Franklin would depend for the support of his family on the profits of the third, and this was rather a doubtful chance.

If such an objection was urged to a would-be son-in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer get a wife now, when the census of 1840 shows the number to be one thousand five hundred and fifty-seven?

2828. ERRORS.

A publisher of a periodical at the south offers one hundred dollars for the best *tail* for his paper. A man at the east offers for sale a large quantity of *funpowder*, and several boxes of *pigs*. A person in New York advertises a *louse* to let, and possession given immediately. At an inquest held on the body of a glutton, who died in devouring a part of a goose, the verdict *suffocation* was printed, with more truth than was intended, *stuffed*.

2829. MISTAKE OF THE PRESS.

An important house in New York had occasion to advertise for sale a quantity of brass hoppers, such as are used in coffee mills. But instead of brass hoppers, the newspaper read *grasshoppers*. In a short time the merchant's counting-room was thronged with inquirers respecting the new article of merchandise.

"Good morning, Mr. Invoice; how do you sell grasshoppers?" said a fat merchant. "What are they worth a hogshead?"

The importer was astonished; but before he had time to reply, in came a druggist, who, being bent

on speculation, determined to purchase a whole lot, provided he could get them low. Taking the importer aside for fear of being overheard by the merchant, he asked him how he sold grasshoppers; if they were prime quality; and whether they were to be used in medicine. The importer was about opening his mouth to reply in an angry manner to what he began to suspect was a conspiracy to torment him, when a doctor entered, smelling at his cane and looking wondrous wise.

"Mr. Invoice," said he; "ahem! will you be good enough to show me a specimen of your grasshoppers?"

"Grasshoppers! grasshoppers!" exclaimed the importer, as soon as he had a chance to speak; "what, gentlemen, do you mean by grasshoppers?"

"Mean!" said the merchant, "why, I perceive you have advertised the article for sale."

"Certainly," said the druggist, "and when a man advertises an article, it is natural for him to expect inquiries relating to the price and quality of the thing."

"Nothing in the world more natural," said the doctor. "As for myself, I have at present a number of cases on hand, in which I thought the article might be serviceable. But since you are so — ahem! so uncivil — why, I must look out elsewhere, and my patients —"

"You and your *patience* be hanged!" interrupted the importer; "mine is fairly worn out, and if you don't explain yourselves, gentlemen, I'll lay this poker over your heads."

To save their heads, the advertisement was now referred to, when the importer found out the cause of his vexations, by reading the following: "Just landed, and for sale by Invoice & Co., ten hogsheads prime grasshoppers."

2830. FREAKS OF TYPOGRAPHY.

The editor of the Evangelical Observer, in reference to an individual, took occasion to write that he was *rectus in ecclesia*, that is, in good standing in the church. The type-setter, to whom this was a dead language, in the editor's absence, converted it into *rectus in culina*, which, although pretty good Latin, alters, in some degree, the sense, as it accorded to the reverend gentleman spoken of only a good standing in the kitchen.

§ 269. SERIOUS MISTAKES.

2831. DEATH OF AN AUTHOR.

The Baron de Grimm, in his Memoirs, mentions the extraordinary circumstance of an irritable French author having died in a fit of anger, in consequence of a favorite work, which he had himself revised with great care, having been printed off with upwards of three hundred typographical errors, half of which had been made by the corrector of the press.

2832. LIES OF THE SAINTS.

The Rev. Dr. Todd, having presented some relics from an acquaintance, to be deposited in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, made some

allusion to the "Lives of the Saints." His remarks, when published, alluded, through a typographical blunder, to the "*Lies of the Saints*," which so enraged the owner of the relics, that he wrote to Dr. Todd, demanding his relics back again.

2833. THE ADULTEROUS BIBLE.

In the reign of Charles I., the Company of Stationers, to whom the printing of the Bible was granted by a patent, made a very remarkable blunder in their first edition; for, instead of, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," they printed off a great number of copies with this reading: "Thou shalt commit adultery." Archbishop Laud, as soon as the error was discovered, caused the company to be

prosecuted in the Star Chamber where a very considerable fine was levied upon them for their negligence.

2834. THE VINEGAR BIBLE.

We have an edition of the Bible known by the name of the *Vinegar Bible*, from the *erratum* in the title to the twentieth chapter of St. Luke, in which "Parable of the *Vineyard*" is printed "Parable of the *Vinegar*." It was printed in 1717, at the Clarendon press.

2835. TECHNICAL REMARK.

A printer, observing two bailiffs pursuing an ingenious but distressed author, remarked that it was "a new edition of the Pursuits of Literature, unbound, but *hot pressed*."

2836. GROSS BLUNDERS.

The London correspondent of a morning paper stated, some time since, that Lord John Russell was married *for the second time* to Lady Elliot.

It was announced, in an advertisement that appeared in one of the religious papers, that the Rev. Mr. B. would deliver an address on the nature and extent of heathenism in the A. H. Church.

2837. IMPORTANT OMISSION.

In an old English print, the following ridiculous blunder was caused in the whole edition, by the omission of the letter *c* at the beginning of a word in the third line, which was printed as follows:—

"When the last trumpet soundeth,
We shall not all die;
But we shall be *hanged*
In the twinkling of an eye."

2838. ALTERATION PUNISHED WITH DEATH.

A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of going into the office, to alter that sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve in Genesis iii. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word *Herr*, and substituted *Na* in their place; thus altering the sentence from "and he shall be thy *Lord*," (*Herr*.) to "and he shall be thy *Fool*," (*Narr.*) It is said her life paid for this intentional *erratum*, and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.

2839. THE VALUE OF A WIFE.

A typographical error of an amusing nature had nearly occurred, in a work of the Rev. Dr. —, of England, one of the most distinguished living writers of the day, whose works are equally well

known on both sides of the Atlantic. The doctor had a proof-sheet sent him from the printer's, in which a passage from Job ii. 4 was printed as follows: "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his *wife*." The doctor returned it, with the last word corrected, "life." This correction, however, escaped the compositor's notice, and soon back came the revise, with same expression—"all that a man hath will he give for his *wife*."

This time, the doctor, partly for the sake of a joke, and partly to attract the attention of the compositor, sent back the proof with this expressive sentence written on the margin, opposite the word "wife:—" "This depends upon circumstances."

2840. SOWING TARES AND SAWING TREES.

The Rev. Dr. Bethune relates an amusing instance of a phonographic blunder. Reading one morning a report of one of his discourses of the day before, he found the remark, "And the adversary came among them and sowed tares," printed, "And the adversary came among them and *sawed trees*." The mistake arose from the clipped words, "*sd. trs.*"

2841. MISTAKES IN BIBLE PRINTING.

Field printed, in 1653, what was called the Pearl Bible; alluding, I suppose, to that diminutive type in printing; for it could not derive its name from its worth. It is a twenty-fours; but to contract the mighty book into this dwarfishness, all the original Hebrew texts prefixed to the Psalms, explaining the occasion and the subject of their composition, is wholly expunged. This Pearl Bible, which may be inspected among the great collection of our English Bibles at the British Museum, is set off by many notable *errata*, of which these are noticed:—

Romans vi. 13.—Neither yield ye your members as instruments of *righteousness* unto sin—for un-

First Corinthians vi. 9.—Know ye not the unrighteous *shall inherit* the kingdom of God?—for *shall not inherit*.

This *erratum* served as the foundation of a dangerous doctrine; for many libertines urged the text from this corrupt Bible, against the reproofs of a divine.

This Field was a great forger; and it is said that he received a present of fifteen hundred pounds, from the Independents, to corrupt a text in Acts vi. 3, to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own pastors. The corruption was the easiest possible; it was only to put a *ye* instead of a *we*—so that the right in Field's Bible emanated from the people, not from the apostles.

In other Bibles by Hills and Field we may find such abundant *errata*, reducing the text to nonsense or to blasphemy, making the Scriptures contemptible to the multitude, who came to pray, and not to scorn.

It is affirmed that one Bible swarmed with six thousand faults! Sterne, a solid scholar, was the first, who summed up the *three thousand and six hundred* faults that were in the printed Bibles of London.

§ 270. ERRORS AND ERRATA.

2842. TYPOGRAPHICAL WIT.

One meeting an acquaintance, who was a printer by profession, inquired of him if it was true Mr. ——— had put a period to his existence. "No, no," replied the typographer, "he had only put a colon: for he is now in a fair way of recovery."

2843. THOSE CARELESS PRINTERS.

By a ridiculous error of the press, the *Eclectic Review* was advertised the other day as the *Epileptic Review*, and, on inquiry being made for it at a bookseller's shop, the bibliopole replied, —

"He knew of no periodical called the *Epileptic Review*, though there might be such a publication coming out by fits and starts."

2844. BLUNDERS OF PROOF-READERS.

"Persons," says the New York Sun, "who are not familiar with the practical operations of a printing establishment, are frequently surprised, and perhaps indignant, at little mistakes that occur in the 'making up,' as it is called, of the 'form.' Sometimes the proof-reader fails to mark an error, it may be only of a letter, and the strangest and funniest result is beheld next day—puzzling, perhaps, twenty thousand readers.

"We have seen some amusing specimens of these blunders in our day; an announcement of medicine, for instance, 'whose effects were exclusively *infernal*;' or of the 'overturning of the lawyer's pig;' or of a lover who presented his mistress with 'a large bunch of beautifully tinted *noses*.' But the best joke of the kind, perhaps, is that of the dancing master's card of respect, where, as in the former cases, only one letter was changed, making him offer 'his most respectful *shanks* to all who had honored him with their patronage."

2845. TYPOGRAPHICAL MISTAKE.

A new apprentice to the printing business, who had been cook's scullion on board a ship, in putting a certificate of the efficacy of Evans's Pills in type, caused it to read, instead of "remove the flying pains from the chest," &c., "frying pans," &c.

2846. A SMALL MISTAKE.

The Savannah Republican publishes the following *errata*: "In our cholera article of yesterday evening, for 'No,' read 'Yes;' and for 'Yes,' read 'No.'"

A London paper once published its equal, as follows: "For '*her* grace, the Duke of Bedford,' read '*his* grace, the Duchess of Bedford.'"

2847. WELL DONE, TYPES.

A late Albany paper has the following advertisement of a book for sale:—

"The Memoirs of Sally Prime, Minister to Henry the Great, translated from the French;" which we presume meaneth, "The Memoirs of Sully, Prime Minister to Henry the Great," &c.

2848. SIXTUS V.'S EDITION OF THE VULGATE.

One of the most egregious of all literary blunders is that of the edition of the Vulgate, by Sixtus V. His holiness carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press; and, to the amazement of the world, the work remained without a rival—it swarmed with *errata*! A multitude of scraps were printed to paste over the erroneous passages, in order to give the true text. The book makes a whimsical appearance with these patches; and the heretics exulted in this demonstration of papal infallibility: the copies were called in, and violent attempts made to suppress it; a few still remain for the raptures of the biblical collectors. At a late sale, the Bible of Sixtus V. brought above sixty guineas—not too much for a mere book of blunders. The world was highly amused at the bull of the editorial pope prefixed to the first volume, which excommunicates all printers who, in reprinting the work, should make any alteration in the text.

2849. MACHINATIONS OF SATAN.

In the year 1561 was printed a work entitled the Anatomy of the Mass. It is a thin octavo of one hundred and seventy-two pages, and it is accompanied by a list of *errata* of fifteen pages. The editor, a pious monk, informs us that a very serious reason induced him to undertake the task; for it is, says he, to forestall the artifices of Satan.

He supposes that the devil, to ruin the fruits of this work, employed two very malicious frauds: the first, before it was printed, by drenching the manuscripts in a kennel, and having reduced it to a most pitiable state, rendered several parts illegible; the second, in obliging the printers to commit such numerous blunders, never yet equalled in so small a work. To combat this double machination of Satan, he was obliged carefully to reperuse the work, and to form this singular list of the blunders of printers under the influence of the devil. All this he relates in an advertisement prefixed to the *errata*.

2850. ENGLISH BIBLES.

The number of typographical inaccuracies which abound in the Bibles printed by the king's printers is remarkable. Dr. Lee states, "I do not know any book in which it is so difficult to find a very correct edition as the English Bible." What is in England called the *Standard Bible* is that printed at Oxford, in 1769, which was superintended by Dr. Blayney; yet it has been ascertained that there are at least one hundred and sixteen errors in it.

These errors were discovered in printing an edition in London, in 1806, which has been considered as very correct; yet Dr. Lee says that that edition contains a greater number of mistakes. The Rev.

T. Curtis corroborates Dr. Lee's testimony. He states his general impression to be, that the text of the common English Bible is incorrect, and he gives a great variety of instances.

Dr. A. Clarke, in his preface to the Bible, states that he has corrected many thousand errors in the Italics, which, in general, are said to be in a very incorrect state. Between the Oxford edition of 1830 and the Cambridge edition, there are eight hundred variations in the Psalms alone.

The Rev. T. H. Horne, in his Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, makes the following observation: "Booksellers' edition, 1806. In the course of printing, by Woodfall, this edition from the Cambridge copy, a great number of very gross errors were discovered in the latter, and the errors of the common Oxford edition were not so few as twelve hundred."

Mr. Offer, a retired bookseller, and who made a collection of upwards of four hundred Bibles of

different editions, states that he was not aware of any edition he had examined which was without errors; but Pasham's Bible, in 1776, and another printed at Edinburgh, in 1811, were the most-accurate and the most beautiful he had found.

Now, it will be observed, that the former was printed by a private individual, the monopoly being evaded by putting at the bottom of the pages very short notes, which were cut off in the binding.

The same witness afterwards remarks, that "there never was an elegant edition of the Bible printed at the king's printers'; the elegant editions have been those of Baskerville, Macklin, Heptinstall, Ritchie, and Bowyer, and the whole of those were printed with colorable notes." He also states, that the effect of the patents has been to limit the circulation of the Scriptures; and that, if the patents were intended to protect the purity of the text, and improve the printing, they have certainly been productive of a very different result.

§ 271. PRONUNCIATION.

2851. COLERIDGE AND THE JEW.



IHAVE had a good deal to do with Jews, in the course of my life, although I never borrowed any money of them. The other day I was what you call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last, I was so provoked, that I said to him, "Pray, why can't you say 'old clothes,' in a plain way, as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said, in a clear, and even fine accent, "Sir, I can say 'old clothes' as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together,

you would say 'ogh clo,' as I do now;" and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of this retort, that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.

Similar corruptions in pronunciation, especially among the trading community, originate in a similar manner. Of this perversion examples might be given almost without end. The origin of many of our words and phrases is quite curious, but we cannot now enlarge.

2852. OBEYING ORDERS.

A good story is told of an American general in the last war, who was more ready in the use of his sword than he was of his pen, and who still lives, the pride of the army and country. While stationed on the lake frontier, two of his soldiers, brothers,

of the name of *Kennedy*, had deserted. He issued an order to a subaltern to detail a file of men, and with them proceed to a place named on the line, and take the two "Canadas."

The order was peremptory, and not to be trifled with. The officer said he would try, and set about executing it; but he remarked, with an oath, he thought he could take no more than one province without a reinforcement.

2853. THREE CHEERS.

One Sunday, recently, during high mass, at twelve, in the village of Glentarriff, Ireland, three ladies of the Protestant faith were obliged to take shelter from one of those heavy summer showers which so frequently occur in the south of Ireland. The officiating priest, knowing who they were, and wishing to appear respectful to them, stooped down to his attendant, who was on his knees, and whispered to him, "Three *chairs* for the Protestant ladies." The clerk, who was rather an ignorant man, stood up, and shouted out to the congregation, "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" which the congregation immediately took up, and gave three hearty cheers, while the clergyman actually stood dumbfounded.

2854. IN AND ING.

General P., who was an early acquaintance of ours, and who was proverbial for misplacing *ing*, was a very polite and friendly man. "Good morning, general," said we, as we were passing the garden where he was pulling weeds one morning in May, before the sun was up. "Good *mornin*," replied the general: "I have been *workin* in the *gardin* a little this *mornin*, and I declare it made my fingers so cold, I had to put my *mittings* on."

2855. OUGH.

Honorable Horace Mann, in a lecture on spelling, uses the following language: "*Ough* is pronounced

differently in each of the following words : bough, cough, hough, though, thought, through, thorough, tough ; and surely this is tough enough. From this combination was formed the celebrated couplet, —
 “ Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
 O'er life's dark lough, I still my way pursue.”

2856. SITTING CORRECTED.

Soon after Lord Kenyon was appointed master of the rolls, he was listening very attentively to a young clerk, who was reading to him, before a num-

ber of gentlemen of the long robe, the conveyances of an estate, and on coming to the word *enough* pronounced it *enow*. His honor immediately interrupted him : “ Hold ! hold ! you must stand corrected : *enough* is, according to the vernacular custom, pronounced *enuff*, and so must all other English words, which terminate in *ough*, as, for example, *tough*, *rough*, *cough*, &c.” The clerk bowed, blushed, and went on for some time, when, coming to the word *plough*, he, with a loud voice, and a penetrating look at his honor, called it *pluff* ! The great lawyer stroked his chin, and, with a smile, candidly said, “ Young man, *I sit corrected*.”

§ 272. PUNCTUATION.

2857. PUNCTUATION USED BY THE FIRST PRINTERS.

The dash, or perpendicular line, thus, |, was the only punctuation the first printers used. It was, however, discovered that “ the craft of poynting well used makes the sentence very light.” The more elegant comma supplanted the long, uncouth | ; the colon was a refinement, “ showing that there is more to come.” But the semicolon was a Latin delicacy which the obtuse English typographer resisted. So late as 1580 and 1590, treatises on orthography do not recognize any such innovator ; the Bible of 1592, though printed with appropriate accuracy, is without a semicolon ; but in 1633 its full rights are established by Charles Butler's English Grammar. In this chronology of the four points of punctuation it is evident that Shakspeare could never have used the semicolon ; a circumstance which the profound George Chalmers mourns over, opining that semicolons would often have saved the poet from his commentators.

2858. A NOVEL AMUSEMENT.

The editor of a newspaper thus introduces some verses : “ The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend *who has lain in his grave many years for his own amusement*.”

2859. WANT OF A POINT : A NICE QUESTION.

An ingenious expedient was resorted to, to save a prisoner, charged with robbery in the criminal court at Dublin. The principal thing that appeared in evidence against him was a confession alleged to have been made by him at the police office, and taken down in writing by a peace officer. The document purporting to contain this self-criminating acknowledgment was produced by the officer, and the following passage was read from it : —

“ Mangan said he never robbed but twice said it was Crawford.”

This, it will be observed, has no mark of the writer's having a notion of punctuation, but the meaning he attached to it was, that, —

“ Mangan said he never robbed but twice.

Said it was Crawford.”

Mr. O'Gorman, the counsel for the prisoner, begged to look at the paper. He perused it, and rather astonished the peace officer by asserting that so far

from proving the man's guilt, it clearly established his innocence. “ This,” said the learned gentleman, “ is the clear and obvious reading of the sentence : —

“ Mangan said he never robbed.

But twice said it was Crawford.”

This interpretation had its effect on the jury, and the man was acquitted.

2860. KNOCKING OUT AN I.

Mr. Curran, the late celebrated Irish advocate, was walking one day with a friend, who was extremely punctilious in his conversation. Hearing a person near him say curocity, for curiosity, he exclaimed, “ How that man murders the English language ! ” “ Not so bad,” replied Curran, “ he has only *knocked an i out* ! ”

2861. ENDEAVORING TO PLEASE ALL.

When Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, wrote his famous book entitled, *A Pikel for the Knowing Ones*, there happened to be many heresies, schisms, and false doctrines abroad in the land, regarding punctuation, and as many diverse systems appeared, for the location of commas, semicolons, periods, dashes, etc., as there were works published. To obviate this difficulty, and to give every one an opportunity of suiting himself, his lordship left out all marks of punctuation from the body of his work, and at the ending of the book, had printed four or five pages of nothing but stops and pauses, with which he said the reader could pepper his dish as he chose.

2862. ONE MOTTO FOR LIBERALITY AND COVETOUSNESS.

In the priory of Ramessa there dwelt a very liberal prior, who caused these verses to be written over his door : —

“ Be open evermore, O thou my door,
 To none be shut — to honest or to poor.”

After his death there succeeded another prior, as covetous as his predecessor had been liberal, who kept the same verses there still, changing nothing therein but one point, which made them run thus . —

“ Be open evermore, O thou my door,
 To none — be shut to honest or to poor.”

2863. LAYING CLAIM TO NOBILITY.

William and his followers landed at Torbay, November 5, 1688. John Duke, (of Otterton,) a man of wealth and influence in Sidmouth, joined the hero on his arrival. Being presented to the king, who asked for his name, he replied with a timid hesitation, "John, Duke of Otterton." The prince expressed his surprise, and taking a list of nobility from his pocket, which he had been led to suppose was correct, looked over it, and then declared that no such duke was to be found there. The gentleman, however, soon rectified the mistake, by repeating his name with an accelerated pronunciation — John Duke, of Otterton. The mistake

being thus corrected, William smiled at it, and embraced John Duke with joy.

2864. DESIRING PRAYERS.

The lady of a mariner about to sail on a distant voyage sent a note to the clergyman of the parish, expressing the following meaning : —

"A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

Unfortunately, the good matron was not skilled in punctuation, nor had the minister quick vision. He read the note as it was written : —

"A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

§ 273. READING, &c.

2865. ALFRED THE GREAT LEARNING TO READ.



ALFRED the Great ascended the throne in 872. Born when his country was involved in the most profound darkness and deplorable condition, and when learning was considered rather as a reproach than an honor to a prince, he was not taught to know one letter from another till he was above twelve years of age, when a book was put into his hand, by accident more than by previous design. Judith, his step-mother, was sitting one day, surrounded by her family, with a book of Saxon poetry in her hands. With a happy judgment,

she proposed it as a gift to him who would first learn to read it. The elder princes thought the reward inadequate to the task, and retired from the field of emulation. But the mind of Alfred, captivated by the prospect of information, and pleased with the neatness of the writing and the beauty of the illuminations, inquired if she actually intended to give it to the person who would soonest learn to read it. His mother repeating the promise, with a smile of joy at the question, he took the book, found out an instructor, and learned to read it, recited it to her, and received it for his reward. It is said that he imbibed such a passion for reading that he never stirred abroad without a book in his bosom. He founded and endowed schools, (among others Oxford,) and brought teachers of learning from all parts of the world, purchased books, ordered the Bible to be translated into the Anglo-Saxon, undertaking the version of the Psalms himself, but did not live to complete it; and, in short, encouraged education and learning equally by precept and example.

2866. NEW VERSION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

A country schoolmaster, who found it rather difficult to make his pupils observe the difference in reading between a comma and full point, adopted a plan of his own, which he flattered himself would make them proficient in the art of punctuation; thus, in reading, when they came to a comma, they were to say "tick," and read on to a colon or semicolon, "tick, tick," and when a full point, "tick, tick, tick."

Now, it so happened that the worthy dominie received notice that the parish minister was to pay a visit of examination to his school, and as he was desirous that his pupils should show to the best advantage, he gave them an extra drill the day before the examination. "Now," said he, addressing his pupils, "when you read before the minister, to-morrow, you leave out the 'ticks,' though you must think them as you go along, for the sake of elocution." So far so good.

Next day came, and with it the minister, ushered into the school-room by the dominie, who, with smiles and bows, hoped that the training of the scholars would meet his approval. Now, it so happened that the first boy called up by the minister had been absent the preceding day, and, in the hurry, the master had forgotten to give him his instructions how to act. The minister asked the boy to read a chapter in the Old Testament, which he pointed out. The boy complied, and in his best accent began to read : "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, 'tick,' Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, 'tick, tick,' and thus shalt thou say unto them, 'tick, tick, tick.'"

This unfortunate sally, in his own style, acted like a shower bath on the poor dominie, whilst the minister and his friends almost died of laughter.

2867. A SENSIBLE PROPOSAL.

A local preacher, who once said he "didn't like church parsons because they was book larnt," was conducting a religious service, and, on opening the Bible, unfortunately stumbled upon a chapter almost full of hard proper names. He began to read as if he was a perfect master of pronunciation. Presently he came to a hard, long name. He paused; he attacked it; he got into the middle

of it, he went back and tried it again; at last he trampled right over it, and then coolly said, "Let us turn, dear brothers and sisters, to an easier chapter."

2866. FREDERIC THE GREAT AND HIS LIBRARIES.

The principal amusement of Frederic's leisure hours, at all periods of his life, was his library. The plan for his reading in general, which he adopted in his youth, and to which he constantly adhered, was this: He divided all books that he chose to read into two classes—those for study, and those for amusement. The second class, by far the more numerous of the two, comprehended all the works which he wished to know something of, and which he merely skimmed, or read once through. The first consisted of those which he meant to study, to read over again, or to consult as long as he lived; these he took up continually, one after another, in the order which he had ranged them, unless upon occasions when he only wanted to verify, to quote, or to imitate some passage. He had five libraries absolutely alike, and composed of the same books—at Potsdam, at old Sans Souci, at Berlin, at Charlottenburg, and at Breslau. When he removed from one of these residences to another, he had only to note how far he had got in a book, and, on his arrival, he could proceed as though he were on the same spot. Hence he always bought five copies of every book that he wished to have. To the five libraries above mentioned were afterwards added another in the new palace of Sans Souci, and a travelling library for the review time. The books belonging to all these libraries were uniformly bound in red morocco, with gilt leaves. Each book had its particular place, and on the cover was a letter, denoting the library to which it belonged.

2869. A SPEAKER'S MISTAKE.

Some years ago, a bill was reported in the New York House of Assembly, entitled "An Act for the Preservation of the Heath Hen and other Game." The speaker of the house, who was probably not much of a sportsman, gravely read it, "An Act for the Preservation of the HEATHEN and other Game"—a blunder of which he was unconscious, until an honest member from the north, who had suffered considerably by the depredations of the frontier Indians, moved an amendment by adding the words "except Indians."

2870. HUMOROUS MISTAKE.

A clergyman, on reading the twenty-seventh verse of the eighteenth chapter of the First Kings, placed the emphasis on the words denoted by italics, rendering the verse an absurdity: "And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass, and they saddled him."

2871. CHIP'S TALKING.

The Rev. J. Williams, in his *Narrative of Missionary Enterprise*, gives the following interesting anecdote:—

"In the erection of this chapel, (at Rarotonga,) a striking instance occurred of the feelings of an untaught people, when observing, for the first time, the effects of written communications. As I had come to work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and, with a piece of charcoal, wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief, who was superintending his portion of the work, and said to him,—
"Friend, take this, go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams."

"He was a singular-looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but in one of the numerous battles he had fought, he had lost an eye, and, giving me an inexpressible look with the other, he said,—
"Take that! She will call me a fool, and scold me, if I carry a chip to her."

"No," I replied, 'she will not; take it, and go immediately, for I am in haste.'
Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it and asked,

"What must I say?"

"I replied,—

"You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish."

"With a look of astonishment and contempt, he held up the piece of wood, and said,—
"How can this speak? Has it a mouth?"

"I desired him to take it immediately, and not spend so much time in talking about it. On arriving at the house, he gave it to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool chest, whither the chief, resolving to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said,—
"Stay, daughter: how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?"

"Why," she replied, 'did you not give me a chip just now?'

"Yes," said the astonished warrior, 'but I did not hear it say any thing.'

"If you did not, I did," was the reply, 'for it made known to me what he wanted; and all you have to do is to return as fast as possible.'

"With this, the chief leaped out of the house, and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arm would reach, and shouting as he went,—
"See the wisdom of these English people: they can make chips talk! they can make chips talk!"

"On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the information in my power; but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery, that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it around his neck, and wore it for some time. During several following days, we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he narrated the wonders which the chip had performed."

2872. MADAME DE STAEL.

It is recorded of Madame de Stael Holstein, that before she was fifteen years of age she had devoured six hundred novels in three months; so that she must have read more than six a day, upon an average.

2873. FORGETFULNESS.

"Being some time since," says a gentleman, "in the company of a clever farmer, a bachelor of forty, he, in the course of conversation, said to me, 'Well, it always seems strange to me how they used to forget one another so in Old Testament times: Abraham forgot Isaac, Isaac forgot Jacob, Jacob forgot —.'"

2874. RELAXATION, PLEASURE, AND CONSOLATION FROM BOOKS.

The secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum bazaar committee addressed to Thomas Hood a request that he would allow his name to be placed on the list of patrons of the approaching bazaar. To this request the secretaries received the following characteristic reply:—

"ST. JOHN'S WOOD, 18 July, 1843.
(From my bed,) 17 Elm-tree Road.

"Gentlemen: If my humble name can be of the least use for your purpose, it is heartily at your service, with my best wishes for the prosperity of the Manchester Athenæum, and my warmest approval of the objects of that institution.

"I have elsewhere recorded my own deep obligations to literature,—that a natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck, so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of the paternal pilotage. At the very least, my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloon, with their degrading orgies. For the closest associate of Pope and Addison—the mind accustomed to the noble, though silent, discourse of Shakspeare and Milton—will hardly seek, or put up with, low company and slang. The reading animal will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world.

"Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow—how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking,—nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for a meagre diet—rich fare on the paper for short commons on the cloth.

"Poisoned by the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach, for many months, resolutely set itself against fish, flesh, or fowl; my appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me. But, luckily, the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous; and whilst I passed untasted every dish at the Rhenish *table d'hôte*, I could yet enjoy my Peregrine Pickle, and the feast after the manner of the ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head à la tortue, or sheep's heart; but I could still relish Head à la Brunnen, and the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

"Still more recently, it was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite, to be condemned to lenten fare, like Sancho Panza, by my physician—to a diet, in fact, lower than any prescribed by the poor-law commissioners; all animal food, from a bullock to a rabbit, being strictly interdicted; as well as all fluids stronger than that which lays dust, washes pinafores, and waters polyanthus. But 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' were still mine. Denied beef, I had Bulwer and Cowper,—forbidden mutton, there was

Lamb,—and in lieu of pork, the great Bacon or Hogg.

"Then, as to beverage, it was hard, doubtless, for a Christian to set his face like a Turk against the juice of the grape. But, eschewing wine, I had still my Butler; and in the absence of liquor, all the choice spirits from Tom Browne to Tom Moore.

"Thus, though confined, physically, to the drink that drowns kittens, I quaffed mentally, not merely the best of our own home-made, but the rich, racy, sparkling growths of France and Italy, of Germany and Spain—the champagne of Molière, and the Monte Pulciano of Boccaccio, the hock of Schiller, and the sherry of Cervantes. Depressed bodily by the fluid that damps every thing, I got intellectually elevated with Milton, a little merry with Swift, or rather jolly with Rabelais, whose Pantagruel, by the way, is quite equal to the best gruel with rum in it.

"So far can literature palliate or compensate for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, the heart, and the temper—bowls that will not roll right—well-laid schemes that will 'gang alee'—and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of the monsoon. Of these, Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my burden has been greatly lightened by a load of books. The manner of this will be best understood from a feline illustration. Every body has heard of the two Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to the breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now, the human mind, under vexation, is like that kitten, for it is apt to prey upon itself, unless drawn off by a new object; and none better for the purpose than a book; for example, one of Defoe's; for who, in reading his thrilling History of the Great Plague, would not be reconciled to a few little ones?

"Many, many a dreary, weary hour have I got over—many a gloomy misgiving postponed—many a mental or bodily annoyance forgotten, by help of the tragedies and comedies of our dramatists and novelists! Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher—many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet; for all which I cry incessantly, not aloud, but in my heart,—Thanks and honor to the glorious masters of the pen, and the great inventors of the press!

"Such has been my own experience of the blessing and comfort of literature and intellectual pursuits; and of the same mind, doubtless, was Sir Humphry Davy, who went for 'consolations in Travel,' not to the inn or the posting house, but to his library and his books. I am, gentlemen, yours, very truly,
THOS. HOOD."

2875. IMPRESSIVE MANNER OF RACINE.

When Racine read aloud, he diffused his own enthusiasm. Once, with Boileau and Nicole, amid a literary circle, they talked of Sophocles, whom Racine greatly admired, but from whom he had never dared to borrow a tragic subject. Taking up a Greek Sophocles, and translating the *Œdipus*, the French poet became so deeply imbued with the Greek tragedian, that his auditors caught all the emotions of terror and pity. "I have seen," says one of those auditors, "our best pieces represented

by our best actors. but never any thing approached the agitation that then came over us; and to this distant day I have never lost the recollection of Racine, with the volume in his hand, full of emotion, and we all breathlessly pressing around him."

2876. JAMES I.



James I. of Scotland.

When James I. went into the Bodleian, he broke out into that noble speech, "If I were not a king, I would be a university man; *et si unquam mihi in fatis sit, ut captivus ducar, si mihi daretur opto, hoc cuperem carcere concludi his catenis illigari, cum hisce captivis concatenatis ætatem agere.*"

2877. A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

Sir William Jones, when a mere child, was very inquisitive. His mother was a woman of great intelligence, and he would apply to her for the information which he desired; but her constant reply was, "Read and you will know." This gave him a passion for books, which was one of the principal means of making him what he was.

2878. READING EUCLID HIMSELF.

There are some books which require peculiar attention in reading, in order to understand them. A spruce macaroni was boasting, one day, that he had the most happy genius in the world. "Every thing," said he, "is easy to me. People call Euclid's Elements a hard book; but I read it yesterday from beginning to end in a piece of the afternoon between dinner and supper." "Read all Euclid," answered a gentleman present, "in one afternoon? How was that possible?" "Upon my honor I did, and never read smoother reading in my life." "Did you master all the demonstrations and solve all the

problems as you went?" "Demonstrations and problems! I suppose you mean the a's, and b's, and c's, and 1's, and 2's, and the pictures of scratches and scrawls. No, no; I skipped all them. I only read Euclid himself; and all Euclid I did read, and in one piece of the afternoon, too." Alas! how many such readers there are! Such are likely to get as much knowledge of the subject they read as this young man did of geometry.

2879. METHODICAL THINKING.



Edward Gibbon.

Gibbon, the celebrated author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, has furnished a new idea in the art of reading. "We ought," says he, "not to attend to the order of our book, so much as of our thoughts. The perusal of a particular work gives birth, perhaps, to ideas unconnected with the subject it treats; I pursue these ideas and quit my proposed plan of reading." Thus in the midst of Homer he read Longinus; a chapter of Longinus led to an epistle of Pliny; and having finished Longinus, he followed the train of his ideas of the sublime and beautiful in the inquiry of Burke, and concluded with comparing the ancient with the modern Longinus. Of all our popular writers, the most experienced reader was Gibbon, and he offers important advice to an author engaged on a particular subject: "I suspended my perusal of any new book on the subject till I had reviewed all that I knew, or believed, or had thought on it, that I might be qualified to discern how much the authors added to my original stock."

2880. KNOWING AND JUDGING.

Pope says that from fourteen to twenty, he read only for amusement; from twenty to twenty-seven, for improvement and instruction; that in the first part of this time he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavored to judge.

2881. SECEDERS CONDEMNED.

Dr. Waugh could enjoy an innocent joke with as much zest as any one; and few men could tell a humorous story with better effect. A reverend friend of his has told me that he has often heard him relate a short anecdote, though at the expense of the body to whom he belonged. The anecdote was this: A worthy, but blunt old man, living in the part of Scotland from which Dr. Waugh came, had been so sand-blind from his youth, as to be unable to read without the help of glasses of a great magnifying power, and even then not without difficulty and pain. Being, however, a lover of the Scriptures, he made one of his sons, a little boy about thirteen years of age, read a portion of them every night. The old man, I should here remark, was a most rigid Seceder. He could scarcely be brought to admit that piety could exist among any other body of Christians. One evening, before going to bed, the son was reading the usual chapter, and he happened to light on that one in Timothy in which it is said that the time will come when "wicked men and evil seducers shall wax worse and worse." The boy, by mistake, — and we all know such mistakes will happen, — read "Seceders" for the word "seducers." "Eh! fats that ye say, laddie!" exclaimed the worthy old man, in his own hasty manner. "Just read that verse again." The boy read the verse a second time, and again fell into the same error. "Just lat me see the buik," said the honest but blunt Seceder; and as he spoke he hastily stretched out his hand, and snatched the Bible from the hands of his son. His glasses were

forthwith produced, and got some half dozen extra rubs with his handkerchief before he adjusted them on his nose. He looked at the verse, and seeing but very imperfectly, commenced spelling the word. "S-e-se—se." He then, owing to his deficient vision, mistook the three intervening letters, "duc," but read the remaining three, "ers," quite correctly. Finding that the two first, and the three last letters of the word answered for the term "Seceders," the poor man thought that was actually the word. His confusion, on thus fancying that the denomination to which he belonged was expressly condemned in one of the epistles of St. Paul was inexpressible. He uttered, or rather half uttered, a significant "humph," and followed it up with the remark, closing the book, as he spoke, "Johnny, lad, tha'll do for the nicht."

2882. HEINSIUS.

"Heinsius was mewed up in the library of Leyden all the year long, and that which, to my thinking, should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. "I no sooner," saith he, "come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, the mother of Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit, and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happiness." Such is the incense of a votary who scatters it on the altar less for the ceremony than from the devotion.

§ 274. REPORTING AND REPORTERS.

2883. WILBERFORCE AND MORGAN O'SULLIVAN.

A certain popular debate, which was about English laborers, being one evening unusually dull, Jack Finnarty, who had but a short time before been imported from Tipperary, said to the only other reporter in the gallery at the time, that he felt very drowsy, and that he would be after taking a little bit of a nap, if he would tell him when he awoke any thing which might take place. The other agreed, and Jack, in a moment, was fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. An hour elapsed, and after half a dozen yawns, Jack opened his eyes. "Has any thing happened?" was his first question to his friend.

"To be sure there has," said the other, whose name was Morgan O'Sullivan.

"Has there, by the powers?" exclaimed Jack, pricking up his ears in the plenitude of his anxiety to learn what it was.

"Yes, Jack, and very important, too."

"By —, then, and why don't you be after telling it me at once? What was it about?"

"About the virtue of the Irish potato, Jack."

"Was it the Irish potato, you said, Morgan?"

"The Irish potato, and a most eloquent speech it was."

"Thunder and lightning, then, and why don't you tell it me?"

"I'll read it from my note book, Jack, and you'll take it down as I go on," said Morgan.

"Och, it's myself, sure, that's ready at any time to write what any mumber says about our praties. Are you ready to begin?"

"Quite ready," answered Morgan.

"Now, then," said Jack, with an energy which strangely contrasted with the previous languor of his manner, — "now then, Morgan, my boy."

Morgan, affecting to read from his note book, commenced thus: "The honorable mumber said, that if —"

"Och, be aisy a little bit," interrupted Jack; "who was the honorable mumber?"

Morgan, hesitating for a moment — "Was it his name you asked? Sure it was Mr. Wilberforce."

"Mr. Wilberforce! Och, very well then."

Morgan resumed. "Mr. Wilberforce said, that it always appeared to him beyond all question that the great cause why the Irish laborers were, as a body, so much stronger, and capable of enduring so much greater fatigue than the English, was the surpassing virtues of their potato. And he —"

"Morgan, my dear fellow," shouted Jack at the mention of the Irish potato, his countenance lighting up with ecstasy as he spoke, — "Morgan, my dear fellow, this is so important that we must give it in the first person."

"Do you think so?" said Morgan.

"Throth, and I do," answered Jack.

"Very well," said the other.

Morgan then resumed: "And I have no doubt," continued Mr. Wilberforce, "that had it been my lot to be born and reared in —"

"Did the mumber say *reared*?" interrupted Jack exultingly, evidently associating the word with the growth of potatoes in his "own blessed country."

"He said '*reared*,'" observed the other, who then resumed: "Had it been my lot to be born and reared in Ireland, where my food would have principally consisted of the potato,—that most nutritious and salubrious root,—instead of being the poor, infirm, shrivelled, and stunted creature you, sir, and honorable gentlemen, now behold me, I would have been a tall, stout, athletic man, and able to carry an enormous weight."

Here Jack Finnarty observed, looking his friend eagerly in the face, "Faith, Morgan, and that's what I call thrue eloquence! Go on."

"I hold that root to be invaluable; and the man who first cultivated it in Ireland I regard as a benefactor of the first magnitude to his species. And my decided opinion is, that never, till we grow potatoes in England, in sufficient quantities to feed all our laborers, will those laborers be so abled-bodied a class as the Irish. (Hear, hear! from both sides of the house.)"

"Well, by St. Patrick, but that bates every thing," observed Jack, on finishing his notes. "That's rare philosophy. And the other mumber cried, '*Hear, hear!*' did they?"

"The other members cried, '*Hear, hear!*' answered Morgan.

In a quarter of an hour afterwards the house rose. Morgan went away direct to the office of the paper for which he was employed; while Jack, in perfect ecstasies at the eulogium which had been pronounced on the virtue of the potatoes of "ould Ireland," ran in breathless haste to a public house, where the reporters who should have been on duty for the other morning papers were assembled. He read over his notes to them, which they copied verbatim; and not being at the time in the best possible condition for judging of the probability of Mr. Wilberforce delivering such a speech, they repaired to their respective offices, and actually gave a copy of it into the hands of the printer. Next morning it appeared in all the papers, except the one with which Morgan O'Sullivan was connected. The sensation and surprise it created in town exceeded every thing. Had it only appeared in one or two of the papers, persons of ordinary intelligence must at once have concluded that there was some mistake about the matter. But its appearing in all the journals except one forced, as it were, people to the conclusion that it must have been actually spoken. The inference was plain. Every body, while regretting that the necessity should exist, saw that no other course was left but to put Mr. Wilberforce at once into a strait jacket, and provide him with a keeper. In the evening, the house met as usual, and Mr. Wilberforce, on the speaker taking the chair, rose and begged the indulgence of the house for one moment to a matter which concerned it, as well as himself, personally. "Every honorable member," he observed, "has doubtless read the speech which I am represented as having made on the previous night. With the permission of the house, I will read it." (Here the honorable member read the speech amidst deafening roars of laughter.) "I can assure honorable members that no one could have read this speech with more surprise than I myself did this morning, when I found the paper on my breakfast table. For myself, personally, I care but little about it, though, if I were capable of

uttering such nonsense as is here put into my mouth, it is high time that, instead of being a member of this house, I were an inmate of some lunatic asylum. It is for the dignity of this house that I feel concerned; for if honorable members were capable of listening to such nonsense, supposing me capable of giving expression to it, it were much more appropriate to call this a theatre for the performance of farces, than a place for the legislative deliberations of the representatives of the nation."

It was proposed by some members to call the printers of the different papers in which the speech appeared to the bar of the house, for a breach of privilege; but the matter was eventually allowed to drop.

THE HUMOROUS REPORTER MORGAN O'SULLIVAN.

P—F— used to tell the following story of Morgan O'Sullivan: Morgan was big-boned, loud-voiced, and had as much wit and fun as an Irish porter could carry—often more than he could carry himself, or knew what to do with. He took his wine frequently at Bellamy's, and then went up into the gallery and reported like a gentleman and a man of genius. The members hardly knew their own speeches again; but they admired his free and bold manner of dressing them up. None of them ever went to the printing office of the Morning Chronicle, to complain that the tall Irishman had given a lame, sneaking version of their sentiments. They pocketed the affront of their metamorphosis, and *fathered* speeches they had never made. His way was the hyperbole; a strong spice of Orientalism, with a dash of the *bogtrotter*. His manner seemed to please, and he presumed upon it. One evening, as he sat at his post in the gallery, waiting the issue of things, and a hint to hang his own tropes and figures upon, a dead silence happened to prevail in the house. It was when Mr. Addington was speaker. The bold leader of the *press-gang* was never bent upon serious business much, and at this time he was particularly full of meat and wine.

Delighted, therefore, with the pause, but thinking that something might as well be going forward, he called out lustily, "A song from Mr. Speaker." Imagine Addington's long, prim, upright figure, his consternation, and utter want of preparation for, or of a clew to repel, such an interruption of the rules and orders of Parliament. The house was in a roar. Pitt, it is said, could hardly keep his seat for laughing. When the bustle and the confusion were abated, the sergeant at arms went into the gallery to take the audacious culprit into custody, and indignantly desired to know who it was; but nobody would tell. Mark sat like a tower on the hindmost bench of the gallery, imperturbable in his own gravity, and safe in the faith of the brotherhood of reporters, who alone were in the secret. At length, as the mace-bearer was making fruitless inquiries, and getting impatient, Supple pointed to a fat Quaker, who sat in the middle of the crowd, and nodded assent that he was the man. The Quaker was, to his great surprise, taken into immediate custody; but after a short altercation and some further explanation, he was released, and the hero of our story put in his place for an hour or two, but left off on an assurance of his contrition, and of showing less wit and more discretion in future.

2885. REPORTERS SUBJECTED TO INCONVENIENCES.

Formerly, in the House of Commons, the reporters for the newspapers had no facilities for entrance into the gallery, beyond those enjoyed by the public generally; and on days when an interesting debate was expected, they were frequently obliged to take their place on the stairs early in the forenoon, and, after standing there for many hours, to depend for their chance of getting in upon a struggle with their competitors in the crowd, when the door was opened. Some thirty or forty years ago, there was a dark closet at the end of the gallery, in which the more experienced of the reporters used to hide themselves during a division, so as to be ready for the first rush when strangers were readmitted. In this closet Mr. Woodfall, Mr. Perry, and Mr. Lane (formerly editor of the British Press) were once saugly ensconced. The period of exclusion was long, and they beguiled it by political discussion. At last one of the party roared out, to the dismay of the speaker, and the horror of the sergeant at arms, "I say the Morning Post is in the pay of the French Directory!" The culprits were brought to the bar of the house, and a strict watch was in future kept on the closet of refuge. At length the late speaker, Mr. Abbott, at a time when some repairs or alterations were made in the house, caused a small room to be set apart for the use of the reporters, and a door to be struck out at the back of the gallery, whereby they might at all times obtain admittance to the back seat, which, although the most distant from the body of the house, was the best for hearing.

2886. THE FIRST PARLIAMENTARY REPORTS.

The first attempt at a monthly publication of the parliamentary debates was made in the Gentleman's Magazine, for August, 1735; and the practice was continued in succeeding numbers. The reports were of the most timid and cautious description, the names of the speakers being given only by the first and last letters, and, in many cases, no speaker's name is mentioned; all that appears is a summary of the argument and discussion. They got bolder by degrees, and at last published the names at full length. This audacity, coupled with the fact that some of the members appeared in a light not very satisfactory to themselves, either from their own defects, or the incorrect version of their oratory, caused the attention of the Commons to be drawn to the subject. It was brought under notice April 13, 1738, by the speaker, who was followed by Yonge, Windham, and Sir Thomas Winnington. The last concluded a very angry speech with these words: "Why, sir, you will have the speeches of this house

every day printed, even during your session; and we shall be looked upon as the most contemptible assembly on the face of the earth." The result was a thundering resolution, unanimously agreed to, declaring it "a high indignity to, and a notorious breach of, the privileges of the house to publish the debates, either while Parliament is sitting or during the recess," and threatening to proceed against offenders "with the utmost severity." Accounts of parliamentary business were now obtained with greater risk, and various contrivances were employed to disguise a version of them. The Gentleman's Magazine published them under the title of the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput, and the London Magazine under that of a Journal of the Proceedings and Debates in the Political Club; giving Roman names to the speakers, while each publication printed an explanatory key at the end of the year. The two gentlemen principally occupied in this mystification were William Gurthrie and Thomas Gordon, both Scotchmen. About this time, Dr. Johnson arrived in London, and was immediately engaged, by the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, (Cave), in the composition of the parliamentary debates. Gurthrie, who had a good memory, brought home as much as he could recollect from the house, mending his draught by whatever other assistance he could command; after which, the matter thus collected underwent the finishing touches of Johnson. At times, according to Boswell, Johnson had no other aid than the names of the speakers, and the side they took, being left to his own resources for the argument and language. A speech — the celebrated speech, commencing, "The atrocious crime of being a young man," which he put into the mouth of Pitt, when that distinguished orator replied to the taunts of Walpole — Johnson afterwards declared, in the company of Francis, Wedderburn, Foote, and Murphy, that he "wrote in a garret in Exeter Street." His reports, however, are considered, by the editor of Hansard's Parliamentary History, the most authentic extant, faithfully embodying the argument, if not the style, of the speakers. It was once observed to him, that he dealt out reason and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties. "That is not quite true," said Johnson; "I saved appearances pretty well; but I took care that the whig dogs should not have the best of it." The reports increased immensely the sale of the magazines; they enabled Cave to set up an equipage, on the door panel of which, instead of a crest, he had painted a representation of his office at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, where Johnson sometimes ate his dinner, concealed behind a screen, not having suitable clothes to appear before the more modish visitors of his employer; some of them, perhaps, members of the house, who dropped in to see or correct the maiden proofs of their oratory in the senate.

§ 275. REVIEWS AND REVIEWERS.

2887. KENRICK'S REVIEW OF GOLDSMITH.

Towards the end of March, 1759, the treatise on which Goldsmith had laid so much stress — on which he at one time had calculated to defray the expenses of his outfit to India — was published by the Dodseys, and entitled *An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*.

As it was the most important production that had yet come from Goldsmith's pen, he was anxious to have the credit of it; yet it appeared without his name on the title page. The authorship, however, was well known throughout the world of letters, and the author had now grown into sufficient literary importance to become an object of hostility to the underlings of the press. One of the most virulent

attacks upon him was in a criticism on this treatise, and appeared in the Monthly Review, to which he himself had been recently a contributor. It slandered him as a man, while it decried him as an author, and accused him, by innuendo, of "laboring under the infamy of having, by the vilest and meanest actions, forfeited all pretensions to honor and honesty," and of practising "those acts which bring the sharper to the cart's tail or the pillory."

It will be remembered that the Review was owned by Griffiths, the bookseller, with whom Goldsmith had recently had a misunderstanding. The criticism, therefore, was no doubt dictated by the lingerings of resentment; and the imputations upon Goldsmith's character for honor and honesty, and the vile and mean actions hinted at, could only allude to an unfortunate pawing of some clothes. All this, too, was after Griffiths had received the affecting letter from Goldsmith, drawing a picture of his poverty and perplexities, and after the latter had made him a literary compensation. Griffiths, in fact, was sensible of the falsehood and extravagance of the attack, and tried to exonerate himself by declaring that the criticism was written by a person in his employ; but we see no difference in atrocity between him who wields the knife and him who hires the cutthroat. It may be well, however, in passing, to bestow our mite of notoriety upon the miscreant who launched the slander. He deserves it for a long course of dastardly and venomous attacks, not merely upon Goldsmith, but upon most of the successful authors of the day. His name was Kenrick. He was originally a mechanic, but, possessing some degree of talent and industry, applied himself to literature as a profession. This he pursued for many years, and tried his hand in every department of prose and poetry: he wrote plays and satires, philosophical tracts, critical dissertations, and works on philology; nothing from his pen ever rose to first-rate excellence, or gained him a popular name, though he received from some university the degree of doctor of laws. Dr. Johnson characterized his literary career in one short sentence. "Sir, he is one of the many who have made themselves public without making themselves known."

Soured by his own want of success, jealous of the success of others, his natural irritability of temper increased by habits of intemperance, he at length abandoned himself to the practice of reviewing, and became one of the Ishmaelites of the press. In this his malignant bitterness soon gave him a notoriety which his talents had never been able to attain. We shall dismiss the subject with the following sketch of him, by the hand of one of his contemporaries:—

"Dreaming of genius which he never had;
Half wit, half fool, half critic, and half mad;
Seizing, like Shirley, on the poet's lyre,
With all his rage, but not one spark of fire;
Eager for slaughter, and resolved to tear
From other's brows that wreath he must not wear,—
Next Kenrick came, all furious, and replete
With brandy, malice, pertness, and conceit;
Unskilled in classic lore, through envy blind
To all that's beauteous, learned, or refined;
For faults alone beheld the savage frowl,
With reason's offal glut his ravening soul;
Pleased with his prey, its inmost blood he drinks,
And mumbles, paws, and turns it, till it stinks."

2888. CONFIDENCE IN REVIEWERS.

Miss Lucy Porter once told Dr. Johnson that she should like to purchase some new publications, and

asked him if she might trust to the reviewers. "Infallibly, my dear Lucy," he replied, "provided you buy what they abuse, and never any thing they praise."

2889. GOLDSMITH A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Monthly Review, of which a bookseller by the name of Griffiths was proprietor, was an advocate for whig principles, and had been in prosperous existence for nearly eight years. Of late, however, periodicals had multiplied exceedingly, and a formidable tory rival had started up in the Critical Review, published by Archibald Hamilton, a bookseller, and aided by the powerful and popular pen of Dr. Smollett. Griffiths was obliged to recruit his forces. While so doing he met Goldsmith, and was struck with remarks on men and books which fell from him in the course of conversation. He took occasion to sound him privately as to his inclination and capacity as a reviewer, and was furnished by him with specimens of his literary and critical talents. They proved satisfactory. The consequence was, that Goldsmith once more changed his mode of life, and in April, 1757, became a contributor to the Monthly Review, at a small fixed salary, with board and lodging; and accordingly took up his abode with Mr. Griffiths, at the sign of the Dunciad, Paternoster Row. As usual, we trace this phase of his fortunes in his semi-fictional writings, his sudden transmutation of the pedagogue into the author being humorously set forth in the case of George Primrose, in the Vicar of Wakefield. "Come," says George's adviser, "I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning; what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence—all honest, jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised; men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives only have mended shoes, but never made them." "Finding," says George, "that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and, having the highest respect for literature, hailed the *antiqua mater* of Grub Street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me." Alas, Dryden struggled with indigence all his days; and Otway, it is said, fell a victim to famine in his thirty-fifth year, being strangled by a roll of bread, which he devoured with the voracity of a starving man.

In Goldsmith's experience the track soon proved a thorny one. Griffiths was a hard business man, of shrewd, worldly good sense, but little refinement or cultivation. He meddled, or rather muddled, with literature, too, in a business way, altering and modifying occasionally the writings of his contributors; and in this he was aided by his wife, who, according to Smollett, was "an antiquated female critic, and a dabbler in the Review." Such was the literary vassalage to which Goldsmith had unwarily subjected himself. A diurnal drudgery was imposed on him, irksome to his indolent habits, and attended by circumstances humiliating to his pride. He had to write daily from nine o'clock until two, and often throughout the day; whether in the vein or not, and on subjects dictated by his task-master, however foreign to his taste; in a word, he was treated

as a mere literary hack. But this was not the worst; it was the critical supervision of Griffiths and his wife which grieved him; the "illiterate, bookselling Griffiths," as Smollett called them, "who presumed to revise, alter, and amend the articles contributed to their Review. Thank Heaven," crowed Smollett, "the Critical Review is not written under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife. Its principal writers are independent of each other, unconnected with booksellers, and unawed by old women."

This literary vassalage, however, did not last long. The bookseller became more and more exacting. He accused his hack writer of idleness, of abandoning his writing desk and literary workshop at an early hour of the day, and of assuming a tone and manner above his situation. Goldsmith, in return, charged him with impertinence, his wife with meanness and parsimony in her household treatment of him, and both of literary meddling and meddling. The engagement was broken off at the end of five months, by mutual consent. Better broken than kept, no doubt; but better still if never made.

§ 276. SATIRISTS.

2891. VOLTAIRE'S SATIRE AND PUNISHMENT.

Voltaire wrote a very severe satire upon the King of Prussia, which so nettled him that he could never forget it. Upon hearing that the bard was at Leipsic, he told Count de —, one of his aides-de-camp, that he could confer a singular obligation on him; the aide-de-camp, who said he only lived to obey his majesty, was told the object was properly to requite Voltaire for the obligation he had conferred in that satire. The hint was sufficient; the count flew to execute his sovereign's pleasure; he repaired to Leipsic, and, waiting one morning upon Voltaire, complimented him upon his extraordinary merit, and inquired if he was not the author of that particular poem; to which the bard very innocently replied, "Yes." "Then, sir," said the count, "it is a scandal to the judgment of the present age that you have not been recompensed for it. I have a commission, sir, to reward you liberally for this production; and I have too great a sense of its value, and too much generosity, to deprive you of any part of your due." Having said this, he fell to work and caned him soundly, while the unfortunate bard in vain pleaded for mercy. The obligation being thus requited, the count drew up a receipt in the following terms, which he insisted on Voltaire's signing, on pain of further corporal punishment:—

"Received of his Prussian majesty, by the hands of the Count de —, one hundred bastinadoes, very judiciously applied, for having written a satire on his said majesty, in full of all demands. Witness my hand. VOLTAIRE."

2892. WISDOM IN SILENCE.

Satire is a powerful weapon; but when turned against us unjustly, we cannot give our adversary a more severe rebuke than by remaining silent. Some one said to Tasso, who was opposing to raillery silence, "You must be a fool not to speak in your defence."

2890. EDGAR A. POE AND THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Edgar A. Poe, whose genius even those who most dislike his wild extravagances and psychological transcendentalisms will at once acknowledge, thus vents his bitterest sarcasm upon the North American Review:—

"I cannot say that I ever fairly comprehended the force of the term 'insult,' until I was given to understand, one day, by a member of the North American Review clique, that this journal was 'not only willing, but anxious, to render me that justice which had been already rendered me by the *Revue Française*, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,' but was 'restrained from so doing' by my 'invincible spirit of antagonism.' I wish the North American Review to express no opinion of me whatever—for I have none of it. In the mean time, as I see no motto on its title page, let me recommend it one from *Sterne's* Letter from France. Here it is: 'As we rode along the valley, we saw a herd of asses on the top of one of the mountains—how they viewed and reviewed us!'"

"You are mistaken," was the reply; "he is the fool who does not know when to hold his tongue."

2893. BOURBON AND BOLUS; OR, LEGISLATING DOWN PHYSIC.

Satirists, if they escape the scourge of the law, have sometimes reason to dread the cane of the satirized. Whether any caning was feared or endured in the following case, we are not informed. Who shall say that the cane was not at least deserved? No medical man, surely, nor any of our medicine mongers!

An injudicious adherent of Mr. Perceval, the colleague of Canning, having mentioned drugs among the articles to be intercepted by the English ships, in order to make the French more disposed for peace, the opportunity which it offered to Sidney Smith for displaying his powers of ridicule was too tempting to be lost, and he has thus "shown up" the affair, in the Letters of Peter Plymley.

"What a sublime thought," exclaims Peter, "that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his majesty's ministers? At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor oil they might, for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimominal powders cannot be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? 'There's the rub.' Depend upon it, the absence of *materia medica* will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of *Bourbon and Bolus* burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean."

SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS.

§ 277. HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS OF
ANCIENT SCULPTORS.

2894. THE CLAY MODEL.



LINX relates a pleasing anecdote of the invention of sculpture. Dibutades, the fair daughter of a celebrated potter of Siccyon, contrived a private meeting with her lover, at the eve of a long separation. A repetition of vows of constancy, and a stay prolonged to a very late hour, overpowered at length the faculties of the youth, and he fell fast asleep. The nymph, whose imagination was more alert, observing that, by the light of a lamp, her admirer's profile was strongly marked on the wall, eagerly snatched up a piece of charcoal, and, inspired by love, traced

the outline with such success, that her father, when he chanced to see the sketch, determined to preserve, if possible, the effect. With this view he formed a kind of clay model from it, which first essay of the kind had the honor to be preserved in the public repository of Corinth, even to the fatal day of its destruction by that enemy to the arts, Mummius Archaicus.

2895. DEATH OF TORRIGIANO.

Torrighiano, the Florentine, after enriching the cities of Andalusia with several pieces of sculpture not unworthy the disciple and rival of Michael Angelo, was condemned to death by the Inquisition, and expired in the prison of Seville, under the horrors of an approaching execution, in the year 1522. This eminent sculptor had undertaken to carve a Madonna and Child of the natural size, for a Spanish grandee; it was to be made after the model of one which he had already executed, and promise was given him of a reward proportioned to the merit of the work. His employer was one of the first grandees in Spain, and Torrighiano, who conceived highly of his generosity, and well knew what his own talents could perform, was determined to outdo his former production. The ingenious artist with much pains and application completed it, and presented to his employer a matchless piece of sculpture, the utmost effort of his art. The grandee surveyed the striking performance with great delight and reverence; he applauded Torrighiano to the skies; and, impatient to possess himself of the enchanting idol, forthwith sent to demand the de-

livery of it. At the same time, to display his generosity, he loaded two lackeys with the money: the bulk indeed was promising, but when Torrighiano examined the bags, and found the specie within nothing more, nor better, than a parcel of brass maravedi, amounting only to the amount of thirty ducats, vexation at this sudden disappointment of his hopes, and just resentment for what he considered as an insult to his merit, so fired him, that, snatching up his mallet in rage, and not regarding the perfection or (what to him was of more fatal consequence) the sacred character of the image he had made, he broke it suddenly in pieces, and dismissed the lackeys, with their load of farthings, to tell the tale. They executed their errand too well. The grandee, filled with shame, vexation, and revenge, and assuming horror for the sacrilegious nature of the act, presented himself before the Court of Inquisition, and impeached the unhappy artist at that terrible tribunal. It was in vain that poor Torrighiano urged the right of an author over works of his own creation. Reason pleaded on his side, but superstition sat in judgment. The decree was death with torture; but the holy office lost its victim. Torrighiano expired under the horrors, not under the hands, of the executioner.

2896. SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF POWERS.

Hiram Powers, the subject of the following memoir, who may be justly styled the Angelo of the present age, was born in the state of Vermont, in the year 1805. His father, a plain New England farmer, was a man of great integrity and worth, who endeavored, on all occasions, to infuse into the minds of his children an early regard for the virtuous and good.

Having reached the place of their destination in the vicinity of Cincinnati, his father commenced operations in farming. For a while, the bright dreams of the future, in which Hiram had indulged his fancy, seemingly, were about to be realized; but shortly after their arrival, these were all blasted by the untimely death of his father.

Immediately upon this event, he went to Cincinnati, where, after considerable difficulty, he obtained a situation in a reading-room in the capacity of waiter. While here, during his leisure moments, he indulged his fondness for drawing, which had early exhibited itself. But, unfortunately, his devotions to the art were of too sanguine a character for the comfort of the visitors; the unpleasant smell of his colors was complained of, and likewise their too frequent combination with the papers, magazines, &c., belonging to the room; and to this cause we may safely attribute the change of color sometimes noticed in the garments of the visitors themselves. These charges, together with his obstinacy in pursuing his favorite amusement, were deemed sufficient for the young martyr's removal.

We subsequently find him in a produce store, in which he remained only a short time, being thrown out of employment by the failure of his master.

Soon after this, he engaged himself as an apprentice to a clock maker, to whom he proved a valuable assistant, by his expertness in collecting debts for the establishment, as well as his ingenuity as a workman.

It was during this apprenticeship that his attention was first called to sculpture. An itinerant artist, passing through Cincinnati at this time, attracted his notice; he visited his studio, and readily became acquainted with the art of modelling, the process of which so pleased and fascinated him, that he at once determined to relinquish his present occupation and become a sculptor. The sight of some antique statues had warmed into life an innate germ that would give to the world a man whose life would form a new era in the art of statuary. Thus a pebble at its source may shape the direction of a mighty river. He speaks of the moments occupied in revolving in his mind his future course as the happiest of his life; in these he indulged his earliest aspirations for distinction—sensations to him of the utmost novelty and delight.

His course being now determined upon, he obtained the necessary materials for modelling, rented the garret of his former workshop as a studio, and commenced operations. His first essay was a copy of the head of the *Venus de' Medici*, to the execution of which he now bent himself with great assiduity, and labored with that untiring devotion to the art which has ever since characterized and remained with him. Even in his first attempts at sculpture Powers was eminently successful.

His next most important work was his famous Cannibal, which so successfully gulled the good people of Cincinnati. The plot of this most amusing ruse was as follows: He placed upon a stuffed figure of a man a plaster head, which was made to look as grim and ferocious as possible by means of paint, false hair, &c. To heighten the effect, and to render the counterfeit complete, a weapon of death, easily imagined to have been the identical one used by the monster in his attack upon his fellow-man, was placed in his hands. A showy handbill was posted about, announcing it to be a *bona fide* cannibal, captured in the Caribbean Islands, and brought to this country at a great expense, which it was trusted a *generous public* would in part defray. It was visited by crowds, and all expressed great delight at having had the opportunity of seeing a real cannibal. In justice, however, to Powers, we should say, that he was no further concerned in this deception than employed to make the figure.

Soon after this, he was employed by the proprietors of the Western Museum in fitting up the *infernal regions*—an exhibition which attracted much attention, and gained him great applause.

His restless and imaginative genius prompted him

to visit Washington, where he obtained, by request, model busts of some of the most distinguished men then in that city; among whom were Jackson, Webster, Adams, Calhoun, Colonel Preston, Johnson, and several others, who not only sat for him, but also rendered him much valuable assistance. The bust of Webster was modelled at his own residence, where the artist was treated with great familiarity and hospitality during the time requisite for his work. Through his influence, Powers received several valuable commissions, which contributed greatly to further his still cherished design of visiting Italy. It was, however, through the immediate kindness and generosity of Colonel Preston, of South Carolina, that he was enabled to put this plan into execution.

Having completed, in wax or clay, models of these distinguished individuals, he proceeded to Rome, where, shortly after, we find him engaged in transferring their features to marble.

Here his workmanship attracted universal attention and admiration: we see his studio thronged with the most eminent artists of the age, astonished at this prodigy of genius, who, by one stroke of his magic chisel, hurled down to the level of mediocrity those who had imagined themselves arrived at the acme of perfection.

Having fulfilled the commissions which he obtained in America, he commenced his first *ideal* work in his justly celebrated Eve: upon this he was engaged three years, but in the interim of which he completed several minor pieces. One day, while employed upon this work, he was visited in his studio by the great Thorwaldsen, whom Powers styles the "patriarch of sculptors," who expressed the greatest delight, and even astonishment, at the accurate proportion and exquisite beauty of the various specimens of his art around the room. When Eve was exhibited to him, its author, with his wonted diffidence of his own powers, thought it due to himself to say that "this was his *first* attempt at the *ideal*."

Thorwaldsen, with characteristic frankness, replied,—

"You may say it is your first, but any other man might be proud to call it his last."

Powers's next ideal work was his Greek Slave, which has attracted so much attention in Europe, and in this country excited so much curiosity. This is beyond doubt his *chef d'œuvre* in the ideal, and has contributed in no small degree to win him that celebrity which he so justly merits. It represents a female of exquisite beauty, who is supposed to have been taken prisoner by the Turks, in the time of the Greek revolution, and is publicly exposed for sale. Its graceful attitude, its great beauty, its truthfulness to nature, all combine to render it one of the most admired works of art now extant.

§ 278. TRAITS, HABITS, &c.

2897. ARDENT ENTHUSIASM.

The enthusiasm of ardent and of forcible minds appears madness to those that are dull and phlegmatic. The pleasure it inspires is the greatest and the most independent remuneration that men of genius receive for their efforts and exertions. Donatello, the great Florentine sculptor, had been long working at his statue of Judith; and, on giving the

last stroke of the chisel to it, he was heard to exclaim, "Speak now! I am sure you can!"

2898. NOLLEKEN'S FAMILIARITY WITH MEN OF RANK.

This celebrated sculptor could never be made to comprehend the abstract idea of the distinctions of

rank, or even of persons. He would go up to the Duke of York, or the Prince of Wales, (in spite of warning,) take them familiarly by the button, like common acquaintances, ask them how their father did, and express pleasure at hearing he was well, saying, "When he is gone we shall never get such another." He once, when the old king was sitting to him for his bust, fairly stuck a pair of compasses into his nose, to measure the distance from the upper lip to the forehead, as if he had been measuring a block of marble. His late majesty laughed heartily at this, and was amused to find that there was a person in the world ignorant of the vast interval which separated him from every other man.

2999. DISINTERESTEDNESS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo, for his noble design of the Church of St. Peter, at Rome, received only twenty-five Roman crowns, and it was finished in a fortnight. Santo Gallo had been many years employed in his wretched models, and received four thousand crowns for them. This being reported to Angelo, far from being mortified or envious, he said, "I work for immortality, and require no other recompense."

2900. ROUBILLIAC.

Roubilliac had frequent recourse to living nature to help him out with his conceptions. From a chairman he is said to have copied the legs, and from a waterman the arms, of the Hercules in Warren's monument. We know not where he found the original of the figure of Navigation, in the same work. It is finely imagined, and far more exquisitely handled. If he happened to be in company with a lady whose hands were beautiful, or whose ears were small and finely shaped, he would gaze wistfully at her, and has been known to startle sensitive spinsters with apprehensions of matrimony, seizing them suddenly by the wrist, and crying, rapturously, "Madam, I must have your hand—madam, I shall have your ear." The ear of Handel, he said, was so fine in music, that it could only be represented in marble by one small and elegant; and the model for this musical ear belonged to Miss Rich, the daughter of one of his friends.

2901. FLAXMAN'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

In the year 1782, Flaxman quitted the parental roof, hired a small house and studio in Wardour Street, collected a stock of choice models, set his sketches in good order, and took unto himself a wife, Ann Denman, one whom he had long loved, and who well deserved his affection. She was amiable and accomplished; had a taste for art and literature, was skilful in French and Italian, and, like her husband, had acquired some knowledge of the Greek. But what was better than all, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius: she cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondency—regulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy—arranged his drawings—managed now and then his correspondence, and acted in all par-

ticulars so that it seemed as if the church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and one blood. That tranquillity of mind, so essential to those who live by thought, was of his household, and the sculptor, happy in the company of one who had taste and enthusiasm, soon renewed with double zeal the studies which courtship and matrimony had for a time interrupted. He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intenser spirit; but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. "So, Flaxman," said the president, one day, as he chanced to meet him, "I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist." Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, "I am ruined for an artist." "John," said she, "how has this happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," said he, "in the church, and Ann Denman has done it. I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession."

How completely mistaken the declaration of Sir Joshua was proved to be by the subsequent and world-wide reputation of the great sculptor, it is almost unnecessary to say.

In the society of his wife, Flaxman enjoyed the purest domestic happiness; and a contemporary describes her as a most cheerful, intelligent woman, a collector, too, of drawings and sketches, and an especial admirer of Stothard, of whose designs and prints she had amassed more than a thousand. Her husband paid her the double respect due to affection and talent, and when any difficulty in composition occurred, he would say, with a smile, "Ask Mrs. Flaxman; she is my dictionary."

2902. THORWALDSEN AND THE POOR GERMAN.

Thorwaldsen, travelling to Stuttgart, overtook on the road a poor German, heavily laden with a knapsack: on seeing the carriage pass, the man called to the coachman to stop, and entreated to be taken up; but the driver, giving an insolent reply, would have continued his way, when the sculptor himself ordered the coachman to stop, saying he would make room for him inside; he accordingly requested the tired pedestrian to come in and take a seat.

They soon entered into familiar conversation, in the course of which the stranger said he was a painter, and, hearing that the great Thorwaldsen was shortly expected at Stuttgart, he had started from — on foot, resolving to see an artist whose works had made such noise in Europe. "And pray, sir," said he, "as you say you have just left Rome, have you seen, or do you know, Thorwaldsen personally?" "Yes," replied the sculptor, "I have the good fortune to be very intimate with him, and promise, on our arrival at Stuttgart, to present you to him."

At this assurance the German's joy knew no bounds; he grasped him by the hand, and a silent tear bespoke his gratitude. The benevolent old man felt sensibly moved at the unsophisticated zeal of the young artist, and unable to sustain his *incognito* any longer, "My dear good friend," he exclaimed, "I will not keep you longer in suspense. I am Thorwaldsen."

§ 279. PATRONAGE AND REMUNERATION.

2903. CHANTREY AND NOLLEKENS.

When Chantrey sent his bust of Horne Tooke to the exhibition, he was young and unfriended; but the great merit of the work did not escape the eye of Nollekens. He lifted it from the floor, set it before him, moved his head to and fro, and, having satisfied himself of its excellence, turned round to those who were arranging the works for the exhibition, and said, "There's a fine—a very fine work—let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts and put this one in its place, for well it deserves it." Often afterwards, when desired to model a bust, he said, in his most persuasive way, "Go to Chantrey; he's the man for a bust—he'll make a good bust of you—I always recommend him."

2904. BERNINI.

Bernini, the sculptor, was distinguished for his extraordinary precocity. A head still preserved in the Church of St. Prasside, at Rome, was executed by him at the early age of ten years. His generosity to his brother artists was not less remarkable than his genius. When Louis XIV. invited him to France, he was received with public honors during his progress; and, on his entrance into Paris, the papal nuncio went out to conduct him to a royal palace. During his stay of eight months, he received eight louis d'ors per day, and at his departure a further present of fifty thousand crowns; yet, though expressly sent for to assist in building the Louvre, when Louis showed him Penault's designs, he had the liberality to remark, that France needed no foreign aid when she possessed so much genius in herself. The well-known picture of Vandyck, containing three portraits of Charles I., was painted in order that Bernini might make a bust from it in marble, for which the sculptor received six thousand crowns.

2905. A REAL PATRON OF ART.

One of the most remarkable statues, at the late exhibition at Paris, was a Penelope, which had

gained for its sculptor a gold medal worth four thousand francs. The fortunate possessor of this modern *chef-d'œuvre* is M. de Luynes. We are told that the bargain was made as follows:—

"Monsieur," said the Duke de Luynes to the artist, "for how much will you sell your statue?"

"I cannot give it for less than eight thousand francs."

"Then, monsieur, you will not sell it to me."

"It has cost me much labor."

"Undoubtedly, monsieur! And as I wish to pay you its value, I shall not purchase it for eight thousand francs."

"But, M. le Duc, I do not understand you."

"It is my last word—I shall not purchase it at eight thousand francs."

"You give it up then?"

"By no means. If you will only let me name the price, the bargain is concluded."

"Well, what say you?"

"I offer you twelve thousand francs for it—if that suits you."

The Penelope was purchased. This more than princely manner of appreciating and encouraging art needs no comment.

2906. HONORS AWARDED TO THORWALDSEN.

When the great Thorwaldsen, the friend and companion of Allston, went home to Copenhagen to die, after his myriad creations of grandeur and beauty, he was received with the thunder of cannon along the coast, and processions and *gala festas* bespoke the general enthusiasm. He was greeted back to his country with the honors decreed to a Roman victor, and became a companion of his sovereign. When he died, the king conducted his funeral. He followed him to the grave uncovered, as chief mourner, attended by all his court, and, with his own hands, he helped lay the great sculptor in his tomb. There were public demonstrations of grief; and in the court and throughout the city there were signs of mourning, which silently told the stranger that some great public calamity had taken place.

§ 280. WONDERS OF THE ART.

2907. MINIATURE MECHANISM.

Among the curiosities to be seen at the Marine Hall, in Salem, Massachusetts, are the two following remarkable specimens of the fine arts:—

1. A hollow cherry stone, containing about two hundred tea-spoons of finished workmanship.

2. At one corner of the room is a hollow sphere, about the size of an orange, opening in two equal divisions. It is formed of a light brown substance, having a slight resemblance to plaster of Paris. At first view, the inside of each of these half spheres has a ragged, spongy appearance; but on examining more closely, you will find the whole

concave surface is carved into very diminutive human, angelic, and demoniac figures. These are so exceedingly small, that the heads of the largest are not so large as the heads of the smallest pins; and yet the nose, mouth, and every part of the features appear in full relief. One of these concave half spheres is said to have been designed by the monks, who made it to represent the heaven of heavens, with its glorified inhabitants, and its Almighty Ruler sitting in glory in the midst. The other is said to represent the infernal regions, with Lucifer presiding, who is ever and anon plunging his subjects into a dismal bottomless pit near the centre.

2908. EGYPTIAN OBELISKS.

The entrance of Luxor was distinguished by two beautiful obelisks, more than eighty feet high, and twenty feet square at the base. A modern traveller thus describes them: "Before the grand entrance of this vast edifice two lofty obelisks stand proudly pointing to the sky, fair as the daring sculptor left them. The sacred figures and hieroglyphic characters are beautifully cut into the hard granite, and have the sharp finish of yesterday. The very stone looks not discolored. You see them as Cambyzes saw them, when he stayed his chariot wheels to gaze up to them, and the Persian war-cry ceased before these acknowledged symbols of the sacred element of fire. Very noble are all these remains; but my eyes were continually attracted towards the aspiring obelisks, and again and again you turn to them with increasing wonder and admiration."

Alas for these beautiful obelisks! They no longer stand like twin deities to guard the entrance to Luxor. A solitary one remains, "ready in anger to dart at the sun, for not having annihilated, at a stroke, the barbarous Gaul who so lately robbed it of its mate. The French, by permission of the pacha, have taken one of these beautiful obelisks to Paris."

This monolith has since been erected in La Place de la Concorde, where it has excited the wonder of the Parisians, and been gazed at with awe by travellers from all lands. Much labor has been bestowed upon it, by the learned, to decipher the hieroglyphics with which it is covered. It is supposed that the Egyptian obelisks were originally finished at the top with gilt bronze or copper.

2909. THE BUST OF CHARLES I.

Vandyck having drawn Charles I. in three different faces, a profile, three quarters, and a full face, the picture was sent to Rome for Bernini to make a bust from it. Bernini was unaccountably dilatory in the work, and upon his slowness being complained of, he said that he had set about it several times, but there was something so unfortunate in the features

of the face, that he was shocked every time that he examined it, and forced to leave off the work; and if there was any stress to be laid on physiognomy, he was sure the person whom the picture represented was destined to a violent end. The bust was at last finished, and sent to England. As soon as the ship that brought it arrived in the river, the king, who was very impatient to see the bust, ordered it to be carried immediately to Chelsea: it was conveyed thither, and placed upon a table in the garden, whither the king went with a train of nobility, to inspect the bust. As they were viewing it, a hawk flew over their heads with a partridge in his claws, which he had wounded to death. Some of the partridge's blood fell upon the neck of the bust, where it remained without being wiped off. This bust was placed over the door of the king's closet at Whitehall, and continued there till it was destroyed by fire.

2910. PRAXITELES.

Praxiteles, who flourished two hundred and sixty-four years before Christ, was the sculptor of some of the most famous statues of antiquity. Among these were two Venuses, one clothed and the other naked. The first was purchased by the Khoans, who preferred it as the most decent. The Cnidians took the rejected one, which was so exquisitely beautiful that many persons took a voyage to Cnidus for the sole purpose of seeing it.

Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, was so desirous of possessing it, that he offered to pay all the public debts of Cnidus, which were large, as the price; but the citizens refused to part with it on any terms, regarding it as the principal glory of the state. Praxiteles having promised the choice of his works to Phryne, a lady to whom he was attached, she, in order to discover which he most valued, ran to him one day with the false intelligence that his house was on fire. "I am undone," he cried, "unless I save my Satyr and my Cupid." This lady, having obtained an indisputable criterion, chose the Cupid as the most valuable of all his performances.

§ 281. HUMOROUS AND LIVELY DETAILS.

2911. THE DOCTOR AND THE GRAVESTONE MAKER.

The Exeter Newsletter tells a good story of the facetious Dr. Thornton, of Derry, who undertook to quiz a neighbor of his, an old Scotch gravestone maker. The doctor, one day, in passing the residence of the sculptor, who was busily at work, drew up, and accosted him as follows:—

"Mr. W., don't you believe it to be your duty, as a rational man and a Christian, to pray for your daily bread?"

"Ay," quoth Old Mortality, "I once thought it to be my duty, but I dinna noo min muckle aboot it."

"I suppose then," said the doctor, "that you pray that people may die, that you may enjoy the profits in furnishing their gravestones?"

"Na, fath," replied the old man, "there's no need o' that while one Matthew Thornton continues to practice physic; he kills off folks faster than I can make stones for them."

2912. ITALY'S SUN FAVORABLE TO CANOVA'S GENIUS.

Many authors have fancied particular hours of the day, or particular seasons of the year, as more propitious to the flights of genius. Love-sick swains seek woods, and groves, and purling streams, to pour out the overflowings of passion. Canova fancied the sun of Italy alone propitious to his genius; a clouded sky, or a foggy atmosphere, cast a gloom on his spirits which he could not overcome, so that even Paris was to him the grave of genius. Napoleon perceived that in the bust Canova made of him, and which is now in the possession of Baron Demon, there was wanting that grand character which distinguished his works from the rest of modern sculptors, and observed to him that he did not think he had been happy in the execution of his work. "I feel it, sire," replied Canova, "but I cannot help it; the clouded sky of France does not inspire me, like the warm sun of Italy."

2913. IMMORTALITY ESTIMATED BY YEARS.

Napoleon, being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by the Baron Denon, turned round suddenly, from a fine picture, which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him,—

"That is a noble picture, Denon."

"Immortal," was Denon's reply.

"How long," inquired Napoleon, "will this picture last?"

Denon answered, that with care and proper attention, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years.

"And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last?"

"Perhaps," replied Denon, "five thousand years."

"And this," returned Napoleon sharply, "this you call immortality."

2914. THIRTY YEARS' PREPARATION.

"You charge me fifty sequins," said a Venetian nobleman to a sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only ten days' labor." "You forget," replied the artist, "that I had been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days."

2915. A BITE.

Alfonso Lombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the Emperor Charles V., was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took it into his head to make love in a fopish manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and, heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked her in the face with what he thought ineffable sweetness in his eyes, and we may suppose some fantastic and writhing gesture, "If 'tis not love I feel, pray what is it?" "Perhaps," said the young lady, "something bites you."

2916. DR. BURNEY AND NOLLEKENS.

Dr. Burney frequently indulged his friends with small *recherché* musical parties, at one of which, whilst Piozzi and Signora Cois were singing a duetto enchantingly, the eccentric Nollekens happened to drop in by accident; and, after the bravos and bravissimos had subsided, Nollekens called out, "Dr. Burney, I don't like that kind of music: I heard a great deal of it while I was in Italy; but I like the Scotch and English music better." Dr. Burney, with some degree of irritation, stepped forward and replied, "Suppose a person to say, 'Well, I have been to Rome, saw the Apollo, and many fine works; but, for all that, give me a good barber's block.'" "Ay, that would be talking like a fool," rejoined the sculptor.

2917. THE ROCK OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Many are the absurdities committed, even in modern times, in marble. The invention of the

steam engine has been recorded by the figure of an elephant, which may imply power, but cannot surely represent active motion. When a basis for Chantrey's statue of Grattan was under discussion, one of the orator's friends, and a witty one too, said, "Pedestal! the best pedestal for him is the rock of the constitution: carve that, and put him upon it." "A good notion," answered another of his countrymen; "but how are we to know the rock of the constitution from any other rock?"

2918. ANECDOTES OF ANNIBAL CARRACCI.

In a company where Annibal Carracci was present, great praises were bestowed upon the group of the Laocoon, one of the finest remaining specimens of ancient sculpture; but this great painter said not a word upon the subject. As all the company expressed their astonishment at his silence, he took up a pencil, and sketched the outlines of the Laocoon with such accuracy as if the statue had been before his eyes, and thus gave it the highest proof of his approbation. "Poets," said he, "paint with words, and painters speak with the pencil."

2919. A JUST DIVISION.

The large statue of Pompey, and probably the same at the feet of which Cæsar fell,—for it was found on the very spot where the senate was held, on the ides of March,—was discovered in clearing away the ground, to make some cellars for a house that is now standing. The greatest part of the statue lay under that house; but the head of it reached under the ground belonging to their next neighbor.

This occasioned a dispute between the two proprietors, which was at last decided by Cardinal Spada. He ordered the head to be broken off, and given to the latter, and the body to the former: this mark may now be seen where they are joined again: this decision was not made out of a whim, but very prudentially. From the first, that cardinal had a great desire to get the statue into his own possession; and by this means, he got it much cheaper than he could have done; for, after this division of it, the whole cost him but five hundred crowns.

2920. MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE POPE.

During the visit of Julius to Bologna, Michael Angelo modelled a statue of him. The air and attitude of the statue are said to have been grand, austere, and majestic. In one of the visits he received from his holiness, the pope, making his observations and remarks with his accustomed familiarity, asked if the extended right arm was bestowing a blessing or a curse on the people; to which Michael Angelo replied, "The action is only meant to be hostile to disobedience;" and then asked his holiness whether he would not have a book put into the other hand. The pope facetiously answered, "No; a sword would be more adapted to my character. I am no book man."

§ 282. DEAF AND BLIND SCULPTORS.

2921. GIOVANNI GONELLI.

The London Court Gazette gives the name of Giovanni Gonelli, a Tuscan, as illustrating a very singular fact. After studying sculpture till upwards of twenty years of age, he totally lost his sight at Mantua, during its siege in 1630. He still continued, however, to labor at his profession, sculpturing striking likenesses of several individuals of high rank, and at length of the pope himself, (Urban VIII.) "*Facendo*," as Balducci in his quaint manner expresses it, "*che l' ufficio degli occhi facessero le mani*." He even sculptured from memory the like-

ness of a young woman to whom he had been attached before losing his sight.

2922. BLIND SCULPTOR.

We read of a sculptor who became blind at twenty years of age, and yet, ten years afterwards, made a statue of Pope Urban VIII., in clay, and another of Cosmo II. of Florence, of marble. Another blind sculptor is mentioned by Roger de Piles, in one of his works on painting: he executed a marble statue of Charles I. with great taste and accuracy.

§ 283. MISCELLANEOUS.

2923. MYRON.

Myron of Eleutheræ, who appears from Pliny to have executed many works of excellence, seems to have been most commended for what he probably regarded as a trifling performance. A brazen heifer which he made is celebrated by no less than thirty-six epigrams in the Greek Anthologia. The following is among the best:—

ON THE HEIFER OF BRASS OF MYRON.

"Either this heifer has a brazen skin,
Or else the brass contains a soul within."

2924. PERFECTION NO TRIFLE.

A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue: some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work: his friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed,—

"You have been idle since I saw you last."

"By no means," replied the sculptor. "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

2925. SYLVANUS BEVAN.

When Lord Cobham was adorning his gardens at Stow with the busts of famous men, he made inquiry of the family for a picture of William Penn, in order to get a bust formed from it, but could find none. Sylvanus Bevan, an old Quaker apothecary, remarkable for the notice he took of countenances, and a talent he possessed of cutting in ivory strong likenesses of persons he had once seen, hearing of Lord Cobham's desire, set himself to recollect Penn's face, with which he had been well acquainted, and cut a little bust of him in ivory, which he sent to Lord Cobham, without any letter, or notice that it was Penn's. But Lord Cobham,

who had personally known Penn, on seeing it, immediately cried out, "Whence comes this? It is William Penn himself;" and from this little bust the large one in the gardens was formed.

2926. FRANKLIN'S STATUE.

In a niche over the entrance to the Philadelphia Library stands the statue of this practical philosopher, which will be known, and not the less gazed at, by the *classical* inscription which graces its pedestal. He is made to rest (if rest can be applied to an attitude so preposterous) with the left elbow on a pile of books, while the wrong leg is unnaturally bent at the knee. He holds in his right hand, drooping, an inverted sceptre, as if the broad fame of Franklin was based on politics.

On the arrival of this statue in Philadelphia, the directors of the Library Company convened to determine on its proper designation. The majority were Quakers, of the true starch stamp, "screwed up to the sticking-point." William Rawle—himself a Quaker—evinced his taste by proposing to inscribe on the pedestal,—

FRANKLIN.

THE GIFT OF WILLIAM BINGHAM, ESQUIRE.

But this would not do, and the following became the inscription:—

THIS STATUE OF DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
WAS THE GIFT OF WILLIAM BINGHAM.

So here is a statue twice told; first in sculpture, next in our plain vernacular tongue. Who can mistake it?

Forcibly doth this effort of human genius remind one of a Dutch dauber, who, having painted a sign with the figures of a man and a bear, prudently added an explanation below it, thus:—

"*Dis be de man, and dat be de bear.*"

One way to correct the bad taste of this figure of Franklin, and vindicate our civic taste, would be to convert it into a bust, by lopping off all other parts.

§ 284. TIME, IMPROVEMENT OF.

2927. CICERO'S ECONOMY OF TIME.



It was the boast of Cicero, that his philosophical studies had never interfered with the services he owed the republic, and that he had only dedicated to them the hours which others gave to their walks, their repasts, and their pleasures. Looking on his voluminous labors, we are surprised at this observation: how honorable is it to him, that his various philosophical works bear the titles of the different villas he possessed! which shows that they were composed in their respective retirements.

Cicero must have been an early riser, and must have practised that magic art of employing his time so as to multiply his days.

2928. NOT AN IDLE HOUR IN THIRTY YEARS.

Dr. Rush was, perhaps, one of the most untiring students that ever lived. Two young physicians were conversing in his presence once, and one of them said, "When I finished my studies—" "When you finished your studies!" said the doctor abruptly. "Why, you must be a happy man to have finished so young. I do not expect to finish mine while I live."

He was once asked how he had been able to collect such an immense amount of information and facts as his publications and lectures contained. "I have been enabled to do it," replied he, "by economizing my time as Mr. Wesley did. I have not spent one hour in amusement for the last thirty years." And taking a small note book from his pocket, and showing it to me, he said, "I fill such a book as this once a week with observations and thoughts which occur to me, and facts collected in the rooms of my patients; and these are all preserved and used."

2929. WESLEY.

John Wesley was almost always travelling, from the time of his conversion to the close of life, which

was extended to his eighty-eighth year. As a man of untiring industry he seems to have been second to few, and equalled by a very small number only. Napoleon, Brougham, Bentham, Franklin, Whitefield, Cobbett, Dow, and Peter Farley have hardly exceeded him.

Besides his numerous exhortations, he generally preached two sermons every day, and not unfrequently four or five. His various works on divinity, ecclesiastical history, sermons, biography, &c., amounted, nearly twenty years before he died, to thirty-two octavo volumes. All this, and an immense amount of other labor, at home and abroad, he was only able to accomplish by rightly improving his time.

2930. LORENZO DOW.

Dow was, beyond question, not only one of the most eccentric, but also one of the most industrious men that ever lived. Like John Randolph, he was sick all his lifetime, so to speak, and yet, in spite of his diseases, both acute and chronic, he performed an amount of labor in travelling, preaching, and writing, unknown since the days of Whitefield, if not since the beginning of the world; and yet he died in his fifty-seventh year.

Before he had completed his twenty-fifth year, he once rode fifteen hundred miles, and held one hundred and eighty-four meetings of two or three hours each, in ten weeks and two days. This was equal to twenty miles of travel, and nearly three sermons a day.

On another occasion, a year afterwards, while in the Southern States, he travelled in seven months four thousand miles, which was also an average of about twenty miles a day. In this instance, he finished his tour without stockings, shoes, or outer garment, and almost without a horse. In the year 1805, when less than thirty years of age, he supposes he travelled ten thousand miles, or an average of almost thirty miles a day.

For many years, about this period of his life, he travelled from seven to ten thousand miles, and held from six to seven hundred meetings, annually. In England, — for he crossed the Atlantic six times, — he once held nine meetings, and travelled fifty miles, in fifty-two consecutive hours; and this, of course, without the aid of steamboats or railroads. In another instance, he held two hundred meetings, and travelled seventeen hundred miles, in sixty-seven days. This was about thirty miles, and three sermons a day. It is thought — and not without reason — that during the thirty-eight years of his public life, he must have travelled nearly two hundred thousand miles.

In addition to his labors as a traveller and preacher, he wrote several volumes, among which is his *Journal, or Life*, which, including several miscellaneous pieces, amounts to seven hundred pages.

§ 285. TRANSLATIONS AND TRANSLATORS.

2931. WILLIAM TYNDALE.



Tyndale was a disciple of Luther. He was born in the year 1500. About the year 1526, he translated the New Testament into English, of which two editions were sold; but he was obliged to perform his work out of the limits of England. He was, however, at length betrayed by Henry VIII., tried and condemned to be first strangled and then burnt at the stake. His last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!"

The first translation of the Scriptures was, however, made by Wicliffe, about the year 1382, or nearly a century and a half before the time of Tyndale.

2932. RECOMPOSING THE BIBLE.

Joseph Isaac Berruyer, a Jesuit, born at Rouen, France, about the year 1750, wrote a work called *Histoire du Peuple de Dieu*, (History of the People of God,) in which he recomposed the Bible as he would have written a fashionable novel. With absurd refinement he conceives that the great legislator of the Hebrews is too barren in his descriptions, too concise in the events he records, nor is he careful to enrich his history by pleasing reflections and interesting conversation pieces, and hurries on the catastrophes, by which means he omits much entertaining matter; as, for instance, in the loves of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, Moses is very dry and concise, which, however, our Berruyer is not.

His histories of Joseph and of King David are relishing morsels, and were devoured eagerly in all the *boudoirs* of Paris. Take a specimen of the style: "Joseph combined with a regularity of features, and a brilliant complexion, an air of the noblest dignity; all which contributed to render him one of the most amiable men in Egypt." At length "she declared her passion, and pressed him to answer her. It never entered her mind that the advances

of a woman of her rank could ever be rejected. Joseph at first only replied to all her wishes by his cold embarrassments. She would not yet give him up. In vain he flies from her; she was too passionate to waste even the moments of his astonishment."

This good father, however, does ample justice to the gallantry of the patriarch Jacob. He offers to serve Laban seven years for Rachel. "Nothing is too much," cries the venerable novelist, "when one really loves;" and this admirable observation he confirms by the facility with which the obliging Rachel allows Leah for one night to her husband! In this manner the patriarchs are made to speak in the tone of the tenderest lovers.

2933. TOWNLEY'S HUDIBRAS.

Horace Walpole says of Hudibras that it was long esteemed an impossibility to give an adequate translation of that singular work, in any language, still more in French, the idiom of which is very remote from the conciseness of the original. To our astonishment, however, Mr. Townley, an English gentleman, has translated Hudibras into French, with the spirit and conciseness of the original.

2934. ELIOT AND THE INDIANS.

While Eliot was engaged in translating the Bible into the Indian language, he came to this passage: "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the lattice," &c. Not knowing an Indian word to signify *lattice*, he applied to several of the natives, and endeavored to describe to them what a lattice resembled. He described it as a framework, netting, wicker, or whatever else occurred to him as illustrative; when they gave him a long, barbarous, and unpronounceable word, as are many of the words in their language.

Some years after, when he had learned their dialect more correctly, he is said to have laughed outright, upon finding that the Indians had given him the true term for *eel-pot*—"The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the eel-pot."

2935. ALFIERI AND HIS ASSISTANTS.

Alfieri employed a respectable young man at Florence to assist him in his Greek translations; and the manner in which that instruction was received was not a little eccentric. The latter slowly read aloud, and translated, while Alfieri, with his pencil and tablets in his hand, walked about the room, and put down his version. This he did without speaking a word; and when he found his preceptor reciting too quickly, or when he did not understand the passage, he held up his pencil.

This was the signal for repetition, and the last sentence was slowly recited, or the reading was stopped, until a tap from the poet's pencil upon the table warned the translator that he might continue his lecture.

The lesson began and concluded with a slight and

silent obeisance; and during thirteen months thus spent, the count scarcely spoke as many words to the assistant of his studies.

2936. FRENCH BLUNDERS.

The French make awful havoc of John Bull's English, in their attempts at translation. They seem never to reflect that English words have often many and remote significations. Voltaire translated some of Shakspeare's plays. Shakspeare makes one of his characters renounce all claim to a doubtful inheritance, with an avowed resolution to carve for himself a fortune with his sword. Voltaire put it in French, which retranslated reads, "What care I for lands? With my sword I will make a fortune cutting meat." Another, displeased with such blunders, undertook a more correct translation of the great bard. Coming to the following passage, —

"Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,"

he translated the Italicized words to read, "So grief — be off with you."

2937. WHO MUST PAVE THE CHURCH?

A rector of a parish church, going to law with his parishioners about paving the church, quoted this authority from St. Peter: "*Paveant illi, non paveam ego*," which he construed, "They are to pave the church, not I!" and this, forsooth, was admitted as good law, and by the judge, himself an ecclesiastic.

2938. PARADISE LOST.

In the French translation of Paradise Lost, "Hail, horrors, hail!" is rendered thus: "*Comment vous portez vous, les horreurs, comment vous portez vous!*" that is, "How d'ye do, horrors, how d'ye do?"

2939. EXEGI MONUMENTUM.

At an examination of the senior class in a college, a young man construed the following line in Horace, "*Exegi monumentum cere perennius*," (which is, in English, "I have finished a monument more lasting than brass,") thus: "*I have eaten a monument harder than brass.*" One of the trustees immediately replied, "Well, sir, I think you had better sit down and digest it."

2940. THE CZAR AND THE MONK.

Peter the Great having directed the translation of Puffendorf's Introduction to the Knowledge of the States of Europe into the Russian language, a monk, to whom this translation was committed, presented it to the emperor when finished, who turned over the leaves, and exclaimed with an indignant air, "Fool! what did I order you to do? Is this a translation?" Then referring to the original, he showed him a paragraph in which the author had spoken with great asperity of the Russians, but the translator had omitted it. "Go instantly," said the czar, "and execute my orders rigidly. It is not

to flatter my subjects that I have this book translated and printed, but to instruct and reform them."

2941. THE WELSH CURATE AND TILLOTSON'S SERMONS.

A Welsh curate, being asked how he managed to preach sermons so far above his own powers of composition, replied, "I have a volume of sermons by one Archbishop Tillotson, which I translate into Welsh, and afterwards retranslate into English, after which the archbishop himself would not know his own compositions."

2942. SINGULAR WINES.

In those French towns much frequented by the English, it is not unusual to find, at the *cafés* and hotels, translations into English of the bills of fare. At a restaurant in Boulogne-sur-Mer, the following very usual *nota* to the *carte* had a rather unusual translation. The note is, "*Les vins sont qu'une qualité qui ne laisse rien à désirer*," which being freely translated is, "The wines are of quality to suit the most fastidious," but was thus rendered: "The wines are of that quality they leave you nothing to hope for."

2943. IGNORANCE BETTER PAID THAN KNOWLEDGE.

Sir John Hill contracted to translate Swammerdam's work on Insects for fifty guineas. After the agreement with the bookseller, he recollected that he did not understand a single word of the Dutch language, nor did there exist a French translation.

The work, however, was not the less closely attended to on account of this small obstacle. Sir John bargained with another translator for twenty-five guineas. The second translator was precisely in the same situation as the first — as ignorant, though not so well paid, as the knight.

He rebargained with a third, who perfectly understood the original, for twelve guineas. So that the translators who could not translate a word feasted on venison and turtle, while the modest drudge, whose name never appeared to the world, broke in patience his daily bread.

2944. ELIOT'S INDIAN BIBLE.

Eliot wrote several narratives of the advancement and condition of religion among the Indians, which were published in England; a tract entitled *Communion of the Churches*; a *History of the Gospels*; and the *Christian Commonwealth*, a book which was pronounced seditious by the colonial government, publicly recanted, and suppressed. He was also, at an earlier day, one of the committee by whom the Bay Psalm Book was prepared. His reputation, however, rests upon his *Indian Grammar*, and various translations into the Indian language, the chief of which was that of the Bible, completed in 1663.

It is a curious fact that this Indian Bible was the first edition of the sacred volume published in this country. It was three years passing through the press.

We append, as a specimen of the translation, the Lord's Prayer, from the first edition of the New Testament, printed at Cambridge, in 1661: —

THE LORD'S PRAYER, *Matt. vi. 9, &c.*

Nooshun kesukqut, quttianatamunach koo-we-suonk. Peyau-mooutch kukketassoo-tamoonk, kukkenantoo-moonk ne n nach ohkeit neane kesukqut. Num-meetsuonqash asekesu-kokish assamaineen yedyeu kesukod. Kah ah-quontamaineen num-matcheongash, neane matchenehukqueagig nuta-quontammounonog. Ahque sagkompagnaineen en qutchhuaoon-ganit, webe pohquoh-wussineen wutch matchi-tut. Newutche kutahtaun ketassootamonk, kah menuhkesuonk, kah soh-sumoonk micheme. Amen.

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

Strange that the language of a version of the Bible, made less than two hundred years ago, should now be utterly extinct. But the second edition of the translation was the last, and the printer will never again be called to set types for those words so strange, nor will there in all after time, probably, be a person in the world who can read the book.

2945. VICAR OF WAKEFIELD IN FRENCH.

The Vicar of Wakefield has been translated perhaps as many as fifty times into French, but always in a blundering manner, in consequence of the ignorance of the translators of the meaning of certain phrases. In one case, for instance, a translator has completely misunderstood the meaning of the words "Moses flayed alive," and rendered it "Moses almost devoured alive by fleas."

Lately, however, the worthy Vicar has had justice done to him by the translation of M. Charles Nodier, who is well acquainted with the idiom of English literature.

§ 286. WIT AND HUMOR.

2946. DEAN SWIFT AND THE TAILOR.



TAILOR in Dublin, near the residence of the dean, took into the "ninth part" of his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and more especially the Book of Revelation. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather, a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family were likely to famish. His monomania was well known to the dean, who benevolently watched for an opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. For, singular as it may seem to those who, in their prejudices, can see nothing of a redeem-

ing kind in Swift's character, he was not wholly without his good qualities.

One night the tailor, as he fancied, got an especial revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and next morning took up the line of march to the deanery. The dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and thoughtfulness, with the Bible opened before him, and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelation, he awaited his approach. The door opened, and the tailor announced, in an unearthly voice, "Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty, to announce to you——"

"Come in, my friend," said the dean; "I am in

great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, and strengthened his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend," said the dean, "I have just been reading the tenth chapter of Revelation, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with, and you are the very man sent to help me out. Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the earth and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now, my knowledge of mathematics," continued the dean, "has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of this angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches; and as that is exactly in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor. He rushed from the house, ran to his shop, and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation, thoroughly cured of prophetic revelation by the wit of the dean.

2947. RANDOLPH IN THE SENATE.

Randolph was terrible in his readiness in retort. As Whipple has observed in his Lectures, "No hyperbole of contempt or scorn could be launched against him, but he could overtop it with something more scornful and contemptuous. Opposition only maddened him into more brilliant bitterness."

"Isn't it a shame, Mr. President," said he, one day, in the Senate, "that the noble bull-dogs of the administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Immediately the Senate was in an uproar, and he was

clamorously called to order. The presiding officer, however, sustained him; and, pointing his long skinny finger at his opponents, Randolph screamed out, "Rats, did I say? — *Mice, mice!*"

2948. COUGHING AFTER DEATH.

The famous Tony Lee, a player in King Charles II.'s reign, being killed in a tragedy, having a violent cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the stage. This, of course, occasioned a good deal of laughter and noise in the house; upon which he lifted up his head, and, addressing the audience, said, "This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me; for she would often say that I should cough in my grave, because I used to drink with my porridge."

This set the house in such good humor, that it produced a thundering clap, and made every one very readily pardon the solecism he had before committed.

2949. THE JUDGE AND THE CULPRIT.

Lord Chief Justice Holt, when young, was very extravagant, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took to an infamous course of life.

When his lordship was engaged, on a certain occasion, at the Old Bailey, a man was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by that curiosity which is natural on a retrospection of past life, and thinking the fellow did not know him, Justice Holt asked what had become of such and such of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "Ah, my lord, they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

2950. THE QUAKER AND THE MAGISTRATE.

A Friend having been cited as an evidence at a quarter sessions, one of the magistrates, who had been a blacksmith, desired to know why he would not take off his hat. "It is a privilege," said the Friend, "in which the laws and liberties of my country indulge people of our religious mode of thinking." "If I had it in my power," replied the justice, "I would have your hat nailed to your head." "I thought," said he, dryly, "that thou hadst given over the trade of driving nails."

2951. THE WANTING VIRTUE.

It was pretty generally known that Mr. Solicitor General Bushe was to succeed to the chief justiceship of King's Bench, or of Common Pleas, in Ireland, as soon as either became vacant. Some one in his presence was highly, and most deservedly, praising Chief Justice Downes, who, he asserted, possessed every virtue under heaven. "No," said Mr. Bushe, "I am sorry to say he does not possess the virtue of resignation."

2952. ADDISON AND THE POETASTER.

Addison, the sublime moralist, elegant critic, and humorous describer of men and manners, whose



Holland House, where Addison died.

works furnish instruction to youth, amusement to age, and delight to all who peruse them, was remarkable for his taciturnity. Conscious of his talents as a writer, he acknowledged his deficiency in conversation. "I can draw," said he, "a bill for a thousand pounds, although I have not a guinea in my pocket."

A poetaster brought Addison one of his compositions, and begged his opinion of it. It was a copy of very indifferent verses, and they appeared the worse because he had prefixed to them several lines from Homer, and thus exposed them to a very disadvantageous contrast. Addison, with great warmth, struck out the lines from Homer; and when the surprised poetaster asked the reason, "Do you not recollect," said Addison, "the Roman emperor, whose statues appeared to him very ridiculous when they were placed near those of the gods?"

2953. THE APOTHECARY'S AFFIDAVIT.

A highwayman, named Bolland, confined in Newgate, sent for a solicitor to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered, "By getting an apothecary to make affidavit of his illness."

This was accordingly done in the following manner: "The deponent verily believes, that if the said James Bolland is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing sessions, he will be in imminent danger of his life;" to which the learned judge on the bench answered that he verily believed so too. The trial was ordered to proceed immediately.

2954. A QUESTIONABLE HONOR.

Lord Kaimes used to relate a story of a man who claimed the honor of his acquaintance on rather singular grounds. His lordship, when one of the judiciary judges, returning from the north circuit to Perth, happened one night to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning, walking towards the ferry, but

apprehending he had missed his way, he asked a man whom he met to conduct him. The other answered, with much cordiality, "That I will do, with all my heart, my lord. Does not your lordship remember me? My name's John —. I have had the honor to be before your lordship for stealing sheep."

"O John, I remember you well; and how is your wife? She had the honor to be before me, too, for receiving them, knowing them to be stolen." "We were very lucky: we got off for want of evidence; and I am still going on in the butcher trade." "Then," replied his lordship, "we may have the honor of meeting again."

2955. DROWNED IN A MEDICINE CHEST.

The surgeon of an English ship of war used to prescribe salt water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened, by some mischance, to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars, next day, if he had heard any thing of the doctor. "Yes," answered Jack, "he was drowned, last night, in his own *medicine chest*."

2956. BOTH MAY BE MISTAKEN.

Readiness in repartee continually saved Voltaire from social overturn. He once praised another writer very heartily to a third person. "It is very strange," was the reply, "that you speak so well of him, for he says that you are a charlatan." "O," replied Voltaire, "I think it very likely that both of us may be mistaken."

2957. FOX AND JACK ROBINSON.

Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, when he was enlarging on the influence exercised by government over the members, observed, that it was generally understood that there was a person employed by the minister as *manager of the House of Commons*. Here there was a general cry of, "Name him, name him." "No," said Mr. Fox, "I don't choose to name him, though I might do it as easily as to say Jack Robinson." John Robinson was really his name.

2958. DIVIDING THE CROWN.

A new tragedy, of respectable pretensions, failed on its first representation from the following slight cause: Its two heroes agreeing to divide the kingdom between them, a stentorian voice from the gallery exclaimed, "Then there's half a crown apiece for you, my boys." The shouts and shrieks of laughter to which this gave rise could only be suppressed by dropping the curtain.

2959. A DEFENDER OF THE VESTIGES OF CREATION.

"A friend at Cambridge," says the Knickerbocker, "speaking of Dr. Gilman's Dupleian lectures on the Evidences of Revealed Religion, delivered at Harvard, says, 'It was a splendid, cogent, scholarly dis-

course. In it the speaker alluded to the Vestiges of Creation, and doubted the alleged production of winged insects from pulverized flint stone and electricity, on the ground that the experiment had never been successfully repeated.' A witty law friend instantly whispered a 'demurrer;' 'for,' said he, 'the experiment has been made from time immemorial. Winged insects not produced from silicious stone! Why, the doctor's beside himself! Always, when the flint is struck by steel, it makes the fire fly!'"

2960. LALANDE AND DE STAEL.

M. Lalande dined one day at the house of Recamier, the banker: he was seated between the celebrated beauty Madame Recamier, and Madame de Staël, equally distinguished for her wit. Wishing to say something agreeable to the ladies, the astronomer exclaimed, "How happy I am to be thus placed between wit and beauty!" "Yes, M. Lalande," sarcastically replied Madame de Staël, "and without possessing either."

2961. ONE AT A TIME.

Henry IV. of France, passing through a small town, perceived the corporation assembled to congratulate him on his arrival. Just as the principal magistrate had commenced his tedious oration, an ass began to bray; on which the king, turning towards the place where the noisy animal was, said gravely, "Gentlemen, one at a time, if you please."

2962. SEEING THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

A stranger once called on the eccentric Professor Hermann, when the following questions and answers passed between them:—

"What is your name?"

"War."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty years."

"Then I have the unexpected pleasure of seeing the thirty years' war."

2963. LORD BROUGHAM AND HIS SON.

Lord Brougham's son, when a minor, and consequently dependent on his father for support, was noticed somewhat for his attention to a young actress of the French theatre. His father wrote the following laconic epistle:—

"If you do not quit her, I will stop your allowance."

To which the son replied, "If you do not double it, I'll marry her."

2964. SHERIDAN AND THE PROPOSED TAX ON COALS.

On Lord Henry Petty's iron tax being withdrawn, some one suggested a tax on coals, to make up the deficiency. "Poh," said Sheridan; "do you want to raise a rebellion in our kitchens? The cooks are worse than the blacksmiths. Tax coals instead of iron! that would be jumping out of the *frying-pan* into the *fire*."

2965. ZIMMERMAN AND FREDERIC THE GREAT.

Zimmerman, the eminent physician, was sent for from Hanover to attend Frederic the Great in his last illness. One day the king said to him, "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world." This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

2966. BURKE AND LONSDALE'S NINEPINS.

The Earl of Lonsdale was so extensive a proprietor, and patron of boroughs, that he returned nine members every Parliament, who were facetiously called Lord Lonsdale's ninepins. One of the members thus designated, having made a very extravagant speech in the House of Commons, was answered by Mr. Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm, which elicited from the house loud and continued cheers. Mr. Fox entering the house just as Mr. Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what the house was cheering. "O, nothing of consequence," replied Sheridan, "only Burke has knocked down one of Lord Lonsdale's ninepins."

2967. THE PRINCE AND THE IDLE ARTIST.

A French prince once sent an *aide-de-camp* to a painter, remarkable for his love of jokes and his idleness, commanding his presence. The officer went and brought the painter with him. A picture was given him to copy, and he took it away with him. It was the painting of a house. In a few days the officer went to the artist to see what progress he had made, and, having returned, acquainted the prince that all was done but one chimney, on which the painter was then employed.

Some days passed, and the picture was not returned. The prince resolved to go himself. He did so, and found the painter still at the unfinished chimney. "Why, how is this?" said he; "all this time employed at one chimney?" "I have been obliged to do and undo it several times." "For what reason?" inquired the prince. "I found," rejoined the artist, "that it smoked." The prince laughed heartily, and took his leave.

2968. THE PUZZLED PHILOSOPHER.

The North Carolina Argus tells the following story, for which it is indebted to the stump speech of a Virginia member of Congress:—

"The proprietor of a tan-yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign it would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration, rejected.

"At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while, he noticed a grave-looking personage stand-

ing near the door with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out, and addressed the individual.

"'Good morning,' said he.

"'Morning,' said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"'You want to buy leather?' said the store-keeper.

"'No.'

"'Do you wish to sell hides?'

"'No.'

"'Are you a farmer?'

"'No.'

"'Are you a merchant?'

"'No.'

"'Are you a lawyer?'

"'No.'

"'Are you a doctor?'

"'No.'

"'What are you, then?'

"'I'm a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that auger-hole.'

2969. THE CATHOLIC'S RETORT.

The walls of Bandon, in Ireland, having been demolished by the Irish then in arms, the Catholics were forbidden to enter the town; and the following words set up in 1689, by the inhabitants:—

"A Turk, a Jew, or Atheist, may enter here, but not a Papist,"—

are memorable as an interdict long blazoned on its gates.

The Catholics, in derision and humor, added in chalk the following couplet:—

"Whoever wrote these words, he wrote them well;
The same are written on the gates of hell."

2970. SWIFT'S SATIRE ON A MISER.

Dean Swift, having dined with a rich miser, pronounced the following grace after dinner:—

"Thanks for this miracle: it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness.
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonders of a chine of beef!
Chimneys have smoked that never smoked before,
And we have dined where we shall dine no more."

2971. A GOOD HIT.

Lord Stanley once alluded to Lord Brougham as "the noble lord who had just taken his seat;" but chancing to look round, and, seeing the ex-chancellor jumping about like a cricket, begged pardon, and said he meant his noble friend who "never took his seat."

2972. DANTE'S RETORT.

A sovereign of one of the Italian states, at whose court Dante, the poet, had been entertained, one day asked him how it happened that a person of his abilities should seem to partake less of the general esteem than a fool who was retained at the palace,—as was then the custom,—and who was in

high favor with the prince, and all the courtiers. "You would cease to wonder," replied Dante, "if you considered that similarity of character is the source of friendship."

2973. COUNTING THE GODS WITH THE SCHOLARS.

On one occasion, Diogenes went into the school of a master, who had very few scholars, but a great many figures of the muses and other divinities. "Counting the gods," said Diogenes to him, "you have a goodly number of scholars."

2974. BURNET'S GREAT WORK.



Thomas Burnet.

Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humor, "What is the matter with you, Tom?" said the bishop: "what are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" asked the father. "The reformation of myself, my lord," replied the son.

2975. SMOLLETT AND THE SURGEON.

A lad who was apprenticed to a surgeon in Glasgow, and with whom Smollett had been engaged in frolic on a winter evening, was receiving a severe reprimand from his master for quitting the shop; and having alleged in his excuse that he had been hit by a snowball, and had gone in pursuit of the person who had thrown it, was listening to the taunts of his master on the improbability of such a story. "How long," said the son of *Æsculapius*, with the confident air of one fearless of contradiction, "might I stand here and such a thing not happen to me?" when Smollett, who stood behind the pillar of the shop door, and heard what passed, snatched up a snowball, and quickly delivered his playmate from

the dilemma in which this question had placed him, by an answer equally prompt and conclusive.

2976. A LONG PAUSE.

A great teller of stories was in the midst of one of them, at his evening club, when notice was brought him that a ship, in which he was going to the West Indies, was on the point of sailing; he was, therefore, obliged to break off abruptly: but on his return from Jamaica, some years afterwards, he repaired to the club, and, taking possession of his old seat by the fireside, he resumed his tale: "Gentlemen, as I was saying," &c.

2977. ERSKINE AND THE TRAITOR.

When citizen Thelwall was on his trial at the Old Bailey, for high treason, during the evidence for the prosecution he wrote the following note, and sent it to his counsel, Mr. Erskine: "I am determined to plead my cause myself." Mr. Erskine wrote under it, "If you do, you'll be hanged;" to which Thelwall immediately returned this reply: "I'll be hanged if I don't."

2978. DUTY OF THE SWINISH MULTITUDE.

Soon after the appearance of Burke's work, in which the celebrated expression of "the swinish multitude," as applied to the lower grades of society, was used, a pamphlet was published in the form of a catechism, with a reference to the war then about to be commenced. The first question, "What is the first duty of a member of the swinish multitude?" was answered, "To save his bacon." A very good-humored reproof.

2979. A PRETTY IDEA.

Dr. P——, who is attached to a Parisian theatre in quality of a physician, expressed his astonishment that man and woman were not created at the same time, instead of the latter springing from a rib of our first parent. A young actress standing by, remarkable for the graceful turn which she ever gives to the expression of her ideas, immediately said, "Was it not natural, sir, that the flower should come after the stem?"

2980. WILKINS AND THE DUCHESS'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

Dr. John Wilkins, a man of uncommon parts and abilities, in the reign of Charles II., has been laughed at, together with his chimeras; but even these proclaim themselves the chimeras of a man of genius.

Such was his attempt to show the possibility of a voyage to the moon. In a conversation with the Duchess of Newcastle, her grace asked him, "Doctor, where am I to find a place for baiting at, in the way up to that planet?" "Madam," said he, "of all the people in the world, I never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you might lie every night at one of your own."

2981. JEKYLL AND THE EGOTIST.

Erskine's well-known habit of talking of himself often brought the jest of the table against him. He was once panegyricizing his own humanity. "There," said he, "for instance, is my dog. I wish it to be happy in this life, I wish it to be happy in the other. Like the Indian, I wish that wherever I may go my faithful dog shall bear me company." "And a confoundedly unlucky dog he would be," murmured Jekyll.

2982. PLATO AND DIOGENES.

Plato was one day entertaining some friends of Dionysius the tyrant. Diogenes, entering with an unusually firm step, said, "I tread on Plato's pride." "Yes," said the latter, "and with more pride than Plato."

2983. MULTUM IN PARVO.

When Greek meets Greek.—Those two celebrated divines and scholars, Drs. South and Sherlock, were once disputing on some religious subject, when the latter accused his opponent of using his wit in the controversy. "Well," said South, "suppose that it had pleased God to give you wit, what would you have done?"

The Post's Retort.—The Boston Post retorts upon some "smart" fellow in the following manner: "The person who sent us a copy of the Boston Post with *Jackass* written upon the margin, is requested to inform us at what stable he can be found."

Foote and the Comedy.—An author, who had given a comedy into the hands of Foote for his perusal, called on him for his opinion of the piece. Foote returned the play with a grave face, saying, "Sir, depend upon it, this is a thing not to be laughed at."

Tu Doces.—The completest pun on the records of literature is produced in the following words, which were inscribed on a tea chest: "*Tu doces*, which is the second person singular of the verb *doces*, to teach, and, when literally translated, becomes *Thou Tea-Chest*."

Snuffing the Candle.—Burke, one evening, in snuffing the candle, was awkward enough to snuff it out. "Ah!" said he, "I fall under the censure of Horace:—

'Brevis, esse laboro, obscurus fio.'"

A Wit discomfited.—We remember witnessing the complete discomfiture of a wit of no inferior order, by a message politely delivered at a supper party, by a little girl: "If you please, Mr. B—, mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would begin to be funny."

Erskine and the Fish Dinner.—When Lord Erskine was chancellor, being asked by the secretary of the treasury whether he would attend the grand ministerial fish dinner at the end of the session, he answered, "To be sure I will: what would your fish dinner be without the *Great Seal*?"

The Pedant outdone.—A pedantic fellow called for a bottle of hock at a tavern, which the waiter, not hearing distinctly, asked him to repeat. "A bottle of hock—hic, hæc hoc," replied the visitor. After sitting, however, for a long time, and no wine appearing, he ventured to ring again, and inquire into the cause of the delay. "Did I not order some hock, sir? Why is it not brought in?" "Because," answered the waiter, who had been taught Latin grammar, "you afterwards declined it."

Doubling down a Page, and turning over a new Leaf.—It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this was told by Lord Strangford, observed, "O! nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page." "I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

Sheridan and the Clown.—When some stupid fellow charged Sheridan with inconsistency, the wit replied that the accusation reminded him of the reasoning of the entertainer of a convivial party, who, hearing his friends observe that it was time to take leave, as the watchman was crying past three, observed, "Why, you don't mind that fellow, do you? He changes his story every half hour."

Just so.—Voltaire's saying, in answer to a stranger who was observing how tall his trees grew, "that they had nothing else to do," was a quaint mixture of wit and humor.

Hook's Choice.—A wise man, as well as witty, was Theodore Hook, when he told the alderman who had already surfeited him, and yet pressed him to partake of still another course, "I thank you; but if it's the same to you, I'll take the rest in money."

Socrates's pithy Reply to Archelaus.—Archelaus, a powerful monarch, offered Socrates a handsome pension, if he would come and reside at his court. The answer of the philosopher was as independent as laconic: "At Athens meal is twopence the measure, and water may be had for nothing."

Tazing the Air.—Voltaire related to Mr. Sheridan an anecdote of Swift. Lady Carteret, wife of the lord lieutenant, said to Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For goodness' sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England, for if you do, they will certainly tax it."

Fontaine's Reason for Silence.—Some one asked Fontaine, the celebrated geometrician, what he did in society, where he remained almost perfectly silent. "I study," replied he, "the vanity of men, in order occasionally to mortify it."

Richelieu's Gray Head, and De Lart's Gray Beard.—Cardinal Richelieu one day said to M. de Lart, a celebrated physician, "I am gray headed, yet my beard is black; and your head is black, and your beard gray. Can you account for these appearances, doctor?" "Easily," replied De Lart; "they proceed from exercise—from labor of the parts; your eminence's brains have worked hard, and so have my jaws."

§ 287. WIVES OF LITERARY MEN AND ARTISTS.

2984. LAMARTINE'S WIFE.



THIS lady, who is an English woman, was possessed of considerable property, and the old story, which never fails to follow the marriage of poets and men of celebrity in general, is told of her union with Lamartine.

It is said, we know not with what pretension to truth, that Madame de Lamartine, whose maiden name was Birch, — of Indian connection, — when no longer in the first bloom of youth, became passionately enamoured of the poet, from the perusal of his *Meditations* alone, and

had for some time nursed this sentiment in secret, when, having been apprised, by a newspaper account, of the embarrassed state of his affairs, and of the necessity of calling a meeting of his creditors, she immediately wrote to him, with an offer of the loan of the whole of her fortune, unconditionally, and with the smallest possible reserve for her own immediate wants.

It appeared that Lamartine was so touched at this proof of generosity, that he immediately set out to throw himself at the feet of his benefactress, and *chemin faisant* reflecting, perhaps, that such unsought interest could have its mainspring in one sentiment alone, he generously resolved to make her an offer of his hand and heart, evidently considering, with that peculiar self-esteem for which all poets are so remarkable, the sacrifice he was making as a perfect equivalent for that which the lady had voluntarily laid at his feet.

The pair were soon after married, the fortune of the bride amply repairing every breach which youthful extravagance had made in that of her husband.

It was during the honey-moon, and while the happy couple were enjoying the tranquillity and solitude of their *chateau*, that the conversion of Madame de Lamartine to Romanism was effected, by the simple eloquence of the village priest, whose church, as lady of the manor, she had thought it her bounden duty to attend on Sundays, in spite of her difference of creed.

Like all neophytes, her ardor soon surpassed that of her spiritual master, and she has ever since been remarkable for her religious enthusiasm, and her unceasing perseverance in the pursuit of good and holy works, among which her patronage of religious orders has stood foremost.

2985. MOLIÈRE'S UNHAPPINESS.

Armande Gresinde Bejart, who became the wife of Molière, was regarded by the poet-actor with a passionate attachment. She was a beautiful, sprightly, clever, and admirable actress, fond of admiration and pleasure. Molière is said to describe her in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, as more piquant than beautiful, fascinating and graceful, witty and elegant; she charmed in her very caprices.

Another author speaks of her acting, and remarks on the judgment she displays both in dialogue and by-play. "She never looks about," he says, "nor do her eyes wander to the boxes; she is aware that the theatre is full, but she speaks and acts as if she only saw those with whom she is acting. She is elegant and rich in her attire without affectation; she studies her dress, but forgets it the moment she appears upon the stage; and she never touches her hair or her ornaments. This by-play conceals a judicious and insinuating satire, and she thus enters more entirely into ridicule of the woman she personates; but with all these advantages, she would not please so much but for her sweet-toned voice. She is aware of this, and changes it accordingly to the character she fills."

With these attractions, young and lovely, and an actress, Madame — or, as she was called, according to the fashion of the times, which only accorded the Madame to women of rank, Mademoiselle — Molière, fancying herself elevated to a high sphere when she married, giddy and coquettish, disappointed the hopes of her husband, whose heart was set on domestic happiness, and the interchange of affectionate sentiments in the privacy of home.

Yet the gentleness of his nature made him find a thousand excuses for her. "I am unhappy," he said, "but I deserve it; I ought to have remembered that my habits were too severe for domestic life. I thought that my wife ought to regulate her manners and practice by my wishes; but I feel that had she done so, she would, in her situation, be more unhappy than I am. She is gay and witty, and open to the pleasures of admiration. This annoys me in spite of myself. I find fault, I complain; yet this woman is a hundred times more reasonable than I am, and wishes to enjoy life; she goes her own way, and, secure in her innocence, she disdains the precaution I entreat her to observe. I take this neglect for contempt; I wish to be assured of her kindness by the open expression of it, and that a more regular conduct should give me ease of mind. But my wife, always equable and lively, who would be unsuspected by any other than myself, has no pity for my sorrows; and occupied by the desire of general admiration, she laughs at my anxieties."

His friends tried to remonstrate, in vain. "There is but one sort of love," he said, "and those who are more easily satisfied do not know what true love is." The consequence of these dissensions was, in the sequel, a sort of separation, full of disappointment and regret for Molière, but to which his young wife easily reconciled herself. Her conduct disgraced her; but she had not sufficient feeling to shrink from public censure, or the consciousness of rendering her husband unhappy.

2986. MADAME ROLAND.

Madame Roland, one of the eminent French writers of her day, and one of the most enthusiastic devotees of liberty, was the daughter of an engraver, who was subsequently ruined by trafficking in jewels.

Arriving at womanhood, she lost her mother. The daughter was only drawn from her deep grief by a friend's placing in her hands an interesting volume of Rousseau, which led her at length to devote herself almost entirely to literary pursuits.

Some time after her mother's death, M. Roland de la Platiere was introduced to her by an intimate and esteemed acquaintance. He was a worthy man, employed at that time in the administration of manufactures at Rouen and Amiens. He possessed great simplicity and integrity of character; he loved study, and applied himself sedulously to gathering knowledge with regard to the manufactories of which he had the superintendence. He wrote several works that treated of such subjects.

He was a man generally esteemed for his sound, plain sense; his austere and simple manners inspired confidence, though he was more respected than loved, on account of a certain coldness of character that repelled. Mademoiselle Philpon liked him, and he took pleasure in the society of the serious and reflective recluse, and paid her long, though not frequent, visits. His age prevented any idea of impropriety on the score of his being an admirer. But the tender passion grew upon their acquaintance ere he was aware. Roland's conversation was a great resource to her, while the habit he indulged of seeing her so often at last rendered her society necessary to him, and love—slow and chill, but of deep growth—arose in his heart.

Five years after the commencement of their acquaintance he disclosed his sentiments. She was flattered by the proposal: his birth during the old régime was a tangible good, to which she was by no means insensible, but her pride led her to represent to him that she was a bad match, her family ignoble, and she herself, instead of being an heiress, ruined through her father's imprudence. Roland persisted in his address, and she permitted him to apply to her only surviving parent, which he did by a letter from Amiens. Philpon did not like his austerity, and was not pleased by the tone of his letter: thinking only of his feelings, and without consulting his daughter, he sent a rejection couched in rude and even impertinent terms.

Spite of the rejection, however, they were at length married. She became her husband's friend, companion, and amanuensis. Not only so, but she actually composed more or less for him, when her husband eventually came to Paris and became minister of the interior in the period immediately preceding the French revolution.

But in consequence of an injudicious, but enthusiastic remonstrance which she persuaded her husband to present to the king, severely censuring some measures which he contemplated, Roland was dismissed.

It was certainly a bold, if not a presumptuous act in a woman thus to put herself forward during these political agitations. But Madame Roland hated monarchical institutions, and her desire to subvert them in her own country partook of the vehemence with which women usually follow up their ideas.

Of the letter itself we may say that it is eloquent,

but very ill judged if it was meant to conciliate the king; but it was not. It was written in a spirit of contempt for Louis's conduct, of menace if he did not pass the decree, and of sturdy independence and republicanism, as far as regarded the minister himself. It naturally alienated the monarch; but Roland and his wife were too enthusiastically attached to the cause of liberty and equality not to glory in expressing their sentiments openly and boldly at the foot of the throne, even at the expense of loss of office.

On this event they secluded themselves in private life, living in an obscure and modest abode in Rue St. Jacques. They mingled in no intrigues, while they deplored the misfortunes of their country, being persuaded that the king and his friends were about to call in foreign troops, to destroy its new-born liberty.

After the events of the 10th of August, Roland was recalled to the ministry. He and his wife, both hating monarchy, could not understand why the ruins of it in France should not at once be cast aside, and a republic erected on the vacant space. In consequence, Madame Roland was one of the victims of the reign of terror, and her husband committed suicide.

2987. MRS. BOWDITCH AND THE MECANIQUE CELESTE.

The wife of Nathaniel Bowditch was a woman of singular sweetness of disposition, and cheerful piety, who, by her entire sympathy with her husband in all his studies and pursuits, lightened and cheered his labors, and by relieving him from all domestic cares enabled him to go on with undivided mind and undistracted attention in the execution of his great work—the translation of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, on which his fame as a man of science rests. He had been heard to say that he never should have accomplished the task, and published the book in its present extended form, had he not been stimulated and encouraged by her.

When the serious question was under consideration as to the expediency of Bowditch's publishing it at his own expense, at the estimated cost of ten thousand dollars, (which it actually exceeded,) with the noble spirit of her sex, his wife conjured and urged him to go on and do it, saying that she would find the means, and gladly make any sacrifice, and submit to any self-denial that might be involved in it. In grateful acknowledgment of her sympathy and aid, he proposed, in the concluding volume, to dedicate the work to her memory (she died in 1834)—a design than which nothing could be more beautiful or touching.

2988. LADY BACON.

Lady Bacon displayed at an early age her capacity, application, and industry, by translating, from the Italian of Bernardine Octine, twenty-five sermons on the abstruse doctrines of predestination and election. This performance was published about the year 1550. A circumstance took place, soon after her marriage, which again called forth her talents and zeal. She appeared the translator into English, from Latin, of Bishop Jewell's *Apology for the Church of England* in which he retorted upon the Romanists the charges previously preferred

by them against the reformers; and with fidelity and elegance she accomplished her task.

She sent a copy of her work to the primate, whom she considered as most interested in the safety of the church; a second copy she presented to the author, lest, inadvertently, she had in any respect done injustice to his sentiments. Her copy was accompanied by an epistle in Greek, to which the bishop replied in the same language. The translation was carefully examined both by the primate and author, who found it so chastely and correctly given, as to stand in no need of the slightest emendation. The translator received on this occasion a letter from the primate, full of high and just compliments to her talents and erudition.

Lady Bacon survived her husband, and died about the beginning of the reign of James I., at Gerham-burg, near St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire. She was the mother of the wisest, brightest of mankind.

2889. AN ODD EXPEDIENT.

It is told of Berghem's wife, that she would not allow that excellent artist to quit his occupation; and she contrived an odd expedient to detect his indolence. The artist worked in a room above her: ever and anon she roused him by thumping a stick against the ceiling, while the obedient Berghem answered by stamping his foot, to satisfy Mrs. Berghem that he was not napping.

2890. FERGUSON AND HIS WIFE.

James Ferguson and his wife led a cat-and-dog life, and she is not once alluded to in the philosopher's autobiography. About the year 1750, one evening, while he was delivering to a London audience a lecture on astronomy, his wife entered the room in a passion, and maliciously overturned several pieces of the apparatus; when all the notice Ferguson took of the catastrophe was the observation to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman."

2891. MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN.

This lady, who had the honor of giving birth to that eloquent orator and able dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was also distinguished for her literary attainments. Her first literary performance was a pamphlet, during the time in which Mr. Sheridan was engaged in a theatrical dispute with the public in Dublin. The pamphlet being well written, and rendering Mr. Sheridan an essential service, he became anxious to know to whom he was indebted for so able a defence: after some inquiries, he found this out, was introduced to the lady, and soon after married her.

2892. THE GENEROUS INCOGNITO.

The wife of Guizot was said to be a woman of remarkable intellect. The circumstances of their marriage were somewhat tinged with romance.

Born of a distinguished family, which had been ruined by the revolution, Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan had found resources in an education as solid as varied, and to support her family had thrown herself into the trying career of journalism. At the

period in question she was editing the *Publiciste*. A serious malady, however, brought on by excess of toil, obliged her to desist from her labors.

Her situation was a cruel one; she was almost in despair, when one day she received an anonymous letter, in which, while she was besought to preserve her tranquillity, an offer was made of discharging her task during the continuance of her sickness. The letter was accompanied by an article admirably written, the ideas and the style of which, by a refinement of delicacy, were exactly modelled upon her own. She accepted the article, published it, and regularly received a similar contribution until her restoration to health.

Profoundly affected by the incident, she related it in the saloon of M. Suard, exhausting her mind in endeavors to discover her unknown friend, and never thinking of a pale, serious young man, with whom she was scarcely acquainted, and who listened to her in silence as she pursued her conjectures. Earnestly supplicating through the columns of the journal to reveal himself, the generous incognito at last went in person to receive his well-merited thanks. It was the same young man just alluded to; and five years afterwards, Mademoiselle de Meulan took the name of Madame Guizot.

2893. PLINY'S WIFE.

What a delightful family picture has the younger Pliny given posterity in his letters! Of Calphurnia, his wife, he says, "Her affection to me has given her a turn to books; and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love — the best instructor — for her guide. Her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth, nor my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamoured."

2894. A MODEL WIFE.

How delightful is it when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband! It is then truly that the intercourse of the sexes becomes the most refined pleasure. What delight, for instance, must the great Budæus have tasted, even in those works which must have been for others a most dreadful labor! His wife left him nothing to desire. The frequent companion of his studies, she brought him the books he required to his desk; she compared passages, and transcribed quotations: the same genius, the same inclinations, and the same ardor for literature, eminently appeared in those two fortunate persons. Far from withdrawing her husband from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side and ever assiduous, ever with some useful book in her hand, she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Yet she did not neglect the education of eleven children. She and Budæus

shared in the mutual cares they owed their progeny. Budæus was not insensible of his singular felicity. In one of his letters, he represents himself as married to two ladies; one of whom gave him boys and girls, the other was philosophy, who produced books.

2995. THE WIFE OF BULWER, THE NOVELIST.

The wife of this novelist was a Miss Wheeler. She was a daughter of a most respectable widow, who lived in Park Mewes, a small lane, running in the rear of Seymour Place, May Fair. Mrs. Wheeler was early left a widow, with one daughter, a pale, handsome, slender girl, who chanced to attract the attention of Edward Bulwer, then fresh from college.

The attachment was a romantic one, and soon discovered, and strenuously opposed, by Mr. Bulwer's mother. But the lovers found a sympathizing friend, who occupied a room up three pair of stairs, where they frequently drank tea. This female friend ultimately succeeded in marrying the young couple, neither of whom, she then thought, were "long for this world." But to her great surprise, Miss Wheeler afterwards turned out to be among the fattest of women, and Mr. Bulwer the most immortal of men.

The aristocratic mother was soon reconciled to the match, but the daughter was soon at swords' points with every member of the family, her husband included. Bulwer bore her "incompatibility" as long as he could, in form, and finally bought a beautiful house in the country, not far from London, furnished it exquisitely, and supplying her every earthly want, except his own society, left her to expend her eccentricities on her dogs, which, to the number of upwards of a dozen, were her companions.

2996. SENTIMENT AND SAUCE.

One day in spring, Sir Walter Scott strolled forth with Lady Scott to enjoy a walk round Abbotsford. In their wandering they passed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolics of their lambs. "Ah!" said Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." "They are, indeed, delightful animals," returned her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce."

2997. HOW TO KNOW A WIFE'S BEAUTY.

When Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton, "and it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

2998. GROTIUS'S DELIVERANCE.

In consequence of the persecution of the Arminians, of whom Grotius was one, and an able defender, in 1618, he was doomed to perpetual imprisonment. His confinement was alleviated by his literary occupations, and the assiduities of his wife.

The fond care of this worthy woman at last procured his deliverance, after a captivity of nearly two years. On pretence of removing books, which she declared proved injurious to her husband's health, she was permitted to send away a small chest of drawers, of the length of three feet and a half, in which he was concealed. Thus he was carried by two soldiers from the prison, the chest was then removed to a distance, on horseback, and at the house of a friend the illustrious prisoner was set at liberty, pursuing his flight afterwards in the guise of a mason with a rule and trowel.

2999. SOCRATES AND XANTIPPE.

Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, was so remarkable for her ill humor and peevishness as to become proverbial. She continually tormented him with her impertinence; and one day, not satisfied with her bitter invectives, she emptied a vessel of dirty water on his head. The good man only replied, very coolly and philosophically, "I thought that after so much thunder, we should be apt to have some rain."

3000. A XANTIPPE OUTWITTED.

An Englishman by the name of Baldwin, of Lymington, had the misfortune to live in a quarrel with his wife. The latter, who was a modern Xantippe, threatened, in case she survived him, to dance over his grave. It was her lot to be his survivor; but it was not so easy to execute her threat. The husband had the precaution to make an injunction in his will, requiring his body, after death, to be buried in the sea, near his residence, and without ceremony. The injunction was complied with.

3001. DR. PARR'S LIBRARY CHAIRS.

The doctor and his lady had occasionally divers little bickerings, as the lady did not approve of his expending so much of his money, on "dusty tomes of ancient lore," and Parr would be accountable to no one. The chairs of the library had been in a sad condition; indeed there was no ground to hope for a secure seat in them; they threatened the incumbent with a downfall, which, though it might not create such a sensation in the world as the falling of a kingdom, "the crash of a state," yet would, perhaps, be very serious to the suffering person.

Mrs. Parr, therefore, one morning in the library, took occasion to accost the doctor: "Mr. Parr, we should have new chairs for the library; they are in a very sad way." "I cannot afford it, Mrs. Parr," replied the doctor. "Not afford it," returned the lady, "when you can give ten guineas for a musty book which you never open!" "I tell you I cannot afford it," vociferated the doctor. "Not afford it," said the lady, "when your rents are coming in so fast!" (pointing to the garments of her spouse,) "when you are in as much need of repair as the library chairs." The doctor, touched by this stroke of humor, applied immediately both to the cabinet maker and the tailor.

§ 288. WOMEN, LITERARY.

3002. MISS CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL.

This very interesting lady died at Hanover on the 9th of January, 1848, in the 98th year of her age. She was the sister of Sir William Herschel, and, consequently, aunt to Sir John Herschel, the present representative of this truly scientific family.

Miss Herschel was the constant companion of her brother, and sole assistant of his astronomical labors, to the success of which her indefatigable zeal, diligence, and singular accuracy of calculation not a little contributed.

From the first commencement of his astronomical pursuits, her attendance on both his daily labors and nightly watches was put in requisition, and was found so useful, that on Herschel's removal from Bath to Dratchet, and subsequently to Slough, he being then occupied with the review of the heavens, and other researches, she performed the whole of the arduous duties of his astronomical assistant; not only reading the clocks and noting down all the observations, from dictation, as an amanuensis, but subsequently executing the extensive and laborious numerical calculations necessary to render them available to science. For the performance of these duties, his majesty King George III. was pleased to place her in the receipt of a salary sufficient for her singularly moderate wants and retired habits.

Arduous, however, as these occupations must appear, especially when it is considered that her brother's observations were always carried on—circumstances permitting—till daybreak, without regard to season, and indeed chiefly in winter, they proved insufficient to exhaust her activity. In the intervals, she found time both for astronomical observations of her own, and for the execution of more than one work of great extent and utility. These observations were made with a small Newtonian sweeper, constructed by her brother, with which she found no less than eight comets; and on five of these occasions her claim to the first discovery is admitted. These sweeps also proved productive of the detection of several remarkable nebula and clusters of stars, previously unobserved.

On her brother's death, in 1822, Miss Herschel returned to Hanover, which she never again quitted; passing the last twenty-six years of her life in repose, enjoying the society, and cherished by the regard, of her remaining relatives and friends; gratified by the occasional visits of eminent astronomers, and honored with many marks of favor and distinction on the part of the King of Hanover, the crown prince, and his amiable and illustrious consort. To within a very short period of her death, her health continued uninterrupted, her faculties perfect, and her memory, especially of the scenes and circumstances of former days, remarkably clear and distinct. Her end was tranquil and free from suffering—a simple cessation of life.

We append the following just and eloquent tribute to the merits of Miss Herschel, from Dr. Nichol's *Views of the Architecture of the Heavens*:—

"The astronomer, Sir William Herschel, during these engrossing nights, was constantly assisted in his labors by a devoted maiden sister, who braved with him the inclemency of the weather; who heroically shared his privations that she might par-

ticipate in his delights; whose pen, we are told, committed to paper his notes of observations as they issued from his lips. 'She it was,' says the best of authorities, 'who, having passed the nights near the telescope, took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day, and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the ensuing morning; she it was who planned the labor of each succeeding night, who reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept every thing in systematic order;' she it was—Miss Caroline Herschel—who helped our astronomer to gather an imperishable name. This venerable lady has, in one respect, been more fortunate than her brother; she has lived to reap the full harvest of their joint glory. Some years ago the gold medal of our Astronomical Society was transmitted to her at her native Hanover, whither she removed after Sir William's death; and the same learned society has recently inscribed her name upon its roll. But she has been rewarded still more, by what she will value beyond all earthly pleasures; she has lived to see her favorite nephew, him who grew up under her eye unto an astronomer, gather around him the highest hopes of scientific Europe, and prove himself fully equal to tread in the footsteps of his father."

3003. A FEMALE LINGUIST.

Maria Cajetana Agnesi, an Italian lady of great learning, was born at Milan, March 16, 1718. Her inclinations, from her earliest youth, led her to the study of science, and at an age when young persons of her sex attend only to frivolous pursuits, she made such astonishing progress in mathematics, that when, in 1750, her father, professor in the university of Bologna, was unable to continue his lectures, from infirm health, she obtained permission from the pope, Benedict XIV., to fill his chair. Before this, at the early age of nineteen, she had supported one hundred and ninety-one theses, which were published in 1738, under the title of *Propositiones Philosophicæ*. She was mistress of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, and Spanish. At length she gave up her studies, and went into the monastery of the Blue Nuns, at Milan, where she died, January 9, 1799. In 1740, she published a discourse, tending to prove "that the study of the liberal arts is not incompatible with the understandings of woman." This was written when she was very young; she wrote upon mathematics of a high order—fluxions and analytics. The commentators of Newton were acquainted with her mathematical works while they were in manuscript. In 1801 these works were published in two volumes, at the expense of Mr. Baron Maseres, to do honor to her memory, and to prove that women have minds capable of comprehending the most abstruse studies. Her eulogy was pronounced by Frisi, and translated into French by Boulard.

3004. MADAME DE GENLIS.

Madame de Genlis died in France, at the advanced age of eighty. This lady was probably pos-

essed of as great talent for the correct education of youth as any of her contemporaries of either sex. Her Theatre of Education has long been a model for dramatic didactic composition, being within the comprehension of the most youthful intellect, and stored with precepts of the purest morality and usefulness.

It is no small tribute to her merit to state, that she was governess over the early years both of the ex-king of France, Charles X., and of the subsequent king of the French, Louis Philippe. She may be termed the female Warwick of her time—"the setter-up and puller-down of kings."

3005. MISS BURNLEY

Miss Burnley, afterwards Madame D'Arblay, wrote her celebrated novel of *Evelina* when only seventeen-years of age, and published it without the knowledge of her father, who, having occasion to visit the metropolis, soon after it had issued from the press, purchased it as the work then most popular, and most likely to prove an acceptable treat to his family.

When Dr. Burnley had concluded his business in town, he went to Chessington, the seat of Mr. Crisp, where his family were on a visit. He had scarcely dismounted and entered the parlor, when the customary question of "What news?" was rapidly addressed to him by the several personages of the little party. "Nothing," said the worthy doctor, "but a great deal of noise about a novel which I have brought you."

When the book was produced, and the title read, the surprised and conscious Miss Burnley turned away her face to conceal the blushes and delighted confusion which otherwise would have betrayed her secret; but the bustle which usually attends the arrival of a friend in the country, where the monotonous but peaceful tenor of life is agreeably disturbed by such a change, prevented the curious and happy group from observing the agitation of their sister.

After dinner, Mr. Crisp proposed that the book should be read. This was done with all due rapidity; when the gratifying comments made during its progress, and the acclamations which attended its conclusion, ratified the approbation of the public. The amiable author, whose anxiety and pleasure could with difficulty be concealed, was at length overcome by the delicious feelings of her heart; she burst into tears, and throwing herself on her father's neck, avowed herself the author of *Evelina*.

The joy and surprise of her sisters, and still more of her father, cannot easily be expressed. Dr. Burnley, conscious as he was of the talents of his daughter, never thought that such maturity of observation and judgment, such fertility of imagination, and chasteness of style, could have been displayed by a girl of seventeen—by one who appeared a mere infant in artlessness and inexperience, and whose deep seclusion from the world had excluded her from all visual knowledge of its ways.

3006. THE IMPROVISATRICE.

Maria Madelena Fernandez Corilla, a celebrated improvisatrice, was born at Pistoca, in 1740, and gave in her infancy the most unequivocal marks of uncommon genius; and her acquirements in natural and moral philosophy, and ancient and modern history, were, at the age of seventeen, very remarkable.

At the age of twenty, she began to display that

talent for extemporaneous composition which is so common in Italy, and so strangely uncommon elsewhere. Of this lady's abilities, however, we are not permitted to doubt, if we give any credit to the popularity she gained among all classes, and especially among persons of the highest rank. The Empress Maria Theresa offered her the place of female poet laureate at court, which she accepted, and went to Vienna in 1765.

Soon after 1774, she settled at Rome, and was admitted a member of the Academy of the Arcadi, under the name of Corilla Olimpica, and for some time continued to charm the inhabitants of Rome by her talents in improvisation. At length, when Pius VI. became pope, he determined that she should be solemnly crowned—an honor which had been granted to Petrarch only.

Twelve members of the Arcadian Academy were selected out of thirty, publicly to examine the new edition of the Tenth Muse, which has so often been dedicated to ladies of poetical and literary talents. Three several days were allotted for this public exhibition of poetical powers, on the following subjects: sacred history, revealed religion, moral philosophy, natural history, metaphysics, epic poetry, legislation, eloquence, mythology, fine arts, and pastoral poetry.

In the list of examiners appeared a prince, an archbishop, three monseigneurs, the pope's physician, *abate*, *avocats*, all of high rank in literature and criticism. These severally gave her subjects, which, besides a readiness at versification in all the measures of Italian poetry, required science, reading, and knowledge of every kind.

In all these severe trials, she acquitted herself to the satisfaction and astonishment of all the personages, clergy, literati, and foreigners then resident at Rome. Among the latter was the brother of George III., the Duke of Gloucester. Near fifty sonnets, by different poets, with odes, canzoni, *terze rime*, *attave*, *canzonette*, &c. produced on the subject of the event, are inserted at the end of a beautiful volume containing a description of the order and ceremonials of this splendid, honorable, and enthusiastic homage paid to poetry, classical taste, talents, literature, and the fine arts.

3007. HANNAH MORE'S WEDDING DAY

The celibacy of this excellent lady, which gave her so much time to bend the powers of her mind to the interests of humanity, has been a subject of surprise. A writer in a recent Scottish periodical relates as authentic the following circumstance:—

"She was early engaged to be married to a gentleman of family and fortune. The wedding day was fixed. The bride and her party moved off gayly to the church, where the ceremony was to be performed, and the groom was to make his appearance. The lady was first upon the ground; her lover was not there. 'The laggard comes late,' thought the attendants. They miscalculated: he never came at all. A horseman rode up to the church door, and handed Miss More a letter, written by the faithless swain, declaring, with many apologies, he could not 'take the responsibility' of making her his bride. At the same time he offered her any pecuniary remuneration in his power.

"Whether the lady fainted, or only pouted, is not mentioned; but the male relatives followed the business up with such promptness and spirit, that the 'dastard in love' made a settlement upon the slighted lady of four hundred pounds sterling a year, for life."

§ 289. WORDS AND PHRASES.

3006. AMENDE HONORABLE.



AMENDE HONORABLE originated in France in the 9th century. It was at first an infamous punishment, inflicted on traitors and sacrilegious persons. The offender was delivered into the hands of the hangman; his shirt was stripped off, a rope put about his neck, and a taper in his hand; he was then led into court, and was obliged to pray pardon of God, the king, and the country. Death or banishment sometimes followed. *Amende honorable* is now a term used for making recantation in open court, or in

the presence of the injured party.

3009. HOBSON'S CHOICE.

The expression *Hobson's choice* is proverbial both in Europe and America. The story of its origin is as follows:—

Thomas Hobson was a celebrated carrier at Cambridge, England, who, to his employment in that capacity, added the profession of supplying the students with horses. In doing this, he made it an unalterable rule that every horse should have an equal portion of time in which to rest, as well as labor; and he always refused to let a horse out of his turn. Hence the saying, "Hobson's choice; this or none."

3010. BOOK, ALMANAC, AND OTHER WORDS.

The word *book* we do not owe to the Romans, but to our Saxon or Danish ancestors. Long, long before these wondrous days of ours, when a bundle of rags introduced at one end of a machine issues from the other in the shape of snow-white paper, our worthy Teutonic forefathers were content to write their letters, calendars, and accounts upon wood. Being close-grained, and besides plentiful in the north, the *boc*, or beech, was the tree generally employed for this purpose; and hence came our word *book*. From the same fashion of writing on timber arose the pretty delicate word *billet-doux*.

The same people—the Saxons or Germans—are said by some etymologists to have originated the term *almanac*. The ancients paid much attention to the moon, and used to engrave or cut upon square sticks, about a foot in breadth, the courses of that

luminary for each year. The tables thus marked with the moon's periods, got the name of *Al-mon-acht*. in the Saxon dialect *Al mon-heed*, which means the *heeding* or observation of *all the moons*.

The names that designate the various orders of tradesmen are in some cases very curiously derived.

Tinkers, for example, or *tinklers*, as the Scotch call them, were originally so called because the itinerant members of that profession used to give notice of their approach to villages and farm-houses by making a *tinkling* noise on an old brass kettle.

Milliner is a word corrupted, or at least altered from *Milaner*, which signified a person from Milan, in Italy. Certain fashions of female dress, that first prevailed in that city, were introduced, by natives of it, into England, and hence arose the word *milliner*.

The term *cordwainer* was once applied to a numerous and flourishing fraternity, but is now falling into desuetude. A cordwainer was maker of a peculiar kind of shoes, much worn formerly; and the appellation is a corruption from *cordovaner*, a worker of leather brought from the city of Cordova, in Spain. The same kind of leather is now manufactured in abundance in this country from horse-hides, and is still familiarly called *Cordovan*.

The word *attorney* is in like manner a relic of ancient customs. It seems to have primarily signified one who appeared at the *tourney* and did battle in the place of another. Those *tourneys*, or minor tournaments, often consisted of single combats to support or rebut charges, civil or criminal, and where a lady, or a minor, or a very aged person, was a party in the business, some capable individual usually came forward as a substitute.

The word *landlord* was first applied to the keeper of an inn. Formerly, wayfaring guests were for the most part entertained by the proprietors of the land, the lords of the manor through which they journeyed.

3011. ORIGIN OF THE WORD "QUIZ."

When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish Theatre, he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day; gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken all through the principal streets of Dublin, by a certain hour next day, Sunday, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language; wagers were laid and stakes deposited.

Daly repaired to the theatre, and despatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word "Quiz," which they chalked on every door and every shop window in town.

Shops being shut all next day, every body going to and coming from their different places of worship saw the word, and every body repeated it, so that "Quiz," was heard all through Dublin: the circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window caused much surprise; and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to be passed current, it draws forth the expression, *You are quizzing me*.

3012. STRIKING A BARGAIN.

Aubery, in his manuscript collections, relates that in several parts of England, when two persons are driving a bargain, one holds out his right hand, and says, "Strike me;" and if the other strike, the bargain holds, whence the "striking bargain." The practice is retained in the mode of saying "Done," to a wager offered, at the same time striking the hand of the wagerer.

3013. WINDFALL.

The origin of this term is said to be the following: Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden felling any of the trees in the forests upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupant. A tornado was, therefore, a perfect godsend, in every sense of the term, to those who had occupancy of extensive forests; and the *windfall* was sometimes of very great value.

3014. ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

In the time of Edward VI., much of the lands of St. Peter at Westminster were seized by his majesty's ministers and courtiers; but in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated towards the repairs of St. Paul's Church; hence the phrase "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

3015. CUT A DIDO.

It is told in history that Dido, a queen of Tyre, about eight hundred and seventy years before Christ, fled from that place upon the murder of her husband, and with a colony settled upon the northern coast of Africa, where she built Carthage. Being in want of land, she bargained with the natives for as much as she could surround with a bull's hide. Having made the agreement, she cut a bull's hide into fine strings, and, tying them together, claimed as much land as she could surround with the long line she had thus made. The natives allowed the cunning queen to have her way; but when any body played off a sharp trick, they said he had "cut a Dido," and the phrase has come down to our day.

3016. HE'S CAUGHT A TARTAR.

In some battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out, "Captain, halloo there! I've caught a Tartar!" "Fetch him along, then!" said the captain. "Ay, but he won't let me," said the man; and the fact was, the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to take another in, and gets bit himself, they say, "He's caught a Tartar."

3017. CARRYING THE WAR INTO AFRICA.

In one of the famous wars between Carthage and Rome, about two thousand five hundred years ago,

Hannibal, a Carthaginian leader, led his army into Italy, and for several years continued to threaten the city, and lay waste the surrounding country. Scipio, a Roman general, saw the necessity of getting rid of Hannibal and his forces; so he determined to lead an army into Africa, and threaten Carthage, and thus make it necessary for Hannibal to return home for its defence. This scheme had its intended effect; and in all time, this retaliating upon an enemy, by adopting his own tactics, is called "carrying the war into Africa."

3018. HUSBAND.

The English term "husband" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon words *hus* and *bond*, which signify "the bond of the house;" and it was anciently spelt *house-bond*, and continued to be thus spelt in some editions of the English Bible after the introduction of the art of printing. A husband, then, is a *house-bond* — the bond of a house — that which engirdles the family into the union of strength and the oneness of love. Wife and children, and "stranger within the gates" — all their interests and all their happiness — are encircled in the *house-bond's* embrace, the objects of his protection and of his special care. What a fine picture is this of a husband's duty, and a family's privilege!

3019. A DEED DONE HAS AN END.

When the families of the Amadei and the Uberti felt their honor wounded in the affront the younger Buondelmonte had put upon them, in breaking off his match with a young lady of their family, by marrying another, a council was held, and the death of the young cavalier was proposed as the sole atonement for their injured honor. But the consequences which they anticipated, and which afterwards proved so fatal to the Florentines, long suspended their decision. At length Mosca Lambertini, suddenly rising, exclaimed, in two proverbs, "that those who considered every thing would never conclude on any thing;" closing with an ancient proverbial saying, *Cosa fatta capa ha!* (a deed done has an end.) This proverb sealed the fatal determination, and was long held in mournful remembrance by the Tuscans; for, according to Villani, it was the cause and beginning of the accursed factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines. Dante has immortalized the energetic expression in a scene of the *Inferno*.

This Italian proverb was adopted by Milton; for, when deeply engaged in writing the Defence of the People, and warned that it might terminate in his blindness, he resolutely concluded his work, exclaiming, with great magnanimity, *Cosa fatta capa ha!* Did this proverb also influence his awful decision on that great national event, when the most honest-minded fluctuated between doubts and fears?

3020. BUNKUM.

A grave member of the lower house of Congress, from the venerable state of North Carolina, and from a district which included the county of Buncombe, (in which county he resided,) whose style of speaking produced a very common effect of driving the members from the hall, and all that, was one day addressing the house, when, as usual, the cough-

ing and sneezing commenced, and the members began leaving. He paused a while, and assured the house that there need be no uneasiness on their part, and that for himself it mattered not how many left, for he was not speaking to the house, but to *Bunkum*. It is now understood to mean the constituent body, in congressional parlance.

3021. ANTIMONY.

Antimony is a word the etymology of which could never be guessed from the thing itself. It is, as every one knows, a certain kind of metal. Its name is derived from the French word *antimoine*, a monk-hater; or, to explain it properly, an *against-a-monk*. This remarkable appellation arose from the doings of a German abbot, by name Basil Valentine, who, as the tradition relates, having thrown some of the oxidized mineral to the hogs, observed that after it had purged them heartily, they immediately fattened. Therefore, says the story, he imagined his fellow-monks would grow the sleeker from a like dose. The experiment, however, succeeded so ill, that they all died of it; and the mineral was thenceforward called *antimoine*, *antimonk*, or *antimony*.

3022. BANKRUPT.

Few words have so remarkable a history as the familiar word *bankrupt*. The money-changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls, in the bourse or exchange, in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world, and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench, or *banco rotto*, was given to him. When the word was adopted into English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being "bankerout," instead of bankrupt.

3023. GOING SNACKS.

During the plague in London, a noted body-searcher lived, whose name was Snacks. His business increased so fast, that finding he could not compass it, he offered to any person who should join him in the hardened practice half the profits; thus those who joined him were said to go with Snacks. Hence, *going snacks* is dividing the spoil.

3024. ACADEMY.

The word *academy* is derived from a strange source. A private and obscure person in Athens, called Academus, was possessed of a house which at his death became a school, and in its gardens the illustrious Plato filled the ears of his pupils with wise and eloquent discourse. "See there," says Milton, —

"See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement."

The house of "Academe" being the school of so famous a teacher, other teachers also, though no Platos, would have their petty seminaries called "Groves of Academe," until by degrees the word came to be applied in this sense universally, and its derivation from the name of honest Mr. Academus, citizen of Athens, was entirely forgotten.

3025. GASCONADE.

The Gascons were notorious for being the greatest braggarts in Europe — hence the word *gasconade*. The following is one of the stories told of them: —

A Gascon officer, hearing some one celebrating the exploits of a prince, who, in two assaults upon a town had killed six men with his own hands, "Bah," said he, "I would have you to know that the very mattresses I sleep upon are stuffed with nothing else but the whiskers of those whom I have sent to slumber in the other world."

3026. HONEY-MOON.

It was the custom of the higher orders of Teutones, an ancient people who inhabited the northern parts of Germany, to drink mead or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression "to spend the honey-moon."

3027. BOZ.

A fellow-passenger with Mr. Dickens, in the Britannia steamship, across the Atlantic, inquired of the author the origin of his signature, "Boz." Mr. Dickens replied that he had a little brother who resembled so much the Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield, that he used to call him Moses, also; but a younger girl, who could not then articulate plainly, was in the habit of calling him *Bozie*, or *Boz*. This simple circumstance made him assume that name in the first article he risked to the public, and, therefore, he continued the name, as the first effort was approved of.

3028. JARGON.

Jargon is derived, by corruption, from the Italian *chierico*, a clergyman; for, when the common people heard the Latin tongue used in the liturgies and prayers of the church, they called that, and any other language which they did not understand, *chiericon*, q. d. clergyman's language: *chiericon* soon slid into *jargon*, in the same manner that *chirurgion* has softened itself into *surgeon*.

3029. ORIGIN OF THE WORD "TEXAS."

It has exceedingly puzzled many persons to determine the real meaning of the word *Texas*. It originated in a couplet used by the earlier emigrants to that "land of promise": —

"When every other land rejects us,
This is the soil that freely takes us."

The word *Texas* is a corruption of the phrase used in the last line.

3030. ORIGIN OF THE WORD "TEETOTAL."

The word *teetotal* originated with a Lancashire working man, who, being unused to public speaking, and wishing to pronounce the word "total" in connection with "abstinence from intoxicating liquors," hesitated, and pronounced the first letter by itself,

and the word after it, making altogether *i-total*. This fact it is well to be acquainted with, because it sufficiently refutes the vulgar notion that *tee* has reference to *tea*.

3031. BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

The destruction caused by the fire in London, A. D. 1666, during which some thirteen thousand two hundred houses, &c., were burnt down, in very many cases obliterated all the boundary marks requisite to determine the extent of land, and even the very sites occupied by buildings previous to this terrible visitation. When the rubbish was removed and the land cleared, the disputes and entangled claims of those whose houses had been destroyed, both as to the position and extent of their property, promised not only interminable occupation of the courts of law, but made the far more serious evil of delaying the rebuilding of the city, until these disputes were settled, inevitable. Impelled by the necessity of coming to a more speedy settlement of their respective claims than could be hoped for from legal process, it was determined that the claims and interest of all persons concerned should be referred to the judgment and decision of two of the most experienced land surveyors of that day, — men who had been thoroughly acquainted with London previously to the fire, — and in order to escape from the numerous and vast evils which more delay must occasion, that the decision of these two arbitrators should be final and binding. The surveyors appointed to determine the rights of the various claimants were Mr. Hook and Mr. Crook, who, by the justice of their decisions, gave general satisfaction to the interested parties, and by their speedy determination of the different claims, permitted the rebuilding of the city to proceed without the least delay. Hence arose the saying above quoted, usually applied to the extrication of persons or things from a difficulty. The above anecdote is of English origin, indorsed to us by an old citizen, by no means of an imaginative temperament.

3032. ORIGIN OF THE WORD "SCHOONER."

Mr. Andrew Robinson, of Gloucester, September 8, 1790, constructed a vessel, which he masted and rigged in the same manner as schooners are at this day. On her going off the stocks and passing into the water, a bystander cried out, "O, how she scoons!"

Robinson instantly replied, "A schooner let her be."

From this time vessels thus masted and rigged have gone by the name of *schooners*.

"This account was confirmed to me," says Cotton Tufts, "by a great number of persons in Gloucester. I made particular inquiry of an aged sea captain, who informed me, that he had not, in any of his voyages to Europe or in America, seen any of these vessels prior to Robinson's construction."

3033. MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.

The origin of the phrase "Mind your P's and Q's," is said to have been a call of attention, in the old English alehouses, to the *pints* and *quarts* being scored down to the unconscious or reckless beer bibber.

3034. ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Although no phrase is in more common use, yet few are acquainted with its origin. The expression signifies the giving of an equivalent. Roland and Oliver were two knights famous in romance. The wonderful achievements of the one could only be equalled by those of the other. Hence the phrase "Roland for an Oliver."

3035. GONE TO POT.

A tailor of Samarcand, living near the gate leading to the burying-place, had by his shop board an earthen pot hanging on a nail, into which he threw a little stone when any corpse was carried by, and at the end of every morning he counted the contents of his pot, in order to ascertain the number of the deceased: At length the tailor died himself; and some time after, one that was unacquainted with his death, observing his shop to be deserted, inquired what had become of him, when one of the deceased's neighbors replied, "The fellow is gone to pot, as well as the rest."

3036. HIE! BETTY MARTIN.

Many of our most popular vulgarisms have their origin in some whimsical perversion of language or of fact. St. Martin is one of the worthies of the Romish calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words, "*O, mihi, beate Martine*;" which was corrupted to "My eye and Betty Martin," and then still further to "Hie! Betty Martin."

3037. SANS-CULOTTES.

"Sansculottes, (French,) without breeches — ragged fellows." Words often differ materially, in their practical application, from the original meaning of the constituent parts of which they are compounded. This word was coined in the time of the French revolution, and applied by the royalists, in contempt, to those who rose against oppression in vindication of their rights; as the Americans had done before, and whose example they followed. The men whom this term was intended to stigmatize immediately adopted the title, and every friend of freedom was denominated a *Sansculotte*. Lafayette, Condorcet, Brissot, were Sansculottes. Nothing was more common in the addresses of the revolutionary party, than the following: "It is expected that every good Sansculotte will perform his duty to his country and the sacred cause of liberty." These calls were made to all friends of the revolution indiscriminately; and surely they were not all "ragged

days remaining were called *Sans Culottides*.

3038. THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

A modern writer, in a sketch of Lord Brougham, gives the origin of this popular phrase: —

"No orator of our times is more successful in embalming phrases, full of meaning, in the popular memory. The well-known talismanic sentiment, 'The schoolmaster is abroad,' is an instance. In a

speech on the elevation of Wellington, a mere 'military chieftain,' to the premiership, after the death of Canning, Brougham said, "Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington may take the army—he may take the navy—he may take the great seal—he may take the mitre. I make him a present of them all. Let him come on with his whole force, sword in hand, against the constitution, and the English people will not only beat him back, but laugh at his assaults. In other times the country may have heard with dismay that "the soldier was abroad." It will not be so now. Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is no other personage abroad—a personage less imposing—in the eyes of some, perhaps, insignificant. *The schoolmaster is abroad*; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

CAUCUS.

On the 2d day of March, 1770, a quarrel took place at the premises of John Gray, a ropemaker, between a soldier and a man in the employ of Gray, and the former was severely beaten. He soon returned, accompanied by some of his comrades. An affray ensued between the soldiers and the ropemakers, in which the latter were overpowered.

The people became greatly exasperated, and opportunities were sought for retaliation; and on the fifth of the same month, in a similar affray, the soldiers fired upon the people of the town, three of whom were killed, and five wounded.

The anniversary of this tragical event, usually called the "Boston massacre," was kept up for a long time afterwards with great solemnity. These occurrences induced the ropemakers and calkers, whose occupations brought them in contact, to form a society, which, doubtless, was joined by those of other trades.

At the meeting of this society, patriotic and inflammatory addresses were delivered, and the most violent resolutions passed against the British government and its agents in America. The Tories, in derision, denominated these assemblies of the members of this society *calker* meetings; and the word in time became corrupted to *caucus*, which is the term still used in Boston to denote a general meeting of a party.

This fact, although not generally known, has been handed down in oral tradition by many inhab-

itants of Boston, as we are assured by the late John Ferguson, formerly surveyor of the port of New York, who obtained the information of the Rev. Dr. Freeman, the first Unitarian clergyman of the town of Boston.

3040. ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM."

Immediately after the declaration of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, &c.

The inspectors of these articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman—invariably known as "Uncle Sam"—generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army. The casks were marked E. A., U. S.

This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark, (for the letters U. S., for United States, were almost then entirely new to them,) said, "he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson* and *Uncle Sam*," alluding exclusively then to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "Uncle Sam" himself, being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen, being of a character denominated "food for powder," were found shortly after following the recruiting drum, and pushing towards the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy, and of eating the provisions they had lately labored to put in good order. Their old jokes, of course, accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print. It gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of our country, and will, no doubt, continue to be, while the United States remain a nation. It originated precisely as above stated; and the writer of this article distinctly recollects remarking, at a time when it first appeared in print, to a person who was equally aware of its origin, how odd it would be should this silly joke, originating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, mud, salt, and hoop-poles, eventually become a national cognomen.

